

In derogation o dugs.

Who says dogs are a man's best friend?
The tune for this is the "Galop Infernal" from Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld" – in other words, the can-can tune.

I never was the kin o mug
That wuid gie hoose-room tae a dug,
Or hae yin sprawlin on the rug,
An fartin by the fire.
Ye ken thae hooses shair enough:
Ye're damn near smothered wi the guff!
Dug-owners neednae take the huff –
Ye ken I'm no a liar!

What is it paths an pavements slitters?
"Dugs' dirt!" the puir pedestrian mutters.
They keich on kerbs an crap in gutters,
An solemnly I pledge
That I will mount a swift attack
Wi baseball bat an brek the back
O the next dug that daurs tae cack
Or pish against ma hedge!

But wait, ye say, ye've got tae mind,
Some decent dugs ye're bound tae find.
Some gaither sheep, some lead the blind,
And ither sniff oot drugs.
A keeper's dug his game retrieves,
An polis dugs run efter thieves
An catch them by the jaikit sleeves.
Whae could decry such dugs?

An shair enough, I'd hae tae say
Ye'll find a decent dug or twae
That has some kin o pairt tae play
Tae make the world go roond.
But aw the same noo, dinnae forget
That maist are kept juist as a pet,
An thaim I'd wheech strecht tae the vet
Tae pit the buggers doon!

Some say a dug's a man's best friend.
Till deith they will their dugs defend!
If thus their lives they care tae spend,
I'm shair for them it's true.
But here I hae yin reservation –
If dugs hae sic a fascination
That your best freend is an Alsatian,
Then what does that make you?

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Away wi spaniels an Alsatians!
An doon wi Dobermans an Dalmatians!
Wi sausage dugs I hae nae patience –
I'd skelp them an ill treat them!
But tidings fae the east I bring –
In China they hae juist the thing.
In Hong Kong, Shanghai, an Beijing
They cook their dugs and eat them!

(Words original, tune Offenbach.)