

On Boswells Green, whitewashed and clean,
Our village Smiddy stands,
Where mony a horse ower field and hill
Has come tae be shod by oor Auld Bill.

For 50 years, Auld Bill's been there,
A credit tae his firm.
He's cursed and sworn at nags galore
But aye wi' a friendly girn:

And when the hunting season starts
The elite tae the Smiddy may scatter,
But should they get Auld Bill het up
It's nae place for a parson's daughter.

You'll hear him shout, "Stand still, ye 'B',
I'll gie ye sic a clatter."
The beast ne'er even cocks his lugs -
He kens it's Auld Bill's patter.

And when the Stud Groom comes around
Tae tell Bill what he's after,
"Och! Go to hell," says oor Auld Bill
And hammers a' the faster.

Of course Bob Simpson aye looks in
Tae tease and test Bill's mettle.
He pulls his leg and tells sic tales
Leaves Bill in hellish fettle.

When Lady C her horse did bring,
Its "fit" a' tied in plaister,
Says Bill, "What's this ye hae on here?"
Says she, "A poultice, mister."

Auld Bill gets doon, the wound tae scan,
Says "Madam, it's a farce,
Ye might as well hae stuck the thing
Upon the horse's arse."

Aye, 50 years Auld Bill's been there
A life time in the making
Oor admiration and oor thanks
Are yours Bill for the taking.

And may God grant in years tae come
Guid health and luck abounding.
We wadna be withoot ye Bill
For a' the wealth o' London.

