

# EIKS AN ENS

The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe

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Januar 2017

*Januar Jottins*

**A GUID NEW YEAR TI OOR MEMMERS AA AN SUM.**

**SUBSCRIVINS** are nou due.

Siller ti SLS, 4 Ancrum Drive, Dundee DD2 2JB or pey online  
£20 ordinar memmership  
£25 owerseas, jynt, schuil or college, corporate

Mind an pit in your **SANGSCHAW** entries afore **Januar 31<sup>st</sup>**.

Hae a keek at the wabsteid for **Scotsoun CDs**.

This year's **Collogue** wull hae place in Perth on **Setterday, 3<sup>rd</sup> June**.  
**"THE SCOTS LEID AN EUROPE"**

**Sonnet to mark the impending 60th birthday of William Hershaw on 19th March 2017**

Nou, dinnae be feart o saxty, Willie  
Juist heeze a wee gless o the bluid reid wine  
tae the hinder end o year fifty nine  
Aye, an mebbe ye'll tak a guid gill tae  
afore ye dover, heid oan the pillae  
wauken tae find ye've owergaun the line  
an qualifee'd for yer bus pass propine  
Ken, it maks ye strang whit disnae kill ye  
Ance domine, aye baird an makar bauld  
A 'cultural provocateur' they say  
Fowerty odd year o scrievin wir leid  
Nae sign o lettin up as ye get auld  
Howkin awa at the coalface aa dey  
Aye screivin, Willie, till ye drap doun deid

**Kevin Connelly**

## Burns' Hamecomin

When taverns stert tae stowe wi folk,  
An warkers thraw aff labour's yoke,  
As simmer days are waxin lang,  
An couthie chiels brak intae sang;  
Amang them aw are sonsie faces,  
Brent-new income frae furrin places,  
Ilk ane, sae blithely, takin turns  
Tae heist a toast tae Robert Burns.

This truth fand honest Rab dumfounert,  
An aiblins juist a bittock scunnert,  
At sic a stushie noo he'd perished,  
E'en though his warks were unco cherished.  
He thocht o Jean, his loosome wife,  
Left lane tae thole the waefu strife  
O takin tent o hoose an hame,  
An greetin bairns wi empie wame.

Bit then he gauped, though nane could see,  
Fur his was immortalitie.  
The nation's bard was happ't in awe,  
An on his mou the wirds: It's braw  
Tae be a leegen here on Earth,  
Wi folk frae aw aroon its girth  
Hame-comin fur a salutation  
Tae Scotia's makar's reputation.

Bit pleasures are lik petals, brittle,  
Wi man an aft-times scattert skittle,  
Ane instant 'mang his billies prood,  
The next a slap whaur he has stood.  
Oor Rab kent weel 'at tae be vauntie,  
Tae strunt aboot, be ower jauntie,  
Wad dwang guid men tae ding him doon,  
An breenge him frae Edina toon.

## Sam

Sam's the man o the sooth wast,  
his vyce cairries that canny souch  
haird as granite wi ae saft mossy edge,  
baith wild an cultivated like yon kintraside

His screivins, intricate as lichen,  
tak tent o the season's chynge  
like dairk shaddaes that flit ower the laun  
thair licht touch plays ower aathin.

Bit tae oor tale. Rab's here as guest,  
Tae handsel this by-ornar fest –  
Twa hunnert years an fifty's passed  
Syne he blew in on Janwar's blast.  
Nae parlyment sat doon that day  
Tae legislate that, come whit may,  
Oor rantin, rovin Robin's date  
Wad gar the world tae celebrate.

The verra thing diverts him maist  
Is gangin oot in furm o ghaist.  
Tae tell the thrang amidst the nappy,  
It's Rab the bogle keps them happy.

Frae howf tae howf, an ilk ale hoose,  
His speerit rins, a swippert moose,  
Jinkin and joukin shauchlin feet,  
Doon the wynds, along the street.

Frae moose tae houlet he chynge guise,  
An flees aboot the gloamin skies.  
He gies a skraich, unhaily, dauntin,  
'at minds admirers he's still hauntin.  
Bit this is jest, tae be contrair –  
He finds the adulation sair.  
He whuspers in a lug: *It's Rab.*  
*Drink on, and Ah'll pick up the tab!*

**Michael Hamish Glen**

I ken thay fowk are ae special breed  
whaur the saft raen faas near ilka dey,  
for I herded blek an fite kye lang syne  
whaur the Gulf Stream raigles along Solowey's  
shore.

It's a saft wund that blows in yon airt  
an gude natured fowk faw bide thare,  
Sam's poesy brings us aa thay traits,  
a vyce o the wurd, a vyce o his airt.

**George T. Watt**

## Be Careful Whit Ye Say

Sae it was aa the hares organised a gaithering ti hae their say – aboot equal richts for aa, and aa their fair shares and the like, and up and spicks the lions, saying, ‘Och, a great speech, Hairy Lugs, but whaur are the claws ti your feet?’

(Aye, fair aneuch, you micht say.)

## Lay Doun The Law

And sae it was the wolves gart one wolf become the leader o them aa – and his first act was (nae dilatory wolf this) ti pass a law that aabodie should share whit was caught in the hunt, and be divided oot equally among them aa. This wey, he airgied, they widnae gobble each ither up in the hungry months. But an ass came along (there’s always an ass coming along – in this case he was lucky nane ti be hung) and shacking his heid, said, ‘Aye, a noble thocht that, richt aneuch, wolfie, but surely I sa ye yesterday stashing your ain hoard awa?’

(Och aye, and the ass was a sanct, nae doot – I think nae! Nae wey.)

## A Watched Kettle Niver Biles

A hungry jackdaw – nae the same ain as afore, this ain had wings that warked – was sitting atop a fig-tree (ye dinna see monie o those aroon Scotland nou, dae ye?) – he was a bit o a dunderheid as it turned oot, this jackdaw – waiting for the figs ti ripen (he’d aareadie near broken his beak on a puckle o them). He was there for days and nights and wiks thegither, juist waiting and waiting, til a fox speired, and telt him, ‘Ye’ll jeel ti deith up there, man! Hope’s got aa your attention – Come awa doun and fill your belly while ye can, man!’

(Some fowk juist mak ye fair scunnert wi their advice, dae they nae? It was weel-kent the fox had a parson for a brither – but he liked ti keep quiet aboot that they say.)

W. S. Milne

Frae *Aesop’s Fables for Modern Times*

### Edinburghs I

Ma Edinburgh’s mines an mines alane,  
five hunner thoosan ither haes thair ain,  
for ilka bodie biggs thairsel thair toun,  
thair circumstance the stuff, thair sel the  
foun

### Edinburghs II

Thare’s sum in *Edinburrie* steys,  
sum *Athens o the Nor* resides;  
thare’s sum that leives i *Dùn Èideann*  
an sum that in *Auld Reekie* bides;  
while aa, the samen ceitie wons,  
for aa is *Edinburgh* tae,  
an *Edinburgh* is thaim aa  
nae maiter whit fowk think an say

Hamish Scott

### Clan Getherin

*Grandfather til mysel*

'Ye're nae oe for a Heilanman,  
a Heilander big and braw.  
Nae gurr or gumption about ye,  
nane o the tartan ava.  
Here a hail to Bonnie Prince Chairlie  
til the lastest kick o the baa!'

'Ye cam to Lowdie nae erse in your breeks,  
frae the land o the Heilan cou;  
ye're Lawlan in tongue and demeanour,  
Lowdie binna ye're fou.  
Owre the dyke wi the Young Chevalier  
gin Prince Chairlie cud see ye nou!'

**Peter Cameron**

### Ye Heilans and ye Lawlans

*My Grandfather, Ne'erday, 1962*

'He's a guid man while he's sober,  
but he's Heilan while he's fou;  
he'll sing an auld Scots sonnet,  
and syne gang ben to spew.

'Bairns when we left the Heilans,  
we cam south for a girdle scone;  
I was hert-gled to lea the Gaeltacht,  
but he thinks o't, even-on.

'He'd souk it throu a shitty clout –  
the whisky, he's easy led;  
he's snoozlin throu the kitchen,  
cud ye pit him til his bed?'

**Peter Cameron**

### Reid Planet

*(Tae Kerttu, that 's gaun tae bide in Chile for a year)*

Lassie, ye're gaun tae Mars.  
Weel, no tae Mars, tae Chile  
whaur they hae the Atacama Desert  
that's said tae be the neirist thing tae Mars  
oan the surface o the yird,  
whaur it nivver rains, whaur the saun and rocks  
are reid  
like on the reid planet.

Ah hud students frae Chile, refugees frae Pinochet:  
yin wisnae keen oan the leid-laboratory:  
it brocht back tae hir mind instruments o torture,  
yin wisnae quite richt in the heid:  
God kens whit they hud done tae him.  
They wir braw fowk, I likt thim weel.

Yon wis in Embro lang syne.  
Some micht hae steyd oan, some micht hae  
returned  
tae a new Chile, and are thare yit:  
still wi the speerit o Allende  
or the speerit o the Atacama  
makin the yird, whitiver gate they gang  
a bittie mair reid.

**Donald Adamson**

### Duniewassal

A wird gin it wir wine,  
that wid be peelie-wallie on the neb,  
no sonsie wi the smeddum o  
widdershins hochmagandie  
or bahookie.  
It bides awa in thon sang  
sung muckle times syne about  
wir ain kenspeckle  
Bonnie Dundee -  
Bluidy Claver'se some wid hae it.  
But the leid wis spoke no scribed  
whan Eh wis a bairn  
an Eh niver kent about Duniewassals.  
Forbye ane wheeched oot at me ae day  
an here Eh wis unco fund oot,  
meanins spinnin like peeries  
in meh heid.  
No gonnae let ye scouk awa noo,  
like a reiver in the nicht.  
An ken whut?  
Jalouse wiv no seen the last o' Dundee  
an ees bunnets  
an duniewassals  
three thoesand times three.

**John Quinn**