

By *Vice Versus*, Our Literary Correspondent



It's little known that, given sufficient quantities of usquebae and houghmagandie, Robert Burns could enter into a trance like state of exhilaration, in which he was able to see into the future.

Attempts by both sides of the splittism campaign have been rightly ridiculed for trying to suggest that his poem "To A Louse" was a direct reference to Dictator Eck or our darling Darling. Neither of them strunts "owre gauze and lace" - at least not in public.

This newly discovered narrative poem previously made little sense (and may not make much, even now). However, Professor Ared Abuik has now identified that the references to an unknown deity called "Dacre" match the current editor of the Daily Mail, his Highland estate, and his campaign against the evil cybernats. The identity of the poem's supplicant narrator remains wholly unknown.

Any reader able to suggest who "Murphy" might be should send their suggestion, written on the label of a full bottle of Islay Malt, addressed to the professor c/o BBC Scotlandshire.

Holy Murphy's Prayer

*Dacre, wha in [Strath Kanaird](#) does dwell,
As it pleases best Thysel',
Sends aen to Heaven an' ten to Hell,
A' for Thy glory,
And no for onie guid or ill
They've done afore Thee!*

*What was I, or Better Thegither,
That ye should get in sic a dither?
O'er thae damn Natz wha gie me hell
For spikkin' shite,
Wi' blinkin' ees and alto quaver,
Oan "Scoatland Tonight".*

*When I, fae socialism, fell,
Thou might hae plung'd me deep in hell,
Ye welcomed me tae Daily Mail,
As a Tory,
While damned cybernats (cannae spell),
Unleash'd their fury.*

*Yet I am here, unworthy sinner,
To speak at London's Lord Mayor's dinner;
I'm here to slay the insolent,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, though impotent,
To a' U-KOK.*

*Dacre, Thou kens, Ah'm at your beck,
And call, tae lambast Wee Fat Eck,
His cybernats, an' their foul Twitter,
Tae mak us a'*

*Puke an' piss an' foully skitter,
Westminster Ha'*

*But yet, O Dacre! Ah'm still a Scot,
Dependent on you Southren lot;
For a' ma worldly goods an' gear,
Ah fear their loss;
But Daily Mail will keep us here,
Ye are the boss.*

*O Dacre! This last year, wi' Dave
A secret Ah'll tak tae the grave;
Ah didnae ken that I'd be sprayed,
Wi Eton Mess,
Though gin a Lordie Ah get made,
Couldnae care less.*

*Besides, I farther maun avow,
Wi' ma hooses, fower times I trow -
But public money's a free dip,
It's whit we aw dae;
Else, nae MP wid freely flip,
An' lee their life away.*

*Dacre, Mind yon Sturgeon's just, deserts;
She beats us, she's got aw the cairts,
Yet has sae mony takin airts,
Wi' great an' sma',
Frae God's ain Pairty, people's hearts
She steals awa'.*

*And when we chasten'd her therefore,
Thou kens how she bred sic a splore,
And set the world in a roar
O' laughing at us;
Curse Thou her PC and G4,*

And abacus.

*Lord, hear my earnest cry and pray'r,
Gibson o' Arran and North Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord mak it bare
Upon his heid;
Sae tap his phone, an' dinna spare,
Find his misdeeds.*

*Dacre, my God! that Rev Stu Campbell,
My vera heart an' flesh do tremble,
To think how we stood sweatin, scar't and,
Full pish'd wi' dreid,
While he, wi' fleein Wings ower Scoatland,
Scorned U-KOK's heid.*

*O!, in Thy day o' vengeance try him,
And visit them wha did crowdfund him,
And pass not in Thy mercy by them,
Nor hear their pray'r,
But for the MP's sake destroy them,
An' dinna spare.*

*But, Lord, remember me an' mine
Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
That I for grace an' gear may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
And a' the glory shall be Thine,
Amen, Amen!*

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