

VICKY THE SPIDER LASS

James Robertson

There wis a lass cried Vicky
She wis very odd indeed.
She had a wee pet spider
An she kept him in her heid.
He went in throu her mooth
An he cam oot throu her neb,
An in ahint her een he spun
A muckle spider's web.

She had a wee conveyor belt
That ran atween her lugs,
An she sent him oven-ready meals
O flechs an ither bugs.
She named him Hairy Herman
For he'd awfie hairy knees,
That used tae get a grip
Wheniver Vicky had tae sneeze.

A circus heard aboot her,
An the boss wis weel impressed.
He said, "They could be mega-stars

If she wis better dressed."
He pit her in a spangly frock
"The Spider Lass" he cried her
An she traivelled roon the world
Wi Hairy Herman there inside her.

She rode a bareback pony
On a pair o water-skis,
While Herman flew frae tooth tae tooth
On a multi-threid trapeze.
The punters gied it laldy
For they thocht their act amazin
Especially Herman jugglin
Thirty currants an a raisin.

But Vicky wis pure wabbit
An her back an bum were sair,
So the circus hired a man
That kept a tiger in his hair.
Noo Vicky'd made a fortune
An she didna need tae work,
So she settled in a toun
Whaur she's an elder in the kirk.

She wears the finest claes
An she's bocht a muckle hoose,
Wi a pony in the gairden
An an attic wi a moose.
An in the kirk on Sundays
She aye greets the congregation,
An Hairy Herman waves tae them
Which causes a sensation.