

## Me Mate Rabbie

I hae guid mem'ries of him an' me  
Ganna back yeirs hundred thrie  
So heid all rownd tae hee  
Tale of me mate Rabbie

Since he came furth in Alloway  
He waes a gallus smirt bairn  
His kinny alwayis rynn away  
Frae hall-housie tae farm

But nae Scot'd cair ane scrap o' that  
Bauldly stout tae any chalange fyrm  
Though ne'er frie, the shoogly wee brat  
O' e'er-present Scotch germ

Quill-pen was his freind frae start  
Fer his fathir swot 'im fast  
An' skylk of he spaun frae yoong hart  
At fyfteen he loved a bonnie lass.

Aye, he couldn' stay frae paper  
An' we joked abute his posin'  
He was 'ritin' awl the time  
That 's, when he winnae dosin'

Mayny times I tauld him too  
"Putt doon that pen an' grab a keg!"  
Nawt impartial was Rabbie, t's trew  
Tae ane beer ou lassie's leg

T's an understatement, aye. Oh Rob  
Howe many sheilas home di' ye bring?  
On tap o' mustresses heir in Scot  
What else di' ye hae in Land of Spryng?

Yer lukkie thy wyf ne'er rummied ye in  
An' ye freinds dinnae boot up thy hind  
But I ne'er passe judgement o'er nae o' thy fawlts  
As ye ne'er judged any o' myne.

I gotta credeit my mate's wirkings too  
Frae Red Rose an' A Man t'To A Mouse  
Ay, his pen could be stuc to his hand wi' glu  
An' his influence dinnae ken nae bounds

I sat through his taukin's o' the globe  
Abut how the bourders between classes shuld crush  
I tauld him he weir gallus, little culd I know  
He'd inspeir whule countries, syc as Russia!

But Rabbie, ye peelie-wallie  
Unco wabbit at syc yowthheid  
Ye shoogly mahn, though ever so bonnie  
Dinnae healpe nae, an' at 37 ye dyed.

But Rabbie's legacie lives on braife an' faire  
An' his poetries are maykin' a killing  
Onely thing fur which I harbor a cair  
Is that the basterd still owes me a shilling!

### **Translation**

I have good memories of him and me  
Going back years hundred three  
So gather all around to hear  
Tale of my friend Robbie

Since he was born in Alloway  
He was a cheeky little smart child  
His family always ran away  
From farm to farm

But no Scot would care a scrap of that  
Boldly stout to any firm challenge  
Though never free, the sickly little brat  
Of ever-present Scottish germ

The quill was his friend from the start  
For his father taught him fast  
And skill of his spawned from a young heart  
At fifteen he loved a pretty lady

Yes, he couldn't stay from paper  
And we joked about his pretentiousness  
He was writing all the time  
That is, when he wasn't sleeping.

Many times I told him too  
"Put down that pen and grab a beer!"  
Not impartial was Robbie, it's true  
To a beer or lady's leg

It's an understatement, yes. Oh Rob  
How many women did you bring home?  
Along with mistresses here in Scotland  
What else did you have in Jamaica?

You're lucky your wife never roughed you in  
And your friends didn't kick you up your backside  
But I never pass judgement over any of your faults  
And you never judged any of mine

I've got to credit my friends' workings too

From 'Red Rose' and 'A Man' to 'To A Mouse'  
Yes, his pen could be stuck to his hand with glue  
And his influence doesn't know any bounds

I sat through his discussions about the world  
About how the borders between classes should be crushed  
I told him he was full of rubbish, little could I know  
He'd inspire whole countries, such as Russia!

But Robbie, you wimp  
So tired at so young  
You sickly man, though ever so handsome  
That didn't help a bit, and at 37 you died.

But Robbie's legacy lives on brave and fair  
And his poetry is making a killing  
Only thing for which I still harbour a care  
Is that the scoundrel still owes me a shilling!

**Joe Corbett (age 16)**