



Scottish Poets and Poetry

The Sair Finger

You've hurt your finger? Puir wee man!
Your pinkie? Deary me!
Noo, juist you haud it that wey till
I get my specs and see!
My, so it is — and there's the skelf!
Noo, dinna greet nae mair.
See there — my needle's gotten't out!
I'm sure that wasna sair?
And noo, to make it hale the morn,
Put on a wee bit saw,
And tie a Bonnie hankie roun't
Noo, there na — rin awa'!
Your finger sair ana'? Ye rogue,
You're only lettin' on.
Weel, weel, then — see noo, there ye are,
Row'd up the same as John!