

A Scottish Tale of Purim

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'Twas the eve of the eve before Purim
In the dark streets of Jewish Dundee
Where a young Scot named Hamish McCohen
Tried out his new *greggar* with glee.

He was making a godawful racket
Worse than beating a cymbal or drum
When a voice shouted out of the darkness—
“Where’s that infernal noise coming from?”

Said Hamish, “It’s me and ma *greggar*!”
But the voice said, “Noo, tha’ cannae be!
“For I can see you’re alone on the sidewalk
“And as for McGregor, that’s me!”

So Hamish quit twirling his *greggar*
And tucked it up under his kilt
Where it rested beneath his dress sporran
Which stuck out at a curious tilt.

He decided to visit his girlfriend
Who smiled as she opened the door
And that’s when the wee lassie noticed
The tilt in the kilt that he wore.

She said, “Hamish, what’s under your kilt, dear?”
“It’s ma *greggar*,” said Hamish, “Come see!”
“Well, I’ve heard it called Peter or Thomas,” she said
“But McGregor’s a new one on me!”