

Kold Wends: A Toast

Bobbie Burns Goes Jabberwocky

By

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Kold wends blouw, cending snoe stormes hour weigh.
Sew letz praze de Lourde phor awl oui hav too-dai.
“Y?”, ewe c’est! Cuz wee hav moor den Kurds-n-Way!

Thars tastee viddles phor thee, kooked too ay tea!
Deer mie, wee hav ay grate hause witch nun wud flea!
Phor awl too sea, wee hav bee-longings frum ay too zee!

Aft Turkye Burd iz leffed az bown, ewe mai be-mown.
Butt phor nau, due knot impewn, noor akt lyke ay buffune!
Wit luv en joi nau comune: lett yor lyves festune!

Sew hears too ewe buns ov scrue-ball Neander-Tall!
An too de wearld et al: “Lang lieve ewe wand en awl.”