

## The Capercaillie

That splendid bird, the capercaillie,  
lords it in the pinewood daily,  
with bright red wattle and legs all scaly.  
With puffed up throat and outspread tail, he  
lives his life of grandeur gaily,  
like any pompous local baillie  
heartily he thrives, and halely.  
No chicken-heart, he'll never quail, he  
guards his hen who loiters palely,  
near to the nest she sits on daily.  
With tail spread wide like a wind-filled sail, he  
bubbles and gurgles a love-sick tale, his  
pops can be heard o'er hill and dale, he  
struts and leks on a military scale, he  
makes a run at a rival male, he  
dances like a true-blue Gael, he  
cuts a caper, proudly, gaily:  
what a rumbustious Caper Ceilidh!