The Twa Emperors

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Twa emperors ance had a bit o' a spree
I dinna ken what was the meanin' o't;
I believe they keest oot 'cause they couldna agree,
So it maitters na what was the beginnin' o't.
The one was a general o'muckle renown
His name it was Bony, he weer the French crown,
He swore he wad eat's geese at Petersburgh toon,
Quo' Sandy. "Ye's keu o' the winnin' o't."

Bony tooted his horn to gather his clan.
Till his wizzen was sair wi' the blawin' o't;
He had four hundred thousand men under command,
Sae wasna that a gay beginnin' o't?
It's Sandy was eerie to see sic a thrang,
The swords, guns and halberds all marchin' alang,
He thought it was time to raise his gang,
To help him a hitch wi' the thinnin' o't.
Quoth he,"Neebour Bony, take this counsel I'll gie,
For strife it's nae mous to be tiggin' wi't;
And dinna be shakin' your pikestaff at me,
For fear ye be dung wi' the riggin' wi't.
For though I dinna fear at sharp weapons ava,
Gin ye come my war, ye may get a bIaw
Wi' a piece o' ice or some grippit snawba'
That'll lay ye a month i' your biggin' wi't.

"O, Sandy, dinna ware your good counsel on me
For I'm nae just in the way o' needin' o't;
And lightly my pikestaff, but waityet a wee
I'll gar your lugs ring wi' the whizzin' o't.
So they boldly pursued him fre hillock to howe
Fae toonie to toonie, fae knappie tae knowe
Till at last they arrived at the walls o' Moscow
Sair dung wi' the pushin' and blawin' o't.

Says Bony to's men," You're baith hungry and dry
But you're no very far fae the slakin' o't;
There's plenty o' biscuits and brandy forebye
And ye's get ia a' for the takin' o't."
But Bony stood all the while scratchin' his pow
Till he near clawed a hole in the wiggin' o't,

For to see a' his brandy get up in a lowe
For he made himself sure o' the swiggin' o't.

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Note: keest=quarreled; mous=joke; lightly=make light of
dung=exhausted.

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