

Kilts.

The modern confection of kilt, Prince Charlie jacket, and big white socks bears about as much resemblance to authentic traditional Highland dress as the Papuan penis-sheath. Quite apart from that, it seems to me that wafting the tartan around is a poor substitute for working at a real culture.

**Although ma country I revere,
Juist let me make yin thing quite clear:
I'll say withoot a trace o guilt,
Ye'll never catch me in a kilt!**

**Away amang the Hielan peaks,
When Hielan laddies wore nae breeks,
Insteid a substitute they made –
A garment ca'ed the belted plaid.**

**An this affair, when richtly duin,
Claithed erse an shooders aw in yin.
It let ye climb hills at the gallop,
An when in need required nae ballop.**

**But then some joker, for a laugh,
Cut the hail shootin-match in half,
Then tucked it roond his nice white shirt,
An made his-sel a kin o skirt.**

**The Hielanders then didnae care
Tae wear the damn thing ony mair,
An donning overalls on their crofts,
Left kilts tae Yanks, pipe bands, an toffs.**

**Yet here in this degenerate age,
Noo wearin kilts is aw the rage,
An lads wi legs like pluckit chookies
Are wrappin kilts roond their bahookies.**

**Tae weddins they resort in flocks
Wi cute wee daggers doon their socks;
An no, yer auld een dinae fail ye –
Deid badgers ower their genitalia!**

**As Heilan chief ye'll shairly make it,
Togged oot in a Prince Chairlie jaiiket;
And awbody kens that real hard cases
Wear dancing pumps wi criss-cross laces.**

**They think that warriors they resemble –
The very sicht wuid make ye tremble;
But no wi fear! For nae sicht dafter,
E'er made man pish his-sel wi laughter.**

**These buggers must be oot the box,
Paradin roond in big white socks!
God help sic puir bare-leggit losers:
I'll rest content wi wearin troosers!**

(Words and tune original.)