

The Scotsman

A Scotsman clad in kilts left a bar one evening fair
And one could tell by how he walked, he'd drunk more than his share.

He stumbled on until he could no longer keep his feet,
And he staggered off onto the grass to sleep beside the street.

Later on two young and lovely girls just happened by.
And one said to the other with a twinkle in her eye...
Well see yon sleepin' scotsman, so strong and handsome built,
I wonder if its true what they don't wear beneath their kilt.

They crept up on the sleepin' scot, as quiet as could be,
And lifted up his kilt above the waist so they could see.
And there behold for them to view, beneath his scottish skirt,
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth.

They marveled for a moment, then one said we'd best be gone,
But let's leave a present for our friend before we move along.
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon, tied into a bow,
Around the bonnie star the scotsman's kilt did lift and show.

The scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled towards the trees
Behind a bush, he lifts his kilt, and gawks at what he sees...
And in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes....
My friend I don't know where you've been, but I see you won first prize.