

# EIKS AN ENS

The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe

Nummer 2

Februar 2012

*A Guid New Year ti ane an aa!*

## 40th anniversary COLLOGUE an AGM

Setterday, 12th Mey, 11.30am – 4.30pm in St Columba's by the Castle (kirk wi the blue door)  
14 Johnston Terrace, Edinburgh EH1 2PW

**SANGSCHAW 2012** entries ti Sangschaw, SLS, c/o 25 Buccleuch Place, EH8 9LN  
bi 18th August, 2012

£3.00 per entry, nem an address on a separate sheet. Prose nae mair nor 3000 words, poems an drama nae mair nor 60 lines, owersettins as abune.

Three tassies ti be awardit: Hugh MacDiarmid Tassie for poesie, Robert McLellan Tassie for prose, John MacPhail Law Tassie for owersettin, £100 ti winners an £50 ti rinners-up.

*Lallans 79*: some copies had pages out o order frae p. 97 onwards. We apologise if ye hae a spylt copie an wull replace it gin ye lat us ken.

### The Drouthy Makars

It was in the year fowerty-sieven – no *that* lang efter the war – that the makars foregaitered upby in an Embro pub for tae gree the richt wey tae scribe the Lallan Scots.

Aa the weelkennt anes were there: Henderson, MacLean an Grieve, an aa the lave forbye.

They linkit at the wark süne eneugh, an or lang their lugs were fair dirlin wi highfalutin words and phrases like “past – and present – participles”, “orthographical consistency” an “disambiguation”. Aye, an a when mair siclike, Ah'm shair.

As time gaed oan, the room was gettin hetter an hetter, an the yill-glasses were gettin emptier an emptier, for there's naethin like bletherin tae gie ye a richt guid drouth.

Oh aye, an the reek! Ye shud hae seen the reek! Ye cud hae cut it wi a knife, for they were aa great smokers in thae days.

By an by, a barman-billie cam up, an keekit in. Jist tae see hoo they were daein, an mibbe tae tak their orders.

Catchin his ee, ane o the chief makars – an it micht weel hae been Grieve himsel – hauds up his gless (for it was empty), an roars oot:

“Haw, Jimmie! Goannie gie us some mair?”

Quick as jimp, the loon crossit owre the flair an yirkit up the windae-sash!

Noo, whatten for did he dae that, if no jist tae gie them aa some ... air?

**Gordon Donaldson**

## Widdershins

Widdershins, the windelstrae,  
blaws ablow the dyke,  
the chuck slepes i the egg-shall,  
the bee souchs i the byke.

The redd athin the dub slepes,  
the wirm souchs neth the rug,  
o syle onwaitin mornin,  
that dovers i the scug.

The bab slepes i the bosie,  
wytin ti come hame,  
whill, cauld ootbye, the blowster,  
yit pewls an maks its mane;

The daw wull bring the waretide,  
ti green the girse an leaf;  
the bairn wull bring the sinlicht,  
wi new howp an belief.

**David C. Purdie**

## The well

Aside the well, the tree  
Aside you, jist me here  
Silence nou i the gloamin  
Birdsang stilld, nae win

Amang the hills, derkness  
Sternlicht ower the lift  
Aff, a hoolet i the lang glen  
Summonsed, comes the muin

Ayont the dawn, day bricht  
Ayont thocht, flicht o prayer  
Suin agin, time o kennin  
Bi the tree bi the well

**Stuart McHardy**

## The Herrin Trail

Mak me a path o herrin-bone  
frae Bonny Dunbar tae Lauder  
an tak me awa frae the salt an the spray  
tae the soil that's ower the Border,  
whaur Ah'll trade siller darlins  
fer pennies an farthins  
or barter for meal an eggs,  
afore turning fer hame  
wi ma back bowed again  
an ma creel fair bucklin ma legs  
as Ah trawl the Herrin Trail

an Ah trawl the Herrin Trail

waves o heather, nets o whins  
sweeten ma Selkie skin  
an Ah ken when Ah'm hame  
wi ma ain kith an kin  
Ah'll be in great favour again,  
fer the change in oor diet  
will fair cause a riot  
till Ah carry ma lad back tae sea,  
haud him high, keep him dry  
till the wind blaws strang,  
flaps the sheets, fills his sails

an he trawls the herrin trail.

**Rita Bradd**

## Fower Hunner-year

A kent sum fowk anent time's wear  
that saw the nineteent hunner-year  
A ken fowk nou that nicht weel see  
the twinty-saicont yit tae be

A niver saw the nineteent be;  
the twinty-saicont A'll no see,  
but ken fowk spang fower hunner-year:  
that helps a wee tae thole time's wear!

**Hamish Scott**

## Lament for a Nippy Sweetie

'Ye're naething but a bauchle –  
hing your breeks upo the flair!  
Row this gravat round your hause  
for the cauld nicht air.'  
My depairtit nippy sweetie –  
wad that ye were here!

Bella, were ye tap o yirth,  
what a forritsome besom ye'd been!  
Forcie to daur the Deil himsel,  
wi your clappit jaws, your clinty een.  
A beild fornent the bad warld,  
for a sapsie hert like mine.

Bella, the state o my semmit!  
Ye cud nearlins blaw peas thru my sark.  
I sit my lane in the peace I dreamt o,  
yon eerie hour afore dark.

**Peter Cameron**

## Craw

On a kirk touer  
Lanesum,  
Dulesum.  
Abuin, a gray lift an mirk cluds.  
Doun ablo, a dug yowfs,  
A dunnock threips.

Aa craiturs ken this:  
Efter the smirr, snaw;  
Deid afore Hogmanay.

**Tom Chrystal**

## Hogmanay

Cowpit  
Amang dubs.

Keekin at the starn,  
Sair heid.

World birls roun.

**Tom Chrystal**

## The Lassie

I mind the lassie that we saw,  
thon day, ahint the special schule  
Her yalla dress sae bricht  
in the fragmented licht  
that flichtered thru the fulyerie

We speired gin she micht wanta gemm.  
The lassies tried ti coax her in, but,  
wi ilka furrut step thay tuik  
she tuik anither back  
until she turned an ran.

I tellt ma mither o the lass  
"Thon *puir wuman*," says she,  
"*she keep thon lassie aye sae braw.*"  
At ten year auld, I thocht the lassie,  
ower feart ti jyne the gemm,  
mair needfu o ma sympathie

I mindit on her yesterday,  
an ootlin luikan in,  
an wunnert, ower the years,  
gin she had iver  
jyned the gemm.

**George Hardie**

## Elegie in myndin ae a weman

*Owerset frae the Babylonian*

*Whit gars ye drift like a boat midstream  
taa timbers brakkan, moor raips cut,  
syne cross the river, veilit faced,  
an gang intil the inner city's muck?*

'Hou can I be unbrakkan noo  
or ken ma raips are cut tae shreds?  
Oan the day I bore fruit, hoo blythfu I wis;  
blythfu wis I an blythfu ma lue.

'Oan the fainfu day ma face wis owrecast,  
ma een were drublie, trauchelt cloods,  
I cuppit ma haunds in mortal prayer  
an prayed tae the Mither ae birth an bluid.

The Mither heard an veiled her face,  
sayin: "Lassie, why dae ye pray tae me?"  
Ma man cried oot, said: "Dinnae gae,  
ma chairmin wife." But still — I deed.

Fae aa the time, when I wis wi ma man,  
I lived wi him whae wis ma leman dear  
but Daith, ma ither leman, slunk  
an prowlit, sleekit, in ma bedroom door.'

**Stewart Sanderson**

## Luik Afore Ye Lowp

Greedy Guts the fox –aye, it’s him again, I’m feart—had a fair drouth on him this day that needed slockening (he liked a drink or twa, ye see, as weel’s his grub). An sae it was that he’d tummelt stracht inti the watter-butts bi the shed. Weel, along comes a drouthy gait dee’ing ti drink the wallie dry – sees the fox, an aisks if the tippie’s onie guid hereabouts. Ay ain for the fly-cup, the foxie up an sings the watter’s praises braw aneuch wi aa the pomp his voice could gaither, etting the gait ti come inbye an hae a sip –‘Gie it a chance. See whit ye think,’ he says. The gait had that sair a birss on him, he drank the buttie dry. Finished, they cooered over the question o getting oot. ‘Stracht up,’ says the fox, sneisy divil that he was, ‘the idea is it’ll help us baith, see if it disnae, ti place your hoofers on the barrel wa, strachten your horns, an oot I’ll jump aa at aince, that wey I’ll be able ti haal ye up ana.’ The gait was fair chuffed wi the plan – an up clammers the fox on his back, an oot – an awa, wi niver a luik-back. ‘Hey man!’ the gait baals, ‘We had a guairantee!’ An stracht the fox replies: ‘Ye’ve mair hair on your chin, man, than brains in your heid! Ye shouldnae hae gaan in if ye’d nae thocht o a wey oot, should ye?’

Weel, of course, there are hypocrites aaway, but the lesson here is clear aneuch: Steer clear o watter-butts. Nae anlie dae they bend sticks, they’re awfa dangerous places ana.

**W. S. Milne**

## Rock ‘n’ Roll



Darren Stewart an Duncan Sneddon

## 40th Anniversary Colloque

### St Columba's by the Castle, 14 Johnston Terrace, Edinburgh EH1 2PW

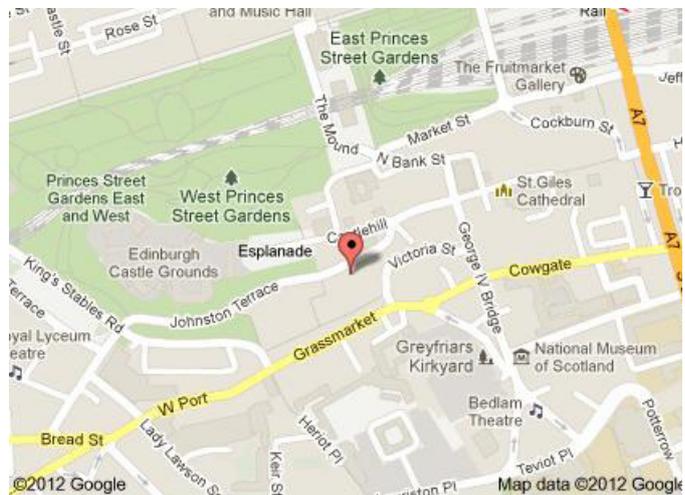
Stent: £20, concessions £15.

I wad like to attend the Colloque on Setterday, 12th Mey, an enclose ma siller, payable ti the Scots Language Society

Nem:

Address:

St Columba's by the Castle hes a blue door an shuidnae be confused wi St Columba's Free Church, which is higher up the hill an hes a red door.



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### Scots Language Society/Scots Leid Associe

I wad like ti jyne an enclose ma stent:

Annual stents: hame £15, jynt hame (2 fowk at ae address) £20; owerseas, £20, jynt £25. Cheques payable ti Scots Language Society.

Nem:

Address:

Siller peyed:

Memmership type:

Send til: Scots Language Society, c/o Scottish Language Dictionaries, 25 Buccleuch St,  
Edinburgh EH8 9LN