THE BOY IN THE TRAIN
by Mary Campbell Smith

Whit wey does the engine say Toot-toot?
Is it feart to gang in the tunnel?
Whit wey is the furnace no pit oot
When the rain gangs doon the funnel?
What'll I hae for my tea the nicht?
A herrin', or maybe a haddie?
Has Gran'ma gotten electric licht?
Is the next stop Kirkcaddy?

There's a hoodie-craw on yon turnip-raw!
An' sea-gulls! — sax or seeven.
I'll no faw oot o' the windae, Maw,
It's sneckit, as sure as I'm leevin'.
We're intae the tunnel! we're aw in the dark!
But dinna be frichtit, Daddy,
We'll soon be comin' tae Beveridge Park,
And the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

Is yon the moon I see in the sky?
It's awfu' wee an' curly.
See! there's a coo and a cauf ootbye,
An' a lassie pu'in' a hurly!
He's chackit the tickets and gien them back,
Sae gie me my ain yin, Daddy.
Lift doon the bag frae the luggage rack,
For the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

There's a gey wheen boats at the harbour mou,
And eh! dae ye see the cruisers?
The cinnamon drop I was sookin' the noo
Has tummelt an' stuck tae ma troosers
I'll soon be ringin' ma Gran'ma's bell,
She'll cry, 'Come ben, my laddie.'
For I ken mysel' by the queer-like smell
That the next stop's Kirkcaddy!'