

Freddie Mc Rankin
and his Bongy Brassie

"I'll add my score, see what I've got"
Says Freddie Mc Rankin, noble Scot,
Astandin on the eighteenth tee
Happy as any Scot could be.
"The first three holes I made in fours

I'm hell and destruction on these rolling moors
Niver - not once did I take a divot
Niver - maybe twice - did I fail to pivot
Then came six threes - all in a row
How's that Tommie Laddie? How's that Laddie Bo?
I made the first nine in thirty - even
Now I'll smash all records from here to hiven
Then I made three threes, a four, a two

Two more threes, another two
I'm fifty-three for seventeen holes
I've licked the gorse, I've licked the knolls
I'm Champ, I'm King of record breakers
I'm a head-ache for tough golf course makers
Just one more hole, a birdie or an eagle
Then on with the celebration and make it regal
Now Laddie me lad, ~~give me~~ my ^{bongy} Brassie!

~~I'm swingin~~
Stand back there lads! Stand back there lassie!
I'll swing with the force of a hurricane
I'll stir up the air, I'll bring down rain
I'll drive three-fifty right up to the pin
One wee short putt and I'll be in
Stand back there lads! Stand back there lassie!
Room I need for the swing of my brassie

Slowly ... slowly ... up I swing
Down ... faster, faster, faster BING!!

x x x x x x

You guessed it Brother. You guessed it Sister
Twas only a dream of this here Mister
Freddie Mc Rankin, and his ^{bongy} Brassie,
Who ~~was~~ close to fame, ~~but~~ ended on his assie.