

## **TAE A SOUSE!**

[imagine, if you will, the Rubaiyat perhaps, and a posse of Glasgow Glenmore neds, fresh off Byers Road and decked out in their latest Tiso takings, eyeing up the women's branch as they (the wimmin) cluster seriously around their maps and guide books]

**Ha! Whaur's he goin', yon creepin laddie  
Whose impudence protects him rarely.  
Look ye as he struts around sae cool and dandy  
To try his luck wi' a half o shandy**

**He saunters up and doon the flour  
Practising some old chat up line he's used a hunner times afour  
O, he thinks he's rare and fine and gallus,  
But will ye see his Ron Hills rucked up round his phallus!  
Can ye no nudge him about that willy?  
I fear he's about to make us all awfey silly!  
Oh Crivens, Jings and help me Bob!  
Is he not the silliest, glaickit sod!**

**All Flash and full in his new Paramo  
Yon Glenmore gal'll no tak him for her gigalo.**

**How durst he even set his 'ee upon her – sae fine a lassie!  
O wad some Power the giftie gie him  
To see himself for what he is – the pudding!  
It would frae him from money a blunder, and foolish notion  
And all that pain of unreturned devotion.**

**Come ower here my guid man  
Let me tell ye somthin, as one who can.  
Gae somewhere else and tak yer chances  
Cause that fine gal has other fancies.  
Ye, should try your luck at yon independent bothie  
That's whaur ye'll find yer type o' tottie!  
For there's no mixed dorms in this hostell  
Which only caters for a better class o' gal.**

**Now ye may creep and sprawl and sprattle  
Wi all yer gibbering, windy prattle  
Of climbs up this and abseils doon that  
But she can see yer fer whit ye are - jist another Munro braggin prat!**

**But go and try it – see waur it gets yee  
A richt black eye and then on to casualty!**

**Why don't ye hold yer wicht and stay oot o' sight**

**Stay here wi me where ye'll no ge them a fright  
O even worse get us all in a fight!**

**For they hae real tough routes and climbs to plan  
There's no need for ye – ye uncouth man.  
Ye may find yer place, there by the bar  
Where ye can drool and stare from afar.  
Or mebbe get her a nice wee malt  
While she and the sisters plan their great assault  
On some remote big and far-fetched Ben  
Which will be waaaay too tough for us soft men.**

**Or better still, just let her calculate that final bearing  
While ye and me can speculate just what she's wearing  
Beneath those skin tight layers!**

**Noo lads lets stay here, all warm and snug  
Whaur we can quaff an ample mug (or two).  
And raise our glasses no 'n then  
To those brave Glenmore Gaals oot on the Ben.**

**So let's say it quiet and truly reverental  
To those who wear a greater mantle**

**'Here's tae the gals, the feisty gals  
The Glenmore Gals who rule the hills'**

**Loch Ness Youth Hostel  
Glasgow Glenmore Burns Supper  
Jan 2005**

**PS. Some researchers suggest that this piece of outlandish doggerel was inspired by Mr. Rabbie Burns 'Tae a Louse'! Let us hope that this is a false and fallacious slander – for all our sakes!**