

A **puddock** sat bi e lochan's brim

A toad sat by the lochan's edge

An he thocht there was nivver a puddock like him.

And he thought there was never a toad like him

He sat on his hurdies, he waggled his legs,

He sat on his buttocks, he waggled his legs,

An cockit his heid as he glowered throu e seggs.

And cocked his head as he glowered through the reeds.

E bigsie wee cratur wis feelin aat prood,

The big wee creature was feeling so proud,

He gapit his mou an he croakit out lood:

He opened his mouth and he croaked out loud:

“Gin ye'd aa like tae see a **richt** puddock,” quo he,

*“If you'd all like to see a **right** toad,” said he,*

“Ye'll nivver, I'll sweer, get a better nor me.

You'll never, I'll swear, get a better than me

I've faimlies and wivies, a weel-plenished hame,

I've families and wives, a well supplied home,

Wi drink for ma thrapple and meat for ma wame.

With drink for my throat and food for my stomach,

E lassies aye thocht me a fine strappin chiel,

The ladies always thought me an agile, handsome fellow,

An' I ken I'm a rale bonny singer as weel.

And I know I'm a very fine singer as well.

I'm nae gaun tae blaw, but the truth I maun tell-

I'm not going to boast, but the truth I must tell -

I believe I'm e verra **MacPuddock** himsel.”

*I believe I'm the very **MacToad** himself”*

A **heron** wis hungry an needin tae sup,

A heron was hungry and needing to eat,

Sae he nabbit e puddock an gollupt him up;

So he grabbed the toad and gobbled him up;

Syne runklt his feathers: “a peer thing,” quo he,

Then ruffled his feathers: “A poor thing” said he,

Bit - puddocks is nae fat they eesed tae be!”

But - toads are not what they used to be!”

The original was by John Caie, in **Doric**, 120 years ago the “lingua franca” of North East Scotland. When the “can do” Americans came to develop “our” oil fields, they met locals who, asked to do a task, usually replied, “**Nae baather**” “*No bother.*” It gets results.