

THE PICK O' THE BASKET.



HERE he is, did ye e'er see a fish
Rounder or plumper or fatter?
Himsel' jist a whole bonnie dish,
A trout jist new oot the watter.

Where did I kill him? ye say,
That's a question that's gey easy askit;
But I'd rather no answer the day
Where I killed the Pick o' the Basket.

Was it ta'en wi' the hare-lug or teal,
Or was it the wee heckum peckem?
Ye would like to be filling your creel?
Then get oot your bit snood, man, and sneck 'em.
You, my lad, must find oot for yoursel',
But the stuff is no maskit or caskit;
Tea, whiskey, or ale, I'll no tell
Where I grippit the Pick o' the Basket.

Oh, some folks can kill their big trout
By the fireside whiles when they're fuddled;
I have fished there mysel' without doot,
And don't say the word I have guddled,
But a gamer fish wi' the flee
I ha'e ne'er in my life yet been taskit;
The pride o' the river was he
The fish that's the Pick o' the Basket.