

# Four Celebrations of Barbie

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50<sup>th</sup>

Best wishes on your Birthday,  
Barbie, *never* Barbara Anne!  
Who knows, the Belle of Perth may  
win the Golden Palm at Cannes,  
an' then we'll have another  
lass besides Jane Campion.  
According to your brother,  
you're already quite a champion.

You've always been inventive  
– you insist on having fun –  
an' yet you're still attentive  
to the needs of everyone.  
You've never lacked incentive  
to go out an' get things done.



## Wedding on the Shore

They didn't need a preacher,  
no, they didn't need a kirk.  
They didn't need a teacher  
to tell them what would work.  
They threw this great big party  
aback of Ballimore.  
Our Jeremy and Barbie  
were married on the shore.

The bride arrived stage centre  
and met the leading man.  
Belinda was their mentor,  
and the nuptials began.  
As clouds collected darkly,  
we witnessed deep rapport.  
Our Jeremy and Barbie  
were married on the shore.

We luckily found refuge  
ahead of heavy rain.  
It turned into a deluge.  
We toasted with champagne.  
The speeches simply charmed me,  
and the Ceilidh filled the floor.  
Our Jeremy and Barbie  
were married on the shore.

The kitchen crew were gracious.  
Phoebe keenly shone her light.  
We somehow stayed vivacious  
till late into the night.  
Next day it was so balmy  
we knocked on heaven's door.  
Our Jeremy and Barbie  
were married on the shore.

With coffee served by Harry  
from his Maclaurin's bar,  
the aunt he'd just seen marry  
had her surname on his car.  
And, as she hinted smartly,  
it's what it was before  
our Jeremy and Barbie  
were married on the shore.

So now I'm all excited  
about them coming here.  
They're openly invited  
at any time of year.  
We'll gaze on fields of barley,  
then we'll go out and explore.  
Our Jeremy and Barbie  
were married on the shore.



### **Sweet Suzanne**

On the beach one night in Greece  
I met an Ozzie man,  
an' just to please my sis an' me,  
he sang a sweet "Suzanne".  
An' he opened a door,  
an' I saw I'd play guitar.

*Sweet Suzanne,  
I'm your man.  
I don't need  
no other plan.*

Since that day I've learnt to play  
a pretty mean guitar.  
I think the sun shines out my bum.  
I'm such a superstar.  
An' who could ever deny  
my sister is a big star too?

*Sweet Suzanne,  
I'm your man.  
I don't need  
no other plan.*

### **Sweet Sixty**

Now that you're sixty,  
here's some advice  
from someone who's been there  
an' thought it was nice.  
Embrace your retirement,  
lay down your load,  
an' leave all that stress  
by the side of the road.

You'll thank yourself for it,  
an' then you'll thank me  
for helping you out  
an' for making you see  
it's time to be happy  
like never before.  
You'll be basking in leisure.  
An' who could want more?

