



A Scottish Jest

In Scottish lands, where laughter
rang,
A friendship bloomed, as
bagpipes sang,
Our dear friend, a witty soul,
A life of laughter, their only goal.
From Highlands to Lowlands,
we'd roam,
A chorus of laughter, our hearts'
true home,
Their humor, a treasure, a gift to
share,
A Scottish jest, beyond compare.
We'll miss their wit, their laughter
sweet,
But smile recalling their comical
feats,
Our dear friend, forever near,
A Scottish jest, in memory clear.



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