

The Sair Fingir

Ye've hurt yer fingir? Puir wee man!
Yer pinkie? Dearie me!
Noo, juist you haud it that wey till
I get my specs and see!

My, sae it is - and there's the skelf!
Noo, dinna greet nae mair.
See there - my needle's gotten it oot!
I'm sure that wisna sair?

And noo, tae mak it haill the morn,
Pit on a wee bit saw.
And tie a bonnie hankie roun it -
Noo, there na - rin awaw!

Yer fingir's sair and aw? Ye rogue.
Ye're ainly lettin on!
Weel, weel, then - see noo, there ye are.
Rowed up the same as John.

by Walter Wingate
Read by Ann Matheson