

Martin Christ

Th' deid postman

(schottisch)

Th'day thare is na mail in Aberdeen,
fur th' postman lies thare dead by folk beseen.
In his mot'r sits ferr dead,
drops o' blood stain his sark red
'n' he holds a haggis made frae soft sheep spread.

Th' culprit cuid escape unseen
'n' wis likelie sent by th' evil queen.
Marked th' haggis wi' an address,
glued a stamp oan wi' finesse
'n' below he wrote his ain name in distress.

Listen tae this song, wee lad,
wha cuid nae sent his haggis, howfur sad.
Weel, he struck th' postman doon,
he wis acting lik' a cloon,
bit in th' end it wid nae hulp th' mad.

Thare wis a lady wham he longed tae meet.
Yet he ainlie knew her birthday, name 'n' street.
He wid loue tae mak' her sway:
She'll be thirty th'morra - ey!
Sae he sent a haggis, whilk wis gey grey.

'n' yet he a'maist missed th' lest collection.
His heid wis stowed oot o' affection.
Sees th' watch - stoatin distress,
starts tae run tae th' kist in 'ness
'n' hopes tae jook th' moster o' Loch Ness.

Listen tae this song, wee lad,
wha cuid nae sent his haggis, howfur sad.
Weel, he struck th' postman doon,
he wis acting lik' a cloon,
bit in th' end it wid nae hulp th' mad.

He sees form far awa' th' postman empties th' kist.
Th' postman looks ta him 'n' is gey pissed,
then tae postman stairts tae blither:
„Ah dae nae carry that, na maiter whit th' wither!“
'n' then he killed th' postman wi' na dither.

Scared he puts th' postman back oan boord,
pat th' haggis intae th' haun unsecoored.
Then he ran hame unaware
that by noo polis wis thare,
thare wis polis whilk tellt th' mon in stoat'n despair.

Listen tae this song, wee lad,
wha cuid nae sent his haggis, howfur sad.
Weel, he struck th' postman doon,
he wis acting lik' a cloon,
bit in th' end it wid nae hulp th' mad.

Noo he's in jyle lonely, goosed 'n' sad,
th' canteen serves English fairn - how bad!
'n' his special ladyfriend
ne'er git th' breid he sent.
Th' haggis wis made frae ill sheep - brassic lad!