

# EIKS AN ENS

The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe

Nummer 9

Septemmer 2016

Autumn Orrals

## Scotsoun CDs

The Scots Language Society haes ae muckle archive o recordins. Waein this archive ye will find ilka aspec o Scottish culture, be it Gaelic sang, fiddle music, fowk sang or fitiver. We hae a large collection o poesy frae oor greatest Makars down throu the ceinturies tae mony o oor preisent day screivers. Maist o thay recordins were duin by the late George Philp an nae lang afor he deid he pit thigither ae Sampler o some o his greatest recordings. Hooiniver, *Scotsoun* haed layin dormant until recently. We hae noo revitalised oor label and in the lest twa year hae pit thegither some new an much needed recordings. The first trei were **SSCD 800 Ian Carmichael**, the MOD-winnin Gaelic singer, an was ae retrospective o his recorded work. Ian, an his dochter Anne, wir instrumental in helping tae pit thegither this album an it haes selt very weel indeed. Oor neist ventur wis tae pit thegither an album o Violet Jacob. **SSCD 801 Violet Jacob** wis duin wi the help o twa kenspecklet enthusiasts o this lady's wark Sheila Mann an Lisa Simmons. The album haes been described as a warmly produced tribute tae a great poet. Neist up wis **SSCD 803 Marion Angus**, a poet faa is muckle respectit in the literary wurld. Aimee Chalmers wis oor expert helper an this album is a true testament tae some o the best Scots poetry o the lest Ceintury. Noo we hae twa new titles that we howp tae hae oot in the near futur. SSCD 802 will featur some cutty tails by Stephen Pacitti, ae screiver faa haes won oor *Sangschaw* compeition on mony accassions. SSCD 804 will be 'Whaleback City'. This is poesy frae the buik o the sem name that is a weel respectit anthology o poetry frae Dundee an its Hinterland eidited by Andy Jackson an W.N.Herbert This CD will feature several o the screivers as weel as some guest readers. Includit will be Jenny Marra MSP, faa's reciting o her uncle Michael Marra's wark is near breithtakin. Dundee haes been ae hub o music, sang, daunce an poetry for near as lang as Dundee itsel. This album will hae muckle tae appeal tae aabiddie, nae juist fowk wi a Dundee connection.

George T. Watt

coff them online at

[www.lallans.co.uk](http://www.lallans.co.uk)

## SANGSCHAW 2017

send entries afore Januar 31st 2017

Entry dates for submeissions: **31st Januar 2017** ti *Sangschaw*, c/o 6 Dryden Place, Edinburgh EH9 1RP. Cheques/Postal Orders payable ti 'Scots Language Society.

£5 ilk entry or three for £12, wi nem & address separate. Nae entries by e-mail acceptit.

Aa entries in Scots/Lallans, nae English. **Naething that has been submittit or furthset itherwhaur, please.**

Prose nae mair nor 3000 words, poems an drama nae mair nor 60 lines, owersettins as abune, but send a copy o the piece owerset in its oreiginal leid.

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

Aa competitors wull get a written assessment o their wark.

## Faither's Day

Here's tae the faithers we aye haud dear,  
the yins lang gane an the yins still here,  
but no tae the yins that are oot o sicht  
through their ain chyce – they hae nae faitherly  
richt.

Here's tae the faither that took yer haun  
as ye nicht tak his noo his mindin's gaun,  
tae the faither ye dinnae cry faither at a  
but buddy, the auld yin, needs or pa

that ye saw ilkaday eftir lows in time  
wi the tea oan the table, the claes in the byne,  
the yin whae was oot when ye left for the schuil,  
the yin whae kennt nocht aboot shoppin nor  
bills.

An here's tae the faithers no faithers bi bluid  
whae staun whaur faur wee'er men yince stood,  
the faithers we luiked tae, the yins we were feart  
tae say ocht tae an noo weesh were listenin an  
here.

Here's tae the faithers, baith auld an new,  
the yins that stare oot o the mirror at you.  
An here's tae ma ain, an the things that Ah'd say  
gif he were aroon noo an wi me the day.

**Stuart A. Paterson**

## Chynges

Ilk saison the warld chynges –  
an me the same?

**Hamish Scott**

## Beastie

Fair faa ma wee Scots beastie fere  
that unalike an yit that near  
Whit nemm yer clan, whit 'tartan' wear,  
A cry ye Scots: we'r aa Scots here

This bit is yours as weel as myne  
nae maiter oor parteiclar kyne  
nae maiter whit wir ain ingyne  
sae as guid neibours lat us jyne

**Hamish Scott**

## Big Issue Seller

Staunin ootside Starbucks in Buchanan Street.  
In layers o claes an stampin freezin feet.  
The ID badge hings roon his neck,  
tae keep thim sweet,  
An label him authentic.

Staunin his grunn wi heid held high,  
Brandishin the latest publication,  
In appeal tae the growin arc o passers by,  
Watchfu fir some indication,  
O acknowledgement.

Maist avoid luikin him in the ee.  
Some dismiss him wi a brief shake o the heid.  
The mair assertively ignorant raise an airm tae  
shouder heicht,  
Showin him an open palm,  
In a gesture that says –  
'Ah don't hae time fir this'.

*Inside Starbucks is friendly and warm,  
Sweet aroma fills the air,  
Latte? Cappuccino? hot chocolate with cream?  
Hands delve into purses,  
Coins exchanged without care.*

Ootside nae money changes haunds.  
A middle aged wummin passes in haste,  
Airm in airm wi her pal,  
Weel plucked eyebrow raised in distaste,  
'No thanks', she hisses.

Wi a wry smile,  
An a shrug o his shouder,  
He says,  
'Aye, nae bother, missis.'

**Tracy Harvey**

## Claes

At stert o day we wale whit claes tae weir  
yit lea unthocht the kant we beir,  
but is it no the mair important thing:  
tae ilk new day the kant we bring?

**Hamish Scott**

## Steps

Dundee is a toun o steps,  
thay gang aways, up an down  
frae the tap o the La, tae the fit o the toun.  
Frae the Hawkie aa the wey tae the tap o Balgay,  
throu the Pleisance whaur weemen aince chyaved in the mills  
till thay wir taein tae the hous whaur aa leivin maun find thair rest.

Steps,  
gang frae the tap  
o the Hulltoun doun tae the docks,  
whaur aince the tackit bits hurled bales o jute  
intil great sheds, while ithers biggit the bonny ships,  
for the Baltic tread, for whalers and the foohairdy faa socht  
tae brave the Antarctic. Steps tuik fowk oot o the Wellgait up an doun.

Steps in Dundee gang away, but sidieweys.

**George T. Watt**

## Dundee

The tap o the Lah,  
wi a peece an mait paste  
an a ticky shoogarely watter.  
Lookin owre Dundee  
wi its muckle lums reekin an  
bonnie brig snaykin.

Feet in Clark's sandals  
wi Mr Sun baitin doon  
on mi floorie frock.  
This toon's in mi hert,  
fir aa its ugsome coarner,  
besottit beh it.

**Fran Baillie**

## Some Fowk Are Warse Aff Than Ithers

The lion, brave beastie, was ay at odds wi the fire-breather, Prometheus – ti his mind, he couldnae dae oniething richt ata. Prometheus had put the lion thegither, ye see, but the lion thocht the plan fair agley. Fair do's, he thocht, he was big and bonnie, his jaws were firm-set wi fine gnashers, and his paws wi great cleiking claws – and oorbye aathegither had gaen him byordinar strenth. He was prood ti think that his claws had set up a fine dividing-line atween him and the rest o the world. Was he nae King o the Beasties, eftir aa? 'Ye couldnae hae daen much mair, I ken that man, but whit wey am I feart o *cocks*?' he askit the fire-breathing god, a bit puzzled and aa. 'It's nae ma fault, man; dinna blame me,' he rallied, 'it's your ain spirit that's fushionless, man!' Weel, the lion was mair than juist doun-herted at this reason, and kept groaning and waementing for days at his ain cooerndness, as he sa it – foondering awa ti deith worrying days and nichts, they say. Nou, juist as luck would hae it, juist as he was feeling richt sorry for himsel, he met an elephant – and had a bit o a newsie wi the giant. He couldnae help speiring his haibit o wiggling his huge lugs. 'Can ye nae keep still for a minutie, ye fidget?' he askit, 'it's a bit aff-putting, like, your lugs wiggling like that.' 'There's ay midgies aboot here deaving me,' he said, 'bechtan me ti deith and aa, ain o them in ma lug-hole and that's the deith o me,' he says. Nou this fair kittled oor lion up, and cheered his chops for the rest o the day. 'I micht be *feart o a cock*,' he said, 'but he's *feart o a midgie*,' and went on his wey.

(The story, of course, depends *on the size o the cock*.)

**W. S. Milne**

## Jist Anither Ferlie

Ah'd nivver seen the like afore.

He was haudin til the croun o the causey, sae Ah stappit aside ti lat him gae by. An gawpit. Ah'll no pretend Ah wasnae stamiegastert. Ye cannae play it deadpan whan ye furst see the likes o yon.

Ah had ti ask masel: whit wey does he no faa owre, and hou does he steer?

Syne there cam til mind thir French louns, wha uised their graips ti 'murther' the furst het-air balloon. The dafties thocht it was a worricow.

Weill, Ah didnae rin efter him wi a graip; for ae thing, there wasnae ane til haund, and for the ither, he was gaun owre fest.

But Ah did see him again the ither day, wheichin by on his 'lectric unicycle.

Gordon Donaldson

### An Idder History /Die Gesichte Alternativ

Fit if we hidna wun the Waar?

*Das Krieg zu Ende gehen. Ich war elf Jahre alte.*

The War hid ended. I wis eleeven 'ear ald.

*Seit das Tag, es war **streichlich verboten** Englisch sprachen.*

Sin aat day on it we wis **niver, iver, on ony acoont** ti spik English.

*Unzuweiter, wie kann nicht sprechen die Schottische Dialekts*

An fit's mair, we're nae ti spik ony Scottish Dialects.

*Ich liebe die Lieder von Schubert, Schumaan, die Gedichte de Goethe, I'm affa fond o German sangs, Schubert, Schumann, Goethe's poems,*

*aber Geschwatz mit meine Freudinin ich wollte sprachen Englisch.*

but chirr-wirrin wi ma weemin freens, I wint ti spik English.

*Jedoch, Englisch ist nicht mein erst Sprach. Nein, das war Doric.*

Hoo iver, English is nae my first spik, Na, that wis Doric.

*Unser SchreibenKreativLehrer gibt uns immer ein Anfang,*

oor Creative Writin Teacher aye gies us a Propone,

*und er fragt- nein er **fragt** nicht, er **besteht** wir shreibin **immer** im Deutsch.*

an he bids- na, he disna **bid**, he **threaps** we **aye** screeve in German.

*Diese Zeit der Anfang ist Die Gesichte Alternativ - wie wenn?*

This time the Propone is An Idder History - fit if?.

*Wie wenn das Krieg wir nicht verlieren? Und Deutsch wir mussin nicht sprachen?*

Fit if we hidna lost the Waar? An we didna hae ti spik German?

*Ich wurde schreiben dem Doric, ich wurde lesen dem Doric, ich wurde sprachen dem Doric.*

I wint ti write the Doric, I wint ti read the Doric, I wint ti spik the Doric.

*Eben, nach siebzig Jahre, Sensucht die Kindheit Sprach storen meine Seele.*

Even efter siventy year, a hert-hunger for my bairnheid spik vexes ma sowl.

*Aber unser SchreibenKreativLehrer weist nicht das ich geheimhaltung schreibe Doric!*

Oor Creative Writin Teacher disna ken that I'm stowen wyes screevin in the Doric!

*Ich übersetze die Marchen der Bruder Grimm.*

I'm owersettin Brither Grimm's Fairy tales!.

Gin I wis ti screeve aa iss *'fit if'* langamachie in ma bairnheid spik,

div ee think he wid ken ony difference?

Mary Johnston