

MAKE YOUR OWN PICTURE!

FOUR AND TWENTY TAILORS AND A SNAIL

These stood in St Francis flats and are based on an old Scottish poem that tells of a snail that managed to escape twenty four tailors who were determined to catch him. The moral of the story is that, however small you are, you can win!



Four-an-twenty tailors Chasin at a snail,
The snail shot oot its horns
Like a hummil coo.
"Ah," cried the foremost tailor,
We're a' stickit noo."

2.

Five and twenty tailors,
Ridin' on a snail,
Says the foremost to the hindmost,
We'll a' be owre the tail;
The snail put oot her horns,
Like ony hummil coo,
Says the foremost to the hindmost,
We'll a' be stickit noo!

3.

Fower-an'-twenty tailor lads
Were fechtin' wi' a slug,
'Hallo, sirs!' said ane o' them,
'Just haud him by the lug!
But the beastie frae his shell cam' oot,
An' shook his fearsome heid.
'Rin, rin, my tailors bold
Or we will a' be deid!'

