APPENDIX

Anent *Bairntyme Politics*

Lynes 138 - 175:

For yae byordnar reasoun yince
was telt me in yon kinna wy
made it a cairriet storie lang
afore I cam tae hear o it
as tho it were a truith, lik gospel,
thon Lady Astor wasnae lykin
the Royal Air Force onie mair
nor did she lyke Joe Sullivan,
the M. P., Glennie-blink anaa
that mibbe saw her for the whit
she was, as weel as whit she wasnae,
or yon wy she wuid no admit til.

An that's as muckle as can cairrie
the storie fae masel the furrit,
for I'm no gaun tae gie the reasoun
was telt me whye she wasnae lykin
the Royal Air Force, tho it was
anent a something yaething lyke
til her ainsel afore the tyme
ma cleedin was the Air Force blue.

Yit, in thon wy o speak lik clash
the mair can mak it mairsae yit,
as gars it graith the best o ballats
in thon wy thae guid ballats haerk
aroon the truith the back an furrit
lik pree it for its ainsel singin
gin it can sing a melodie
as straucht as nae lee can be tellin,
years later on, yon Lady Astor
played clooter on the saervicemen
whoe'd focht in Italie for lang
as seemed ower lang til Lady Astor
the-tyme D-Day was lyke tae daw
wuid mak a clooterin on Nazis
in Normandie athorte the Channel:
in shorte, that isnae awfie lang
tae tell the truith, thon Lady Astor
said men in Italie then fechtin
were nithin mair nor D-Day dodgers.

Gif ballats, as I said, are haerkin
the back an furrit roon the truith
that bydes its wheesht for melodie,

*some airman, yin lik naebdie ither,
or someyin ither, lyke the lave
can sing the samin note, taen-on
Lilli Marlene tune for tae sing
anent the fash on Lady Astor,
an fair played clooter at the bodie
at her ain gemme, as you may sing
the sang I gie alow sae you
can ken it weel as I ma ainsel,
whoe, hearin it a whylsin back,
thocht on yon cairriet storie auld
as cauld anent her keepit aye
athin ma myn, wi nae thocht on it
tae gie it air again wuid waarm it.

"THE D-DAY DODGERS

We're the D-Day dodgers, way out in Italy,
Drinking all the vino, going on the spree.
We're Eighth Air Force scroungers, and the Yanks,
We live in Rome on the Tiber banks:
We are the D-Day dodgers, way out in Italy.

Flew into Salerno, a holiday with pay,
Jerry turned his band out to cheer us on our way;
Showed us the sights, and gave us tea,
We all got drunk 'cause the beer was free:
We are the D-Day dodgers, way out in Italy.

Squadron Leader Dooshanks, he took off by night,
Taxied down the flare-path, he went without a light;
He dropped his bombs right in the blue,
Too bloody true, and so would you:
We are the D-Day dodgers, way out in Italy.

On the way to Florence, we had a busy time,
We ran a bus to Rimini right through the Gothic Line;
And soon to Bologna we would go
When the Jerries moved off beyond the Po:
We are the D-Day dodgers, way out in Italy.

* Yit may been lik Hamish Henderson whoe made the oreeginal Airmie ballat *The D-Day Dodgers*.

Once we had a blue night that we were flying home,
Back to dear old Blighty, never more to roam,
Then someone said, in France you'll fight,
We said, not that, we'll just sit tight:
   We are the D-Day dodgers, way out in Italy.

Boulton-Paul the turret, Handley-Page the frame,
Pegasus the engine, Halifax the name;
Kites on dispersal, they're U/S,
And you can guess they're in a mess:
   We are the D-Day dodgers, way out in Italy.

All along the mountains, in the mud and rain,
Lie the scattered crosses, and some may bear no name;
Their heart-breaking toil and suffering gone,
The boys beneath them slumber on:
   They were the D-Day dodgers, way out in Italy.

Listen, Lady Astor, listen, dear, to this –
Don't stand upon a platform, and talk a lot of piss.
You may be the nation's joy and pride,
But your big mouth's far too bleeding wide:
   That's from the D-Day dodgers, way out in Italy."

   For thaem that daenae ken the whit
fae whaat athin the Air Force lingo,
   the *Dooshanks*, Squadron Leader chiel
in thon thurd verse abuin made namelie,
   is the nomenclature was gien
til the anonymous bit craitur
whyles kent as *odd-bod*, shorte for *bodie*,
as weel as for the auntrin thingie
   in causual yuiss name maitters-nane.
An furder, in the sixth bit versin,
   thon *U/S* was the common merk
shorte for the wurd *unserviceable*;
   and in the wy o things are plus
as for the joab in haun staun ruidie,
the letter *S* was yaised the neever
tae coont the aircraft serviceable.

Yae hinmaist wurd: as aa are kennin
the ballat better micht weel swither,
* the wy the sang micht soond the best
* is gin the thurd an fowerth lynes thare
* were made tae differ juist a weething
lik whit thae siccan folk are singin;
an wi them thare I'm intil greeance,

for whit I gie abuin for prent
is chaise yer chyce an lae the lave
alane tae sooch thur preein o it.

* Excep for thae lynes in the hinmaist-but-yin stanza.

Anent *Auld Cronies and Ithers*

Lyne 292:

Jim Naismie, or tae gie the name
as raecords shairlie sayt, *James Naismith*.

Gif langsyne mynd it is as shair as
can tell nae lee the truith tae tribble,
langsyne wi me an Jimmie Naismie
was aeons auld as yont aa kennin
inbye yon tyme a bing we howkit
for fossil stane o leafs were growein
thon tyme the coals were made for eilden.

I hae yin yit, for witness o it,
was howkit oot at Cleekhimin
yae day we'd been til Clapperknowe
whoere Jim haed freens the thareaboots.

Yon bing haes been smoored ower sinsyne,
tae mak a playgrun for the bairns
the left-haun syde o Cleekhimin
nearhaun Carfin, whoere yince a railway
crosst ower the brae til Dixon's pit
ma faither wrocht in as a lauddie.

Lyne 298:

This yin was Freddie Creegan, tho
gin *Frederick*, I neever heard it.

Freddie was no as pack an thick
wi me as was his brither Jim,
for he was younger nor his brither
whuin Jim and I played cricket whyles
ootwith the rules o M. C. C.

Lyne 304:

Guy Love was he, and yit again,
gif *Gavin*, neever in ma hearin.

Anither thing anent Guy Love
I micht hae telt lik tell it trulie
the wy the truith, at yin wi tyme aye,
haes nane-the-wheesht for ither ocht,
athin the Newarthill Sunday Schuil,
Guy, yince was teacher thare, telt Mary

ma sister, I wuid ayeways ask
a quaistioun that was gyan haurd
tae aunswer dacentlyke wi truith.

Lyne 310:

The speak *Bill Mairshall* says his name,
whyles *Wullie*: elsewhoere, *William Marshall*.

I wunner whyles, did Wullie Mairshall
in Italie a sodger yonner,
luk roond aboot lik airt his thinkin
as yince he did, exploratorie
wi me whuin we were bairns thegither,
the-tyme we'd caa a burn the *Marlaw*
as tho the furst tae name the watter!

Lyne 316:

A young lass *Mary Seawright* then,
a feeen, lik *John* an *Tom*, her brithers.

Gin at the schuil in Moatherell
a year or twoe ayont the tyme
that's ben the feck o aa this verse,
oor tyme was scholarlyke as thochtie,
but furth ot, fancie us as free
as lauchter fancie-free is sakeless.

Lyne 322:

Sam Smith an *Davie Greig*, yae twoe
the neever *Samuel*, seenlins *David*.

Thinkin on thae twoe brings them furrit
athin ma myn lik catcht an gruppit,
afore they gan the backwarts thonner
in hiddlins ben the keekin sees them
the wy Sam yince was sairlie skaithit,
an Davie, suddentlyke as kent-nane,
was duin til daith mangrowne doon straikit.

Davie was quaet as caum in mainner
as kept til his ainsel his coonsel,
sae thare was naething lyke a freit
or ferlie bydes athin ma thocht
anent him. Sam was something ither,
nearer as say whyles, *Hae ye read this*?
as I wuid say til him, as lyklie,

Here, read this, Sam. Oor librarie
was circulate at yon expense
was peels wi Fryday pocket-money.

Yae day, tho, that was gy near aye
for Sam, we played wi ither lauddies
upon a railway lyne, lik shuntin
twoe wagons for a ploy. I stuid
athin the yin o them, fair wrocht
tae see them slawlie gan thegither
(tho shairlie no lik nemesis)
the tyme that Sam's young heid was claucht
a saecont, sair atween the buffers.

Twoe wemen-bodies passin bye,
angels o maercielyke, taen Sam
doon hame, thur hankies sookin bluid,
whit tyme we bidd oor wheesht till kennin
that Sam wuid hae a betterin:
ye'll guess we played nae mair wi wagons.

Anent *The Keltic Fringe*

Lyne 35:

This lyne and yon yin neeborin
a measure lyke a rhymin couplet,
are taen fae *Deidlie Gemme*, a poem
a novenarie that was made
a whylsin back, the-tither day juist
athin the myn, the date at bein
the saecont Januar, the year
o nyneteen seeventie-nyne, langsyne
a fuhll decade awo: and here'st.

Dreid-nane Auld Birniebruchie at his ease,
for ilka man gars his ain phoenix bleeze
the-wy hell's yetts hae never seen sic lowein.
An weel ye ken that dreidour cannae see us
haein onie mair for paiks nor whit's aye rowein
an rummelin lik a grush o jaurrie bools i the powe. An
ye ken, an weel enyeuch, the gemme ye play
is plunkie-butts-wi-the-deil or burn-a-rowan
or pochle-yer-ain-pootsh, some say.

Note: It is waanchancie tae burn a rowan.

Lyne 40:

The day the twintie-aicht Decemer
in nyneteen seeventie-six, anither
thocht taen a haud o me lik mynd it
as whoere I micht no be at hamelik
as furst I thocht tae be, sae yon day
I made a novenarie poem
A Different Soo bi the Lug: and here ist.

A different soo bi the lug gif the Angles syne
thru Antrim tae Argyll. Wuid the snocher o this auld leid
caa its Comunn 'baund' the-tyme its soond cuid dwyne?
Whit "crawl of cockroaches" then wuid baet oor heroes,
'yatter-hangauchiein' us lik weerdless wauchlie eedjits
athorte the wurld? Yae thing that isnae twae
I'll tell ye: oor Hielan Clearances wuid be seen
a soo bi a different lug we hear o nane
at ceilidh or mod the-day.

Note: "crawl of cockroaches" is taen fae the hinmaist lyne o Hugh MacDiarmid's *Hostings of Heroes*.

‘yatter-hangauchiein’ is made fae the Gaelic *eadar-theangachadh*, peels wi *yatter*.

Lynes 70 - 76:

Thon onslaucht o the blast an birnin
o stoor o coal melled sib wi methane
   a brulyie o the elements,
   taen place at hauf-past three a.m.
on fowerteenth day, the month Decemer,
the year o nyneteen fiftie-seeven;
   ten year or sae the later on,
   I made a poem, *Licht attoore*
the Face, anent thon awfie clooter:
twoe magazines, yin o them *Chapman*,
   the-tither *Scrievins*, hae seen fit
   tae prent fair dauds ot, but the screed
   bydes for a quair tae prent it haill.

Lynes 78, 79:

Tae *slabber-dab* is verb descryvin
the wark o makkin clairtie briquettes
fae coal-stoor slurrie we were caain
the *clabber-da*, a noun the neebor;
   gif *slabber, clabber* neeborin,
   sloosh clairtielyke athin the thocht,
   da mibbes puits a stopper int:
   masel, I’d speir at Gaelic *dhu*.

Anent *The Saecont Whins*

Lyne 56:

The twoe young lauds ahint this speil
were yin was caad Tam Carrol shair,
and yin whoese forename's gane fae mynd,
altho for certaint Roy his surname,
the aulder brither o the bairn
caad Davie I was gyan thick wi.

Tam Carrol's mither, and her freen
the Mrs Roy, were neebor folk
afore the Laws haed taen an flittit
til Whytigreen, whoere thae twoe lauds,
the verse tells, were convoyin me.

I mynd them weel as wuid hae kent
them betterlyke for ma ain guid,
for thare was naething bad athin them
that wasnae faur ower waur in folk
that thocht thursels the best o flesh.

The wy that siccan things are gannin
as cannae be foreseen in gaein
oor ain gaet blythe or sad or soor,
we tynt the Carrol contack syne,
altho we myndit thaem wi pleesure
the samin wy oorsels were pleesurt
myndin the Roys whoe gaed thur ain gaet
yonner til England, Gillingham,
I'm thinkin, was the airt: an this
is hoo the Roy folk gaed foreever.

Thare haed been some ill-will, as soorlik
as wuidnae weel be soodert ower
wi swaetlik wurds, tween Mrs Roy
and thaem that rentit her the hoose
in Allan Place; juist whit the boather
I daenae ken, for neever speirie
was I whit was ahint the ploy,
but yae nicht Mrs Roy was gane,
lik hoolet-flicht a muinlicht flittin,
the-tyme upon the brace for witness
athin the redd-oot hoose, a note
telt her laundladie whye the skail,
wi *You did me but I've done you.*

At yae laich laevel, yin that cannae

but gar a bodie snicher at it,
I mynd yince this that's no the furst
that I hae telt it: Mrs Roy,
wi Mrs Carrol for a neebor,
taen me an Mrs Roy's young Davie
intil a geggie, pyin naething,
thon tyme whuin we were still as smaa
as no that faur abuin the flaer,
and here's the wy thae wemen did it.

In hiddlins in alow thur skirts,
lik *Daenae cheep in case ye're seen*
bi yon yin takkin-in the coppers,
an ben the geggie-tent we gaed:
in Newarthill at the Play, yon ploy.

Whit was yon Play, as anticlyke
as made the stage a wurld byordnar
as haill heidorrielyke, hauf-caurrie
as naething on the Yerd is seen,
nor ocht athin the Heeven airt
a glorie singin lyke the mavis,
nor, for that maitter ot, in Hell
cuid gar Auld Nick gan cooriein
fae't, oot o sicht as no be shamed?

Aa I can myn, lik tell it truithfou
as no a cairriet storie o it,
is that same chiel said *Rumbo-jumbo,*
I am thy father's ghost-O, speilin
it yon wy gart the ilka lauddie
lang aifter, for a faimlie scunner,
repeat it, as did I an Davie.

An gin ye'd lyke tae ken the mairlik
anent the baith thae guidlie wemen
caad Mrs Roy an Mrs Carrol,
I puit them baith athin a poem,
The Auld Wyfe, wi a note anent it
in prose athin a quair, the name ot
ye'll find is *Aftentymes a Tinkler*.

Tae save ye boatherlyke, in case
ye daenae hae that wark at haund,
here doon alow, lik nae mair fashin,
I gie it, but the-noo read furst
than prose note said: *I had aye thocht*
the "auld wyfe" in this storie was
a Mrs Roy but syne-an-on

laerit the bodie was a Mrs Carrol.
As baith wyfies were guid freens tae me
an mynes, may they byde weel thegither
in ma rhyme here. And here it is.

But juist afore I gie it til ye,
tak note that yon tenth lyne abuin
is true, tho feminyne no richt,
an that's yae lyne alanelik wrang.

The twaa-three shaef fae the yae loaf, the last
a her paertith, the auld wyfe gied gledlie enyeuch
fae the plentie o her hert, the auld wyfe whaa'd heard tell
o the weedie's myte, nae doot, but wuidnae mell
wi releegioun or the gowden rule, ower sair harasst
for metaphysical castin o breid, the caum sooch
an siccan flagaries' clishmaclaver. "Here, son, it's the paer
helpin the damn paer," was the burthen o the auld wyfe's laer.

Whaa had nae fame tae gie her onie pleesure
pleesures this verse tae carol Mrs. Roy
her name was that's the Queen an Muse this leisure
dotes on as I tak thocht o her, nae hoi-polloi,
but bydein as tyme an tyde in rhymin ware,
Queen for a laddie speered her breid tae share.

Anent *Aeducatioun in Schuilin*

Lyne 630:

Gin you suid speir for kennin better
the toon o Johnstone, waastlins yanner,
keek you athin a quair was publisht
in nyneteen seeventie-twoe as written
bi Charles A. Scott B.S.C.
for yon Toon Cooncil, and ye'll finnd
a bittock laer anent an airt
athin the place is *Peockland* caad.

Ask proletarian ye'll finnd thare,
yin juist as auntrin as the onie
no at the wark but intil ease
mair lyker ydilset because
thare isnae onie wark tae gan til,
and you will finnd, lik ken it better,
Peockland's caad mair aften *Pyuchland*:
af coorse, and you will ken for best,
ye hae yersel fund oot the wurd
in modren English is, ay, *Ploughland*.

The Scots leid that will no be baet
haed baet cartographers ye'd think
at thair ain wark wuid been mair eydent,
for they were no in ydilset
lik auntrin proletarians.

Johnstone apairt, noo here's a thing
anent the speak o Newarthill
I near forgot I haed tae tell ye:
whuin you hae read it, you will ken
mair nor masel whoe kens-nane you.

Altho aye laith tae gan til schuil
as chowe the crust gy lang at brekfast,
the ilka morn anither trauchle,
seenlins haed I an ettlement
tae *plug* it, wurd as Newarthill
as naewhoere else heard I it eever,
that we yaised aye insteed o *plunk*
was yaised bi bairns a wee bit aff
in siccan maitters, no aa-thare.

Plunkin was for the taw at bools
tae caw them oot ayont the ring
we scartit on the ruid-blaes fuitpad

on bare knees at the plunkie-butts,
or mibbe playin moshie whyles.

Lyne 887:

Whuin cairriein correckit jotters
back til the schuil for yon Miss Gairdner,
I'm thinkin noo thare was masel
and yin Bill Mairshall; and here is
yae reasoun for't is no the twoelik:
at that timm, we wuid spell ilkither
the morn aboot, humphin a lauddie,
caad Johnnie Houston, til the schuil,
fae juist abuin the Benford Knowe,
a hunner yairds or sae, I'm thinkin.

At sic a tyme, the-tane or tither
wuid tak in haun Miss Gairdner's jotters
an let his neebor humph the laud.

Disablement was on paer Johnnie
that puit sair wecht upon his baens
sae he juist coodnae walk avaa,
naw, coodnae even wauchle, ken.

Athin the doorway o his hoose thare,
the twoe-three steps abuin the fuitpad,
Johnnie wuid byde his wheesht for yin
o us tae hunker doon for him
tae hing, lik bag o coal as hivvie
upon the back, then schuilwarts wi us:
in winter-tyde, we gaed straucht inbye
afore the lave o aa the bairns,
an waarmed oorsels upon the pypes
ran thru the schuil, lang, black-enamelled.

I cannae talk for Wullie Mairshall,
but gin I was masel lang-backit
as gy shorte-leggit tae, befittin
an affspring o the collier bodies,
and as I wasnae spinnle-shankit,
I weel cuid manage Johnnie's wechtin
athooten fash til aither o us.

And here's a thing I wasnae shair o
til yin that kent the better telt me:
Jeannie, I'd thocht was Johnnie's sister,
was in ma ain schuil class, his cuizzin;
an Maggie, Jeannie's sister, aulder

a something, was ayont ma kennin,
but here is hoo I better kent her.

Some ten, ay, mibbe mair years aifter,
lik think again, ay, mibbe wunder,
athin a bus a young conductress
I thocht was Maggie, lukit at me
as kynlie as wuid tak nae siller
nor gie me ticket, and I'm thinkin
I myndit her whuin I humpht Johnnie.

An mibbe sae, for ken I noo
thur hoose was thru the waa fae Johnnie's.

I'm telt bi Mary Struthers, whoe was
a Mary Sturdy yince, still bydein
as roondaboot thare as nearhaund
as Sturdys aye bidd, Houstons near,
thare were a Peg an Teenie Houston
twoe sisters o the Johnnie cairriet,
tho scart the powe tae cleir the thocht,
I cannae mynd o thaem avaa:
the baith are gane, as langsyne, Johnnie,
but I am telt again, lik cleirin
the thocht athooten scartin powe,
that yin o thae twoe sisters was
conductress tae, lik cuizzin Meg.

Noo, whoe the yin that taen nae siller
athin yon bus, an gied nae ticket,
I cannae tell for certain-shairlik,
but this I ken lik ken it siccar
as cannae faut the memorie,
I still can see the wy she smyled
as something gyan bonnielyke,
a weething Jeannielyke as weel.

Here noo I think I'll cry a baurley
on aa thir Houston ploys I'm playin,
except tae say that yince tae say it
is lyke a lang fareweel foreever
til yon was yae timm lyke nane ither
in Newarthill that bred mair Houstons
nor yonner faur awo caad Texas.

But haud yer horses, or, yon yae yin
wuid wing a verse mair for the raecord:
whuin Mary Struthers speired at Jeannie
anent thir maitters in ma speilin,

she said til Mary that she myndit
paer Johnnie's cairrie, sayin furder,
"Tell Tom that I was askin for him."

Anent *The Sturdys*

Lyne 336:

Truith, that is in itsel an aathing
itsel ootthru that needs nae lawyer
    for an opeenioun ont, agrees
the Great Weire was oor tyme for chyngeower
fae yon auld Age o Reasoun yae timm
said, *Here, folk, juist you yins conseeder*
an fae thon Aer-on Engineerin
that said, *Here, you, belt-oot the metal*:
conseederatioun an the metal
    brocht-in this Age o Fissioun said,
Here, you folk, sperfle aathing aagaets
was syne confoondit intil Fusioun
says, *Boorie-in smaa, breenge-oot bigger;*
an wi them baith thare's Electronics
Come, leg, or else I'll leave ye, sayin.

We kent it in oor days the younger
lik thocht athin a switheratioun
    anent agnosticism lyke
    a thocht anent the switherin
anent whit we heard tell was awfie
in yon Great Weire was mixter-maxtered
wi thocht was lyke the ongaun brulyie
    o wireless yonner yawpie whyles,
    an motorcaurs for fancie folk,
and omnibuses aa folk in them.

Ye'll ken the startlement o thinkin
we kent was in ingyne lik ferlie
    for gawpin-at in some amaze,
    whuin I can tell ye that amang
thae mervels o the thocht, the wireless,
the motorcaurs and omnibuses,
we juist haed come ayont the yon-timm
    we ran on baries in ahint
    the watterin-cairt that laid the stoor
alang the street was whinstane-chippit.

    But shairlie yon thing wechtit lyke
conseederatioun muckle airtit
wi aa the pooer o some Olympus;
    shairlie the *point d'appui*, a stell
    as muckle as thegither haud
the aathing was the wurld wuid yit be,
    was naething less nor muckle mair

o bings o taurrie ruckies laid
ruidie for spraedin on the street,

I mynd thae ruckies weel, tho no
as freenlie as I thocht they'd be,
for werenae ma ain twoe paer hauns
alang wi fower-year-auld knee neebors
gy fylit yon yae tyme I thocht
tae sklim than Everest black sheenin?

An juist as mankynd, aa thru tyme,
haes taen a yaething, syne haes made
an ocht was neever thocht athin it,
till aa was meldit something else
that mibbe man wuid lyke the-nane,
I kent as bairn that butter was
a guidgaun sooker-oot o taur
fae ruckies made roads taurmacaudam.
The Dear kens, gin a bodie daes,
whit man will dae gin we tak tent
o whit was duin wi butter syne!

Anent *Birthday*

The mummerie gien doon alow
is fae the English paper caad
The Halifax Courier and Guardian
o Setterday, Apryle the fowerth,
the year o nyneteen thrittie-yin.

Altho the name gien til the blad
is *Pace-egg*, and as you'll hae seen,
I hae seen fit masel tae yaise it,
it is, lik monie ither names,
as rummelt-up wi tyme as left
tae dree whiteever weerd is tholit
for it upon the lips as inwith
ingyne o bairns thru forebears' bairns,
as weel as in the scart o pens
whuin makars hae nae ither boather
nor gannin sakeless, bairns again,
back til thur ruits the growin graith
gin fae the decibels retraetin,
the-tyme thur lugs are blattert wi them.

For aa that, an that's no the aa
that's in it, weel I kent whuin furst
I saw the English blad, that *Pace-eggs*
or *Pasch-eggs* was the common name
in Scots for haurd-bylt Easter-eggs
whyles scaddit gree as broon as tanned
bi tea-leafs maskin as cuid tak
a gloshen faise-face inkit on them
afore we rowed them doon green brae
alow the yella whins, afore
the furder rowein doon the ruid.

Rowein lik that is whit *Pace-eggin*
is inwith Scotland, even as
Pace-eggin inwith England is
the geggiein o mummeries.

As muckle as for me ma ainsel
tae keep me gaun the gaet I'm gannin,
as for the eydent folk whoe read this
tae keep them traikin wi me on it,
italicisin in the blad
as weel as asterisks alow,
are no in the oreeginal
but puittent int for takkin oot.

See Chambers aagaets tells the reader
tae tak a keek athin the chapter
that is entytlt *Rhymes connected*
with New-Year Observances, as scryvit
ben *Select Writings of Robert Chambers*
in *Volume VII, Third Edition*,
with Additions, as the fly-leaf tells us.

Bi Chambers, W. & R. 50
o Embro toon, yon wark saw prent,
wi preface thare athin it datit
Novemer twintie-fower, the year
o aichteen hunder, fowertie-yin.

“THE PACE-EGG

OR ST. GEORGE’S ANNUAL

PLAY

The Full Text

[The version used in Midgley and the
one that was broadcast on Thursday]

ACT I

(Enter Fool, who begins walking around
in a ring, probably a relic of times
when the play was given in a proper
ring, as in Cornwall.)

Fool:
A ring, a ring, I enter in,
I hope this famous fight to win,
Whether I rise, stick, stand, or fall,
I’ll do my best to please you all.
At the sound of the trumpet, at the
beat of the drum,
Make room, brave gentlemen, and
let our merry actors come.

All:
We are the merry actors that tra-
verse the town,
We are the merry actors that fight
for renown,
We are the merry actors that show

pleasant play.

Fool:
If you can't believe in what I say,
Step in, St. George, thou champion,
and clear the way.

(Enter St. George.)

St. George:
I am St. George who from old England sprung,
My famous name throughout the world hath rung.
Many bloody deeds and wonders have I made known,
And many false tyrants tremble on their thrones.
I followed a fair lady to the giant's gate,
Confined in dungeon deep to meet her fate.
There I resolved, with true knight-errantry,
To burst the door and set the prisoner free,
When, lo! A giant almost struck me dead,
But by my valour I cut off his head.
I've sought the world all round and round,
But a man to equal me I've never found.

(The Fool and St. George continue marching round the ring. *Enter Slasher*.) See Chambers

Slasher: I'm the man to equal thee.
St.George: Who art thou?

Slasher:
I'm a valiant soldier,
Bold Slasher is my name. See Chambers
With sword and buckler by my side, See Chambers
I hope to win the game. See Chambers
And for to fight with me, St.George,
I see thou art not able,
For with my trusty broadsword

I soon would thee disable.

St. George:
Disable! Disable! It lies not in thy power.
For with my trusty broadsword I soon will thee devour.
Stand back, Slasher, and let no more be said,
For if I draw my glittering sword, I'm sure to break thine head.

Slasher:
How canst thou break mine head,
Since my head is made of iron,
And *my body is made of steel*, See Chambers
My hands and feet of knuckle-bone?
I challenge thee to field.

(They cross swords and Slasher is wounded. St.George continues to march round the ring, while the Fool cries.)

Fool:
Alas! Alas! My chiefest son is slain.
What must I do to raise him up again?
Here he lies in the presence of you all.
I, lovingly, *for a doctor call*. See Chambers

All:
A doctor! A doctor!
Ten pounds for a doctor!
Who'll go fetch a doctor?

(Doctor enters and goes to centre of ring.)

Doctor: Here am I.
Fool: Are you the doctor?

Doctor:
Yes, that you may plainly see
By my art and activity.

Fool:
Well what is your fee to cure this

poor man?

Doctor:
Ten pounds is my fee, but, Jack,
if thou be an honest man, I'll
only take five of thee.

Fool:
(Aside) You'll be wondrous cunning
if you get any!
(Aloud) Well, how far have you
travelled in doctorship?

Doctor:
From Italy, Titaly, High Germany,
France and Spain.
And now I've returned to cure
disease in Old England again.

Fool: So far and no further.

Doctor: Oh, yes, a great deal further.

Fool: How far?

Doctor:
From the fireside cupboard and
into bed,
Where I eat my cheese and bread,
That makes my nose and cheeks so
red.

Fool: What diseases can you cure?

* Doctor: *All sorts*.

* Fool: *What's all sorts*?

* See BIRTHDAY, Lynes 180 -185

Doctor:

* *The itch, the stitch, the palsy and the gout.*

* *If a man gets nineteen devils in his soul*

* *I can cast twenty of them out.*

I have in my pockets crutches for lame ducks,
Spectacles for blind hummer-bees, and pack-saddles for broken-backed mice.
I cured Sir Harry of a hang-nail about fifty-five yards long,
So, surely, I can cure this poor man.
Here, Jack, take a little out of my bottle,
And let it run down thy throttle,
And if thou be not quite slain,
Arise, Jack, and fight again.

Slasher (rising): Oh, my back!

Fool: What's amiss with thy back?

Slasher:

My back is wounded,
And my art confounded –
To be struck out of seven senses into five score –
The like was never seen in Old England before.
(Trumpet sounds.)
Oh, hark! St. George, I hear the silver trumpet sound
That summons me from off this bloody ground.
Farewell, St. George, I can no longer stay,
Out yonder is the way.

(A brief interval.)

* See BIRTHDAY, Lynes 180 -185

ACT II

(Enter St. George.)

St. George:
I am St. George, that noble champion bold,
Who with my trusty sword won
Ten thousands pounds in gold.
‘Twas I that fought the fiery dragon,
And brought it to the slaughter,
And by those means I won
The King of Egypt’s daughter.

(Enter the Black Prince of Paradine.)

Black Prince:
I am the Black Prince of Paradine,
Born of high renown.
Soon I’ll fetch St. George
And all his lofty courage down.
Before, St. George, thou departest from me,
St. George, thou’lt die to all eternity.

St. George:
Stand back, thou black Morocco dog,
Or by my sword thou’lt die;
I’ll pierce thy body full of holes,
And make thy buttons fly.

Black Prince:
Draw out thy sword and slay,
Pull out thy purse and pay,
For I will have a recompense
Before I go away.

St. George:
Now, thou Black Prince of Paradine,
Where hast thou been?
Pray what fine sights hast thou seen?
Dost thou think no man of mine age
Dare such a black as thee engage?
Lay down thy sword, take up to me a spear,
And I’ll fight thee without dread or fear.

(They fight and the Black Knight is slain.)

St. George (still marching round the ring):
Now that Black Prince of Paradine is dead,
And all his joys entirely fled,
Take him and give him to the flies,
That he may never more come near my eyes.

(Enter King of Egypt.)

King of Egypt:
I am the King of Egypt, as plainly doth appear,
I come to seek my son, my only son an heir.

St. George: He is slain.

King of Egypt:
Slain! Who did him slay? Who did him kill?
And on the ground his precious blood did spill?

St. George:
I did him slay, I did him kill,
And on the ground his precious blood did spill,
Please you, my liege, my honour to maintain,
Had you been here, you might have fared the same.

King of Egypt:
Cursed Christian! What is this thou hast done?
Thou hast ruined me, and slain my only son.

St. George:
He gave me challenge; no-one it denies.
How high he was, but see how low he lies.

King of Egypt:
Oh, Hector! Hector! Help me with speed!
For in my life I never stood more in need.

(Enter Hector.)

And stand not there with sword in hand,
But rise and fight at my command.

Hector (enters ring):
Yes, yes, my liege. I will obey,
And by my sword, I hope, to win the day;
If that be he that doth stand there,
That slew my master's only son and heir,
Though he be sprung from royal blood,
I'll make him run like Noah's Flood.

St. George:
Bold Hector, do not be so hot,
For here thou knowest not who thou'st got.
'Tis I can tame thee of thy pride,
And lay thy anger, too, aside.
I'll inch thee and pinch thee as small as flies,
And send thee overseas to make mince-pies.
Mince-pies hot, mince-pies cold,
I'll send thee to Black Sam before thou'rt nine days old.

Hector:
How canst thou tame me of my pride,
And lay my anger, too, aside,
Inch me and pinch me as small as flies?
And send me over the seas to make mince pies.
Mince-pies hot, mince-pies cold,
I'll send thee to Black Sam before thou'rt nine days old. See Chambers
Since mine head is made of iron, See Chambers

My body is made of steel, See Chambers
My hands and feet of knuckle-bone,
I challenge thee to field.

(They cross swords and Hector is
wounded.)

Hector:
I am a valiant soldier,
And Hector is my name.
Many bloody battles have I fought
And always won the same.
Till from St. George I got this
bloody wound.

(Trumpet sounds.)

Hark! Hark! I hear the silver
trumpet sound
Which summons me from off this
bloody ground.
Down yonder is the way.
Farewell, St. George, I can no longer
stay.

(Hector goes out. Fool enters.)

St. George:
Here comes from his post Old Bold
Ben.

Fool:
Why, master, did I ever take thee to
be my friend?

St. George:
Why, Jack, did I ever do thee any
harm?

Fool:
Thou proud and saucy coxcomb,
begone!

St. George:
A coxcomb! A coxcomb! I defy
that name,
And by my sword thou ought to be
stabbed for the same.

Fool:
To be stabbed is the least I fear,
Appoint your place and time
And I'll meet you there.

St. George:
I'll cross the water at the hour of
five,
And I'll meet you there, sir,
If I be alive.

Fool:
I cross the water at the hour of six,
And I'll meet you there with great
knobsticks.

(Enter Tosspot, a simpleton, in rags
and tatters, carrying an effigy.)

All exclaim in a chanting voice:
Hold up your hands, hold up your
hands,
An' let your quarrels fall;
Peace and quietness is the best,
An' ye shall end it all.

Chorus:
Oh, the next that steps in
Is th' Old Tosspot, you see,
He's a gallant old man,
An' he wears a degree.
He's a stick in his hand,
An' he wears a pig tail,
An' takes his delight
in drinking old ale.

Enter Tosspot (who sings the following
nominy):
In step I an old coffee grinder,
I've lost my wife and cannot find
her.
If any of you see her, you must turn
her back,
She's two broken legs and a hump
on her back.

Tosspot sings:
I've some eggs in my basket,
Although I appear,

Expecting some time
To come in for my share.
Although I am ragged,
And not so well dressed,
I can kiss some bonny lasses
As well as the best.
They powdered my hair
With a dredging-tin box,
And I've got a pig tail
And you see how it cox.
I've a stick in my hand,
And a pipe in my snout,
And my old tally wife
Is better ner 'bout.

(Here the Tosspot leaves the ring and
collects coppers from the audience,
while the rest of the players sing):-

Come, search up your money,
Be jubilant and free,
And give us your Pace-Egg
For Easter Monday.

Go down in your cellars,
And see what you'll find,
If your barrels be empty
I hope you'll provide.

I hope you'll provide
Sweet eggs and strong beer,
And we'll come no more to you
Until the next year.

These times they are hard
And money is scarce,
One Pace-Egg of yours,
Is all that we want.

And, if you will grant us
This little small thing,
We'll all charm our voices,
And merry we'll sing:

Just look at St. George,
So brisk and so bold,
While in his right hand
A sword he doth hold.

A star on his breast
Like silver doth shine;
I hope you'll remember
It's Pace-Egging time.

[Note: Even locally the words of the play are considerably varied. The Tosspot uses considerable licence, and frequently introduces lines of his own. The closing refrains also vary considerably, but the above are fairly representative.]"

Anent *Aeducatioun bi Auntrin Rhymes*

Lyne 225:

This isnae juist the tyme the furstlin
ma thocht haes yokit on the sang
that you'll hae preed athin the Lynes
twoe-fiftie til twoe-sixtie-yin.

Alow here, you may read aboot it
prosaicallie as ye see it,
but wi some verse for explicatioun
in case ye think it faur ower prosie:
but gin ye dae, then faut ma English
as tho ye were a Scots professor
as faur awo as neever hamewith.

But gin ye think it haurdlie waarth
the tribble o yer preein ot,
ye'll no be furst: *The Scotsman* paper
thocht muckle as ye micht yersel,
that it was haurdlie waarth the prent.

A LITTLE COCK SPARROW

When reading Stanley Eveling's Television column in *The Scotsman* of 3 January 1987, where he commented on ". . .the mirthless Arra/Marra poem, the point of which always escapes me. . ." I was minded of a childhood song which had an Arrow/Sparrow configuration equally mirthless perhaps, but gently memorable. Like much successful song, its memorableness was in the quality of the simple tune carrying the lines of words repetitively, and also in the appropriateness of words and tune to each other.

If we realise that the greatest as well as the least of poetry may be reduced to nonsense or off-sense or both by calculated use of accent and meaning, it is easy to imagine parody triumphant, or plagiarism making for contorted pleasurability. Therefore, while I have no definitive version of Arra/Marra, and if I had, might be infringing a copyright of plagiarism were I to quote it here, the song I knew as a child will have to suffice for illustration. Here it is.

A little cock sparrow sat up on a tree,
A little cock sparrow sat up on a tree,
He hopped and he jumped, so merry was he,
He hopped and he jumped, so merry was he.

A little boy came with his bow and his arrow,
A little boy came with his bow and his arrow,
And said he would shoot that little cock sparrow,
And said he would shoot that little cock sparrow.

"Oh, no," said cock sparrow, "That never would do!"

"Oh, no," said cock sparrow, "That never would do!"
So he spread out his wings and away he flew.
So he spread out his wings and away he flew.

Although I cannot quote the accompanying melody here, I am sure those who know it as well as I do will agree that it sings as tenderly as savour the sound again, and is fairly compelling to children of uncorrupted imagination. How it became transmogrified into the Arra/Marra version must have been a widdershins exercise of the mind. Or partly so, for here is another version of the rhyme, probably the original, which concludes with a signal pointing in the direction taken by the parody.

A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he.
A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock sparrow.

"This little cock sparrow will make me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie too."
"Oh, no," said cock sparrow, "I won't make a stew!"
So he flapped his wings, and away he flew.

In the first two lines of that last stanza, the nursery rhyme cognescente will recognise the minor Struwel Pieter syndrome savagery so common to much of that genre.

Strikingly amenable to the melody that sustains the first-quoted version of the cock sparrow song, and perhaps companion to the sentiment and subject of it, here is another song which sings the better for its innate kindliness. However, it should be sung straight through without the hiatus of repetition.

A butterfly perched on a mossy brown stile,
And a little maid saw him and cried with a smile:
"O beautiful butterfly, yellow and blue,
Stop, stop; let me sit on the stile with you!"

But the beautiful butterfly, yellow and blue,
Opened his wings and away he flew;
And when he'll return I really can't say,
But the little maid sits on the stile to this day!

Both the butterfly song and the nastier version of the cock sparrow song are to be found in Arthur Mee's *The Children's Encyclopedia*.

<u>Lyne 243:</u>

Anent the deid o yon young sib yin,
ma brither wi the name the samin
as mynes, ma faither yae timm telt me
ma mither, aye as kynlie gentle
as quaetlie caum til me, "was lyke
as she was sklimmin waas" yon nicht

her bairn was deid, sae ruch her fash:
his wurds gaed thorter scart ma hairt.

Lyne 690:

I hae nae explicatioun yit
the whoe was yon *folodie man*,
unless the name, corrupt, was mair
lik *followdick* in muckle wurdbyeuks,
fair-contar as gaun furrit furst
insteed o taggin aifter bodies.

Lyne 866:

Yae sang in Afrikaans I myn
was caad *Janpierewiet*, anent
some drucken bodie coodnae staun
as still as tak nae tent the wurld
itsel gaed roond an roond; his birlin
was gyte as stotterie, miroclous
yon wy he coodnae byte a thoom
but aye kep staunin on his feet:
yit that was no the yae bit sang
in myn, and here is yin alow
for you tae pree't yersel as I did
whoe fund it commonlyke as kynlie.

"Goeie-môre,
Goeie-môre,
Goeie-môre, my vrou;
Hoe gaan dit,
Hoe gaan dit,
Hoe gaan dit met jou?

Goeie-môre, my man,
Daar is koffie in die kan.
Goeie-môre, my man,
Daar is koffie in die kan."

Lyne 867:

The ither raeference anent
the *LA VA* tune was in a daunce
is gien us in a Wastren pictur
whoere John Wayne o Nynth Cavalrie
sees lassies puit the richt fuit oot.

Lyne 1100:

The raeference alow this lyne
and on til yin-yin-three-aicht furder,
haes something o poetic lycence,
for whit the Scottish Daily Express
said twintie-fower, fower, sixtie-five,
was this, “I think it is disgraceful
to call me Sammy.” Naething, tho,
anent the *Dow* pairt o the name,
or as I caa it better, *Doo*.

Anent it here I say nae mair,
kennin poetic lycence truith,
for naebodie but secret polis
and Inquiseetioun neeborin
releegious maniacs, can speir
tae lichtlie truith ayont the tellin;
an mynd ye, facts are no trade figurs
as soople Tory-tobert aye,
sae here I leave ye wi this speil
on geegaw thinkin may mak wemen
as siller aften maks the men:
may thair near-gaitherin get aye
as braid a scatterin as send it
back whoere it haed been furstlins-pochelt.

Lyne 1577:

The lynes athin this inset stanza
lik clash o clavers (hae a smirtle
at *taurrie rope*) are said bi experts
tae hae been yaised aroon the Borders
for coontin sheep an sortein kye:
we yaised them nummerin at gemmes
the yin wuid be the het in tig
or keep the den in *Leevoi*, say.

Makkin the *dominell* yae nummer,
an *taurrie rope* no yin but twoe,
the coont is fifteen figurs roond,
mnemonicallie caunnie kent.

But gie the bairns a freedom chauntin
as they thursels taen-on as skowthie
as neever thocht was onie mair
nor leebertie tae caa the tune
an py the pyper in the caain,
an whit they did was mak a stanza
the ten lynes lang, the ilka yin
a dimeter trochaic as

the skowth o chauntin killiewimples
the here an thare, the neever thinkin
it lycence takkin leeberties:
and here's the swaatch o that alow
tae let ye hear the caain ot.
"Zeentie, peentie,
pick'tie, pe-ell,
ze-ell, de-ell,
dom-in-e-ell,
zurkie, purkie,
taurrie, ro-ope,
za-an, ta-an,
joo-oose, jo-ok,
you are out and
out you must go."

As haundilyke as three and yin mak
the fower, an crosse them thru maks fivelik,
thae ten lynes chauntit mak a sum
the ootthru crosst a trig, roon fiftie,
but that's no here that maitters meikle,
nor thare that maitters mair nor muckle,
nor yonner adds a pickle til it,
except I neever lykit coontin,
an tho I waarsled mathematics
gin I taen thocht an ryvit thaem
in bits, I neever was as swythe as
cuid caw them roon lik some computer
the wy the dominies were able
tae be quiz-maisterlyke fornent us,
as tho on televeesioun yawpin.

In yon arithmetic, as roon
the bend itsel as haufwy mental,
ma myn was lyke tae tak a daunner
as tho the haerns were haverin
inbye a whigmaleerie daunce,
that, truith tae tell, was ayeways lyker
tae hae mair waarth o speir an ken
nor whit straucht-furrit thocht in schuil
kent whit it was we haed tae speir.

In aa the tyme it taks tae think
whit seeven tymes nyne mak, then tae gie
the aunswer in the samin braith,
I rhymed the seeven eleeven wi,
saw nyne as three tymes three, eleeven
as fower threes less fae twal a single,
an seeven as twoe threes plus yin,

and in the tyme it taen tae sayt,
the haill class gied the aunswer til't
the-tyme that I was chauntin ower
athin ma heid soonds airtit yonner
lik ferlies, rhymes for nyne, eleeven.

For nane-the-reasoun I can tell ye,
lik speak-the-nane ot in this stanza,
addeetioun aye was triad threes.

Aiblins, I thocht in threes because
self-laer was listenin til ma ainsel
in praeference lik ken-for-siccar
insteed o takkin for a truith
a speak haed nocht int telt me whye,
and even as wi pynts for lacein
ma buits, I taen smaa tent as mak
the bowes, but as masel haed laert,
an no the wy for yaisual made.

And as ye micht jalouse, lik ken it
for whit ye dae yersel, or daenae,
that's whye I'm juist as thrawn as you.

And even noo, that's lyke for ayeways,
I finnd it is an awfie trauchle
lik thole an better thole it, makkin
a bowe the wy folk dae for yaisual,
even as I hae tae thole the tribble
o daein mathematics yon wy
ye ken is yont aa unnerstaunin.

I cannae mynd, even gin I waantit,
juist whitten wy I laert addeetioun,
an gin I cannae myn the reasoun
the figur yin or whitlik ither
was cairriet ower, here is yae ferlie:
I myn that I was thinkin on it
the-tyme I made ma ain addeetioun.

Af coorse, it aa was whit is caad
child's play, but it was aa ma ain
as whit is naebdie else's caad,
sae aye taen I the faur mair tent ot
nor whit I taen fae aa the laer
was gien til me fae aa ma teachers.

And here I'll gie ye twoe ensamples,
"a roonaboot road for a shorte-cut"

I’m thinkin I can hear ye say.

6	4	7	1	8	5	7
7	3	3	2	0	1	9
5	4	4	1	8	6	6
6	6	1	2	2	0	3
6	1	1	2	4	3	2
5	8	4	2	0	7	5
6	9	7	2	0	3	4
41	35	27	12	22	25	36
44	7	7	14	4	8	6

Nane o thon sweirtness tae be yin
wi mathematics puit me furth
o swythe ingyne lik licht sped yonner
a skliffin roon the Muin in tyme
less nor was taen bi Puck roond Yerd,
for certaintlie as tell nae lee,
whuin young as lang afore I left
the public schuil in Newarthill veellage,
I was areadies certain-shair
o whit years later on I kent
was Wegener’s Hypothesis.

Altho nae dyte I’d eever seen,
nor did I hae the theoretics
o thae mechanics o the makkin
that was as muckle in itsel
as aa the magic made mankyn,
wi sic an ee ootbye aye speirin,
I was yae bairn lik milliouns mair
that maun hae taen the samin keek
upon this ferlie is oor wurld.

Lyne 1611 (Sectioun XIII):

Athin this hinmaist rhythmic sooch,
ye’ll finnd a something o a rhyme
fae bairnheid, wi the auntrin chaunt,
that made the foond for meikle bydein
athin the mynd, as tho an inch
o tyme played fuit-and-a-hauf foreever.

As here a wurd, lik thare a phrase,
myndit lik you-forget-them-nane
heard yesterday lik telt the-day
puit face as glent o ee athin
the mynd the-wy a place, as auntrin

as coorie-in-it maks an airtin
the naewhoere else but yonner lyke
a laegend, sae thae auld bit rhymes
can trigger-aff recaa o folk,
an place aroon them than Tyme-Then
become Tyme-Noo lik yon repeater
in mathematics, recreatioun.

Gy near aa siccan chaunts were sakeless
in natur lyke itsel nane ither,
as we nane ither nor oorsels:
mnemonicallie, siccan chauntin
seellabicallie tyme was coontin
the-wy smaa sang amang them telt them
hoo they suid sing, altho the herelik,
tharelik, the-noo an then a rhymin,
as bawdie as was no for childer,
micht weel be drappt tae daud inbye
was faur enyeuch the ben oor hearin
as ower the years wuid mak the figurs
mair beef an brawnlik else were scaddit
as eemagelyke as gyan foostert
aroon the aidges, no clean-drauchtit.

It is the sakeless soonds are gowden
wi guidliness, thae soonds that sung
ahint thur melodie ayont
aa evilness o eild lik thocht
growne foostert no in eemage seen
but in the flesh as fact, no fancie,
for ither soonds were aften dinsome
ayont the kennin, wi a dirdum
sae cloosterin, thur feedback squeechlin
yon wy naething was eikit waarth
the whyle til whit is aye-on caurrie
as puittent-oot in dowieness
bi peerie antics for a baur;
even the scadda eemages
o thae auld jokers shair wuid blush
for thair auld sels, gif no thur bairnheids,
gin they micht ken that ither bairnheids
haed heard the baur lik think anent it,
haed myndit it for ken it better,
an syne, mangrowne, haed unnerstuid
the haill ot for think little ot.

The memories wi dacent wecht,
lik balance thaem tae balance you
upon the bauk o aa the years,

are yon yins aye were wechtless thocht
until a taet o hamelie kennin,
lik self inbye mangrowne in laerin,
haes made the past a wunderscape
o tyme a freit athin the mynd,
an place a ferlie, yonner thare
whoere the ingyne's in greeance haill
wi its ainsel as wi its myndins,
aa at the hinner-en come hamewith.

At thon timm, tho, I wasnae kennin
whit wecht tae puit upon a wurdin
wuid let it byde its wheesht till quaetlie
I'd puit it in a phrase tae sooch it
athin itsel until I'd puit
it in a sang wuid sing as dumb
as naebodie cuid hear it cept
a bodie heard the thing hissel.

But whit o that, kens-nane the makar
whit wurd o his will bear the gree
tae wecht the mynd o scholar chiel
that cannae think tae thole the bard
nae mair nor sic a makar thole
the scholar; naw, thare's nane-the-makar
can ken the phrase, a licht oot-bleezin
athin a lyne, for luminatioun
the scholar thocht tae merk the phrasin
aroon the wurd as tho his ain;
nor is thare makar kens the wurdin
athin the phrase that sings the sang
athorte the Yerd will soond ayont
the mynd o sic a scholar chiel:
but ilka makar weel can ken
the wurd is thare a lowe can kennle
a phrase tae licht athin a singin
can bleeze upon an airt nae makar
haes eever thocht tae gang in singin,
nor onie scholar eever thocht
tae speir the whye the makar gaed.

Anent *Social Poetics*

Lyne 522:

No juist for makars whoe are colliers
that clairt thur graith at thon coal-gettin,
   as caunnilie as clairt the pen
   wi ink as black as onie coal,
but for the dominies o letters
tae speir gin I the truith was tellin
anent the makkin o a poem,
   here doon alow tae benner pree,
   I gie ye *The Auld Collyer* dyte
bi Pate McPhun for aa tae ken it.

"THE AULD COLLYER

I'm a collyer, ye'll see it's the case
By the marks and the aars on my face;
   See my knuckles a' gashed,
   Hoo they're hackit and hashed,
Wi' the wark I hae wrocht at the face,
      In my place,
Thro' workin' my wark at the face.

But I'm no jist sae able and fit
Noo for howkin' my darg at the pit;
   But they've gi'en me a bell,
   Doon the dook for mysel',
Whar, snug in a corner, I sit;
      When I'm fit,
I'm chappin' the bell in the pit.

If I rise in the mornings ava,
Like a puddock I puff and I blaw,
   Till I get, d'ye see?
   A bit moothfu' o' tea,
Or a dram – it's the best o' them a' –
      Maybe twa;
Jist tae clear the defluction awa'.

Dod, I ance was as soople's a leek,
And as gleg as the best on the cleek;
   Noo I'm feckless and dune,
   Thro' the want o' the win',
And I've lost a' the red aff my cheek;
      Pouther reek,
Man, it sune tak's the red aff your cheek.

In my youth I hae wrocht at the wark
Till the sweat ye could wring oot my sark;
Frae morning tae nicht,
Never seein' daylicht –
Na, nor hearing the sang o' the lark,
At my wark;
The blythe merry sang o' the lark.

When wages were big, I may say
That I never was idle a day;
And I made, let me see,
For the callan and me,
Aye the feck o' a poun' every day;
I may say,
The feck o' a note every day.

I had aften to plowter and wade
Amang water wharever I gaed;
Aye, and swallow black damp,
And the reek aff my lamp,
That, at times, wad hae pushioned a taed;
I'm afraid,
Wad has pushioned and chokit a taed.

Coming hame every nicht, tae, as black,
And as sair as I'd been on the rack;
Baith weary and wat,
And as waik as a cat;
And wi' no a dry steek on my back;
It's a fact,
Wi' scarce a dry steek on my back.

This worl' tae me, I declare,
'S jist a great mickle pit fu' o' care;
Fu' o' trouble and strife,
Whar the lamp o' my life
Winna burn for the want o' the air;
I declare,
For the want o' the bonnie fresh air.

But I'm maist dune wi' trouble and skaith,
For sune the auld bottomer, Death,
Will signal tae Him,
On the hill up abune,
That a collyer is drawn' his graith;
In the faith
O' a place owre the water o' death."

The poem abuin is fas twoe volumes

bi Pate McPhun (George Cunningham)
were prentit bi *The Standard Press*
at yon timm in the toon Kilmaurnock;
the furst in nyneteen-three, caad VERSE
AND PROSE, sub-heidit GRAVE AND GAY,
the-tither prentit nyneteen-twal
caad VERSE that was sub-heidit *Maistly*
in the Doric, and here I may tell ye,
that I has taen the leebertie
o mixter-maxterin the baith
tae sorte fower wurds in yin or tither
o thae twoe warks sae I can yaise
the Scots as mair the lyker thing
the-wy the soochin o them is
athin its ainsel, no the lyke o
thon English throch-an-thru the spellin.

Athin the seeventh verse, *wharever*
is shawn *wherever* nyneteen-twal quair;
tae in the furst lyne o aicht stanza
is *to* athin the nyneteen-three quair;
an *tae* in furst lyne o nynth verse
is *to* athin the nyneteen-twal;
tae in the thurd lyne o verse ten
is *to* athin the nyneteen-twal.

Apairt fae thae fower wurds, I lae
the lynes alane, tho speakin thaem
ma laneies as I'm shair McPhun did,
I yaise the Scots, for they're nocht else,
for aa the English spellin gien.

<u>Lyne 561:</u>

As English Tory government
as lyke as no oor pits doon-shuttin
as readilie as it can aipen
oor Scottish syle til nuclear stoor,
alow here see certificate
that raspresentit wark gy honest,
an no the graft caad *Enterprise*
that lees anent mair lees mair lood
nor eever heard bi Patrick Spens.

COAL MINES ACT, 1911.

Certificate of Qualification of Fireman, Examiner, or Deputy under Section 15 (1) (b).

This is to Certify that Thomas S. Law,

residing at 2 Edward Street, Dunfermline, Fife,

has been duly examined and has satisfied the Examiners-

(*a*) That he is able to make accurate tests (so far as practicable with a safety lamp) for inflammable gas;

(*b*) That he is able to measure the quantity of air in an air current;

(*c*) That his hearing is such as to enable him to carry out efficiently the duties of Fireman, Examiner, or Deputy.

Signature of Person authorised in that behalf by the approved School, Institution, or Authority- *Principal of the Heriot-Watt College*.

Date 8th March 1949,

Name of approved School, Institution, or Authority-

HERIOT-WATT COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

(*a*) is to be struck out in the case of a Candidate producing a Certificate from the Manager of his mine that he is employed in a mine in which inflammable gas is unknown.

(*b*) Is to be struck out in the case of a Candidate producing a Certificate, from the Manager of his mine that he was employed as a Fireman, Examiner, or Deputy on 16th December 1911.

Number 10,976.

William Dunbar's *Fenyeit Frier of Tungland*
was aiblins yin John Damian,
Italian, Bishop Leslie said,
or fae Lombardy, said Dunbar,
or as sateericallie as
alliterate the speak, a *Turk*
of Tartary. And here is whit
the Bishop Leslie said anent him:
". . .he flew of the Castell wall of Striveling
but shortlie he fell to the ground, an
brak his thie baen; but the wyt thairof
he ascryvit to that thair was sum
feddaris in the wingis quhilk
yarnit an covet the mydding
and not the skyis." Ref. *The Works*
of William Dunbar, including his Life,
bi yin, James Paterson, an publisht
in aichteen sixtie-three, in Embro.

Lyne 730:

Yae suimmer, little waarth the kennin
o whitna year, oor Wullie Moore
gaed aff til Skye on holiday,
the whye ot, lyke the whitforno
anither kennin waarth nae mair
nor puit resaerch int coodnae tell ye,
but whyle in Skye, he taen a scunner
anent the ongauns o the bodies
whuin something lyke a dram was aathing
lik naething maittered muckle mair;
as Wullie said hissel, he lykit
a fuddle, sae was sair puit oot
tae see the wy the Skye folk saw't,
and aifter he cam hame, he made
some verse anent the fash, an tho
paerfeckshous I wuid lyke tae scryve it,
aa I can gie is whit I mynd ot,
an gin thare wasnae an explodgein,
the squeeb was splooterin lik smirtle,
as you may, yince ye read alow
as meikle's I can mynd o it.

"Och ay,
It's a funny place, Skye,
Whaur the auld men gang oot
For a dram on the sly.
Ay,
It's a funny place, Skye."

But I am shair, as you'll can ken it,
the layoot ot was no lik that yin.
nae mair nor I mynd aa the verse.

Lyne 741:

The English screed I gie alow
was made tae mell thegither speak
o twoe-three faimlie folk, anent
yae man was ayeways thocht a something
in his ain wy byordnarlyke
as neever made a meikle o it.

ANENT TOM LAW OF HOLYTOWN

Foreword

Tom Law of Holytown was a cousin of my father. Like myself, they bore the same Christian name, and like many of their kind, were intimates over the years. The Holytown one became a school headmaster and a poet. He was born in 1865 and retired in 1930 when he was 65 years of age. I have not been able to find out from family sources either the date on which he was born or the date on which he died: I think the latter was in 1933. Because of my procrastination over the years, I have now come to a period of life when what is left of my own time is better used to make do with what I know rather than seek and find but be unable to use. What I have written in the following pages may alert someone to do the necessary seeking and finding that I should have done earlier.

This foreword is made principally to advise the readers that repetition of information and poems will be found in their perusals. And also to advise that this is caused by the curious manner of beginning the account of Tom Law of Holytown with an article which appeared in the *Motherwell Times* of 25 April, 1930, and is called *Retiral of Mr. Thos. La*w. The reason for doing so is that the core of what I had written and is given below under the various headings was made before I saw a copy of the article. The latter is a good piece by one "J.H." and I have not been able to ascertain whose initials those are. His work is given pride of place here as a kind of 'Thank you' from me, and because of its coverage of the early life of Tom Law: it contains many details previously unknown to me. Here I should like to thank the editor of the *Motherwell Times* for his permission to include the complete article.

Also, I should like to thank John Sturdy Law of Cuise La Motte in France, for sending to me certain poems written by his great-uncle, and also for the copy of the newspaper article used here.

CONTENTS

A RETIRAL TRIBUTE

The following is an excerpt from the *Motherwell Times* of 25 April 1930.

"RETIRAL OF MR. THOS. LAW.
A MUCH-LOVED HEADMASTER

With the coming into existence of larger Educational Authorities it is becoming ever and ever more rare to find headmasters who have laboured long and acceptably in their own native district. Nay, the tendency is all the other way. Men are appointed as headmasters of schools in districts which they know not intimately. They come as strangers to a strange land, sojourn for a few years, and then pass on. They are no longer "institutions," and modern life is the poorer. The village schoolmaster has no longer time to imprint his influence on successive generations of the same families; he is merely a cog in a huge machine, and, as such, is not revered and respected as he once was.

With the retiral of Mr Thomas Law, F. E. I. S., from the headmastership of the Public School, Holytown is losing a much-respected "dominie" of the old type – one who is a scholar, a friend to all, and a gentleman. Born at Newarthill 65 years ago, Mr Law has spent all his life in its immediate neighbourhood. He was educated at the Carfin Boys' School, where he became a pupil teacher at the early age of thirteen. For a short time he acted as ex-P.T. at East Kilbride before entering the Free Church Training College where he earned a distinguished place in all the subjects appertaining to his training as a teacher. In January, 1886, he was appointed to Mossend Public School, where he taught for eight years, and was then appointed headmaster of Carnbroe Public School, whence, curiously enough, comes his successor, Mr Macdonald. In 1898 Mr Law was transferred to Carfin. Here he had the unusual experience of having his school destroyed by fire, and it speaks volumes for the esteem in which he was held then also that the parents were more concerned about the safety of "the maister" than for the building and its furnishings. On the 16th of August 1904, Thomas Law succeeded the late Mr Richard as the headmaster of Holytown Public School, and here for 26 years he has laboured faithfully and gloriously. "Virtue is its own reward," but in 1914 the Educational Institute of Scotland recognised the exceptional merits of Mr Law, and created him one of its Honorary Fellows.

True to type, Mr Law has all his life been a student, and the scope of his studies and his attainment in each subject are truly to be marvelled at. People don't work so hard nowadays, and even the modern schoolmaster is prone to rest on his oars. Not so Thomas Law. Thus we find him possessing a first-class certificate in the advanced class in steam and in applied mechanics; a special certificate in woodwork; a first-class in theoretical and in practical chemistry, a first-class in agriculture (in which he also took honours); a first-class, with special mention, in physical training at Aberdeen Training College; the Queen's Prize in Mathematics; the Glasgow School of Art Diploma for drawing, and the Herr Schroeder Prize for rendering German poetry into English verse. His other subjects of study include geology, astronomy, zoology. minerology, botany, and physiography. Other honours and distinctions are his, but these enumerated show the versatility of the man, of whom also it can be said, as of Goldsmith's schoolmaster -

"Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;

And even the story ran that he could gauge."

Mr Law was never one to parade his learning. He learned for his own edification, and that he might the better impart knowledge to those entrusted to his care. Thus pupils found in him a regular store of knowledge, and being taught by him was a perfect delight.

Mr Law was never a prominent player at games and sports, although he has played football and bowls, but for eight years he was a member of "H" Company of the 5th *V. B. S. R. This particular company of the Volunteers, with its headquarters in Airdrie, was known as the "Law" Company, for it comprised the brothers Tom, James, Hiram, David, Charles, and John with two cousins also named Law. Needless to say, it was always very prominent, and here too it was a case of "Nemo me impune lacessit."

One thing for which Tom Law will ever be remembered is that he is a keen student and admirer of Burns. There are few towns and villages around Motherwell where he has not lectured on "Rabbie". And his addresses are not of the stereotyped, formal kind. They are full of originality and of life, and to hear them is to become infected with enthusiasm too. No wonder the Bellshill chapter of the "Royal Arch" Masons have had him give the annual oration for the past 25 years. We know of no one to surpass him on Burns.

* (The 5th V.B.S.R.was the 5th Volunteer Battalion Scottish Rifles - The Cameronians)."

A Poet and Singer

Next to learning, Mr Law has two hobbies – music and poetry. Possessing an excellent tenor voice, he soon came to the fore in the old Motherwell Dramatic and Musical Association. His successes were many even as a solo singer, but perhaps his best appearance was in the part of Charles Surface from Sheridan's "School for Scandal." He still remains the principal contributor at his college year reunion, and on occasions has carried through practically the whole programme himself, for he is an instrumentalist of great versatility. His favourite now is the violin, and he has that exceptional gift of being able to sing one part and play the other at the same time. All instruments are his servants, however, and if pushed to it, he can extract sweet airs even from a penny whistle.

As a poet Mr Law ranks very high, and a generation ago his name was found every week in publications and newspapers as the author of prize-winning verses. His many friends have constantly tried to persuade him to collect his poems and to publish them in book form, but so heedless is he of fame that some of his best verses have never even been written. He is content to sing them and his longest poem, "Address to the Moon" he has not exactly completed yet.

Perhaps his greatest poetical honour came in 1909, when he won first prize in a competition promoted by the "Bookman," and open to the whole English-speaking world. The prize was given for the best Christmas greeting in four lines of verse, and entries were received from Australia, the Americas, Africa, the British Isles, etc. Mr Law's winning lines were:-

"Health and Wealth, with wisdom to use them;
Joy and Peace, with love to diffuse them;

Books, the best, with leisure to read them;
Lots of friends, and never to need them."

Mr Law deals with all kinds of subjects – the sorrowful, the joyful, the topical, the humorous, etc., but the writer considers that "his sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

What can be better than the following, written of his only son, who died suddenly in his ninth year:-

THE TWO MASTERS

The master from his window looked
The while his scholars played,
And with a parent's partial eye
One fair-haired boy surveyed,
Of features fine,
And shapely head;
"That boy is mine,"
The master said,
And pride within his bosom burned
As to his books again he turned.

The master from his window looked
Upon the sons of men;
Not long he looked before he found
The one he sought, and then,
Swift, at a sign,
A seraph sped:
"That boy is mine,"
The Master said,
And soon into a father's heart
Life's sorrow flung his poignant dart.

The master from his window looked
To see the children play,
And envied all the homes that knew
Their boys at close of day.
Even Israel's chief
Was not o'ercome
With greater grief
For Absolom
Than he who turned with vain embrace
To clasp his dear one's empty place.

The Master from His heaven spoke;
The master heard below;
"What now thou dost not understand
Hereafter shalt thou know.

But, meantime, take
These boys of Mine
As, for his sake,
They all were thine;
And whatsoe'er thou doest to one,
'Tis done as to thine angel son."

In a happier, lighter vein is his song to his daughter on her reaching her sixteenth birthday. It has never appeared before in print, and is entitled:-

SWEET SIXTEEN

This is the day, my bonnie lass,
When angels swung the gouden gate
Of Paradise and bade thee pass
To bide wi' us in humble state.

O weel I wot thou wert fu' laith
To le'e the bosom of the blest;
Thy caged soul's first flutterin' breath
Sent up the cry of life's unrest.

But sixteen summers syne ha'e sown
The joys of sixteen simmers sweet,
And twice eight autumns ha'e made moan
For laurels laid at winter's feet.

And thou hast entered on the land
Where grow the evil and the good,
Where thorns maun guard on ilka hand
The lovely rose of womanhood.

Another gate's ajar e'en now
To twofold bliss or double care,
And may my lassie never rue
Th' eventfu' day she enters there.

Nae ill befa', but fortune fend
My bonnie bird frae fowler's snare,
And grace and truth and beauty lend
Their harmony to love's sweet air.

Nane but His angels weave thy fate
Till at lang length life's bourne thou pass;
Then swing again, thou gouden gate,
To welcome Hame my bonnie lass.

If Mr Law knows his Burns, he also knows his Bible, and one is constantly surprised at the fecundity of his quotations from all its pages. This knowledge is seen in his poems, especially in his more serious ones, where the religious note becomes deep, as in the following poem, hitherto unpublished in full:-

ROSES HAVE THORNS

Roses have thorns; how fair was life's young morn
That promised us the rose without the thorn!
How soon the silken petals dropped away,
How long the thorns survived the bloom's decay!

Roses have thorns; we learn in after years
The rainbow smiles, but thro' a cloud of tears,
That every prize we win and good we gain
Are roses only plucked from thorns of pain.

Roses have thorns; love, fairest flower of all,
Bedewed from heaven, distils its drops of gall;
And ne'er a breast the beauteous bloom has worn
That has not felt the smarting of the thorn.

Wherefore the thorn within life's rosy bower?
Wherefore the serpent lurking 'neath the flower?
Oh, wherefore from one fount both good and ill?
The world has asked, the world is asking still.

Whose brow heaven's brightest diadem adorns
Was once the Man of Sorrows crowned with thorns;
In Him our faith may find a calm repose,
And bless the God that gives with thorns the rose.

(Not to have to fiddle-faddle with electronics any more than I can be bothered with, the above texts are not in keeping with the newspaper layout. At this stage of life, I just can't be bothered about all the whigmaleeries available in my word processor. There's far too much jookerie-pokerie in it to let my mind range as freely as finnd-me-oot, so all the poems quoted in the Motherwell Times article are printed on the page without the benefit of the skill of the old typesetters).

As a headmaster, Mr Law is considerate of his pupils, proud of his school, and kind and thoughtful towards his staff. The villagers find in him one who is obliging and ready to assist them in their activities, while all the time he upholds the honour and dignity of his profession. Honest himself, Mr Law hates sham and hypocrisy, and woe betide the person who treats him deceitfully. He then is filled with righteous indignation. "Unpractised he to fawn or seek for power," but, with a true Scottish pride, he remains independent, and so is one of those to whom Burns refers when he sings:-

"The man o' independent mind,

He looks and laughs at a' that."

Of a loveable disposition, and the most sociable of men, Mr Law is assured of the best wishes of all for a long and happy retirement.

J.H."

REPLY TO A TOAST

The following is taken from six manuscript pages which are undated and unsigned. They were sent to me by John Sturdy Law of Cuise La Motte in France, and were the work of Tom Law of Holytown. The "paw of political parties" below should probably be "pawn", or "pawns", **(I did say the first time I wrote "Anent Tom Law of Holytown", but now I am not too sure that I should have said that, so I shall juist lae that alane noo, and let you hae a sooch at it yersels.)**

"In reply to the toast of the Army and Navy

I would just like to say that if anything is introduced in my remarks in the shape of politics it is not because it is politics, but rather because it is something better, which politics hasn't enough of, and that is patriotism, a good old word that Lord Rosebery, a lover of Burns, and a lover of his country, is so fond of using.

I wish we had less politics, less budget, less Home Rule, and less humbug, and more of what may well be called the life's blood of nations, the fire that made Wellington's raw recruits lick Napoleon's veterans at Waterloo, namely patriotism.

I hope that the hundred and one political questions that distract us will not blind our eyes to the need of maintaining, at all costs, Tommy Atkins and Jack Tar up to the tip top of fighting trim.

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided,
Till slap comes in a foreign loon,
And wi a rung decide it.

Then what will avail political cries or political creeds? "The land for the people" shouts the socialist. "The land is mine" our enemy will say. "By the might of the sword you won it, by the might of armaments we wrench it from you."

The Army and the Navy have been made too much of late the paw of political parties. Now this is not as it should be. No one party should be able to claim more interest in the Army and the Navy than another. Our soldiers and sailors belong to the nation, and each political party should vie with the other in making both arms of our defence as strong and efficient as possible.

"Man to man the world ower
Shall brithers be for a' that."

So sang Burns as he looked through the ages to the dawn of the millennium. But that dawn is still far from the horizon. And while other nations are arming to the teeth it does not behove us to dream idle dreams of the brotherhood of man, however much we believe in its ultimate consummation.

You have heard a lot of late of the German scare. If it is only a scare, so much the better; but is it?

At any rate the best way to keep peace with any possible enemy is to be thoroughly able and ready to drub him if need be.

Much as we depend upon the Army and Navy for our national safety and honour, let us not forget that these men are all drawn from the people. A strong people, a healthy nation, morally and physically healthy, is of far more importance than guns and ships of war.

God forbid that we should degenerate into weaklings, as pessimists are now saying. Greater than poet, greater than statesman, was he who wrote:

"Righteousness exalteth a nation"

And that brings us back to Burns again and down to the very root of the matter.
A strong Army and Navy –
A strong and healthy nation –
but the foundation of all our strength is the *home*, such a home as Burns pictures in The Cottar's Saturday Night.

Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton said Wellington, and that was true, but after all it is truer, (with all apologies to the great Duke) to say that a nation's battle are won and lost in the home.

Nothing is of more importance than a good home training. It is this that will make our country a nation of good soldiers; this is the best kind of conscription:-

"And oh may Heaven our simple lives prevent
"From luxury's contagion, weak and vile,
"Then, howe'er Crowns and Coronents be rent,
"A virtuous populace may rise the while,
"And stand a wall of fire around our much loved isle."

From John Sturdy Law's documents, on a business paper headed

"LAW & M'FARLANE
Main Street, Bellshill Calder Road,
- AND -
Main Street, Wishaw MOSSEND.... 191..."

in what may be the handwriting of Tom Law of Holytown, the following ink lines appear. I have known them for most of my life, and in my own transcript of them which I made in 1939, there is a note that they were a *Bookman* prize-winner. However, that may be a family error which confuses them with those lines noted in the retiral tribute by "J.H." in the *Motherwell Times.*

"War is the soil enriched with patriots' blood
Where freedom grows, and tyranny once stood,
Whence fertile from the saddening sacrifice
The fruits of progress and of peace arise."

On the back of that headed paper, the following lines, also long familiar to me, are hand-written in ink. They are not titled, but my own 1939 transcript of them is headed "THE KAISER".

"While to the God of love he prayed
Full homage unto hate he paid,
And hired the devil's stock-in-trade
The cause of truth to damn.

If fiend like this the war should win
Then wrong is right, and virtue sin,
And heaven and hell are kith and kin,
And life a wicked sham;
Hail, Chaos! welcome back again!
For God's good world is made in vain."

Little did the Holytown poet know when he made that poem about the Kaiser, that within a few years of his writing it, his younger namesake in Newarthill would be parading about, singing another song (author unknown) about the German Warlord, but to part of the Marseillaise melody, like this:

"At the Cross, at the Cross
Where the Kaiser lost his horse,
And the feather of his hat blew away,
Blew away, blew away, blew away,
And the feather of his hat blew away-ay."

One of John Sturdy Law's papers has a song called *Moonlight in the Trenches*. It is given below as a true copy. From childhood, I knew this song to the tune of the chorus only. I have no idea who was responsible for the melody. Peggie Law, the niece of Tom Law of Holytown and daughter of John Law of Mossend, informs me that the song was sung at concerts for Red Cross funds during the Great War by Lily Bell, Tom Law's stepdaughter. My 1939 transcription of the song is identical, apart from some capitalised letters, a feature of some of Tom Law's poetry.

"MOONLIGHT IN THE TRENCHES

While we burrow here like rabbits, while we dig dug-outs like moles,
And are wakeful as the watch dog night and day,
We will now and then remember we're the sons of Christian Souls
In the peaceful little homesteads o'er the way.

The same moon is shining, boys,
That shone on us at home
As we wandered by the burnie and the brae;
'Tis the same starry light that makes beautiful the night
In the land that Tommy loves across the way.

Though the war fiend growls around us, and the big gun coughs his shell,
And it seems as if the Devil here held sway,
Yet our brother, Jack, is master of the sea, and watches well
O'er the dear ones Tommy left across the way.

The same moon is shining, boys, etc - - -

If we fall in freedom's battle, "No surrender", still our cry,
Will be breathed by every mound where sleeps the brave,

While our loyal spirits hover round the lads who do or die
Till the song of victory's wafted o'er the wave.

The same moon is shining, boys, etc - - -

And the moon will be shining on the ivy mantled Cot
While the Children bend at Mother's knee to pray;
And the same Angel eyes will be watching from the skies
O'er the land that Tommy died for o'er the way.

The same moon is shining, boys, etc - - -

-------- oOo --------

October 1916

Written by Thomas Law,
The School House
HOLYTOWN"

CASUAL RHYMES

Here are some minor poems. Since I have always known them, they must have been common knowledge in the related Law families of John Law of Mossend and ours in Newarthill. The first poem is signed in the hand of write of Tom Law of Holytown and comes from the papers supplied by John Sturdy Law. A copy of the first one given below and allude in my possession has a footnote "On a Holytown slater" but he is not named. **As a child, I knew such a tradesman as a "sklater", naturally, though not to be confused with the wood louse, which after all, is of a gray-blue slatish colour.**

"The Slater

I go merrily aloft.
Let the wind blow loud or soft,
You may see me climb the rigging, rain or shine;
But let the truth be told,
I am no sailor bold,
Though Canvas and tarpaulin's in my line.

I am right about the pate
Though I sometimes want a slate,
I'm as compos mentis as a man may be;
I'm no censor given to rating,
But I'm quite a dab at slating;
If you want an overhauling send for me!

Nought between me and the sky
I am very seldom dry,
But I often have a thirst for mountain dew;
Yes, a wee drop of the Cratur
Is the failing of the Slater;
Well! who hasn't got a failing, haven't you?

T. Law"

The other two poems are available in newspaper cuttings, though once again I already had copies of them in my own hand. Like many of such casually collected things, neither is dated, though the first one given below is from the *Weekly News*, as will be seen. This poem may be dated by those who know when *Shamrock III* was built, for that was one of the yachts used by Sir Thomas Lipton in his efforts to win the America's Cup.

"FUNNY RHYMES OF THE TIMES

Contributed by "Weekly News"
Readers

Shamrock III

(The third Shamrock is well at hand at Dumbarton, and will be launched on St Patrick's Day.)

Broth av a boy I wish you joy,
With all my heart I do, sir;
Sure Shamrock One was built for fun,
And likewise Shamrock Two, sir.

But now I'm tould your sleeves you've rowled
Up to the arm-pits, sir;
You're goin' in this time to win,
An' give the Yankees fits, sir.

St Patrick's Day and Sir Tay Jay,
For ever an' a day, sir;
We'll join in song shud you the long
Lost Cup bring o'er the say, sir.

Prize of 2s 6d- Thomas Law, New Stevenston, Holytown."

The reader will note that if it is thought half-a-crown (2s 6d) was a miserable amount for the publication of that poem in the days of Shamrock III, it compares well with the half-a-guinea (10s 6d) sometimes paid by "prestigious" literary magazines circa 1950.

Many years ago, it seems that the town of Rutherglen suffered an inundation from the River Clyde, so much so that a newspaper printed a series of local poems about it. One of those was by Tom Law, and it appeared (as seen in the cutting) sandwiched between the last line of one poem about the flood and a quatrain by a Mr Philip Clark, 776 Garscube Road, Glasgow. Tom Law's effort is not given below in the broken form which was used by the Press to accommodate it within the confines of a column.

"Mr Thomas Law, New Stevenston, Holytown, sends the following rhymed address:-

TO RUG'LEN

Now you're famed far an' nigh, fegs you stan' a bit high
I' the worl', though you lay low of late;
Frae Cape Wrath to Land's End no a town's better kenn'd,
Through the drookin' you got wi' the spate.

Nae lives lost, that's weel, tho' I'm thinkin' atweel
That you werena just up to the mark;
Gin you gang in for floods, then tak' care o' your duds,
and invest in a dacent bit Ark.

For your lasses I'm wae in the far distant day,
When nae langer they're flowers i' the bud.
They'll blush I am shair to the roots o' the hair,
When they're asked if they've mind o' the flood."

The following humorous poem is from one of my own transcriptions. Originally, I must have copied it from a cutting, which so far I have not been able to trace. Accordingly, I cannot give date or provenance, but there is no doubt it is the work of Tom Law of Holytown. I have changed the transcription line arrangement.

"While a typhoon raged in one of the Polynesian islands, there descended upon the terrified inhabitants, a shower of rodents.

A SHOWER OF RATS

We grumble when the weather's dry,
We grumble when it's wat;
We grumble when the weather's warm,
The cauld we grumble at;
The kind we wadna grumble at,
Nae mortal could determine,
But we've never had to grumble yet
Aboot a shower o vermin.

We've read o' shooers o' hauf-poun hail,
Shooers o volcanic dust;
We've read o' meteoric shooers,
As if some worl' had bu'st,
We've read o' shooers o' birds an' bread,
O' brimstone, e'en red snaw,
But dod! this Polynesian shooer
O' rattons dings them a'.

Guid save us frae the wuin that blaws
Sic things aboot the lugs,
Or sen' us at the heels o' them,
A shooer o' cats an' dugs;
Ye wather prophets, warn us when
Ye see a sign o rats,
We'll put oor rat-proof Ulsters on,
An' don oor rat-proof hats."

AN ADDRESS

After the minor, lighter note of the casual rhymes, perhaps this is the best place to set out a speech from the papers supplied to me by John Sturdy Law. In this case, five jotter sheets are involved, the third page being written in pencil. It is obviously an insertion, because the original "3" is overwritten as "4", and all the other material is written in ink. The sheets are undated and unannotated with regard to time and circumstance. However, if I were to say from the tone of the contents that it may have been a Burns' supper Address anent the Lassies, I should be merely guessing. The hand of write is that of Tom Law of Holytown.

"You are all acquainted with the story of the *origin* of woman, a man's rib, which by the way may account for the many *ri*bald jokes about the fair sex that are told to split the sides of the vulgar sex.

A rib you know is another name for a particular kind of bone, and the word bone no doubt suggested to the poets the idea of calling the lasses "*bonny*" (boney), for example the *Bonny* Lass O' Ballochmyle. Woman has been a bone of contention all through the ages.

It is a sort step from the idea of *bone* to that of *worry*. It was a custom in Sicily when a man newly married to have presented to him by the bride's father a bare bone to pick. That signified the difficult task he had set before him in taking himself a wife; it pointed unmistakably to the fact that he should never more be in want of something to worry over.

O woman, seducer of all mankind, who robbed us of Eden's bliss, what ills have you not wrought. You robbed man of his first state of innocence, and many a *state* and *estate* you have wrecked since. You made a fool of Solomon. You lost Mark Antony the world, you were the cause of the ten long years of the siege of Troy and its final destruction, and if you were not the cause of most of the wars that were ever waged then it wasn't your fault.

Ay, woman's a great mystery. We have never been able to see through a woman any more than we can see through her big hat on Sunday at the kirk, or a Saturday at the theatre. Some would say "Hats off ladies" but I say keep them on. The hat is a symbol of woman's subjection to man, and those who propose that ladies should take off their hats in Church (and the proposal has been seriously made) I would say:

Keep on your hats leddies; they pit us in min'
O' the gairden o' Eden ye tint us lang syne:
We'll study the *flooers* if the sermon is flat,
Or sleep i' the lee o' your big Sawbath Hat.

Eve as Adam's helpmeet and a grand help me eat she's been ever since; so help me bob. Before a marriage meat's too *gross* a thing to cross a woman's angelic lips, she lives on manna, ambrosia, sentiment, and love stories (*) but after marriage, (**) well, just look at the tammy book! (**)

(* In the margin of the manuscript, beside "love stories" there is a pencilled "Horners 1d"
** A tammy book is an account book kept in a shop to record goods given on credit.)

The picture gentlemen that I have drawn of woman has another side.

Fancy Adam delving hard in his yaird, the big beads o'sweat drappin' frae the point of his nose. "Hech me," he exclaims as he strauchtens his achin' back, "if it hadna been for that wumman." ---- but just then Eve appears, puts her airm, no, her twa airms lovingly roon him an' smilin' like an angel in his face says, "Come awa in Adam, ye've been sair trauchelled this

day. Come awa in, the tea's ready," and ye ken the rest - "His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile, the lispin' infant prattlin' on his knee did a' his weary carkin cares beguile, and made him quite forget his labour and his toil."

And you're not to suggest that there was no tea in Adam's day. You couldn't prove there wasn't, beside if you could you've no business striking a note of discord, and marring the harmony of my composition.

Ay, what a weary, dreary, eerie wilderness this world would be without woman.

*** When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou.

**** Thos. Otway who called woman the seducer of mankind also wrote the following:-

> "O woman, lovely woman! nature made thee
> To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
> Angels are painted fair to look like you.
> There's in you all that we believe of heaven,
> Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
> Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

*** These lines are from Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*, Canto VI, stanza XXX.

**** I cannot give the source of Thomas Otway's lines. Otway was the English dramatist who wrote *The Orphan* (1680) and Venice Preserv'd (1682). He lived from 1652-1685.

Following that *Address*, I should like to reintroduce a note I made to a portion of a poem of mine called *A Brawlik Makar*, a work concerning the poet Hugh MacDiarmid and some of his poetry. In that poem, I wrote the following lines, numbered 2220 - 2229.

> Hear this for noo whuin tyme can weel recaa 2220
> a whylsin that was yince an no again,
> ik ilka storie waarth the tellin twyce.
> Thare was yae man whause auld guidmither deed
> whaa'd aye puit her fair face for faushioun fornent
> the toonsfolk on a turn alang a fuitpad.
> A neebor at the clash upon a day
> puit on his ain paer face for peetie, speirin,
> "An whit was't taen yer auld guidmither awaa?"
> "Her bluidie badness, lyke a shurl o snaw!" 2229

Here is the note below the poem *A Brawlik Makar* concerning the above lines.

"Lyne 2223: This yae man' was a saecont cuissin o mynes, born in Newarthill, and umquhyle schuilmaister o Holytoon Public Schuil. And, o mair wecht, was a 'local bard'. His name was Thomas Law, lik ma faither an masel as weel as anither seeven in the faimlies. His dochter Bessy was mairriet til John Jack, a schuilteacher. They badd for a whyle in Montrose whuin MacDiarmid was thare, an were weel acquaant wi him."

In one or two copies of *A Brawlik Makar* that are in hands outwith the Law family, the note above says that Tom Law of Holytown was "born in Wrangholm" but that was a mistake, as the newspaper retiral tribute makes clear. ***At one time, it is true***, he did live in a house in Wrangholm (New Stevenston). It was called Woodbine Cottage, and although it is now gone, I do remember its having been pointed out to me. It was a brick-built structure of common proportions, and was unharled, the bricks being of a reddish colour.

As a final comment on those matters, I must say that had I had a notion that I should one day be writing about Tom Law, I should have taken more than a mere passing glance at Woodbine Cottage, even as I should have been far more speiring about Hugh MacDiarmid on the one occasion just after the war when my father took me visiting John Jack and his wife Bessy where they lived at that time in Cambuslang. Bessy, of course, was the "bonnie lass" of Tom Law's poem Sweet Sixteen given above.

Had I speired at John Jack and Bessy as I might have done, what might they have told me that might have astounded the literary lieges of today! But there it is, we have to make do with what we have, and to do it as well as we are able, though often that is no more to our own satisfaction than it is to that of the reader.

Much of the inner life of any person remains forever lost, for everyone must know that the most spiritual accounts of the things of the flesh are never written, no more than are the most physical accounts of the things of the spirit ever recorded. There it is, even as, unnewsworthy because of its common experience, assuredly, physical involvement can sometimes be of such overwhelming significance that it can remain of immense spiritual importance all through a long life until those concerned dissolve the spiritual and physical in their very dust, knowledge of their commingling forever stilled into a silence as profound as had enclosed its original sensation.

But how remiss I must have been when I was with those relatives of mine in Cambuslang, for I made no comment about the whereabouts of the two children (a boy and a girl) of Bessy and John Jack, nor do I remember seeing any sign of either of them that day. I have not been able to trace them since then, so cannot put them here with their parents. Ah, the stupidity of age! I have to confess that I cannot remember enough of Bessy to distinguish her here by a couple or three of words upon the page, while all I recall of John Jack is the intense look of his eyes and the distance in them as he thought back to earlier days during our conversation. I must indeed have been into a stupid ego trip of my own that day.

FAMILY CLASH

To reiterate a wee bit, Tom Law (of Holytown) as we knew him though he had been born in our neighbouring village of Newarthill, and then was domiciled for a time in Wrangholm, or New Stevenston as it is now called, was the local poet in more or less continuous orbit around the sun of my childhood and youth. In later years, I remembered him each time I passed by that small house *called Woodbine Cottage*, near New Stevenston Cross, **for in those days, my eldest brother Charles lived nearby, and I had to go to his house the now and then for this and that reason**.

That Tom Law of Holytown was my father's full cousin, and something of a figure to us not only because he was a headmaster and a poet, but because he was a Fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland. We tended to give him that full title, never the abbreviated F.E.I.S. The full title sounded as impressive as that other rich mouthful, Moderator-Designate of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Although about eight years older than my father who was born on the eighteenth of December 1873, in later years they were close enough.

The need for territorial designation to the name of the Holytown poet has come about not because of 'of that ilk' pretentiousness, which of course combines the name of place and family, but because there have been nine or ten of us called Tom Law. There were Tom Law himself of Holytown; his son, Tom Law **junior** who died in his ninth year, **and who was commemorated in his father's poem The Two Masters** ; **then there was the Tom Law of Mossend who flitted to Knightswood in Glasgow after the failure of his father John Law's painting and decorating business in Mossend; my** father Tom Law of Newarthill; my father's two grandsons, one of New Stevenston and now of Dunoon, and one of London **who now lives in Suffolk**; one who was a Tom Law before myself but who died at one year and nine months in Newarthill, as well as one who was still-born but whose name would have been Tom Law: also, there was Tom Law of New York, the son of my Uncle Willie. The latter had died in 1897 and his son had been sent to the U.S.A. where he died about 1925. **I think there was another Tom Law somwhere, perhaps around Boness way where there was a branch of the family at one time. Of course, I was born in Newarthill and am now seeing out my time in Auchterarder, so perhaps the T.S. initials of my name will suffice to identify me.**

Like my own father, like Tom Law of Holytown, like John Law of Mossend, the father of the Mossend Tom Law, the New York one was a tenor singer, though it was said that he was not as good as my father: seemingly, the New Yorker became solo tenor with the George White Scandals (or so we were told), though the term "tenor" and that kind of showbiz would have seemed incompatible to our snob ideas in Newarthill about tenor singers. **As an aside to that, and not quite out of the showbiz milieu, in the distant past, my father and other Laws became involved in a group of public entertainers called The Jolly Beggars, one of their badges of advertisement being a gold ring worn on whatever finger. My father told me that he stopped wearing it after hearing a neighbour say of him: "Imagine Tam Law wi a ring lik that on his finger!" Obviously, stage-ego was not proof against neighbourly scorn!**

Even in my childhood, Newarthill was noted for its singers, the common byword at that time being that if you came from Newarthill then you were either a good singer or you were daft. I do not know where that leaves me, for though I have a very good memory for song, I can remember my father saying to me during a silent moment between songs once in my adolescence: "Tam, ye can sing nane!" On a social note, thinking of the notorious Tory Care in the Community policy nowadays, in my youth it was not unusual to find people of impaired mental ability wandering around the villages, indeed a little earlier it was customary to lodge out in the country areas people who were known as "hermless craiturs", you know, sometimes seen colloguing earnestly with the hedges and walls, somewhat to the mystification of the local youngsters every bit as innocent as the dialogistic human of the conversation.

Regarding the still-born Tom and his brother Tom who died as an infant, the story is told of my own birth that when my father insisted that I too was to be **called Thomas Sturdy Law**, auld Tammie Sturdy said not to do it as it was an unlucky name. He himself had already christened a son of his, Hiram Law Sturdy, after **one of his Law uncles. Seemingly, the Sturdy bit of the name was not unlucky, however, for John Sturdy Law, who now lives in France, carries that middle name along with that of his paternal grandfather. In youth, his long-deceased father, Jimmy Law of Knightswood and myself were firm friends. That John Sturdy Law is the nephew of the Tom Law of Mossend who flitted to Knightswood, his paternal grandfather being the John Law of the painting and decorating business of Mossend.**

And as an aside to the "Sturdy" part of the name, the Hiram Law Sturdy mentioned above, of a generation older than my own, saw out his time in Newarthill by writing hundreds of thousands of words that describe his young life in the pits around Newarthill and in Wales, followed by his time in the Royal Field Artillery during the Great War. All that work was illustrated by himself in line and in colour, the old Newarthill being recorded faithfully. The War material is now held in the Imperial War Museum in London, while the other work is in the National Library of Scotland. Both are of immense importance for more reasons than I can well set out here, and in any other cultural environment than is established in this country, their worthiness would long have been under examination for wide dissemination throughout the land.

By the way (that is always a handy path in the Law family relationships) after his war service, Hiram was for long employed in the painting and decorating business of John Law of Mossend. Clannish, we always tended to look after our own.

When it came to the naming of my own two sons, John and Andrew, it is obvious I "caad a baurley" on further perpetuation of such entwining twinning, but as you see, I **do leave this account of the family habit as tightly-constructed as the relationships of all involved.**

But back to the man Tom Law of Holytown: he was always there or thereabouts in my young days, though I was more exposed to his name as a poet than to any real influence of his verses, most of which I came to know piecemeal. A "character" he was, though, who remained thirled not only to the land of his immediate sires, Ulster, but to the Ulster idea, and in his time he never saw need to question and change his eighteenth to nineteenth centuries' mental climate. As might be expected, his gentleness as a man was compounded with the sentimentality of his day and kith and kin, and with the sort of strength that bydes and better

bydes and bydes and bitter bydes in hard politics. He was a man who retained the ancient virtues peculiar to his Presbyterian forebears, and who never appropriated the vices peculiar to his pagan contemporaries. It is certain, then, that the verse of such a man must sit up and take notice of him whenever it is exposed to politics, family, religion and the common sentiment of his day, since such verse is made out of his politics, his family, his religion: in those matters, he was no different from anyone else then or today.

Yet, if nowadays a person who is a Tory is *ipso facto* untrustworthy, the Toryism of Tom Law of Holytown was transcended by his integrity; and if today a person who was once a Tory is always suspect, in his day Tom Law of Holytown was circumspect.

As far as his poetry is concerned, like all other poets given their share of competence, at the dwyne of the poetic day, the important things are what a poet has seen fit to write about, not what he may have regarded as unfit to write about, even though such things may seem important to others.

As his poems have not been gathered, and since it seems likely that most of them have been lost, it is perhaps better to say only a little about those that came to me casually over my early years, and to let them speak for themselves on these pages. That is, apart from the casual technical comment which must always be furth of them. **There is no harm in my repeating some already dealt with in the Retiral Tribute. It saves turning back the pages to check them, and only at the expense of a few bits of paper.**

The first poem given below is to his daughter on her sixteenth birthday, and it is written in the mixed Scots-English of the post-Burnsian standard. The rhymes come in the manner most easy in either language. I possess two typescripts of the poem. At Line 15, one of them gives "Where thorns mount guard on ilka hand", and for Lines 25 and 26 "None but his angels weave thy fate/Till at long length life's bourne thou pass." In the version given below, I have seen fit to use the more Scots of the texts, as I must do. Also, though my typescripts read "Where grows the evil and the good" at Line 14, I judge the original typist made the error. As usual, such mixed language poems sound much better when as fully Scotticised as possible; note that the "now" at the end of Line 17 must be pronounced to rhyme with the "rue" of Line 19, while the "breath" of the second stanza must be pronounced to rhyme with "laith". I still cannot for the life of me understand why or indeed how anyone can write and spell that way when writing Scots. It was a thing of the time that stretched away back to Burns and earlier.

The bonnie lass of the poem was Bessy Law, one of the two children of the first marriage of Tom Law. This is already noted in *An Address* given above.

"SWEET SIXTEEN

This is the day, my bonnie lass,
When angels swung the gouden gate
Of Paradise, and bade thee pass
To bide wi' us in humble state.

O weel I wot thou wert fu' laith
To le's the bosom o' the blest;
Thy caged soul's first flutterin' breath

Sent up the cry of life's unrest.

But sixteen springtimes syne ha'e sown
The joys o' sixteen simmers sweet,
And twice eight autumns ha'e made moan
For laurels laid at winter's feet.

And thou hast entered on the land
Where grow the evil and the good,
Where thorns maun guard on ilka hand
The lovely rose of womanhood.

Another gate's ajar e'en now
To twofold bliss or double care,
And may my lassie never rue
Th' eventfu' day she entered there.

Nae ill befa', but fortune fend
My bonnie bird frae fowler's snare,
And grace and truth and beauty lend
Their harmony to love's sweet air.

Nane but His angels weave thy fate
Till at lang length life's bourne thou pass;
Then swing again, thou gouden gate,
To welcome Hame my bonnie lass."

As I have said already, Bessy and John Jack had a son and a daughter. Unfortunately, I have lost track of that side of the families, and I cannot even recall the name of the son. The daughter is called Lexie and was married to a Cecil Ward. I believe the first wife of Tom Law died, but when and of what there is no family record. He then married a widow woman called Margaret Bell who already had a son Jack and a daughter Lily, already noted as the singer of the song *Moonlight in the Trenches*.

A family story of the poet's second marriage tells how the newer wife was not enamoured of his preoccupation with poetry. She dismissed it on one occasion by exclaiming , "Och, you and your poems!" At that, it was said that the bard flung his manuscripts into the back of the fire. When I think of that, I sometimes wonder about what was lost that day and perhaps was never to be known again.

Strangely enough, many years later I was to hear an echo of that wyfie's statement echoed in company when a voice, not noticeably feminine in tone, silenced the buzz of talk with the exasperated exclamation "You and your miners!", an expression that was probably out of an innate Toryism of temperament.

But not aping the Holytown bard, my poetical namesake, memory of the incident later made me fling a poem about it into the imagined face of the character involved.

Unlike the former poem, Sweet Sixteen, the next one by Tom Law of Holytown is in the English of his time. It is the poem already quoted in the Retiral Tribute, and was made after the death of his young son, again a Tom Law, and it was always a family favourite. There was this bond between my father and the poet: they had both lost their namesakes, one dying in infancy and the other in boyhood. In "The Master" of the second stanza below, I have always pronounced the "The" as "Thee".

"THE TWO MASTERS

The master from his window looked
The while his scholars played,
And with a parent's partial eye
One fair-haired boy surveyed,
Of features fine,
And shapely head:
'That boy is mine,'
The master said,
And pride within his bosom burned
As to his books again he turned.

The Master from His window looked
Upon the sons of men;
Not long He looked before He found
The one he sought, and then
Swift, at a sign,
A seraph sped:
'That boy is Mine,'
The Master said,

And soon within a father's heart
Life's sorrow flung his poignant dart.

The master from his window looked
To see the children play,
And envied all the homes that knew
Their boys at close of day.
Even Israel's chief
Was not o'ercome
With greater grief
For Absolom,
Than he who turned with vain embrace
To clasp his dear one's empty place.

The Master from His Heaven spoke;
The master heard below;
'What now thou dost not understand,
Hereafter shalt thou know.
But, meantime, take
These boys of Mine
As, for his sake,
They all were thine;
And whatso'er thou doest to one,
'Tis done as to thine angel son'"

Now, that was always the made poem to me, so that I loved the form and the way the form was controlled to the sense and feeling of the stanzas. I was never concerned with the clichés and did not know then that they were impermissible, such as 'partial eye', 'bosom burned', 'close of day'. I am even less concerned about them now, for my critical mind discriminates better than my analytical eye. I see but I do not recognise. Early on, I liked the juxtaposition of the second person singular indicative present usages of "dost" and "doest", though why a dictionary should annotate "dost" as archaic and not "doest" has always been a puzzle. Most of all I was fascinated by the deep drum beat of those lines as shown below that occur in the third stanza of the poem, for they are laid down with almost funereal martial precision.

"Even Israel's chief
Was not o'ercome
With greater grief
For Absolom."

And that sent me to Samuel 2, xviii, 33 for the magnificent references

O my son Absolom, my son,
my son Absolom! Would God
I had died for thee, O Absolom,
my son, my son!

I have never been insensible to the fact that the poet had carefully broken the two penultimate tetrameter couplets in each stanza, so that their meanings were enhanced as

strokes of diction and not subsumed in vocables; the sounds of the rhymes seem to increase in volume and add resonance to the poetry.

Many years ago, in talking to my good friend Morris Blythman (now, alas, so long deceased), about those poems, he admitted to being greatly taken with The Two Masters, saying that he thought it was a fine poem. Of course, Morris was halfway into the poem in any case, since he was a school-teacher.

Another poem about that young Tom has appeared in newsprint, but the cutting is unannotated with either date or title of paper. However, the obverse of the cutting does have a cartoon about War Bonds. Here is the poem, a true copy from the cutting sent to me by John Sturdy Law of Cuise La Motte in France. My own typescript of this poem does not conform with the layout given below which I prefer.

"A FATHER'S VISION

No brighter morning ever dawned
Than broke in dreamland's night
When from the deep and dark Beyond
There streamed a glorious light,
And in that light the form of one –
Oh! joy of joys! my son! my son!

One moment and the sorrow fled
That crushed my heart for years;
I pressed his hand, I stroked his head,
And wet his cheek with tears;
I drew him closely to my side,
And dreamed that I had dreamt he died.

Alas! those pearls of bliss so brief
That on my eyelids lay,
The bursting cloud of waking grief
Swept ruthlessly away;
Oh! cruel dream and vision vain
That raise the dead to die again.

But who can tell? The magic dream
That resurrects my boy
May prove a prelude to the theme
Of everlasting joy:
And I may dream that dream again
In sleep that knows no waking pain.

Holytown

T. LAW."

In the last stanza in the version printed in the newspaper, the second line is printed incorrectly as "Of everlasting joy," but it has been scored through in ink with a line arrowed by a hand-of-write correction given above, that version agreeing with a copy I had once made by hand from another typescript source.

Notice in that first stanza the reiteration of the words “my son! my son!” and remember that they echo the verse from Samuel that I quoted above. There you may understand how the two poems The Two Masters and A Father’s Vision are both into the “Absolom” statement, understandably so, considering the religious background of the mind of the poet.

But “Ah-ha” you may say, “Poems not in the modern idiom at all at all!” I can tell you this, though, that certain poetry is as perennial as utterly outwith any ongoing fashion and nane the waur o that. You will have to go far indeed to discover as fine expression of paternal sorrow and love as is contained in those two poems by Tom Law of Holytown.

The poem produced below was another family favourite, for its language is the recognised poetics of the time, and its moralising encompassed God and Man in that juxtaposition of image which has not escaped the (at times) over-attention of greater poets, some of whom have had a more ready eye for an easy comparison than sincerity of belief in the main character of the figure. The version given below is substantially similar to the one used in the retiral tribute by “J.H.”, but here I use my own typescript source which is corrected in pencil by another hand than mine, and uses capital letters for “Good” and “Ill” in the fourth stanza and for “Faith” in the fifth. Also, in the fourth stanza of my own copy, there is an exclamation mark after the first word of the third line – Oh!”

Those interested in such matters should note the distinction between Jesus Christ and God in the last stanza, where the former is the rose.

“ROSES HAVE THORNS

Roses have thorns; how fair was life’s young morn
That promised us the rose without the thorn!
How soon the silken petals dropped away,
How soon the thorns survived the bloom’s decay!

Roses have thorns; we learn in after years
The rainbow smiles, but thro’ a cloud of tears,
That every prize we win and good we gain
Are roses only plucked from thorns of pain.

Roses have thorns; love, fairest flower of all,
Bedewed from heaven, distils its drops of gall;
And ne’er a breast the beauteous bloom has worn
That has not felt the smarting of the thorn.

Wherefore the rose within life’s rosy bower?
Wherefore the serpent lurking ‘neath the flower?
Oh! wherefore from one fount both good and ill?
The world has asked, the world is asking still.

Whose brow heaven’s brightest diadem adorns
Was once the Man of Sorrows crowned with thorns;
In Him our Faith may find a calm repose,

And bless the God that gives with thorns the rose."

How to comment on that poem now! Well, until now, no one in the family (or elsewhere as far as I know) has ever (in the colloquial idiom) "uttered a mutter" that the title of the poem and the recurrences of the same words in the verses were taken (either consciously or subconsciously) from sonnet XXXV by William Shakespeare.

Apart from what I have already said about the poem, perhaps it is only fair to the enquiring mind of the reader that Shakespeare's sonnet should be made readily available here so that judgement may be made as to the general effect of the sonnet on the mind of the Holytown poet when he wrote his five stanzas that bear the rose title. By that means, there will be no need to leave this page to seek the Avon bard's volume on the shelves,

William Shakespeare's
SONNET XXXV

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done;
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorising thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

Think you yourself into your own literary criticism about the effect of Shakespeare on Tom Law of Holytown, for I have said as much as is desirable to myself if not to you. While two parties may well discuss and agree what is represented by the stronger of the two, all that is perceivable to those concerned, as well as to those witnessing, is the fact of that agreement: it must seem that matter is closed. But that is not conclusive. Who knows the final outcome if the loser should retain an extreme prejudice of mind, secretly determining to overcome the opposition and finally to destroy the victor? Such silence always awaits the acclamation of history to noise its eventual triumph.

Listen to your own critical silence, and then voice your own literary acclaim, one way or another.

Poems can be like sticky willies, they adhere with persistence, and we discover them later, lodged securely in the most unlikely places. For those who do not know the reference, a sticky willie, according to my Collins English Dictionary, is another name for cleavers, again described as "a Eurasian rubeacious plant, Galium aparine, having small white flowers and prickly stems and fruits. Also called : goosegrass, hairif."

Some time ago I recited one of Tom Law's poems to Alastair MacGregor, a friend of mine born and raised a Gartmore man, and living in East Kilbride at that time, when both of us were employed there in the engineering offices of a local firm. However, since then, Alastair moved to Pitlochry, near enough Auchterarder for us to meet occasionally in Perth for a bit of a crack. Sadly, Alastair died on the 12th of February in 1995.

What is to say but that the loss is great and not to be expressed by a few words on the page. What I must say, however, is that Alastair had a fund of information about his native village, Gartmore, and about the background of Cunninghame Graham there. Some years ago, I used much of what he told me, along with certain research of my own, to make a couple of volumes about the great Gartmore writer. They are called ON AN OPEN LETTER and CRIB TO ON AN OPEN LETTER, and they are still sitting in one of my cupboards here awaiting better days and nae bother. The former is entirely in English verse, and the latter in English prose.

I say those things about Alastair because loquacity is never alone when the page is there to be filled, and were he here looking at what is being written, I am sure he would be as pleased to see it as I am pleasured to tell it about him.

The main point of the recollection is that the poem by Tom Law of Holytown that I quoted to him is a kind of simple four-line didactic of desire, and its plain sentiments stuck to his mind as they must have done to my own. Later, he thought to make a Christmas and New Year card out of it, coupling it to a vintage photograph of the main street of his native village.

Curiously, in discussing the verse with Peggie Law of Mossend, the niece of Tom Law of Holytown, she told me that when a very young girl, she had been preparing a personal Christmas card and her uncle had written those four lines for it. As stated in the retiral article in the *Motherwell Times*, the verse was a *Bookman* prize winner. Here are those lines again.

"Health and Wealth, with wisdom to use them;
Joy and Peace, with love to diffuse them;
Books, the best, with leisure to read them;
Lots of friends, and never to need them."

The verse was also pirated on a Christmas card bearing a representation of "A WINTER'S EVENING by Caroline Williams (1835-1921) which was "reproducd by courtesy of Oscar and Peter Johnson Ltd." The makers of this card were

"Eddie and Violet
Dunvronaig,
Shore Road,
Kilcreggan,
Dunbartonshire."

Again, Alastair MacGregor and G. Livingstone of Gartmore produced a fine Christmas card in 1985 using the "Health and Wealth" verse, but this time with a picture of John Ferguson, the blacksmith of Gartmore, shoeing a horse "Auld Sodger" in front of the smiddy in the village. As is well-known, John Ferguson was for many years a friend of R.B. Cunninghame Graham. "Auld Sodger" by the way, was a veteran of the Great War. A note about the card,

including the quotation of the four lines of verse, appeared in the *Stirling Observer* of 27 December 1985 in the column *Callander Days* by William Bain.

Another Christmas and New Year card produced by Alastair MacGregor, this time with a picture of *The Fower-in-Haun fae Stronachlachar*, contained a different set of lines by Tom Law of Holytown. I remembered the verse as written on the flyleaf of a Christmas presentation copy of *The Three Musketeers* which Tom Law had given to my eldest brother Charles. That copy has long since vanished, but here is the verse which the poet had written in it, for I read it many times as a younker.

"Would 'twere given as ornament
Set in pure gold,
This sweet Christmas greeting
Two thousand years old:
What more could I wish
Were I volumes to fill
Than the blessing the Angels sing,
Peace and goodwill."

On that latter card, however, I notice the script shows "goodwill" as two words!

I must say that as a youngster, I was always conscious that those lines were really four iambic tetrameters, the slightly uneven diction making for the four splits as shown above, but naturally at that time, I guessed I did not know enough about prosody to criticise!

Again, in a presentation copy of a book, as shown in a photostat supplied by John Sturdy Law, is noted "inscribed in a book of ÆSOP's Fables given to my father", Tom Law of Holytown wrote and signed the following.

"As in this little book you read
Of insects, birds, and beasts that spoke,
You'll think it very strange, indeed,
And maybe treat it as a joke.
But yet it 's true, my dear wee man,
If wisdom's pathway you'll pursue,
And study well Life's wondrous plan,
You'll learn their secret language too.

T. Law.

To
Master Jas. Law
27: July: 1920
on the occasion of his birthday,
From T. Law,
The School House,
Holytown."

———

The "Master Jas. Law" as noted above, was James Law of Mossend, the son of John Law, my father's cousin, the man who had the painting and decorating business in Mossend. Jimmy was a year or two older than myself, and for long enough as a boy and teenager, I had a visiting acquaintanceship with him when he lived in Knightswood. He died many years ago. His marriage produced twin sons, Peter and John, the former now living in Glasgow, and the latter, as already mentioned, in France at Cuise La Motte, from which address John sent me the photostat containing the above information.

But back again to the "Health and Wealth" quatrain, lest I forget to mention what I should have remembered to do before this. In the mind, the companionship of rhymes is often akin to comradely companionship. There was one fellow who served with me many years ago in the Royal Air Force at Aldergrove airfield in Northern Ireland before the war, a chap whose favourite rhyme was (if I can remember it truly).

"A book, a fire of glowing logs,
A pipe, a pint, the faithful dogs."

I do not know the author of it, but my aircraftsmen comrade was given to quoting the couplet when in his infrequent and meagre cups of an evening, and whenever he did so, my own mind would immediately recall the "Health and Wealth" quatrain that had been made by Tom Law of Holytown. If it is a mental shift akin to a garrulousness of tongue that compels my mind to recall and record such a quaint occurrence all those years ago, how strange it is that such a memory should arise by being triggered out of a piece of old family history like this! Probably the mention of "book" in the rhyme above made me think of "Books the best and leisure to read them", making for the coincidence of recall. Rhyme and reason remain as constant in the mind as mass and energy remain irreducible in the cosmos!

Like many of his kind, Tom Law's political attitude was as uncompromising as his Presbyterian morality and as staunch as his Presbyterian independence of spirit. When we read the following lines nowadays, and try to avoid the prejudices of our own utter detestation and hatred of the British Empire that enslaved so many countries, and when we consider the continuing malignant Imperialism that still pillages Scotland of people and resources, we must conclude that England never had such loyalty even among its own people than it had from those whom it used and abused mercilessly, yet from whom such lines came. The pity of it is that Protestant Ulstermen have never been able to recognise that England is as self-centred as its genius for compromise, a quality as cynical as its accompanying concern for the rights of people other than Scots, too many of whose kindred are still recalcitrant in Ulster. But the Ulster folk are now beginning to realise what cynicism really means, and only time will tell if they too will learn to compromise. It is sad that there is a place where the temperament of a whole people is expressed by their opponents in the comment: "The bitter bit's aye there."

The following text is taken from a newspaper cutting: it is undated and unannotated as to newspaper source, the main item on the back of it being concerned with the Manx budget. The title given below is not included in the cutting, but I have seen fit to add it because that was the way we remembered the poem in the family, always referring to it by that title. In Line 6, note his unusual use of the suffix "er" to mark the comparative degree of the adjective "fervent".

"LAND OF MY SIRES

I love every land where the Three Crosses wave,
I love bonnie Scotland, the home of the brave;
Dear old England I love, and the Gem of the Deep,
But that spot best of all where my forefathers sleep.

For Ulster, dear Ulster, the land of my sires,
My bosom is burning with ferventer fires
Than ever on altars of incense were laid
When priests for their people devoutly have prayed.

From Derry's dear walls with their glorious past,
And the strong throbbing heart of the busy Belfast,
To the mountains of Mourne, and where fairy isles lie
In Lough Erne's blue waters, I love till I die.

In the hour of your peril I love you the more,
And pray that your sons may prove true as of yore,
To our God, to our King, and our Protestant cause,
And brook no obedience to base-born laws.

The statesmen who scoffed at you stand now aghast
While your stubborn battalions in silence march past,
And the smile has waxed wan on the face of the foe
Who taunted the manhood they fain would lay low.

The eyes that admire you in sleep never close,
For the day of Britannia no night ever knows,
And the hearts of your sons and your daughters keep time
With the drums of the Empire in every clime.

Your ancestors' spirits arise from their sleep
In mountain and valley, in desert and deep,
And bid you be strong, and the heritage hold
Bequeathed by the blood of your fathers of old.

Holytown. THOMAS LAW."

We have all seen what that came to and what else it is coming to now. There is no doubt that the innate strength of the people eulogised in the poem has been a notable quality, and that is apparent still. It is of a stuff that should never be forced to break, for such breaking is a terrible thing, especially if niggled into eruption. Rather should such strength be kept malleable and used for making rather than breaking. In the line "While your stubborn battalions in silence march past" one is reminded of Sir Walter Scott's

"The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell."

I have always regarded *Land of my Sires* as a song, and from an early age I used to sing it to the tune *Lilli Burlero*, appropriating the third verse "From Derry's dear walls..." as the chorus. But the time of the tune should be slowed down to the measure of its twin *Hush-a-Bye, Baby on a Treetop.*

I do not know the date of composition of *Land of my Sires*, but in view of Erskine Childers' reaction to the September 1913 Ulster Day parade at Balmoral in Belfast, Tom Law might well have stood there beside him on that day and reacted to the march past of the 8000 men of the Ulster battalions while Erskine Childers' reaction was that he had expected more fire and popular excitement and more men in the ranks, adding that "The quietness may be due to confidence and habit...or it may be partly due to weariness with a grand imposture." I quote from Andrew Boyle's *The Riddle of Erskine Childers*.

While Erskine Childers may have forgotten the people who gave him his forename, Tom Law had remained of his own kind and knew them as his own, even as Sir Walter Scott had known the men of Flodden as his own kind. And the minor Holytown bard lived to see Childers' heroes do for their champion, even as he was to see English Imperialism do for those same Ulstermen in the Somme: see *Moonlight in the Trenches*.

A few years ago here in Auchterarder, between July 1991 and August 1992 actually, I set about making a long poem in Scots covering the old Icelandic The Laxdale Saga out of the English prose of it that had been made by Muriel A.C. Press as published in her September 1924 edition of it. Because of the many colloquial and peculiar personal references I used in the Saga that were, in effect, foreign to it, I decide to write an accompanying crib to it so that the reader might be advised of such matters. The title of that exercise therefore, is Crib in English to THE LAXDALE SAGA.

Now, one of the heroes in the work is called Olaf-the-Peacock, and his excursion to Ireland is dealt with at length. For instance, in a note about Lines 314-315 of Chapter XIII of the poem, I have this to say.

'Mention of "faerie ysles" and "blue watters o Lough Erne" is a lift from some verses by Tom Law of Holytown, an old second cousin of mine who became the local schoolmaster in the village of that name. Part of his verses are as follows:

"To the mountains of Mourne, and where fairy isles lie
In Lough Erne's blue waters, I love till I die."'

But, but, but indeed, how stubbornly prejudiced memory about versicles can be! It just will insist in presenting rhymes to the public, or to the self, ay, even during prose comment about them, while dressing them appropriately in poetical alliteration! In that matter of "the mountains of Mourne" above, for instance, what I did say in the Crib in English to THE LAXDALE SAGA was as follows (and is now corrected):

"From the mountains of Mourne, to where fairy isles lie
In Lough Erne's blue waters, I love till I die."

But just you now take a bit gander at the original stanza given earlier above, and you will surely see that the two lines immediately above do well, especially if the four lines of the stanza are read totally as follows, for this is the way I always knew them, irrespective of the later paper to the contrary. I am only sorry that I was too young to have been in the confidence of the poet who made the verses, for I should dearly like to have discussed the situation with him! Perhaps my version was the correct one.

"From Derry's dear walls with their glorious past.
To the strong throbbing heart of the busy Belfast;
From the mountains of Mourne, to where fairy isles lie
In Lough Erne's blue waters, I love till I die."

Sometimes, indeed, we would say ". . .To the deep-throbbing heart of the busy Belfast". Notice how the rhyme of "Belfast" carries truly the old-fashioned accent on the last syllable of the word, a habit that seems to be eroding away a little nowadays, presumably because of the influence of the usual English usage that accentuates the first syllable

The poem does reveal the politics. Another kind of political outlook in the poet, probably because of family prejudice in favour of my father, was seen during the latter's seeking Council election as a Labour candidate in the 1930's, the very early 1930's it must have been, for the poet died in 1933, I think. A squib records how the local Tory candidate failed even before he contested the election: he was too late to register his candidature. The squib cracked:

"Buchanan's gane an duin it naet,
His honours noo are double;
He's kicked his ain erse aff the saet,
An saved Tam Law the trouble."

I quote from memory and give the Scots the benefit of the sentiment, for as far as I know, the lines were never committed to paper, and if they were, might have been of the usual English diction which takes away from the value. The "Buchanan" of the above lines was known locally as *The Ruid Poll*, and was a Newarthill neighbour who had persistent but unrealised political ambitions, somewhat like his minor enmity to my father. Such enmity made no difference to the lifelong pleasant relationship between our family and that of *The Ruid Poll's* brother who lived beside us in Allan Place at Newarthill before their going to Tyndrum. I was told by my elder sisters that the mother of the Tyndrum Buchanans "thought the world" of me when I was a child, but I remember her only as an ailing woman. Nevertheless, because of her opinion of me, I am predisposed to think kindly of her, while because of the enmity of *The Ruid Poll*, I am predisposed to think unfavourably of him. Seemingly, he had also made some sarcastic remarks about my grandfather on the paternal Law side having been a man who had been unable to write his own name. That was true, but I sometimes wonder what he would have said had he known that my grandfather on the maternal Fisher side could similarly only "make his mark". Notwithstanding those things, the Laws have produced one poet at least, and the Laws and Fishers have produced another, both of whom have now made their mark and remark on Buchanan, *The Ruid Poll*.

In maturity, it is disconcerting to discover that so many impossible people have become only too probable. Why was it that such a human situation of values was not apparent to us

during our youth? Had we known, just think how that knowledge would have prepared us to recognise the con-men, the sleight-of-mind dealers in religious nostrums, the fankle-mindedness of thought in career people! But there is no need to catalogue, for every maturity at hand has its list of unfavourable characters to hand.

Och well, there it is, Scots folk can never leave each other alone, even into the past or succeeding generations! And here I am on the 21st of January of 1996, rewriting my old Anent Tom Law of Holytown, and listening as my wireless provides some songs that were written by Robert Burns and written about that same bard. Judge you then the pleasure as I hear that old favourite song called The Star of Rabbie Burns, (so often loved by the inebriated), and the annoyance as I hear "Scotia" instead of "Scotland" included in his The Lass of Ballochmyle. And judge you what you think fit as you take it to avizandum, when I tell you that the inebriated never sang "...of Rabbie Burns." but "...o Rabbie Burns."

But then, of course, as well you may guess, Robert Burns never leaves us alone, no more than we ever leave him alone, as well indeed you may jalouse.

For ay, ay, ay, an that's lik aye, aye, aye
for eevermair, thare is juist the yae staur
the sang sings, caad The Star o Rabbie Burns.

The real riches of inheritance are not at all into financiers and financial areas, but rather into cultural values that have all to do with place and people and awareness of their history, a small enough gem compared with the great general jewel of the Earth that belongs to all and that we all belong to, but just see how the wee particular gem sparkles in the mind of the bearers of it, people like you and me.

The next poem by Tom Law of Holytown that I am going to discuss and reproduce below is called The Spider and the Fly. It is made in the classical ballad metre splayed, in typical Irish hedge-poetry manner, into long lines of diction which here and there ignore the strict rules of prosody, an example being Line 32 which should really scan as

"Altho' some fool has written 'Sem-
per idem' on the door."

Appropriately, that ballad metre contains a classical political statement of the type one would expect from the maker of the previous song *Land of my Sires*. Declamation is important to such compositions by such poets, and they always make sure that content carries its own tune, while creating its own harmonies where meaning takes precedence over poetics and form. But whatever the reason for the form of Line 36, which reads in the ballad fashion

'The "próprió motú" undér the Né Temere decree' ,

I think the following would have been the better scansion, but said in this fashion:

'The "mótu próprió" benéath
Ne Témeré decrée' ,

though that is to falsify the scansion of Mótú próprió as well as Né Temeré.

"Under" is a bad scansion. I am certain that "Ne Temere" in those days was a victim of common usage into Ne Temere, for so I have heard it. This is much the same sort of thing as Gaelic "Alba" being Scotticised to the as-written form and not its native sound of roughly "n-h-"h-alapa". One is reminded of William Dunbar's famous "Timor mortis conturbat me" which is so often blootchered into "Timmawr mawrtis contuhrbat mee" with scant attention paid to *native Latin* vowel values. That is, if such values really are the same as those dictated to myself in my early secondary schooling.

I cannot tell, but can only guess that Tom Law of Holytown was not a Latin scholar, his "I don't know learned Latin..." of Line 41 of the poem perhaps echoing something of his lack.

For those who do not have access access to the Latin tags in Lines 32 and 36, they mean:

Semper idem: always the same.

motu proprio: of or by one's own accord; or motion, or impulse. Often used in Papal decrees to signify such meaning.

Ne Temere: (not rashly). Those are the first two words of the Roman Catholic decree of the "Congregation of the Council declaring invalid any marriage of a Catholic of the Latin rite, or of a person baptized as such though fallen away, if not contracted before a duly qualified priest (or the bishop of the diocese) and at least two witnesses. The decree was issued August 2, 1907, and took effect on Easter, April 19, 1908."

(From Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.)

My transcription of the poem is faithful to the long arrangement of the original where the tetrameter and trimeter lines are joined.

For many years, the family notion was that the newspaper cutting was from the *Belfast Telegraph*, but if that is so, while on the back of it there is a public notice about "Country Antrim True Blues L.O.L. 156", all the remaining Loyal Orange Lodge items are Scots, reference being made to the "combined Districts of Paisley, Clydebank, and Glasgow", and among others, "VICTORIA L.O.L. No 5" which met in the Orange Hall, 33, Candleriggs where "A hearty welcome was extended to several visiting brethern, including Br. George Wiggans, 447, Portsmouth, who, in reply, stated how pleased he was to visit a Scotch Orange Lodge. . .The singing of the National Anthem brought the meeting to a close."

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Redmond and the Irish Protestant

Will you walk into my parlour? said the spider
to the fly,
'Tis the finest thing of modern times that ever

you did spy.
And I've got many glorious things to show you
when you're there,
Altho' the way that leads to it is up a rotten
stair.*

'Tis built on sure foundations that were laid
long, long ago
By the leal and loyal ancestors of Dillon, Ford,
and Joe.
'Tis paved with pretty promises and carpeted
with care,
So that every timid Protestant may find safe
footing there.

The wall is hung with guarantees of peace,
goodwill and love,
With the dado of delight below and freedom's
frieze above;
There are holy texts upon the wall, and charm-
ing pictures too,
While the ceiling 's star bespangled on a ground
of royal blue.

What tho' from dear Britannia an abyss this
parlour parts,
Sure the gulf of independence is bridged o'er
by loving hearts.

Said the fly unto the spider: I have heard the
story told
That your parlour is no new one, but the same
as that of old,
Whose foundations were of Romish rock, its
walls built of the stone
From the quarries of a region where the true
light never shone.

The pavement's tessalated with the bones of
Levi's line,
And the carpet is a fabric false of Jesuit design;
The pictures, I have heard, portray the "good"
old lawless times
When the Land of Saints was reeking with
abominable crimes;
The holy texts upon the walls are threats of
what you'd do
To the No Surrender boys who wear the Orange
and the Blue;

The ceiling's tint is changeable to green, and I
am told
That soon among the Stars will shine the Stripes
of Yankee gold.

The bridge of hearts I cannot trust, I've heard
those same hearts pray
For the "rotten barque of Empire to be sunk
beneath the sae."
I remember Magersfontein where Britannia's
heart bled sore,
How they cheered the fall of Wauchope while
they gloated o'er his gore.

Oh, tut, tut! said the spider, we have given
those tactics o'er,
Altho' some fool has written "Semper idem" on
the door.
We've cancelled all the cruel things that in our
haste we said,
And put in soapstone blarney, and soft sawder
in their stead.
Look! said the fly, there's just been hung, where
all the world may see,
The "proprio motu" under the Ne Temere
decree.
Why should you from the freedom that Britannia
gives be free
To shackle soul and body with the
chains of slavery?
I often wonder why you speak of Britain's alien
power
While at a foreign Pontiff's word the boldest of
you cower.
I don't know learned Latin, but I know I'll rue
the day
When I walk into a parlour where the Romish
rule holds sway.
Since you keep no faith with heretics, and say
your threats were bluff,
I am thinking your soft sayings now are of the
self-same stuff;

So to you and your fine parlour I'll be bidding a
good-bye,
You may take it to some other land where flies
are not so "fly."
For I like to spread my wings upon the spacious
atmosphere

Where floats the dear old Union Jack that none
but tyrants fear.

Oh, never, never dawn the day when trait'rous
hands pull down
True freedom's flag for the Romish rag, the harp
without the Crown. 50

THOMAS LAW.

Holytown, Lanarkshire,
25th Dec., 1911.

* The Parliament Bill.

Compared with the extensive particularity of that Irish dimension in his politics, Tom Law of Holytown made the following political statement much shorter. Once again, it is in the ballad metre, but the version in his own hand on the back of a post card is singularly inattentive to form. It is unsigned, and is one of the papers sent to me by John Sturdy Law. I give the lines below in the uneven script of the poet.

"When Heaven's own Artist brushed the
green
On grass for foot to tread
And painted poisonous poppies of appropriate
Liberal red
For highest thoughts for summer skies
He wished perfection's hue
The Angels Cast their votes nem. con.
For Royal Tory Blue.

In an article of mine called *Orange Songs* which appeared in the *New Edinburgh Review*, Number 17, 1972, I quoted those lines, and said that they could be sung to the tune of 'The Sash'. Looking at the article now, I see I have omitted the "of" after "poppies", as well as having punctuated the statement according to my own notions. But I notice also that I failed to capitalise "Artist" and the "He" Who "wished perfection's hue."

The late Morris Blythman, a cherished acquaintance of mine for many years, used to be hilariously appreciative of those lines whenever I quoted them to him, and he loved the tune accompanying.

As might be expected in one whose enthusiasms and sympathies were compacted in life and politics, Tom Law behaved as he wrote. He had a good tenor voice, like my father's, as already noted, and he could use it to effect. Once, on a holiday in Dunoon, he watched and listened to a busker singing to the passing crowd, and observed that the man was nae singer and because of that, was not taking in any money. Tom stepped up to the fellow, and said. "I'll sing; you take the hat." Soon his pure tenor voice poured its notes over the heads of the

people who now stopped to listen. In no time at all, the coins were clinking into the busker's hat.

Again, while on holiday walking in Glen Strae, the quondam MacGregor country, he threw his head back and dirled out the *MacGregors' Gathering*, singing his sympathies for that kind of underdog. I remembered that story when first I went bye *MacGregor's Leap* in Glen Lyon, another former MacGregor airt, and for that ancient royal clan and the memory of Tom Law of Holytown and Wrangholm and Newarthill, I yelloched the slogan from that song he had sung - *Grigalach*! That poet was into the love of his own place and people, just as so many of us are here in Scotland, something so often inexplicable to many of us, but surely to be understood as when, of a fine summer's day here in Auchterarder, my wife Peg and I may remark to one another, "Yes, we are lucky!" as we daunner by the River Ruthven and see Craig Rossie above us as eternal as the kindly skies above it.

Although there is little preoccupation with the natural scene in most of the relics of his poetry, his singing of the MacGregors' Gathering in Glen Strae betrays his being at one with Scotland, even as Ireland was in him as shown in his poem Land of my Sires. Thus are we linked through the centuries to our native prejudices, remaining as delighted in their perpetuation as we were at their conception.

Those sort of preoccupations with time and place are as indefinable as the notion that named an extraordinary river course near Dunoon as out of the world as encapsulated in the name given to it - Morag's Fairy Glen. Or again, as other-worldly as the still image of the hills above Loch Eck reflected in its waters, somewhere in the same airt of Argyll where that vision stays the mind as gently as the image itself is stayed before the eyes.

Memories of those sorts of places make for much of the generally unresolved mental nuances that find release in homesickness, nostalgia and song when we are far from the scenes imprinted in the mind, whereas while imbued with their history, we are often led into political expression that is absolutely outwith the understanding of the stranger in our midst.

Years ago, the road from Newarthill to Holytown Station was tree and hedge-lined for part of the way. It is now built-up, but it was a dirt road then, and was called the Station Road or Back Road. At a particular spot, two trees grew closely together, one a thick-boled tree with a growth of some disease on it which was massive enough to seat two or three children: we called it the King's Chair. I think it was an oak. The other was a flat-spreading, full-leaved hawthorn which made a good beild during a passing shower: we called it the Umbrella Tree. Now, those two trees, together with the others close-by in a shallow declivity known locally as *The Gully*, made for an ambience conducive to a feeling of eerieness, especially as there had been a child-to-child accounting of the evil power in hiddlins there. I knew such a consideration myself about it as a youngster, though by that time it was greatly attenuated. In Tom Law's youth, it must have been much stronger, since the King's Chair and its attendant Umbrella Tree came to assume a quite overwhelming potency in the young lad's mind.

At that time, he had to walk from New Stevenston (that once was Wrangholm) along that road on his way to take special lessons from Dominie MacPherson in Newarthill on certain evenings. In those days, there were no buses on the roads and no convenient trains from Holytown Station, and in any case, the Back Road was a kind of short cut for him. But he had to pass the King's Chair whether he would or no.

While it is difficult to imagine the physical situation as it was then, especially in the dark, for there were no streetlights, it is still possible to understand the situation in the mind of a very sensitive young person as he was exposed twice in each of his studious nights to the black intangible on that dark, enclosed gully. There was only one action possible, for he had to thole the thing (whatever it was), and typically, as a witness of the strong-minded poet that he was to become, he met it by making it. That is, one night when he was more overwrought than usual as he approached the King's Chair, he suddenly threw off his jacket, adopted a fighting stance, and roared into the darkness at the tree, "Come out and fight!"

He had nae bother efter that. But looking at that youngster when "he fought the tree" as family clash had it, if sometimes it may be said scathingly of a male, "He's no his ain man. He's his wyfe's man," when it is obvious who wears the trousers, that cannot have been said of the Holytown poet, for he was of far too intense a nature to be other than himself.

I am sure that part of that natural intensity made for the sort of patriot he was. Also, I am sure that it was of the kind that must have delighted, say, in the expression of it given by such as Sir Henry Newbolt's Drake's Drum. Here, to let you understand, let me make of a few lines of that song a group of what are called nowadays "sound-bytes", with my apologies to the shade of Newbolt.

'Take my drum to England,
hang et by the shore,
Strike et
when your powder 's runnin' low;
If the Dons reach Devon,
I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum up the the Channel
as we drummed them long ago.'

There is one poem, *Factor and Formula*, of which I have a carbon copy of the typing. It is not annotated as the work of Tom Law of Holytown, but I have been told it was his, and I give it thus below as a true copy. It certainly has the manner of the man in it. Unless I am proved wrong, it is his poem in much the same way as many of the others given above. In typing it as a true copy, however, I must say that both the Roman numbering of each stanza and the indentation of each second and fourth line seem to me to be bad form. Only the last line of each stanza should be indented, but the capitalising must be left as it is. No one, however, seems to know why he should have thought to make such a literary meal out of the layout of the poem, nor can anyone say if the shape of it is truly his or is merely the shape that some typist or other thought it should take.

"FACTOR and FORMULA

I.

"The child is father to the Man,"
And in his mind he has a plan
To be – as soon as e'er he can –
"A Factor in the Formula".

II.

But if Man to himself be true,
When he sets out to build anew.
He must acquire a wider view –
He must possess a Formula.

III.

In which each Factor, in some way,
To pull its weight must have its say;
More give and take – more interplay –
In some less rigid Formula.

IV.

The Sky, the Clouds, the Wind, the Sea
Extend to us their Spirit free;
And they, too, would appear to be
As Factors in the Formula.

V.

Creation's throb imparts a thrill,
And "Every prospect pleases" still,
If man be vile 'tis just until
He finds a nobler Formula!

VI.

The Past is dead: the Past is gone,
And new apparel man must don,
His future will depend upon
The nature of the Formula.

VII.

We know that "Providence is kind";
Then "Let us with a gladsome mind" -
And steadfast Faith – go forth to find
The all-embracing Formula.

VIII.

The Sunset is a Heavenly Dream;
Each Factor of the blissful scheme
Is gently tethered, it would seem,
In some Celestial Formula.

IX.

And each effect of light and shade
And colour, lending mutual aid,
In perfect harmony is made
To fit the Magic Formula!

X.

Thus Heaven sends us Courage, Hope
And Peace of Mind wherewith to cope
With all in Life's Kaleidoscope –
Revealed through Nature's Formula.

Like *Factor and Formula*, there is another poem called *To a Blackbird* which has always been regarded in the family as the work of Tom Law of Holytown. Unfortunately, the only existing record of it in our hands is in the form of a newspaper cutting which is mutilated and incomplete. At least one stanza is lost in the mutilated copy. While there is neither indication of author or date, there is on the back of the cutting the beginning of a story about Rothesay, cut off as follows:

"TWO MEN AND
A ROTHES
BY MARY"

Thus, the cutting does seem to have a Scottish provenance. In the typescript below, where words are enclosed in brackets, they are guessed at by myself, and where a dash is made, it is left to the reader to make a guess.

"TO A BLACKBIRD

Sweet songster clad in sombre dress,
From out the pines the winds caress,
Thy clarion notes entrance the ear,
And tell the world that spring is here.
Divinely strung, thou living lyre,
Bring'st echoes from the Heavenly Choir!

Amid the dim and fading light,
When mirky shadows presage night,
And dewy showers softly fall,
Thou warblest Love's madrigal.
No singer born, no human bard,
With voice like thine was ever heard!

The streamlet wimpling to the sea,
Intones accompaniment to thee;
And budding Nature, all afire,

Responds with murmuring desire;
Yet, high above the crooning ve –
Rings sweetly forth thy songs –

What earthly lyric learned by r(ote)
Could match the music of thy thro(at),
Tho' what it means we may not know,
It stirs us by its ebb and flow.
Sing on, sweet bird of thrilling lay,
(A) lullaby to passing day!

——————————— garments fine. . ."

In the original cutting, the first stanza is indented well to the right, the lines beginning with a large "S" made in a printer's flower pattern, with the succeeding WEET letters capitalised.

If it is true that the above fragmented poem is by Tom Law of Holytown, the very nature of its fragmentation, and its place as the last of the lines available to the family, is rather like the sad fate of what must have been a quantity of verses either lost casually or in "the back of the fire" as already recounted.

One final remark on the above poem is to draw attention to the poet's use of the capital letter, his preoccupation with the Heavenly, and his insistence in Line 10 of the poem to give the full amphimacer value to "warblest" in order to maintain the general iambic tetrameter tone of the full line.

For the rest, although that newspaper article in the Motherwell Times did contain a head and shoulders photograph of the poet, I am forever sorry for the loss of a much finer photograph of him that used to hang beside a mantelpiece in 8 Laughland Drive in Newarthill when I was young. It disappeared sometime after the Second World War. Who knows what may happen when women have to have a spring redd-up. If I had that photograph now, surely it would accompany these pages. I do remember the delicate, fine features of the poet, the fair, sparse hair, and the long, look-away level of the eyes, so far into their own privacy as no doubt distancing their owner from the photographer. To say those things about him from memory, however, does not distance myself from the regret I feel for the loss of that old photograph of the man: imagination is no substitute for reality, even for that substitute reality of sepia or black-and-white.

Notice that my description of him from his Newarthill photograph prompts my memory, however defective it may be, to describe him partly in the same language he had used in describing his young son, Tom, in the poem called The Two Masters -

"One fair-haired boy surveyed,/ Of features fine,/ And shapely head. . ."

Surely that description lets us consider it as gentle, kindly coincidence of expression, and I can assure you, it was done when I was completely unaware of such coincidence. Re-reading by way of a final check revealed it.

There is little more to say except to express again how regretful I am that I did not learn enough about Tom Law of Holytown to give him his full due in this short assessment.

O, drap the yae rhyme here lik sang
that winnae byde, but aye maun gang
lik tyme that endmaistlie afflicts us
come you fell day ot, ken, that nichts us.

(Originally written in Auchterarder in July 1988. The bulk of the above version, with additions, was finalised on January the 24th of 1996, with minor tidying a little later.)

FOREWORD

Tom Law of Holytown was a cousin of my father. Like myself, they bore the same Christian name, and like many of their kind, were intimates over the years. The Holytown one became a school headmaster and a poet. He was born in 1865 and retired in 1930 when he was 65 years of age. I have not been able to find out from family sources either the date on which he was born or the date on which he died. I think the latter was in 1933. Because of my procrastination over the years, I have now come to a period of life when what is left of my own time is better used to make do with what I know rather than to seek and find but to be unable to use. What I have written in the following pages may alert someone to do the necessary seeking and finding that I should have done earlier.

This foreword is made principally to advise the readers that repetition of information and poems will be found in their perusuals. And also to advise that this is caused by the curious manner of beginning the account of Tom Law of Holytown with an article which appeared in the *Motherwell Times* of 25 April in 1930, and is called *Retiral of Mr.Thos. Law*. The reason for my doing so is that the core of what I had written and is given below under the various headings was made before I saw a copy of the article.

The latter is a good piece by one "J.H." I have not been able to ascertain whose initials those are. His work is given pride of place here as a kind of "Thank you" from me, and because of its coverage of the early life of Tom Law. It contains many details previously unknown to me. Here I should like to thank the editor of the *Motherwell Times* for his permission to include the complete article.

Also, I should like to thank John Sturdy Law of Cuise La Motte in France, for sending me certain poems written by his great-uncle, and also for the copy of the newspaper article used here.

I have to say now that earlier I sent a few copies of the original typescript to certain members of the Law family in various places, as well as one to the National Library of Scotland. What is to follow (apart from the Motherwell Times piece) has additional comment.

On reading the following pages, I hope the reader will agree with me that they are largely reminiscences not just about self but concerning friends, relations and other people whose histories touched my own in whatever fashion that may have been of minor importance to them, but of continuing preoccupation to myself. While it was for me to write as I have done, and to be as pleased with it as fancy it is not too badly done at that, it is for the reader to judge likeability or liability.

Those old days marked the end of a time of song in the family, the poet of the following pages having been one of the singers, surely distinguishable in his poems. One of the great benefits of song between the four walls of such a home as ours was that instrumental accompaniment was utterly foreign to it. Thus, the words and melodies of song were most important in our ears and therefore in our understanding.Career singers did not pester our appreciation by consistent dying-fall of syllables where the sound is obliterated by clanking of jangly, stringy chords, and sometimes even by an extraordinary nasality or screech so common

nowadays. Loud jangly, kangly music in support of song is a “getting in on the act”, as the old troupers might say. What destructive blootchering is done to melody by such noise!

Characteristically, the tone-deafness of such performers may make for such a general destruction of melody and meaning.In addition, peculiarly, sometimes performers are known to eulogise the background provided by their instruments and instrumentalists, even though they pay little enough attention to the name, reputation and purpose of the author responsible for the songs they sing.Of course, when they are responsible themselves for the making of the songs, who can blame them for self-glorification, especially when there is no one but themselves to appreciate cacophony.

As may be guessed, when I make those strictures on certain singers, I am concerned with their production of Scots song, though remembering my own failure of memory as far as some of the words written by my Holytown relative are concerned, I am really in no position to blame others for remissness of mind or alteration of original song.

Finally, this kind of “investigative reporter” writing leaves a lot undiscovered, tantalising mentally as always at the edge of understanding to the writer as it is to the reader: so much is known, yet so little of it is inwith comprehension that it is completely unrounded, unsatisfactorily formed, for like all of us, that Tom Law central to this writing remains as private as, I must acknowledge, the Tom Law who writes of him remains as elusive as ever to himself. Consider then, that total eradication of the effects of heredity is no more possible than is obliteration of the influence of environment.

Anent *A Kittlin o Ettlin*

Lynes 301 - 434 (Sectioun IV):

Afore I staertit on the verses
A Kittlin o Ettlin caad, I fancied
I'd be as yeukie scartin fash
as listenin for pedantic folk
puittin thur guid avysement on me
that I suid hae taen tent the better
tae dae whit some folk micht be caain
thon *R and D* as tho they did
Research and its *Development*
thursels, an werenae pyd tae dae it.

Kennin aa that, I did as damn it,
for swythe as daenae swither onie,
I haed tae tell the truith, no lees,
for sake o pleasin ither folk
whoe lyke the ilka nyeuk made roondit
sae they can birl awo lik peeries
as tak nae thocht, the neever stoppin;
or better lyke tae speir unseen
thru waas wi caunnie keekin bores
they need sklim-nane til for the speirin.

Ye see, I micht hae speired masel
tae finnd the notes athin an air
were no the same yins I jalousin,
but gin I did I wuidnae telt
the speak I made fae kennin-nane.

Tae save ye leafin thru Burns' warks,
read here alow, gin you ken-nane
the sang *The Cardin ot*, even as
aa you that ken maist aathing ayeways,
may read anaa tae please yersels,
or juist tae thank me for ma tribble.

Juist twoe quairs haudin maist o Burns
hae I here bye me: yin o thaem
is meikle as is aathing fuhll
cept yon *The Merry Muses* yin,
was editit, an prentit, publisht
in Embro bi W. P. Nimmo,
Hay & Mitchell, wi a memoir tae't
bi William Gunnyon: baith thae warks
prent-nane facsimile, the yin
spells *gray* that wy, the-tither *grey*

e, y, an baith o thaem agree-nane
upon apostrophes an layoot.

I prent alow the yin fae Embro:
gif baith thae volumes differ-nane
that Johnny's broo was *held aboon*,
I'm thinkin *beld* wuid better been.

'THE CARDIN' O't
TUNE – "Salt-fish and Dumplings"

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo,
To mak a coat to Johnny o't;
For Johnny is my only jo,
I lo'e him best of ony yet.

The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the linin' o't.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
And though his brow be held aboon;
Yet I hae seen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen.'

Lynes 519 - 530:

The Daeclaratioun o Arbroath,
a speak that haes athin it mair
ayont itsel nor aa in hiddlins
Staur-Chaumerish as haud yer wheesht,
was owerset Latin intil Scots
bi John MacPhail Law is ma son,
an made in skeelie haund-o-wryte
bi Janet Stewart, ma guid-dochter,
syne publisht nyneteen aichtie, haill
as byde its wheesht for lieges Scots
will yit mak guid the ocht athin't.

Lynes 553 - 555:

Ye ken, laudatioun is the gree
high-heid yins aye gie some paer sowl
no juist for whit the bodie says,
nor for no sayin it avaa,
but for the priggin says that naething
be said puits in the strunts high-heid yins
maun hae laudatioun thair ainsels

fae folk whoe aither cannae think
on ocht tae speak aboot, or else
are faur ower glaikit for tae speak
anent the ocht the wy they're thinkin,
unless bi gulderin mair glaikit.

Folk caad high-heid yins, een ayont
the Yerd, aye in dumfoonerment
wi aa realitie, no truithfou,
an thon paer sowl, een ben the daurk
lik lyfe a hell upon the Yerd
ootwith realitie aye truithfou,
ken-nane that clairitie, lik truith, is
an honestie afore the een
heech-lit, an cleir o guiser lees
as aert itsel is truith mair heechlik,
tho weel-puit-on tae tak a bou,
but even sae, gin fause til lyfe,
is something yont itsel, aye bydein
as leal as honestie no leein.

But for anither honestie
lik aert no leein in its teeth
in sang, tak you a keek again
at Burns's screed, *The Cardin ot*,
an merk yae truith as true til singin
as wurds the neever fause til soondin
whuin airels cairrie thocht athin:
altho apostrophes are ryfe,
the-wy ye weel can see them jag
the paper nooadays anaa,
ye'll see *o' of* fornent the *ony*
as weel's fornent the *a'* a marra.

Burns didnae lyke the soond *oh-oh*,
an thocht as little yon *oh-aw*,
an gin ye may respeck the furst,
be boathert-nane anent the hinmaist,
for you'll heard sung *O' a' the Airts*
altho Burns made the soond *Of a'* thare.

Sin makkin that bit play o wurdage
a ploy anent the *Of* in singin
anent the airts the wuin was blawin,
I heard a fuhlla on the wireless
tell us that he wuid birl a disc
wuid play *O ah the airts*, a ploy
o wurdage tells us whye the bard
juist coodnae say thae wurds thon wy.

And here's a tyme tae think again
alane athin the self nane ither,
the whit tyme in the day can think
this day is lyke this day alanelik,
that gin a bodie speir at ye
whit wuid ye hae gin ocht were gien ye
that was the aathing in yer greinin,
then you wuid say, an wuid ye no,
growne garrulous as gyan gallus,
that ilka day lik this maun be
foreever aye itsel alanelik
as byde the-day-afore-the-morra:
an that's tae be as shair o speerit
as tak a thocht can mak a speil
anent *The Cardin ot* that says
thare is a wurd athin it lyke
John Anderson, my Jo a sibling,
tho nane-the-waur for bein sae,
an tho John's broo is beld for certain,
the tune is no the fuhlla's name
as baith the quairs I hae can caa it,
but is *Prince Rupert's Mairch*, as shairlie
as luftit up an puittent doon
no sodgerlyke but quaetlie caunnie
as thon air in Burns' *Scots Wha Hae*
was made as dooce as caunnie quaetlik
a something lyke the differ sung it
in Lady Nairne's *Land o the Leal*
whyles haes a Jean int, whyles a John.

Mair, tho, tae say anent thon liltin
John Anderson, My Jo nor singin
anither tune nor yon yin mairchin
Prince Rupert's jinglin horses' graithin
for Charles athorte the English shires,
myn-nane *The Merry Muses* gies
John Anderson, my Jo, a ploy
a something no as caunnie kynd.

And here it is, as I am telt
athin that quair's ain Introductioun
is caad *The Songs of Scotland*, prentit
in aichteen seeventie-yin in Glesca
(Saecont Edeetioun), and was publisht
bi Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, thonner
at La Belle Sauvage Yard, up thonner
at Ludgate Hill, in Lunnon; thonner
at 6 Rue d'Angoulème du Temple,

in Paris; an 596 Broadway,
in New York, U.S.A. faur thonner:
the air is said tae hae been yin
amang a wheen taen fae a screed
o *Ancient Scottish Melodies*
fae yon timm was the last we saw
o yon yin, oor Keeng Jamie Saxt,
an gied oot ben a historie
o Scotland's music made bi yin
caad William Dauney, F. S. A.
in Embro, aichteen thrittie-aicht.

An furder, Dauney's wark was taen
fae whit was puit athin a screed
o music yin John Skene haed gaithert,
hissel the son o Sir John Skene,
Clerk Register o Scotland yince.

Noo, that amenuensis leeved
fae furst he heard the sooch o sang
in fifteen seeventie-aicht until
the stoond o deein dirlin him
til daith in sixteen fowertie-fower
drooned oot the soonds made lyke yon singin
he merkit doon atween the years
o sixteen fifteen, twintie till,
whit tyme Prince Rupert was a bairn
a twalmont auld cuid styter-nane,
myn-nane gan canterin lik claitter
the English shires for Uncle Chairlie.

Later, *John Anderson, my Jo*
puit Rupert in his *Mairch*, for tho
John Skene's is aerliest o raecords,
the air is said tae be gy lyke
Paul's Steeple, English daunce-tune, as
is set athin the Volume 5
and on Page 469 athin
Hawkins's History of Music:
but haud yer patience, for I haud
ma pen the-nane, thare is, or was,
a Swedish air the neebor ot.

<u>Lyne 610:</u>

The screed that follaes, I was telt,
was spakken yince bi Robert Burns
til yin whoe'd gien an invyte til him

tae come an veesit, fair divert
for huntin, shootin, fishin freens.

The storie is His Glaikit Lordship
telt Burns tae eat amang the saervants,
for byte an sup an antic chiel.

The address I gie alow is said
tae hae been aunswer made bi Burns
til yon yin caad His Glaikit Lordship,
yince Burns taen-in the reasoun whye
the invitatioun haed been gien.

"AN ADDRESS
TO ONE OF THE LANDED GENTRY

My Lord, I would not fill your chair
Though ye be proudest noble's heir,
But only came to join your feast
As equal of the best, at least.
It's true that cash with me is scant,
And titles, trifles that I want;
The king has never made me kneel
To stamp my manhood with his seal,
But what of that, the King on high
Who took less pains with you than I,
Has filled my bosom and my mind
With something better of its kind
Than your broad acres, something which
I cannot well translate to speech,
But by its impulse, I can know
It's deeds, not birth, that make men low.

Your rank, my Lord, is but a loan,
While mine, thank Heaven, is all mine own;
A peasant it's my pride to be.
Look round and round your halls and see
Who boasts a higher pedigree.

It seems I am not fit to dine
With these few hunting heroes fine,
But only come to bandy jests
Among your Lordship's hopeful guests:
There must be here some sad mistake –
I would not play for such a stake.
Be a buffoon for drink and meat!
No! Die my heart, ere such a shame
Descend on Robert Burns's name!"

I haenae seen that English screed
in prent afore, but taen it doon
athin a pub fae yae freen, Farrell,
the year o nyneteen fowertie, sooth
in Shropshire, Tern Hill, wurd o mooth.

At yon timm, tho I said-it-nane,
I thocht the nynth an tenth lynes thare
wuid better been gif mair lik thir yins:
But what of that, the Great King, He
Who took less pains with you than me...

But juist the same, ambiguous
as lae the thing alane inbye
its ainsel for a whyle, then pree it,
and you micht see it makkarie
that puits itsel the heech abuin.

Anent *The Orange Caird*

Lynes 1 - 117:

Aifter the typin o thae verses
that made *The Orange Caird* furst saectioun,
I taen a thocht anent the speilins
o aulder bodies I was kennin
whuin I was young as fuit the licht as
kent ilka blade o gress an soorock
the fower myle roond aboot oor veellage.

Lukin aroond aboot me noo
lik tak a gander at the wurld
athin ma een as ben ingyne,
I ken the best o chaunce was on me
whuin young as kent ma sires were guid,
no lyke some folk the-noo, waanchauncie.

An sae, I taen a thocht anent
auld age, but in yon wy o things
whuin neever makar can be shair
he is hissel inwith his verses
or ootwith thaem, ayont hissel,
I soocht aboot auld age in English.

And here they are alow, indentit
because the scansioun isnae lyke
the lave o verse alow *Anent*,
but as ye see it, ben itsel.

Is old age wisdom? Is it death?

What does ald age imagine, once
it fails to know that truth is wisdom?

What does young innocence suppose
but this, that time will teach it wisdom
that is like loving in the living?

What does youth, in its prime, desire,
but knowledge of the truth that wisdom
is like a living in the loving
that time will at its pleasure offer?

What does maturity expect
but opening of eyes to wisdom
will recompense it for its failure
to live in loving, love in living

that is not hate, the merciless?

What does old age itself express
like gentleness at one with wisdom,
not like a rancour in the thinking
at one with canker of the body
as though creation were a plot
as merciless as loving hatred?

Do not imagine old age brings
wisdom like sounds that we are hearing
within the room of time from echoes
around us like a kindly music,
or like a something we shall see
as treasure from an inner sanctum
no one has ever seen or entered.

Do not imagine innocence
remains immune from lack of wisdom
of old age, which is not perceiving
itself the innocents decrying,
self-condemnation quite guilt-free
of seeing self at heart the guilty,
decrying innocents for lacking
wisdom perverted by old age.

Do not imagine that the youth
is not corrupted by the aged
lacking the wisdom that should tell it
what time can do to beauty fashioned
from foul experience; what time
can do to truth, wise words mere echo;
what time can do to life whose meaning
is our desire, not stench of death
exuding from an evil counsel.

Do not imagine the mature
have strength that will withstand more fully
old age's lack of wisdom: such ones
grow old in failure by desiring
the power that listens to itself
becoming old age like an evil,
like off-key rhetoric will echo
a dreadful music only heard
Bedlamic by those poor souls also
imagining they sing of treasure.

Do not imagine, in old age,
such lack of wisdom is a fountain,

truth, water shimmering in deserts,
cool joy to eyes, to thirst a blessing;
nor is that lack like young desire
for beauty not in mutilation
a sadism of the mind, perversion,
and masochism bodily;
beyond that lack is need for learning
that time has no time for such madness:
old fools will die, the wise remember.

Syne, haein taen a gander, lyke
anither bodie roond aboot
thae verses lukin for hissel,
I thocht tae gie thae lynes a shoogle
wuid order thaem lik aa *Anent*
drawn-up in Scots lik sodgers staunin.

Alow I gie them, nane-indentit,
lik aa the lave athin *Anent*,
but in eleeven verses made
lik thae were English ilka wurd.

Is auld age wyssheid? Is it daith?

An whit can auld age think on, yince
in failyie kennin truith is wyssheid?

Whit is young sakelessness jalousin
but this, that tyme will laer it wyssheid
that is lik luvin leivin aye?

For whit daes yuithheid grein, craik-craikin,
but kennin truith is wyssheid lyke
a leivin in the luvin aye
that tyme will hecht it, pleesurin?

Whit daes the mangrowne chiel expeck
but aipenin til wyssheid een
will weel mak-up for aa the failyie
tae luvin leive, tae leive in luve
that isnae haterent maerciless?

Whit daes auld age itsel ootpuit
lik gentleness wi wyssheid yin,
no lyke an immerage o thocht
at yin wi canker in the bodie
as tho creatioun were a ploy
as maerciless as hatrent luve?

Think-nane anent an auld age bringin
wyssheid lik soonds that we are hearin
athin tyme's chaumer for an aichin
aroond us lyke a kynlie music,
or lyke a something we'll be seein
as treisure fae a benner beildin
nane but oorsels will see for kennin.

Think you the-nane that sakelessness is
the-nane puit oot whuin auld age yonner
is wysslik-nane in neever seein
itsel the sakeless yuithheid clairtin,
    but thinks it bydes the nocent free
    fae seein itsel the nocent, aye
    clairtin the sakeless yuith that's no
    as wyssheid-lowsse as crabbit eild.

    An think-the-nane, you, that the yuith
is nane-corruptit bi the auld yins
wi deil-the-haet o wyssheid speilin
    whit tyme can dae til fairheid, skaitht
    wi fylement; nor whit tyme can dae
til truith, wurds wyss ot juist an aichin:
    whit tyme can dae til lyfe, whoese care
    is cairriein o greinin, guid,
    no mooch o evil coonsel, daith.

Daenae think, you, that mangrowne bodies
hae strenth that will staund up lik pechin
    til auld age wyssheid tynt: sic folk
    growe auld in failyie, craikin aye
for pooer that listens til its ainsel
becomin auld age lyke an evil,
lik aff-key rhetoric an aichin
    o music is alanelik sair
    Bedlamic ben the lugs o folk
whoe think tae sing anent a treisure.

    You think-the-nane, then, in auld age
    sic wyseheid-nane is lyke the foont
truith, watter skimmerin in deserts,
    caller til een, til drooth lik bliss;
    nor is the wyssheid-nane lik grein
    in yuith for fairheid, nor for skaith
    a sadism caurrie-caws the mynd,
nor masochism til the bodie:
    yont wyssheid-nane is need tae ken
    tyme haes nae tyme tae gang fair gyte,
    for auld fuils dee, the wyss mynd aye.

Lynes 396, 902, & 903:

In Aichtie-seeven, Novemer nyne,
I made a screed (maist English) verse
caad *Fear and Honour* as alow here
ye'll pree it as a thocht anent
thur wecht athin thae nummert lynes.

I do not understand,
like logic of unreason,
nor ever understood,
like an unreasoned logic,
injunction to fear God
epitome of good.

In Calvinistic childhood,
I never did fear God:
it was not comprehension
God could be less than just
to any of His children,
for love was His intention.

But I did not expect
forgiveness minus faulting,
which is, like gentleness,
not only God's fair Being
but also mother's love
the every child to bless.

Again, my youthful reading
* "Fear God. Honour the king"
upon the Orange banner
was read republican
as "Fear the king. God honour"
in Presbyterian manner.

* As in 1 Peter 2.17. And as quoted memorably by James Graham, the Marquis of Montrose at his execution in Edinburgh on 21 May 1650, according to *The Memoirs of the Most Renowned James Graham, Marquis of Montrose*, translated from the Latin of the Rev. Doctor George Wishart, and printed in Edinburgh in 1756.

A Scot said to a king,
"You are God's silly vassal"
obverse of coin head
which is the fear of power

made me love Wallace true
and not the Bruce instead.

This is my love of Scotland,
the Scotland of my love:
nane o gear, getherin o it;
nae heidarum-hodarum;
nor thon wee hoose-in-heather,
nae greetin, bletherin o it.

Nae tartan trokerie
tae decorate the hurdies;
nae Kelvinsyderie
tae desecrate the thrapple;
and in this winter, nae
rowe-me-in-yer-plyderie.

Lyne 1018:

Here's Grannie Law in English versin
tae let ye ken as muckle laer
as I masel hae kent anent
yon barefuit lass whoe cam fae Ulster
an sae was foont o aa thae bairns
ma faither's an ma mither's bairns
some brithers six an sisters twoe
the ilk in Newarthill saw daylicht;
as weel's made me and oor twoe lauddies
whoe saw the daylicht ower in Fyfe;
an made as weel thae lauds' fower bairns,
yae lassie whoe was born in Stirlin
an bred in Perthshire aye sinsyne;
an lassies twoe an lauddie yin
were born in Lanarkshire an bred
the-noo the faur syde o Clyde watter
fae whoere in bairnheid I was bydein.

An for tae let ye ken a laerin
that's no as muckle's fash yer noddle,
in nyneteen aichtie-seeven year,
month Januar, aicht an nynth the days,
saw me puit daylicht on the versin:
but here's ma hinmaist taet o clashin
aboot thon auld bit dacent wyfe
caad Grannie Law, that's no athin
the English screed, she was conseedert
a dab-haund at yon wark, tambourin,
sae as ye read, embroider that
ben kennin o her framed in mynd,

and you will ken as muckle's I.

In the old days in the village of Newarthill,
the folk made sound recitative as singing
that memory just cannot bear to hear
changed by accompanists our new days teach
to variate, to make a tune as hard
to bear as hear or tell a carried story.

Around the end of the nineteenth century,
that song was like the old Imperial Empire;
the sun shone on it, but it did not seem
to burn as redly as its setting fire
would limn it like the blood in choruses
would sing-out that old Empire story-carried.

Most village houses fronted on the fuitpad,
convenient for a game we played as bairns,
called K.D.R.F. (for Kick Doors Run Fast),
so there was little of that privacy
that puts a paling round suburbia
to ape that other Pale, Monopoly.

And ben-the-hoose, of single-ends for usual,
there was but little room for anything
lawyers might call "the usual offices",
and goods and chattels would be stored in kists
secret below box-beds behind those pands
like flags above those other flags, cold stone.

Thus, customarily as canny-does-it,
after a bake of scones would make pit-pieces
more kitchenlike than bread run-of-the-mill,
the metal girdle would be propped or hung
outwith the house to oool before being stored
as customarily as clean-up-clarty.

The antics of a hen across whole Scotland,
stepping inadvertently on a girdle
just as inadvertently left lying flat
but brander-hot as leave-it-be-till-cool,
must surely have made the common simile
"Lik a hen on a het girdle" for cliché-cackling.

Shortly after my father's marriage, on taking house
with his young Irish wife, as shortly as
gives eyes but little time to see, but time
enough to trip the tongue, a neighbour said
to Granny Law, "I doot your Tam's no gettin

a scone. I see nae girdle at the door thare."

"A scone he does indeed get!" she replied,
"She's a better baker than you'll ever be!"
For the girdle, like tak-tent-for-tidiness,
was always put by at the back of the house.
The harpy had not seen it there, but Granny
knew well the clip was proud of her own baking.

Mary Jane Reid, who was that Granny Law,
was direct as the tongue that speaks the truth,
and could be sharp as never thole an insult.
One day, meeting Laird Paterson (we called him,
though, "The Laird Paeterson") she speired at him
if she might have a vacant house of his.

He looked at her, and said, "I daenae ken.
Aa ye hae you Irish can cairrie on yer backs."
He meant those Irish had little enough of substance
to hold them close to debts a moonlight flitting
could cancel. "If I haven't much," she said,
"all I have's me own and paid for." She got the house.

<u>Lynes 1136 - 1212:</u>

The facts in thae Lynes are taen ooten
some paperwark I hae is heidit
"County Grand Lodge of Lanarkshire
Loyal Orange Lodge" that is anent
whit's caad "Annual Demonstration
Celebrations" and again sub-heidit
"THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE", alow that,
"VICTORY 1690 held
at WRANGHOLM HALL, NEW STEVENSTON",
date nyneteen seeventie-nyne, seeven July.

Twoe-fauldit mibbes, as luk skellie
as caw the mynd agly fae kennin
whoere focht *The Battle o the Boyne*!

<u>Lynes 1462 - 1464</u>:

In scryvin thae Lynes up abuin,
an thinkin back til Lynes are nummert
Twoe-fiftie til Twoe-fiftie-twoe,
I taen anither keek, lik lukin
ayont the face tae speir ingyne,
an back til bairnheid I was gannin

whuin furst I thocht thare was a something
wrang in the Lorde's Prayer, whoere the wytin
for fautin's puit upon the Lorde,
sayin "Lead-us-nane intil temtatioun."
An sae I chynge it, as ye saw,
an gif this is tae mak the sooch ot
a weething fauselik, keek ayont
the face ot, in ingyne yer speirin,
tae let ye read the sooch a differ,
or let it byde as you aye kent it.

Lynes 1682 - 1703:

Haein said yon speil that rebel sangs
are aye the best yins, syne-and-on
caw caunnie sayin, lyke haud-on-ye,
here noo I think tae gie alow
as muckle as can tell ye mair
ye mibbe neever thocht tae speir-at,
sae here's the something, that was scryvit
langsyne anent thae best o sangs
in nyneteen seeventie-twoe, athin
the Nummer Seeventeen Edeetioun
o the *New Edinburgh Review*,
but wechtit wi a bittock mair
tae puit mair pech ahint the scryvin
that saw-nane licht o prent at yon timm.

And in ahint it aa, ye'll ken,
gin highheidyins lyke-nane the ballats,
it is because the truith is in them
(in ballats, ken, no in highheidyins!)
an truith, as highheidyins ken better,
will tummle-the-wulkies-nane tae please them,
but aye will staund as fowersquare furrit
as tho tae puit tyme in a photie
lik witness sayin, "Luk, this is
the wy I was that is the wy
I am.' Ay, in ahint it aa,
ye'll ken the truith o whit I say,
for luk abuin thir pair o stanzas
and you will see truith bydes the best
wi best fuit furrit staunin fowersquare
lik best o ballats: *sixteen-nynetie*
is yae lyne in amang thaem makkin
the stanzas are anent the speilin
aboot the sangs; an lukin backwart,
I see the muse's haun for witness
a truith – I tell nae lee anent it –

upon the day that I began
thae verses caad *The Orange Caird*
that day was seeventeenth o Mairch,
St. Patrick's Day, athin this year
o nyneteen aichtie-nyne. I lyke it.

ORANGE SONGS

There are scores of Orange songs. Only a dozen or so are of such importance as to warrant their being discussed here. In their fitness for the melodies that carry them, they are excellent, for they have made the tunes their own. In line with a belief that words and not music make a song, however, I do not intend to discuss the airs in detail.

It is said the Rebels always have the best songs. The Orange songs are among the best of the best because the Orangemen of the songs were the Rebels of rebels who had and have stamped upon them the cachet of having become triumphant and joying in it yet having retained and retaining the belief that their freedom will be taken from them at the first opportunity. When they sing the hymn 'Hold the Fort for I am coming', they believe it; and they will go.

Having said that, it is necessary in the light of events to look at the reason why the Orangemen did not go and why they may never go. In the first place, it is one thing to go to the rescue of a beleaguered fort, and secondly, quite another thing to have no fort to go to. The great mistake would be to put lack of action down to cowardice: the French failed dismally in the Second World War, but not even the Germans would be rash enough to say Frenchmen were cowards. After all, the final defence of Hitler's chancellory district in the heart of Berlin was by S. S. Frenchmen, though indeed, as they were fascists, they had little else to do at that time but fight and die. The deeper reason why the Orange backlash has never really come, is that the Ulster Protestants are not Masters but slaves of the Masters, slaves all the more willing because they believe their reflection of the Masters is mastership: they do not even realise that what they see is merely a reflection of a reflection. Yet strangely enough, it is the most inarticulate people, those who live more by instinct than reason, who have grasped the truth when they stubbornly and blindly talk of "doing a U.D.I." and even quote the example of Rhodesia. Instinctively, they know they may remain Masters only by being so, and that their status otherwise is truly as much a sham as the Sham Fight they have – or used to have – in celebration of a real one, even while they have a new real one going on all around them.

When an Ulster Protestant can talk about there being no trouble in wide areas of Ulster, it is as quaint a situation as to say that there has been too much talk of their country being under battle. It is as if the peasantry of Belgium had dismissed Waterloo in 1815 because their own crops had not been trampled by the warring soldiery.

Now, the Ulster Protestants may be slave-masters, but the slaves are not Ulster Roman Catholics. The Ulster Roman Catholics would be the first to point out that the slaves under the lash are the Protestants themselves. This is correct, and is the explanation for the persistence of the morality of the Protestants in their genuine indignation at the rent and rates strikes by the Roman Catholics, and by their own failure in bringing the backlash forward. At the cease-fire in June 1972, a beer lorry was highjacked by some Roman Catholics and the beer sold off at 5p per can, and then handed out to nearby British soldiers to the great hilarity of all around. Had it been possible for such a thing to happen among Protestants, there would have been enough shocked tut-tutting to drown the noise of opening cans. This is the difference between a people free in themselves and a people enslaved in themselves.

Notice too that the judiciary of the slave-masters is always more severe on their own slaves than on their enemies. We saw such a thing years ago in Scotland during the anti-Polaris

demonstrations at the Holy Loch when the local magistrates usually gave heavier penalties to their native Scots countrymen than did their English counterparts in England to similar anti-nuclear English demonstrators. Of course, it is notorious that certain Scottish judges have always been more severe on their own people who flout the law than on enemy bodies in the same situation. This is a kind of arse-about-face justice, obverse in the manner that Scots courts almost always award compensation at about half the rate of equivalent English.

Two Orangemen in Scotland share twenty years in prison for handling gelignite. An I.R.A. sympathiser, charged similarly, is jailed for five years. There is not one squeak of protest from the law-abiding population, but the Orangemen are condemned publicly by their own organisation.

We are minded of the notorious Lord Braxfield with the unenviable reputation for judicial savagery, even though he did have what can only be called a saving grace of a kind of black widdreme humour. Like so-many of such a kind, who thought repressive law was above natural free-minded law, he was a slave defending the estate of his Masters. As such, he and any other of his kidney could never bring dignity to the practice of law because they could not see their way to eking out a measure of amelioration to the condition of the wayward rebel lieges of their kind.

Vervoerd in South Africa, having trouble with his judiciary in its refusal to operate the sanctions of unjust laws, stated that he woeld therefore have to have other judges. He got them, and we have seen what has been done with them, for his Afrikaners have been given their own brand of self-slavery which they will come to recognise in time, even as the Ulster people and the Scots people have come to see themselves for what they are.

English people are now in the process of similar self-enslavement, and like us and the Ulster people, will come to recognise their savaged selves. Bad luck to those who set the example of that disintegration of the free idea, no matter how clothed in mystique, regalia and ceremony.

'Who fears to speak '98', said the intransigent Fenian of '57'. 'Not I', said the Orangeman of '16', for I remember '90'. These years are: 1798, the Rebellion of the United Irishmen; 1857, the beginning of the Fenian Movement; 1916, the Easter Rebellion which gave Ireland the first instalment of the united country; 1690, the Battle of the Boyne which set the seal on the Glorious Revolution. What the Orange Movement of 1798, 1857, 1916 and 1967 (the Civil Rights Rebellion) had forgotten was the Covenanting paper written is 1680 by Donald Cargill, one of the men who made possible the Orange freedom won later: all who signed it were bound to:

> 'Overthrow the kingdom of darkness, popery, prelacy and erastianism; to reject the royal family and set up a republican government; . . .And we bind and oblige ourselves to defend ourselves and one another in our worshipping of God, and in our natural, civil, and divine courts and liberties, till we shall overcome, or send them down under debate to posterity, that they may begin where we end'.

Well, they did overcome, but their Orange songs reveal how much else was lost in the bygoing.

The songs considered here have various peculiarities. They are joyful, accurate, dogmatic, and as noted above, triumphant. This is to consider the songs in general. In comparison, the Jacobite songs are pallid creations if we use the same generalisation.

Disregarding the sentiments of the Orange songs, and minding their manner, what a pity it is that the Grahams, the Armours, the Reids, the Fishers, the Montgomeries, the Hendersons, the Stirlings, the Morrisons, all typical of these people on the Ulster Border, are not back eight feet deep on the Scottish Border where they once were. What a people the Irish are going to be when they mix completely. What a pity both peoples should be wasted by religion.

One of the best songs is 'the Battle of Garvagh' and though there was a partial rising at Garvagh in 1798, the song is explicit:

> The day before the July Fair
> the Ribbonmen they did prepare
> for three mile round to wreck and tear
> and burn the town of Garvagh.

The Ribbonmen were formed about 1830. The ballad is clean and economical but misses no fact. The Tory whistle is heard over the high Mourne hill; the multitude come to Garvagh Fair, some travelling thirty miles and more, in great haste, their badge a white handkerchief round the waist. The Protestants send to Coleraine for help but to no avail; they apply to one Provines, but he denies them, beautifully so, saying: 'Longest stands the toughest hide'. And now note the distinction:

> The Protestants and Orangemen
> like brothers did assemble then.

The fight is on, and a Captain Douay tells his Ribbonmen to massacre the Orange boys and burn the town of Garvagh.

> He had not turned himself well round
> till he received a deadly wound;
> his heels went up his head went down
> at the third tree in Garvagh.

When this song is heard, a quick reaction is to think: 'If I ever go to Garvagh, I'll ask where the third tree is or where it stood.'

The streets are cleared when the Protestants meet the Papists at Davidson's in Garvagh, after which 'Twas the best man through Ballinameen', a left-footed (if not left-handed) compliment if ever there was one. The Ribbonmen, who thought to swear away the lives of Orangemen, and the Judge who thought to condemn them too, did not reckon with the jurymen of whom the ballad says:

> Our grateful thanks is due to them
> for they cleared the boys of Garvagh.

A similar situation occurs in the Glasgow ballad 'The Smashing of the Van' where a jury clears a patently guilty group of Irish rebels.

These sorts of ballads are successful because there is never any equivocation of mental attitudes, no backsliding in dogma, a nice naivety of manner, and, the mark of good work, suppleness and smoothness of good diction. Conviction makes them true, and the more they are hated by the opposition, the truer they are to the thinking of their days. An exemplar of this is the spirited ballad 'Dan O'Connell in Purgatory'.

Have you not heard the Scripture saith
how some departing from their faith
receive the doctrine from beneath
  forbidding them to marry?
Now, this is Rome the mystic whore
who keeps the keys to Heaven's door
and trades in dead men's souls demure
  by Popish Purgatory.

Well, 'demure'? So one copy reads, but I knew it as 'galore', though that is to make lines five to seven rhyme in the English fashion and at odds with the Irish of lines one, two and three as *saith, faith, benaeth*. So probably *hoore, doore, demure* is correct for lines five to seven.

The movement of the song takes us by way of the incarceration of the great patriot in Purgatory through the cant of his getting out and is rich in allusions to Old Doctor Miley, Maynooth, The Kerry Boy, Peg Tantrim's flail, Repeal, Branuaile, Dives, Balaam's Ass, Aughrim, Boyne, Derry, Foigabalachs (this became the name for the Connaught Rangers and, as I have heard, an unprintable nickname, in much the same way as the H.L.I., the Highland Light Infantry that was, became the Hoores that Left Ireland, alluding to the number of Glasgow Roman Catholics in the regiment) Bernard, All-Saints' Day, scapulars, crosses, cords, and beads, and all green sashes and cockades, books and bogs for my son John, Saxons, Tara's Hill, holy sod, wafer god, 'Prentice Boys, the Pass and Sign to walk over Purgatory.

A very interesting song in itself, it has suffered a sea-change. The second verse is the culprit and the greatness of the man lambasted in it the cause. Daniel O'Connell has given his name in Scotland and parts of Ireland to the Roman Catholic Irish in much the same way as King Billy stands for Orangemen. 'A Billy or a Dan?' is a well-known challenge and needs no explaining to the West of Scotland anyway. But look at what happens to the song:

Old Doctor Miley he has said
when Dan, the Irish King, was dead
angels were waiting at his head
  his soul to Heaven to carry;
Maynooth and Rome they found a plan,
and robbed the angels of old Dan –
the Kerry Boy, we understand,
  they have got in Purgatory.

The sea-change says:

When Dan the Pope of Rome was dead
the Fenians gathered round his bed,
two at his feet and two at his head

and two to carry his soul to Kell.

Now, this song is known as ‘No.1 in the Orangemen’s Hymnbook’ and is also called ‘The Kick’ because a kind of ratt-rhyme has been added to it, generally incomplete, though one version completes the tune:

Tooral-ooral, kick-the-Pope
tooral-ooral, kick-the-Pope
tooral-ooral, kick-the-Pope
we’ll kick him intae candie;
tooral-ooral, kick-the-Pope,
tooral-ooral, kick-the-Pope
tooral-ooral, kick-the-Pope
we’ll kick him intae candie:
we’ll kick him up, we’ll kick him doon,
we’ll kick him intae Holytoon,
we’ll kick him up, we’ll kick him doon,
we’ll kick him intae candie.

Of the idiom colloquial, to ‘kick him intae candie’ means to kick him until he is of the consistency of chewed toffee.

It is interesting to see the phrase ‘When Dan...was dead’ in the original retained in the ratt-rhyme, a usage as in the old Scots poem ‘When Alexander oor King was deid’. A curious survival, and then suddenly, all the relevancies of the ballad thrown out, replaced by wild incantation and sadistic revel. But remember, the sinister tooral-ooral in the song is an Irish lullaby mode. This reminds one of the similar

Hullo, hullo, we are the Billy Boys,
hullo, hullo, you’ll tell us by our noise;
* up to the knees in Fenian blood,
surrender or you’ll die –
we are the Brigton Billy Boys.

Nothing new, however, for in 1798 it was reported in the Glynns of County Antrim that *Orangemen were going to massacre Roman Catholics, having entered into a compact to wade *knee-deep in their blood, and indeed, in the *Press* newspaper, No.9. Arthur O’Connor, proprietor and editor, the following was inserted as the Orangeman’s oath. ‘I, A.B. do hereby swear that I will be true to the king and Government, and that I will exterminate, as far as I am able, the Catholics of Ireland.’

Everything in folksong is ethnic, much as the purist may despise ratt-rhyme and mindless repetition. However, there is no doubt that ‘the Battle of Garvagh’ and ‘Dan O’Connell in Purgatory’ are meat to the brai of ‘K.T.P.’ (as it is known colloquially and graffitically) and ‘the Brigton Billy Boys’.

But a something new of the flavour of the old concoction, for us to sup as kitchen of modern Ulster politics, may be seen in Vol. 64, No. 31 *of Socialist Leader*, dated 25 November 1972. It says:

The following 'Ulster Vanguard Oath' has come our way from the streets of Belfast. We are not in a position to vouch for its authenticity, but the spirit behind the words is self evident:

"I swear by Almighly God, by all Heaven and Earth, by the Holy Bible of the true Protestant faith. By our glorious Queen Elizabeth the second, and by our noble and victorious leader William Craig, supreme ruler of the Loyalist people of Ulster, to

* *fight until we wade triumphantly through the rebel blood of every Fenian Tyrant and murderer in our glorious Ulster. That those Fenian robbers and villains, these unbelievers of our glorious Faith will be driven like the Swine they are into the sea by the bullet, fire or sword, until Ulster is of the true Protestant and the vanguard movement is indeed victorious and that all Fenian rabble is driven from our land. Age must not be considered in our blessed deeds in the extermination of the rabble who in the past have robbed our Loyalist people. We must shed the blood of all Fenian rabble and we must also penetrate by whatever means, all Roman Catholic business and employment, that will cause ill feeling among their own kind, above all we must keep our deeds secret, using any methods of deception to gain our ends towards the downfall of the Roman Catholic heretics.*

"I also swear that for every one of the British Soldiers murdered by cowardly Fenians anywhere in our glorious British Isles, we shall exterminate one Fenian man, woman or child or a Fenian priest. And so to our Loyalist leaders we shall report at least once a week our good deeds. This I do swear before Almight (sic) God. God save our glorious leader, William Craig, Our Queen Elizabeth and the Rev. Martin Smyth.

"ABOVE ALL KEEP ULSTER PROTESTANT. REMEMBER SIXTEEN NINETY."

It cannot be emphasised too strongly that the Orange Order eschews the more rabid songs and their obscenities, because such expressions are not of their own genre but of a lumpen partisan nature. The K.T.P. has become the obscene F.T.P. and there is an equal and concomitant F.K.B. as I noticed this morning while passing under a flyover bridge on the M74 motorway.

* A variation of this sort of bloodiness, this time a Roman Catholic theme, also occurs in Sir Thomas Musgrave's *Memoirs of the Rebellion in Ireland*. It seems that after the fighting at New Ross in 1798, examination of scapulars on the bodies of United Irishmen revealed (so it was said) a text "to wade up to the knees in Protestant blood." As in all word-of-mouth ballads, the cachet-phrase survives.

In the usual manner of ballads, there tends to be a smittle of favourite rhymes and expressions from one song to another, for example, *boys, noise, afraid and fear, kick.* I remember a fracas in the Lanarkshire village of Newarthill some 40 years ago when an attack was made on an Orange flag. On the Protestant side, a local man named Bone was involved, and out of it came an unusual fragment of song to an Irish tune, the Jacobite 'The White Cockade', a short, sharp, tripping, kettledrum movement:

The White Cockade
has come to town
to tear the Orange
and Purple down,
but Bone he says
we're not afraid,
we'll kick the Pope
and the White Cockade.

In the same village, one Hiram Law, my uncle, having been kicked unmercifully by a gang of Roman Catholics one night, and arriving home in bad shape and in considerable disarray, ordered his wife to waken the children, paraded them in front of him and said: 'See how the Papes have kicked me this night. Now, see that you kick the Pope for the rest of your life.'

'The Sash' is less degenerate than the latter sea-change songs, but not entirely satisfactory. It is a simple story of the visit of an Ulster Orangeman to Glasgow and his going back to the Province. One version has the chorus:

It's ould but it is beautiful,
it's the best you ever seen,
been worn for more nor ninety years
in that little Isle of Green.
From my Orange and Purple Forefather
it descended with galore;
it's a terror to all the paypish boys
the sash me father wore.

An Orange and Purple Forefather is quite a figure, and the strange descent with galore is quite a conception. Sometimes, by the way, the Sash is a 'tannin to all the papish lads'. But let's hear the other version:

'Tis ould but it is beautiful,
its colours they are fine;
'twas worn in Derry, Aughrim,
Enniskillen and the Boyne;
my father wore it as a youth
in bygone days of yore,
and on the Twelfth I love to wear
the Sash my father wore.

One version of the third verse sings

And when I'm going to leave yeeze all,
"Good Luck" till youse I'll say
And as I cross the raging sea
My Orange flute I'll play,
Returning to my native town,
To ould Belfast once more
To be welcomed back by Orangemen
In the sash me father wore.

Doubtless, the writer of the above verse did not really mean that all those Orangemen would be wearing his sash at once. Let's hear another version of the same.

'Tis now I'm going to leave you,
"Good Luck" to you I'll say,
and when I cross the ocean
I hope for me you'll pray:
I'm going to my native land,
to a place they call Dromore,
and on the Twelfth I love to wear
the Sash my father wore.

It must be clear that it is the tune which is responsible for the popularity of 'The Sash'. The air generally used is adaptable to a swaggering march tempo and is indeed used that way. It must be familiar to millions of people. It is a comparatively modern phenomenon and there is an older tune to a slower measure, the more usual drawn-out style of indoor singing. Not a marching song at all. There is also a Roman Catholic song which includes the engaging lines

We'll hang John Knox from the Barren Rocks
with the Sash his father wore.

'The South Down Militia' is the sort of song that is printed in catholic anthologies when an attempt is made not to offend Roman Catholic readers. As can be imagined, it is a slightly spurious 'quaintly' whimsical piece of work, not so much a Party song as a party-piece for a stage Protestant. It gars me grue. It was written by Colonel the Right Hon. Robert H. Wallace, C.B., D.L. Here, set out for convenience of recitation, is the chorus:

Och, talk about your King's Guard,
Scots Greys and a',
Sing about your kilties
and the gallant Forty-Twa,
And of ev'ry other Regiment
in the King's command,
But the South Down Mileeshy is
the terror of the land.

Similarly treated, the first lines of the third verse are:

When Kruger heard the regiment
was landed in Capetown,

"De Wet," says he, "we're lost." Says he,
"They've sent out the South Downs."

But some old anonymous has got a hold of it and says instead

"De Wet," says he, "we're bate," says he.
"They've landed the South Downs."

This has made the best of the song.

'Sons whose Sires for William Bled' and 'The Relief of Derry' are establishment songs and fustian; 'The Orange and Blue' is a mild Order song with an excellent tune, and 'The Orange ABC' is another mild song, both of 'in' material of little interest to those outwith the Order.

The hardy core of songs consists of:

The Ould Orange Flute
The Protestant Boys
The Green Grassy Slopes of the Boyne
The Boyne Water
Dolly's Brae
The Boys of Sandy Row
Derry's Walls
No Surrender
The Sprigs of Kilrea.

Of these, 'The Sprigs of Kilrea' is a fighting song, an 'in' song of the Order:

Down with offenders wherever youse be.
You may stop counting beads and quit midnight parades
And put on Orange shoes when you come to Kilrea.

I think 'offenders' should be 'Defenders', that is, the Roman Catholic section of the 1798 opposition of United Irishmen, though the action of the song was at Michaelmas (28th September) not 7th June. The non-Orange Protestants of 1798 at Kilrea were active in the United Irishmen Movement, their minister the Rev. John Smith being seen helping to gather a potato crop with a crowd of insurgents who made that activity a parade of strength, wearing green favours and suchlike.

As usual, there is a preoccupation with colour in the song:

There are four trodden pathways that lead through the village,
The Orange, the Purple, the Scarlet, the Blue,
On the Twelfth of July sure we all meet thegether
And at thae four corners raise William so true.

Ireland is nothing if not conscious of colour, but it was a Protestant, a United Irishman at that, Dr William Drennan, who first used the term 'Emerald Isle' for Ireland in a poem called 'Erin'. I am minded of the verse by my father's cousin; Tom Law of Holytown, which can be sung to the tune of the Sash'.

When Heaven's own Artist brushed the green

On grass for foot to tread,
And painted poisonous poppies of
Appropriate Liberal red,
For highest thoughts, for summer skies,
He wished perfection's hue:
The Angels cast their votes nem. con.
For Royal Tory Blue.

'No Surrender' and 'Derry's Walls' are two of a kind, the former the better of the two. Both of them have good tunes, 'Derry Walls' using the well-known 'God Bless the Prince of Wales'. It has been said of the singing of the latter song by the Welsh choir at the Investiture of the Prince of Wales shown in the cinema that it was, 'Great sur. Ye juist shut yer een an sing "Derry's Walls" intae yersel.'

To use the fashionable word again, 'the Boys of Sandy Row' is ethnic, the best thing about it being the line

From Sandy Row we made them go
like chaff before the wind. . .

the last word being pronounced 'wyn' or 'wynd'. The tune is a variation of 'Marie Uisdean'.

'Dolly's Brae' is a wonderful piece of its kind, particular, telling, forceful, bright, cheerful:

To march around Lord Roden's park
and over Dolly's Brae.

The usual fight over, the balladist returns to his paper, as triumphant in the fight as in the song, and says

So now my song at last I'll end,
my pen I will throw down,
and here's success to every man
supports the British Crown.
And generations yet unborn
will mind this place of yore,
for we named the spot King William's Bridge
and Dolly's Brae no more.

The song is more triumphant than he knew, for who knows the place as anything else but Dolly's Brae, though often indeed it is referred to in the plural as Dolly's Braes, in the same way we speak of the song.

The lines

And as we marched along the road,
not fearing any harm,
our guns were over our shoulder and
our broadswords in our hand

which is not usually heard, has its own naive charm and deserves a place.

Of all Orange songs, 'The Boyne Water' gives King William far more than he deserves, including an aphorism which any warrior would cherish. This is the version of the verse which I prefer:

> When that King William did obsarve
> the brave Duke Schomberg falling,
> he reined his horse with a heavy heart,
> on his Enniskilleners calling:
> he said, "Brave boys, feel no dismay
> at the losing of one commander,
> for God shall be your King this day,
> and I'll be gineral under.

The song is a prime favourite and has given rise to much ratt-rhyme.

> Dae ye mynd yon day, the bonnie day,
> the day o aa the slaughter,
> the wee buhllduag put on his clugs
> an rattled-up "Boyne Water".
> Up tae the knees in Fenian blood,
> up tae the knees in slaughter,
> the wee buhllduag put on his clugs
> an rattled-up "Boyne Water".

or, as a variation,

> Dae ye mynd yon day, the bonnie day,
> we met King James's daughter,
> we made her sing "God bless the Orange King"
> before she crossed Boyne Water.

and as above again. And remembering the history the ratt-rhymers have forgotten, why should not a woman bless her husband?

'The Green Grassy Slopes of the Boyne' begins well:

> Some folk sing of mountains and valleys
> where the wild flowers abundantly grow. . .

then falls away into ambiguity and Homeric nid-nodding:

> And some of the wave-crested billows
> that dash 'neath the waters below. . .

but ends brilliantly

> But I'm going to sing about a river –
> and I hope in the chorus you will join –

of the deeds that were done by King William
on the green, grassy slopes of the Boyne.

the chorus coming along inevitably

On the green, grassy slopes of the Boyne
where the Orangemen with William did join
and who fought for our glorious deliverance
on the green, grassy slopes of the Boyne.

The rest of the song is of the usual Orange material, fighting and no-surrender, but it is memorable for the first four lines of the second verse which can be compared only with ‘Hold the Fort for I am coming’.

On the banks of that beautiful river
where the bones of our forefathers lie
awaiting the sound of the trumpet
to call them to glory on high.
In our hearts we will cherish their memories,
and like all true brethern we will join
and praise God for sending us King William
to the green, grassy slopes of the Boyne,

‘The Protestant Boys’ is the Orange version of Lilli Burlero , the song that chased a king out of three kingdoms, a Dutch cradle song, some say:

Lero, lero, lilli burlero,
lilli burlero, bullen-a-la,
lero, lero, lilli burlero,
lilli burlero, bullen-a-la,
lero, lero, lilli burlero,
lilli burlero, bullen-a-la,
lero, lero, lilli burlero,
lilli burlero, bullen-a-la.

and somewhat similarly, ‘Hush-a-bye Baby on a Treetop’ etc, but in our context,

The Protestant Boys are loyal and true,
stout-hearted in battle and stout-handed too.
The Protestant Boys are true as of yore,
and faithful and peaceful when danger is o’er.
And O they bear and proudly wear
the colours that floated o’er many a fray;
where cannons were flashing
and sabres were clashing,
the Protestant Boys still carried the day.

And so on about traitors and treason, red pikes bristling, bullets whistling, glory, colours, cowards, loyal band, liars, drums rattling, summons for battle when the Protestant Boys can carry the day.

There are fugitive verses here and there:

> O, I know Belle, and Belle she's a bum,
> for the Protestant Boys'll carry the drum. . .

and

> On the Twelfth of July the Papish'll cry
> to see the bright Orangemen passing by. . .

and recognising the resilience and adaptability of the Roman Catholic Irish, a ratt-rhyme has it

> Slooter-slatter,
> Holy Byne Watter,
> we'll catch aa the papish
> and cut them in two,
> and if that willnae do,
> and if that willnae do,
> we'll gie them a taet
> o the Orange an Blue.

Surely a great faith in the efficacy of those colours.

The Ould Orange Flute is considered to be one of the best of ballads. It has a good story, it is mock-serious, it has point and counterpoint and what can only be called climax and anti-climax, seven lines of the last verse killing-off the flute and the last resurrecting it.

> At a council of priests that was held the next day,
> they decided to banish the ould flute away;
> as they couldn't knock heresy out of its head,
> they bought Bob another to play in its stead.
> So the ould flute was doomed and its fate was pathetic,
> 'twas branded and burned at the stake as heretic;
> as the flames roared around it they heard a strange noise,
> 'twas the ould flute still whistlin' 'the Protestant Boys'.

As a successful ballad, it is unusual in that it is half-ruined by the tune at present used. It should be sung as my father Tom Law of Newarthill, sang it half a century and more syne, to the slow version of the tune of the song that chased a king out of three kingdoms, 'Lilli Burlero' in its cradle guise, slowly and deliberately, dropping the words out of the mouth meaningfully, accentuating the stresses of the scansion where that fulfils the purpose of the meaning:

> '*twas* the ould flute still whistl*in*' 'the *Pro*testant *Boys*'.

Disinterested appreciation of the common manner with which historical matters were handled in such ballads should not blind us to a concomitant alienation of mentality which is

beyond the reasoning and emotion of balladists. After all, it is not the balladists who show an ability to contain an infinity of invective within the restricted scope of a single syllable, as may be heard in the casual utterances of party protagonists. Such mindlessness escapes the talents of the balladists, for they are too concerned with narrative, movement, rhythm and truth (as they imagine it) within such parameters to imagine invective in one syllable is either aspectable in common art or respectable in uncommon.

At that stage, the minds of such protagonists are outwith reason into barbarity, and so far beyond the scope of enlivening emotion as to be into repression, anathema, and murderousness at one with their mindlessness in such a way as to be basically on a par with the fascist Nazis in eradicating knowledge by burning it between the batters of books, while making night a skinkle of crystal hues from broken windows reflected from the flames.

To think like the balladist, which is to say that one is obedient as imperative that will not be denied, neither wonder that the ready rhymes for *fires* that spring to mind in such a context are *pyres* and *quires*.

Here is an oddity of information to that last of those ballads *The Ould Orange Flute*, though it may contain something of a carried story. A Ned Simpson lived in Newarthill, and the Bob Williamson of the song was a cousin of Ned Simpson's father. Also, Martin Williamson, said to be a brother of Bob Williamson, was once resident in Newarthill. He left there, went back to Ireland before the Great War, then enlisted in Ireland and was killed in that war. This information was given to me by the late Annie Sturdy Seawright on 5.2.1975. Ulster research might reveal if the dates fit the legend.

Finally, the reader may have noticed, in the above references to the *Press* newspaper of 1798 and the *Socialist Leader* of 1972, that both papers use the term 'oath' with regard to what Orangemen were supposed to have sworn. The word 'oath' is not used in the *Ritual of Introduction to the Orange Order* issued by the Orange Institution of Scotland in 1902: only 'declarations' are made, and all of those are comparatively innocuous, never as malevolent as are certain fundamentalist dicta from many theological airts. In 1798, however, it would seem that Arthur O'Connor, the editor of the *Press* newspaper No. 9, must have had access to a document which, curiously, did begin a statement with the words 'I, A. B. . .' whatever else may have followed, either truthful or fabricated: and the reader will notice the 'declarations' in the 1902 Orange booklet beginning 'I, A. B. . .' which I have taken the liberty of styling 'I, Abel Bodie. . .'

Nae maitter hoo we may get freedom,
a gowp o forciness in bluid,
we hae tae py for haein it
a colouratioun o the myn.

Daenae forget corollarie,
a yeukiness athin the genes:
hooeever freedom may be gien,
ruid bluid coont chromosomal kynlie,
the py for't's taen bi yin may gie't
bluid cells corpuscular the coinage.

Here’s something else ont: you tak tent,
lik listen caunnilie tae hear’t
as faur awo as wunder whoere,
gif freedom isnae gien til us
lik hear it clarion as cleirlik
a gowp o forciness in bluid stream,
but we dae tak it, daenae think
ye’re no ram-stam wi’t lyke the lave,
an pyment for’t will no be gien,
for you, lik aa mankyn, will gie
an tak whit you are gien for takkin,
the freedom o the mynd and bodie.

Lynes 2170, 2171:

Mynd, whit is duin whuin pooer taks ower
the folk, or pooer itsel's taen ower
   bi folk, is naither here nor thare
   the yae thing lawfou, tither nane,
gif baith o thaem are aa the yin-waan
as evil as wyssheid gane contar
   as widdreme black wi caurrie thocht
   slap-happie clappin myndlessness,
or buhllet-brave as chirpie-cheerie
doon-gunnin folk whoe hae nae waepons
   but thae wurds *freedom, leebertie*,
   and airmour-nane againss the blast
   o buhllets, cept hauns supplicate.

   Gif pooer is made equaat wi greed,
   an greed is gannet-hungerie
as doon the craw maun guts corruptioun,
   an gin thae baith are made the peels
   wi laws for herriein fae folk
   thur independence o the mynd,
   thae kinna laws are yont the truith
that maks baith men an wemen kinfolk
   ower aa the wurld, the ilka yin
   yae vyce sings *freedom, leebertie*,
   lik owercome for the lawfou truith.

Pooer, flooerin ruid fae ryfle barrels,
is nane sae bonnie as compassioun
fae kynlie lips can thrum an trimmle
wi gentleness, in murmuratioun
   as saft as petals o the rose
   growe whyte, athooten stain on stem:
   ruid pooer, gif no bluid-ruid wi lyfe,
   skails bluid gars man growe daithlie whyte.

   Whit can we dae, whit can we say
   for oor remeid againss thae folk,
   evil as nane-believable,
whoe think micht richt athooten peetie,
   but gar them byde in nyucherie
thur pale hauds thaem athin apairtheid?

Whit some folk mak for speilin, sayin
the-day whit yesterday they did for ayeways,
is juist lik yae the-noo, as flichtit
as cannas be whit will be speilin
anent its fash, stramash the lyker,

o whit I say the-noo the-morra
will say was yesterday the marra.

Lynes 2507 - 2509; 2596 - 2598; 2675 - 2677; 2714 - 2716;
2787 - 2789; 2879 - 2881; 3037 - 3039; 3113 - 3115.

Aa thae lynes, as ye may be sayin,
say aa the samin thing, the differ
gif naither here nor thare, no yont
as faur awo as ill tae finnd,
but gin ye are yersel oot-puittent
as faur awo as yonner speirin,
they're juist a fairin for tae mynd ye –
whoe kens! – the wy a pyper maks
pibroch, or campanologist
a dirl o melodie bell-birlin!

Lynes 3516 - 3521:

In nyneteen seeventie-aicht, I'm thinkin,
three year afore ma tyme fae lowsin
fae graft that puits a kinna humph
upon the back ower bink aye bouin,
I taen a turn athorte Clyde watter,
fae thonner that is caad The Maurlage,
til Newarthill abuin the Cawther;
thare Beattie Henderson, a cuizzin
o mynes a wheen o year the aulder
gif still as swythe as lichtsome yuith
upon the tongue wi laer o faimlie
as I was tentie for't, haed flichtit
athorte Atlantic swaw abuin it
as taen her hame tae py a veesit:
and here's a sooch o aa she telt me.

Altho some folk say that ma graundy
caad Charles Law haed come fae Yreland,
Clones wy, Beattie Henderson
said it was Lisnaskea he cam fae,
inwith Fermanagh, whoere his brither
caad Hiram, as was ma ain uncle,
thare wrocht awo as fermer bodie;
thare he haed whit he caad, said Beattie,
a *farm ayont*, that is, anither
ayont the maer aroond his ferm;
Beattie haed gane thare as a lassie,
and yon yin, her great-uncle Hiram,
haed waantit her tae mak her hame thare,
an gin she did, in tyme he'd gie her

the *farm ayont*: she coodnae stye, tho.

Afore I gang the furder on
tae haud back nane-the-mair anent
a colouratioun o the verses
puits flesh on baens at yirdin-tyme
are haufwy back wi Mither Erd,
as telt bi Beattie Henderson
anent the Orange yirdin duin
yon tyme the corp ma Uncle Hiram,
here is a rhyme that Beattie heard
whuin as a lassockie she bidd
at Lisnaskea near *farm ayont*.

"Lisnaskea for cups o tae,
Maguire's Bridge for brandy.
Lisbellaw's a dirty wee hole,
but Enniskillen's my dandy."

Ma Uncle Hiram, Bellshill airtit
deein, fae Newarthill a something waastlins,
was yirdit Wrangholm Kirkyaird ben,
haufwy atween thae twoe kent places;
in Wrangholm, monie ither Law folk
were howfft awo as langsin yon timm
as mell amang the mools thruither
in quaet, the differ fae the soondin
yince made in thair thruither lauchter
lik hae-ye-heard-the-baur, an sang
lik sing-anither-stave, or gabbin
lik whit's-on-Setterday-you-fuhllas,
haed dirlt wi blytheheid roon the ingles
in Lanarkshire whuin lowsed fae pitwark,
in Lisnaskea fae grund aff-yokit.

Afore ma am tyme still a wheen
o years awo, an monie mair
tae come afore I heard the tale
fae Margaret Henderson, caad Beattie
that was her middle name, here is
ma Uncle Hiram's Orange yirdin.

Alang wi John, yin o her brithers
was seeven or aicht year auld, an Chairlie
mibbe juist fower or five, nae mair,
Beattie, as vyvelik as wuid be
eleeven year auld or sae, gy jimpie,
ran doon fae Newarthill til Wrangholm
yon yirdin day, an were in tyme,

that badd its wheesht tae see them thare
sae they cuid see the doolie cortege,
and hear the bress baun maircht in front ot,
as you whoe read whit I here scryve,
gin you tak tyme tae haud yer wheesht,
micht see yersels wi thae three bairns.

The baun was playin yon *Deid Mairch in Saul*: an gin ye're lyke tae speir
hoo onie eleeven year auld was kennin
the sic a tune, I neever thocht
tae ask the storie-teller, whoe,
lik aa sic bodies, wasnae tellin
aa intilt cauld comes oot ot hetter,
nae mair nor creetic can ootspeil
aa intilt het comes oot ot cauld,
nae mair nor onie brawlik verses
maun be lik some explodgein fyre
amang the folk, but micht be mair
a smaa "impluffin" ben its ainsel
that boathers naither man nor wumman.

Said Beattie, aa the Orangemen
gaithert aroon yon lair in Wrangholm,
the ilka haun crosst til ilk ither's,
an this wy thon wy mixter-maxtered
ower faur awo for certaint tellin
can cleir awo tyme's clairtin o it;
she said the men were aa upluftin
an lowerin thur hauns the three timms,
as bairns ahint the menfolk cooried,
sae Chairlie, smaaest o the childer,
pokt heid atween his faither's shackles
tae see whit was gaun on; it seems,
in aa the sheefle-shuffle thare,
and as ye micht expect, he tynt
his bunnet, and it fell doon ben
the aipen lair on tapmaist kist:
I speired the-nane, an Beattie said
the nane-the-mair anent the ploy,
sae noo the creetic cannae ken
gif Chairlie gat his bunnet back.

As faur as Beattie cood recaa,
that's mibbe lyker yae wy yon
or yon wy tither, Hiram aye was
a bit o a "rowster", sae she thocht
that was the reasoun Hiram's brither
(ma faither, whoe was Beattie's uncle),

taen Hiram's haund athin his ain
whuin Hiram was gy faur ben deein,
an speirt at him, in Beattie's tellin,
'Do you see the shining light?' She thocht,
that gin he did, it was a sign
his paiks wuid be the-nane for tholein
ower whit he'd duin, but lyke the guid,
wi aa the leal wuid be fair waalcome.
Beattie gaed on tae say that Hiram
gied aunswer til his Brither, 'Yes,
I do, Tom' and at that, owerhovein,
a beam o licht fae up abuin him
cam doon aroond his heid tae licht him.

Yon nicht, whuin Beattie's folk cam hame
fae seein hoo Hiram Law haed deed,
she said she listened til the storie
staunin ahint the door: she was
a lassie then as vyvelik as
vivaciouslie a gy auld wumman
the day, the twintie-nynth o August
in nyneteen seeventie-aicht,
eleeven year the-day exack
fae thon timm she telt me ot, sayin
in her young days she neever was
the onie place she haed tae be,
but ayeways was in ither places
that she was telt tae keep awo fae.

But juist the same, an that, ye ken,
means thare's a differ in the tellin;
ma Auntie Annie, faither's sister,
yince telt me this (that I hae telt
anither wy areadies, and,
whoe kens, may tell it yit anither),
that yon lang day that syne becam
the last lang nicht til Hiram Law,
ma faither taen his haund, an said,
'Dae ye see the Licht, Hiram?' and was aunswert,
'I see the Licht, Tam.' Auntie Annie
gaed on, lik think a secret in it:
'I aften wunnert if it was
a something was adae wi Ludges,
for as ye ken, baith o ma brithers
were lyke oor faither, Orangemen.'
An that was yae thing wasnae twoe
the samin, but a sooch the differ,
for she said naething o a licht
as factual as spreid abraid

in fancie adjectivallie
as “shining”, Beattie’s tellin o it,
or naiturallie luminescence
immaculate as ooten yonner.

In readin yon anent the “rowster”
Hiram that was ma faither’s syde,
I tak a thocht lik aifterthocht
the mair whit forethocht suid hae been,
that mibbes I hae gart some folk
be intil mixter-maxterie
o mynd as tho thae forefolk aa,
that gaed tae gie them haerns, haed traikit
that bittock furder caad for scartin
the powe tae sorte-oot whoe was whit yin,
anither mellin fanklin thaem;
ye see, anither Hiram chiel
is in the Wrangholm Kirkyaird mools,
but for the raecord, that yin was
a cuizzin o the rowster yin,
tho no a collier bodie him,
but raither wrocht-airn puddler
in mixter-maxterie his ainsel.

A kynlie man, that ither Hiram,
yince turned the-tither cheek whuin skelpit
bi some young fuhlla at the foondrie,
guid greeance bein cawed as skellie
as thocht in tantrum aye aglye,
and as ye micht expect, he taen
anither skelp tae dicht the chaft
wi scadda ruid that neebort it.

The mornin aifter that, aer-on
amang the smaaer oors, a chappin
was heard on Hiram’s door, as quaet
an caunnie as tho kennin caain
micht waff a wheesht upon the toon
as roon Jerusalem yince soondit;
it seems the young man coodnae dover,
an cam for Hiram tae forgie him:
an that was duin. Auld Hiram’s stane
in Wrangholm Kirkyaird micht hae telt it
wi common text, but didnae dae’t,
an lykelie noo, lik monie ithers,
is cassen doon as carelesslie
bi nyaffs wi nocht athin them dacent
as gart thon young man speir forgieness
for clooterin a kynlie bodie.

Lyne 4581:

A whylsin back, the twintie-fowerth
o Mye in nyneteen aichtie-twoe,
I made a poem, novenarie,
on hauf-a-dizzen kynds o hungers:
"deid-hunger" (Lyne fower, five, aicht, yin)
as you'll can read alow, maks seeven.

HUNGERS

S'she, "Are you pie-hungerie or are
ye paistrie-hungerie?" The pie is very,
but paistrie's mair a dentie kinna preeve,
no juist lik whiskie-hunger: that's the rarest
o the hungers. But grund-hunger, gin ye please,
can whyles gar fermers phantasise on ease
has nocht avaa adae, as you may guess,
wi yon yird-hunger o the fey that gies
mools hunger-hunger's gutsiness.

Lyne 4601:

In nyneteen seeventie-aicht, as written
fowerteenth o August, here is yae wy
releegious *post mortem* fankles
the fancie o the ilka killin
wi fact ot, for tae see the airtin
the killer waunners gif releegioun
were factual as fancie-that-noo.

KILLER

Thou shalt not kill, but if you will,
remember well Golgotha Hill.
If you who will for Ireland hope
to have the blessing of the Pope,
yet you shall stand before our God
and hear Him say, "Kneel for my rod.
You've mangled many a mother's son
as Jesus, my Beloved One,
was mangled by that Roman Crew.
He would have fared the same with you.

Now measure out your time in Hell,
by fire and bombing, shot and shell,
and just to show you Who is Boss,
mark time each station of your Cross

for one millennium, recap
ad infinitum, then kneecap
yourself. Again mark time, and spend
eternity without a friend
but your poor self, world without end.

And here's anither wy tae see
hoo killin gars oor Gode provyde
the necessarie wecht o graith
tae keep His folk haill pheesicallie
as pheelosophicallie yin
wi Providence's dispensatiouns.

EOIN POL IN YREIAND

Gif we micht sooch auld Virgil's wurds:
Omnia vincit amor,
et nos cedamus amori,
an skelloch ower the clamour,
'Lorde o the multitudes o man,
whoere yin is hatit maist,
is he no certain shair tae be
whoere he is luved the best?'

But Gode is wyss, His coonsel soond,
superlative His wheesht:
ad hoc Eoin Pol in Yreland weares
a buhllet-pruif steel vest.
For shair as certain is mair shair,
whoere yin is luved the best
is mair nor certain shair tae be
whoere he is hatit maist.

<u>Lyne 4710:</u>

As you'll hae read, I thocht tae lae
auld historie alane for folk
lik thae professors whoe are wysslik
as mair at yin wi nameliheid
nor folk the lykes o you an me.

Anither thocht, tho, I am takkin
lik think the mair is naething ither
nor think that historie haes made
wyss heids on monie common folk
as monie fuils amang professors:
yit, whyles some folk are no as wysslik
as lae thursels alane wi thinkin
wuid see them walk the-nane athorte

the pad tae hae a dacent crack
wi thae whoese creed is lyke tae differ.

Sae here athorte this pad o pages,
in verse can rhythmicallie wyle ye,
I gie a screed alow was scryved
Decemmer seeventeenth, twoe year
sin, nyneteen aichtie-seeven,
tae think aroon the thocht o dogma,
that you may read, ay, gin ye arenae
faurben the onie creed lik me,
or benner faur nor I can speir
athin the creed ye caa yer ain yin.

MIRACULOUSNESS

With the acceptance of the idle notion
of the Immaculate Conception like
the implication that there has not ever
been taint in Mary nor her predecessors,
one must observe them as dogmatically
as typically follows: *This is so*.

The stumbling block, as Protestant as thought
that logically is the reasonable,
is that there must have been one line descending
as pure as show a shining thread of lighting
among lines murkier through generations.

Perhaps this is mere shadow of a thought
made for the fighting of a losing battle
with Protestant will think and then rethink
about the half-divinity of Mary
as well as her virginity so total.

Perhaps it is a darker shade of thinking,
a rear-guard action, not a battle fought
by a refusal Protestant as wonder
at such a notion shreds the Lord God's wholeness
to ribbons by a further new division
between the Mary paired with Joseph soon.

Outwith the Protestant-cum-sceptic way
of thought, enquiry in imagination,
there is not anything to say at all
but the dogmatic *This is so*, because
the end of all those things miraculously
is that Qod is miraculous, within
Whose Being all things are as magical

as the miraculous are at the same time
manifestations of normalities.

The worship of Him by astonished folk
can only be described as childish plaudits
within the man for antic like the juggler,
and similarly, actions of the clergy
are normal every way except apparent.

To this and other dogmas, if a person
is not a sceptic, he says, "I agree",
or "I do not agree", while the conformist
sometimes may be heard adding *sotto voce*
as indistinct to conscience, "What the hell, man!"
accepting out of easy-oasiness.

The non-conformist may well disagree,
unsatisfactorily as the reason
betrayed by compromise, but here again
an intellectual snobbishness regards
acceptance as within the bounds, or bondage,
of those as mentally inferior
as never supped the porridge sustenance;
a Protestant as Scots as Scot may be
a Protestant superiorly thinking,
may jocularly say like friend to friend,
"Ye're awfie stupit for a Protestant!"
and similarly, might well say in judgement
of weather in a misery of rain:
"By sursse, this is a papish-lukin nicht!"

Indeed, the Protestant may well be wrong
too readily by inability
to comprehend the lack of reasoning
allows acceptance of a given dogma
which is no more inferior in fact
than in effect superiority
which disregards as an irrelevance
a reasoning which may be shown the way
towards disinterested enquiry
about the dogma centred round its ownself
or the dogmatics general to God,
though think again: is dogma really God?

Indeed, those Protestants forget their faith
must stand upon a base dogmatical
as firm as let the Protestants not fall
dogmatical as think that they may totter.

Protestantism, modern, ummagical,
is far removed from dogma, and compounded
of scepticism wonders at itself,
and saner humanism as kindly human
as ageless, far more ancient than old Rome,
since it is rooted in intelligence
without which langsyne into superstition
we should have been ground down like pagan stoor.

At heart, even Protestants as orthodox
as make protest as formal as politely,
all disbelieve the actions of the juggler,
even as their minds accept the show, rebelling
only when show becomes the show of showbiz.

Rebellion such as this is like the road
from Rome, and acceptance of the show
of show is like the way of that road back
as though the feet had never strayed a fraction.

How horrifying that the words that were
simply gentle "Eat in remembrance of me"
should have become degenerately pagan
as ceremonially the perverted
"Eat me" that puts a stopper in the gullet!

A balladist, anonymous as tell it
a century and more than half ago,
said Pius Seventh, called originally
* Luigi Barnaba Chiaramonti,
was that Pope in particular ingested
his Saviour's words as the Incarnate Word.

* 1742 - 1823 (Pope from 1800 - 1823)

‘When Pius the Seventh from Earth did stray,
he upward winged his lofty way,
and soaring high, a long time sought
Purgatory, but found it not.

And when at last he reached Heaven’s Gate,
he knocked aloud to learn his fate,
and knocking loud and louder still
till Peter came: “Pray, what’s your will?”

“On Earth in Rome from whence I came,
Pope Pius was my common name;
and while on Earth each learned professor
called me Christ’s Vicar, your successor.”

“Vain, vain,” said Peter, “are your hopes!
This Gate has ne’er admitted Popes,
and what may seem much stranger still,
it shall not now, nor ever will.”

Dismayed and angry, Pius left
Peter, of every hope bereft;
and when at last he reached Hell’s Gate,
he knocked aloud to learn his fate.

And knocking loud and louder still,
till Satan came: “Pray, what’s your will?”
“Pope Pius was my common name
on Earth in Rome from whence I came.”

And Satan said, “Why came you here?”
Said Pius, “Heaven won’t have me there.”
“Begone!” said Satan, white with fear,
“No Pope shall ever enter here.”

“You who on Earth did eat for food
your Saviour’s flesh, and drank His blood,
I can’t admit you at my peril
lest while in Hell you eat the Devil.”’

The food the sustenance of flesh, the drink
spirituality elixir essence
within the resurgence of religious fervour
in the West, and more especially because
of the more adolescent aspect of it
within the United States, make now more need
for a restatement of the scepticism
evolved within the nineteenth century.

Scepticism is now more necessary
than ever, since continuing restatement
of Christianity has culminated
in a belief more fascistlike than Christian.

Even as Christian restatement keeps the faithful
believing Christ's divinity the cross
not like the double-cross of swastika,
restatement of sane scepticism a sign
more like mankind ennobled in the thinking,
could well result in widespread atheism
within the saner coming generations.

Such atheism, of necessity
as gentle as the humanism of it,
would certainly require its vigilances
as militant as, of necessity,
defensiveness must also be aggressive,
for the restriction of those atheists
within the new reaction would be certain
and terrible as all religious ire.

The pity at the sight of martyrdom,
which must have made for many convert Christians
among the pagans of the ancient Rome,
is now gone over into sublimation
to opportunism as the Christian ethos.

Also, new scepticism must beware
of the essentially evil clergy
whose word is ward-off freedom of the word;
whose penchant is securing and retaining
their power by persuasion like a threat,
or by a threat within a suave persuasion,
or by coercion like the force of boycott,
or by boycott itself to force coercion,
or by an acquiescence general
as edict the compulsion of the mind
accepting anything as detrimental
to all the people as is beneficial
to the security of established clergy.

Above all this, like black cloud split by lightning,
the massive cruelty of the ignorant
is passionate and raucous as hail storm
like an hysteria among the mass
to blatter mind, directed by their clergy
like words a chorus of irrelevancies
babbling mad anger at the schools of reason.

This cruelty is as apparent as
ever came hot-shod on the heels of monsters
among the Nazis from Bavaria,
but is a worldwide spectacle as seen in
that other cruelty that chafed to act
behind the smoky crosses of the skyscape
when Khrushchev went Stateside some time a while back,
a cruelty then suddenly desirous
of union with its type in Germany,
at once a Nazi adolescency
like those bad manners shown to that guest, Khrushchev,
that hark back not just to MacCarthyism
but to lynch-law back there in Old Virginny.

Such cruelty is now endemically
as Christian as the very temper of it
that went to make the Church in earthly power
endemial originally to it.

But it was not the ancient martyrs made
the Church in power the power in Church made martyrs:
it was the mob in acquiescence thrilled
in titillation like the needs of clergy
coupling with hypocritical State power.

That coupling was as cynical a power
as machinations of the early Fathers
was power of cynicism like the coupling.

It was as if the Fathers realised
the sainthood of Iscariot for certain,
who after all, along with Christ, the Master,
was Christianity's begetter, one
like no one else, who was the one was Chosen,
and only him, since other there was none,
the one and only who became the saint
of all the clergy as the archetype
of him the Great Betrayer, the example
to all the clergy of the holiness
of their perverted concept of betrayal,
in practice of which art of artfulness
they did so well succeed that they became
themselves essentially typical,
and finally established their betrayal
of each and all of us by imposition
of Gospel spurious as like the joy
of the unholy singing congregations
under self-wielded scourge, hypocrisy,

which in completion and fulfilment makes
itself one with destruction of the Law
by their betrayal of the ordained vessel
of its accomplishment, Iscariot,
whose life and death were prophecies of sainthood
for God-betrayal without which there were
no God manifestations, thus no God.

Betrayal secondary, then, such as
betrayal of Iscariot, must be
the cruelest of man's unholy joking
about God's purposes His Law declaring,
and must remain as fount and issuing
of the peculiar flood of cruelty
in Christianity as organised
as the defiler of the truth, a speaking
once simple as the Law now in defilement.

The reinstation of Iscariot
like restitution of the Law in thinking,
each in true sainthood, joying like the pure
and gentle gratitude of Christ the Master,
in Judas who did not fail, true disciple
of Master, when the Master said, "Thus do!",
and with that reinstation, the destruction
of falsest clergy who destroyed the Saint,
will serve to ameliorate the sour traditions
the clergy foisted on gulled congregations.

It is because of such a cruelty
like alienation of the sense of mind,
and the results of it within the masses
like sense of mind in alienation outwith,
that scepticism must not ever be
apologetic for the might-have-beens,
but must be militant as say, "Do thus!",
reason like sense of mind unalienated.

Nothing can now be lost in scepticism
so long as it shall gain the mellow freedom
of future generations of the people.

Such scepticism says such thinking is
only the half enough of condemnation;
condemned perversion of the noble truth
must be as total as is seen condemned.
Said the disgruntled Scot to a perverter
of truth immaculate as match God's Law:

"Ye're a leear, you, a leear, ay, ye're that;
and your auld faither was anither leear;
and yer faither's faither was a leear anaa
lik aa afore him, leears aathegither
the haill jing-bang o ye: *ye were aye leears*."

Note that apologetics can at times
of crisis be not so much the defending
of one's ownself and of one's own beliefs,
as in one's condemnation of the others
and their beliefs, seen more like superstitutions.

When the propaganda machine gets in high gear,
as often as not the increase in production
is not so much the positive for gulling
opponents, as the negative, that is,
for reassurance of the local people:
it is not mere coincidence at all
that mental reassurance's requirement
is policy of action well insured.

This time is dangerous for sceptic folk,
since hottest fury of the ignorant
is sure to be a cruelty of action,
while colder anger of the sober clergy,
destroying like indecency of thought,
will complement perversion of the mob
which will be more like sexual assault
primed with the sublimation of the Passion
which has perverted them, that special showpiece
of Christ the scourged and crucified, now seen
as the religious motif, and perhaps
second to Eucharist as the perversion
as barbarous and out of every semblance
to Christ in ritual, the Christ Who knew
Passover far too well as institute
of a remembrance Jewish as Himself
to perpetrate there on His Jew disciples
the barbarism of Himself the Tammuz.

It does not take much mental application
makes reason turn from fancy to the fact
in thinking of the general Christian word
of Christ's divinity His sacrifice,
of Mary's young virginity her solace,
of God Himself in His miraculousness
become a Trinity the Three Eternal.

A child may be quite sceptically sure

there is no God, if he equates the Godhead
with ancient gods, knowing the latter are
an exercise in story for the telling
of miracles, not for the making of them.

The child's conclusions necessarily
are immature as made mechanically,
but that is not enough to falsify their track,
since reasoning is as mechanical
as the procedure of the one conclusion
tracking another one like gearwheel teeth.

And in addition, linkages of savants
may only be like the elaborations
the end of which are merely what must surely
result from the original transmissions.

With reference to the ballad about Pope Pius the Seventh which is transcribed above, the text may well be corrupt since I have no printed source from which to quote, my source having been oral.

The interested reader, if diligent and enquiring enough, might like to research the *Glasgow Free Press* of 3.9.1823 which printed "a satirical notice of the death of Pius VII, the ex-captive of Fountaine-bleau." That information is from Page 113 of *The Newspaper in Scotland* by R.M.W. Cowan, printed by George Outram, 1946. In that volume, it is also suggested that the satirical notice was "(perhaps by the pen of Sheridan Knowles, who in later life became an anti-Catholic Baptist preacher)".

Since boyhood, the exclamatory '"Vain, vain," said Peter, "are your hopes!"' has echoed in my memory. Once again, the interested reader may refer to the volume of the poems of *Robert Fergusson (5.9.1751 - 16.10.1774) which was published in Perth in 1788 by R. Morison and Son. In that book there is a poem by John Tait which is concerned with the death of Fergusson. The poem is called *The Vanity of Human Wishes* and is, as undernoted, *An* ELEGY, *occasioned by the untimely* DEATH of a SCOTS POET.

In his elegy, John Tait has three "vain" references which are of interest. The first is

'Slumb'ring I lay: I mus'd on human hopes:
"Vain, vain, I cry'd, are all the hopes we form. . ."'

and

'But vain, alas! are all the hopes we rais'd. . .'

and

'This, this proclaims how vain are all the joys. . .'

<u>Lyne 4807:</u>

No juist juist a Pioneer's Diploma
ma faither's lyfe an wark saw roondit,
for aifter daith, his ain nae-mair
that is lik lyfe weerds aa folk else,

yin Robert Freel, the local makar,
made him the haufwy as immortal
    as bydein tyme that paper hauds
    verse fifteen staundart-Habbies lang;
The Chairman's Deid, he caad his verses,
wi yae *Per Consolation* stanza
    a staundart-Habbie yince again,
    alang wi fower-lyne *Epitaph*,
    as you may guess, tae square accoonts.

And I masel, a whylsin later,
made yit anither swaatch o verses
sae tyme's millennia sae auncient
micht mynd yae man wrocht in amang them.
The Pynt o the Pick, I caad ma scryvin,
An Elegie for an Auld Collier,
saw haill prent furst in thon blad *Chapman*.

* Others say 1750 - 1774

Tae measure up the place ma faither
was measured in the auld coal measures
o Lanarkshire in his young manheid,
here noo I tak a thocht, uptakkin
    ma keelavyne the yince for aye
    tae say nae mair nor measures me
    as I say measure you yersel
    amang the pits o Newarthill.

Doon Newarthill's lang street, the veellage
taks twintie meenutes' tyme tae daunner,
but yae lang centurie ye're traikin:
three generatiouns lang, I'm thinkin,
wrocht at the wark alow thae acres
tae burn millennia haed made them
for kitchen fyres an furnace bleezes.

Meikle or meanjie pits, juist seeven
    were grauvitit the hooses roon,
    lik daecoratiouns suimmer day,
    lik waarmers in the winter cauld.

    Bi yon timm heard ma furst braith yowl
    ben Allan Place in Newarthill,
    the ilk and everie ither pit
that yince haed gien three generatiouns
    sair wark, were wrocht-oot, lyke the pech
o thae folk that haed wrocht thur lungs oot.

Yin pit at Biggar Road, nor-aest
and heech as cauld as catch aa wuin,
the lave the ilka yin was doonhill
til Whytigreen, the sou-waast airt:
Pickerson Hill was thon pit tapmaist;
yin at the Crosse in Square caad Guttie,
the Crosse a T, no true at aa;
yin at The Rocks ahint the hooses
in Allan Place ayont the smiddie,
a weething doon alow the Crosse;
yin sat fornent the Public Schuil
ahint the hooses frontin High Street,
the schuil itsel thare biggit soond
as on the Pinkie Dyke stuid foondit,
as colliers caad the hitch that fautit
coals yae wy thare and yae wy yon;
anither, Sillerburn was tapsyde
athorte the road, its bing en-tailins
redd oot tae clap a garage on it.

Here stope the coont in catalogue
o pits an places nummert-aff
lik childer tellin facts on fingers,
but let me humanise the facts
bi puittin figurs in the frame.

I saw the garage yon timm biggit,
an deep fornent it, gyan fousome,
a shank dug doon for petrol tankage
wuid haud the fuel for the motors
wuid caw them up the brae as smeekie
importantlyke as luk-at-me-thare,
or doon again lik see-me-here-noo.

Yae Sunday aifternuin, aff-gaun
til Sunday Schuil, the mairlik steerin
nor halie-thochtit as a lauddie
suid be at sic a tyme, I stuid
asyde thon fousome shank an keekt
upon the watter bydein benner
for better days wuid see a pump
skail oot the sklooter doon the shuch
tae redd the place wuid haud the tank.

Ma Byble, aither in ma oxter
no caunnie haudit as a treisure,
or in ma jook as lichtlie thare,
no tichtlie as a treisure claucht,
slippit awo an drappt lik deid-deem

yae yince upon the myn lik eever
a stoond upon the memorie
at yince waanhowp foreever kent:
that was the furst quair o ma kennin
that I haed tynt lik sairlie tak it
til hairt lik tynin self an saul,
and I'd fair-tyne the ilka yin
the ten timms ower nor Byble tynt.

Whuin I gaed hame an telt ma faither,
I think he maun hae kent ma kennin
that I haed tynt yae treisure bittock
haed tynt yae bit o his ain treisure,
for naw, he didnae gie me flytin,
he juist said yince, that was for ayeways,
"Tam, that was your graunfaither's Byble."

Tae catalogue thae pits again
is fingerin the haundie pincil
lik makkin ilka letter fuitstep
fae Sillerburn til Whytigreen
athorte fae whoere I bidd a laud
lowpin upon thae laich blae humplocks
noo in alow a parkin place
whoere yince ma faither drew the coals
Rab Henderson haed howkit for him.

The hinmaist pit was ower the Back Road
near Whytigreen, tho Cooncil hooses
are aa attoore, pit langsyne gane
but kent bi yon name Lintie caad;
the pit pown was a cowp growne rashie
aa thru ma days a lauddie steerin:
the nooadays, a polis statioun
sits plump upon the place whoere yince
ma elders skooshed on winter slydes
abuin the cats an duags drooned in it.

The ither pits the roondaboots
the lauddies o ma days stravaigit,
were juist ayont the toon, lik yon yin
we caad the Conjunck, near Newhoose;
the Blackie, nearhaun Wrangholm toon;
the New Pit, on the Newarthill airtin
o Glesca-Embro railway lyne;
and yin we caad the Fortie-three
ayont the railway lyne a bit.

Aa roon, that's lyke the twoe-three myle

the ilka lauddie’s fuit wuid press
the ilka blade o gress alow it,
thare were as monie ingaunees
as wrocht the ilka smaa bit coal
alang the bank sydes o the burn
whyles caad the Shirrel, whyles the Square,
and in the Wee Wuid, cut for timmer
in Twintie-yin, thon strykin year,
were monie sits an shanks infuhlled
wi fousome watter droont paer bruits.

AIFTERTHOCHT ANENT THE HAILL WARK

An aifterthocht, bydein its wheesht
a whylsin or I made a swaatch
or twoe o verses wuidnae byde
thur ain wheesht, but wyid keep on sayin
"Here, choosh!" the onie tyme I taen
a thocht anent thir yins alow here.

An for tae gie that aifterthinkin
as meikle wecht as cowp it skailin
upon the page, anither "Choosh, thare!"
caad serendipitie then skelpit
the mynd atween the een tae redd it
lik clear-ma-clart as left it toomer
for furder versicles wuid fou it.

But hinmaist furst, for resurrectin
the Yrish in me gin as Hielan,
let serendipitie, as auld
as seeventeen aichtie-twoe saw prent
athin John Sinclair's *Observations*
on the scottish Dialect, here be tellin
heard tell anent thon ". . .what's your will?" speil
athin Pope Pius Seeventh screed
that you'll hae seen gin you hae read
as faur as here, whiteever mair yit.

And here is whit thon Sinclair chiel
threepit his Scottish fieres suid say
or no say, sae ye'll can be kennin
whit he wuid thocht o this ye pree
lik sook an see the whit ye sooch.

"*What's your will*?"

What would you have? What do you want?
or What was you saying?

There is no colloquial more com-
mon with Scotchmen, or more disagree-
able to the English, than *What's your will*?"

What was you saying? you may think
byordnar gars ye speir't again,
but blame-nane me: the Sinclair chiel,
Shakespeareanlie thus petardit,
haed fautit his ainsel in prent
as you'll agree gif pree alow here.

"Sometimes the Scots use the singular for

the plural, the plural for the singular, and
a noun for an adjective.

You was

You were.

This is an impropriety which even Mr. Hume was guilty of. *You*, is confessedly plural; and therefore the verb, agreeably to the analogy of all languages, ought to be in the plural also. Indeed, if *you*, were a pronoun singular, *you wast*, and not *you was*, would be the proper idiom."

The aifterthocht, apairt fae thae things,
was in ma myn lik fair for oot wi't,
because I kent the hinner verses
were no as licht as gar a bodie
smirtle as caunnie as wuid crease
lips nippie-sweetielyke, nor gar
a bellie-lauch be lowsst lik rair
an rummel kist-an-thrapplelyke.

Och naw, for that's nae wy tae say
fareweel lik daunnerin awo
wi face soor-ploomie no a sweetie,
sae here's a yin caad *Ooterlin*
was made fower Februar, the year
o nyneteen aichtie-five, furst-aff
as needit lukin ower again,
an sae it was, remakkin o it
in nyneteen aichtie-aicht, the day
the sixt athin October month,
sae speir awo at it alow.

Yae nicht on his wy hamewart
fae the wark, thon wy it was
as easie-oasielyke
as no lukin whoere ye're gannin,
a chiel was sair cawed-doon
bi a motor-caur, lik wheech
and awo afore ye ken it.

The-tyme he lay athin
a dwaum upon the causey
that micht has been the chycest
o beds maist featherie
for aa he kent aboot it,

a priestbodie upon
his roons that aye are yonner
as thareaboots whuin thare's
an accident, cam on
the chiel an gat doon, hunkert
asyde the cawed-oot fuhlla,
sayin tae a polisman
staunin-by in the mainner
the polis dae staun-by
for an ambulance is comein:
"I'll juist admeenister
last sacraments, paer sowl."

Haufwy thru the rigmarole,
the victim cam-tae, lyker
he haednae been the yonner,
glowered up at yon paer priest,
amazed, an splootert-oot:
"Whit the hell's aa this aboot?"

"Keep calm, ma son," began
the priest, as dacent as
guid ettlement is wark
as weel-duin as nane better.

"Yer son be damnt. I'm Proddie!
Let me up oot o this!"
And up he gat, an nane
the waur as wuid be better
for bein left alane,
an sae aff hame lik yont
the haill wurld walkin-distance.

Syne, ginn he gat hame, aa
the wurld lik yonner ben
the hoose, he met the wyfe
was in a hurrie-burrie:
"Come on, come on," she said,
"ye're late as tak yer tyme
whuin you ken fyne I'm gaun
oot tae the bingo. Yer denner
is het athin the oven."

"Wait a meenute till I tell ye
whit happent me upon
ma wy hame," said her man.

"Nae tyme tae listen noo,"
said thon wyfe as she left him.

“Tell me again, the later!”
And aff she gaed, lik haud
yer wheesht, I’m gaun tae bear
the gree at bingo, lyke.

The man gaed ben the hoose,
a desert o a wurld
cep for oasis table
whoere he sat doon, the-tyme
his dochter set waarm flets
afore him clitter-claitter
as swythe as swither-nane
anent nocht else nor dae’t:
she said, “Thare ye are noo, faither,”
as she stottit ower the flaer
tae the keekin-gless on the waa.

“Dae ye ken whit happent me
on ma wy hame?” her dad
speired at the lassie as
her hair she plap-plap-plappit.

“I cannae listen the-noo,
faither, I’m aff tae the disco,”
she said, as she gaed oot
like Univaerse, hy oot thare!
I’m comein ben!’ an sae
she sneckt the door ahint her
upon the wurld inbye
haed nae mair seen a wunder
nor heard the decibels
o sic a thing as soondrif
as blatter on the lugs
a stoond ayont aa meanin.

A puckle meenutes later,
the man’s son pokt his powe
aroond aboot the door-jamb,
an “Cheeri, faither,” said,
as on his wy as byde-nane.

“Here,” faither said, “haud on ye
until I tell ye whit
happent me ma wy hame.”

“Faither, I cannae byde.
I’m aff noo tae the nicht-schuil.
Cheeri-bye. Ye can tell me efter.”
And he was gane, lik stoor

sklafft-aff a desert face
that gans the whoere it blaws.

The auldfla sklifft his chair
an gat up fae the table,
an gaed acrosse the kitchen
as tho he traikt in saun,
tae whoere the keekin-gless
waitit facsimile.

Speirin back an furrit thare
at his ain eemage keekin
facsimile fornent him,
he said, “Ay, thare ye are.
Five meenutes, juist, a Pape,
an naebdie’ll speak tae ye!”

“Ocht ay,” ye’ll say, “yae wy is that
a baur anent releegious things,
whyles on the lips lik sloochin drams
in pubs can gie ingyne releasement
fae ocht athin theologie
that cairries naither lauch nor smirtle.

And yit, it isnae lauch nor snicher
the lyke o that can puit a something
ben thocht that bydes nae less nor furstlins
was kent, mynd-nane the mair puit til it,
but is the mair athin itsel
in tyme, nae maitter whit the wecht
be taen fae’t lyklie thocht wuid gar
it growe the puckle less nor mair.

I mynd a yae thing in ma lyfe
is lyke langsyne, a mysterie
o name a melodie tae say it
as melodie that sings the name,
tho mibbes til the lyke o you
as can forget it, yin-waanlyke
as raither naither here nor thare
whit tyme in yae lug, oot the-tither,
but til masel baith place an tune
hae been gy near me aa ma days:
the name that sings is *Durisdeer*.

I hae been yince at Durisdeer,
a yon timm that was orrie, gy,
as tho the years afore haed skaillit
lik auntrin saunds upon the wurld

a desert place, an years tae come
lik beeble-babble o the burns
that ayeways ran doon Border laws
tae feed the dentie trootie fishes
an weet the brogans o the Kelts,
syne ammo buits o Roman troops,
syne shuin an moggans Anglian.

Tho aa are gane, lik ilka troot
they thocht the gyan lavrie fish,
yit nearhaun Durisdeer, as ghaistlik
as wishie wuins in suimmer sooch,
they badd in me lik melodie
sings lamentatioun for the Cymric
deed wi Gododdin as a battle;
or Latin, manglt in the wy
o sodgers fae a dizzen airts;
or Anglian awo was daein
until it taen athin itsel
enyeuch was muckle made it mair,
but bydes in this, the mair lik Lawlans
still able for tae tell a storie.

A saecont thing I myn, lik kennin
it wasnae langsyne fuhll o meanin,
nor did it sing a melodie
anent itsel lik Durisdeer,
the saul lik wishie wuins up yonner
amang the hills, naw, thare it was, tho,
lik neer afore nor will be yit
again as faur as I can ken:
an thare was *déjà vu* athin it
an eemage ower a wurld o watters
skinklin ayont propeller freith
o faem tae fingerpost a spire
that airtit een the Heevenwarts.

Nearhaund as three degrees the waast,
(or something less a weething aest),
I sailed fae Kirkwaa in the Orkneys
past Shapinsay, Wyre, Egilsay,
an Rousay north til Westray ysle.

I stuid thare, baith ma een lik lasers
airtit ayont thursels til whoere
Saunt Magnus's Cathedral spire
was raeference athorte the swaw.

I taen nae tent o faem was freithin,

jurmummelin the soothlins airtin,
   nor soond o sea-maws ower the wake
   a skraichle ben the gouster wuin,
nor yslands aest or waast the yonner
haed creddlt folk for years six thoosan,
   but aye I speired at yon cathedral
   as died-astarn as airtit straucht
   for merk an signal o a faith
cuid succour fae the wrack paer sailors.

Am I iconoclastic? Naw, shairlie!
Yit I wuid laevel ilka biggin
coonter-iconoclasticallie
as puit the pictur-postcaird ocean
   fornent thon kirk that taen baith name
   an baens o Magnus, Orkney saunt:
   that wuid be *déjà vu* pleased-nane
   the Deil or Davie Jones tae see!

   Three things thus faur in lyfe tae myn,
but here's the thrid, inwith it magic
as aathings three are whyles sae blissit,
   tho no as magical as nyne
   the three tymes three lik think, tell, dae,
tho that is no here inwith weerdit.
   Deirdre, the name I scribble noo,
   escapes that magicalitie because
* her variorum names are aicht.

   This tyme again, a magic sang
   a lang fareweel was in ahint
   ma kennin o a place tae see
I wuidnae see, an gin I did see,
   wuid see it in a wy wuid seem
no hauf the whit ingyne haed made ot.

* Dearduil, Deurduil, Dearshuil, Diarshula,
   Deurthula, Deirdire, Deiridire.

As you'll can ken, *Deirdre's Fareweel*
til her Glen Etive, was the sang,
and yont the kennin o it, later,
the kennin o her booer in prent,
lik made for femininitie
tae frame itsel in laegend-laer
athin auld gaeneratiouns lyke
thursels, made meikle, bydein quaetlie
as kynd, in hiddlins years the hunders
as in the storied laegends sung
for years the hunders mair afore that.

Anent the lave ot, back in Yreland
amang thae deid, her ain three heroes,
her Naoise, and her Aluinn, Ardan,
did onie think as I am daein,
ceppins, af coorse, the Keeng o Ulster,
thon Conachar, a bad yin yon yin?
Read on, an see gin you agree wi't.

Whyles, thinkin is a wy o lyfe
in hiddlins, lyke the kennin whye
the haun may mak a wy o daith,
altho ingyne ahint the thinkin
haes nocht adae wi cheatrie kens
that killin murders mynds o killers.

But Deirdre's heroes? They were Keltic;
lik aa the warriors that made them
afore a battle, or lang aifter
were sung as heroes in a battle,
thae fuhllas were the bonnie fechters,
but lyke the bonniest in battle,
they ayeways gat the brawest tankin.

Thare noo, it's you'll can see the whit
it was cuid be lik naething else
that made the me the whit I am, lik,
no lyke the you ye think ye are
yersel, yer whit can be nane else,
sae puittin aa thae things thegither,
a mixter-maxterie o people
abraid in Yreland, Scotland tae,
I unnerscryve ma tellin ot
bi giein you yae hinmaist storie
tae let ye ken whit gaed ben me
was something mair nor lavrie kail,
even as the something here aboot me
is no juist me, but mibbes yoursel.

Caad *Faur Ower Cauld*, the screed alow
was made the month o Februar
in nyneteen-nynetie, twintie-seeventh
an twintie-aicht the days, sae you
can listen til't as I, a bairn.

I mynd a yince-upon-a-tyme
that seemed lik "Listen for the lave",
I heard, asyde the ingle o a fyre
ableeze lik puit a lowe
athin the winter baens,
an auld bit wyfie was an Ulster bodie
tell o a tyme that was
lik yince-upon-anither-wheesht-o-listen,
whuin she was bairnlie lyke masel
the middis o the nyneteenth centurie.

Thon was a tyme lik mynd it was
the neebor o the nicht that I
masel hae mynd o, lyke for aye,
yae Ulster nicht that was
athin the kintrisyde
lik yonner yont the middis o oor kennin,
a place an tyme o snaw
cauld blawin snell as puit a baen o airn
athin ilk finger, wi haurd yce
craik-craikelin athin the ilka jynt.

Thon wyfie said, wi een faur yont the tellin,
that in yon Ulster nicht
she sat upon the fender
bi ingle lowe, her faimlie roond aboot;
lik crack in comfort,
whuin thare it was, lik yince
becam anither yin,
then three lik "Listen, hear me",
a chap, chap, chap upon the doore,
abuin the kynlie clash o faimlie din.

"Wheesht!" said the mither til her wheen o childer,
and haed her man attend
the doore an whuin it aipent,
a blast o smaa snaw poothered ben the hoose.
Taen tent the faither,
for thare fornent him, stuid
a paerlik kinna chiel
whoe speired a bittock waarmin
afore the fyre, fair baet was he,

an maerra-cauld as lyke tae brekk in twoe.

In cam the craitur, daudin snaw
aroond him lyke the blast ootbye,
syne pecht an splootert-oot
his thanks fornent the bleeze,
the-tyme the wyfie o the hoose
gaed back an furrit maskin tea
wuid gie the fuhlla some bit heat
athin the baens wuid thowe a tingle.

Syne thare were buttert scones as licht
as seemed tae float abuin the flet,
no yin as daichie as
play dunt athin the wame;
thick farrels tae, wi muckle whangs
o kebbock suin wuid puit a creesh
o waarmth athin the ilka jynt,
ben kist, an thru the haill baen-maerra.

Aa duin that cood be duin
lik naething mair for daein
but speir awo tho no ower speirie,
and aathing ettent wi the naething mair
tae chowe but rift it quaetlik,
the mither wunnert
juist whit the paer sowl was adae
abraid in sic a nicht
no fit for cheeties yont the doore-jamb?

An shair enyeuch, an that's
lik listen for the aunswer,
they heard for startlement the fuhlla
say that it happent-juist the cauld was sair
as bye the hoose he traikit
alang wi his ould mither
whoe still was ootbye in the cauld,
bi this timm happit ower
as whyte as dacentlyke in snawflakes.

"Man," said the faither o the hoose,
"Man, dear, ye cannae leave
yer mither oot in siccan waather!
Bring the paer bodie ben
an let her hae a waarm
afore the fyre, for Heeven's sake!
She'll be as bravelie as yersel
nae tyme avaa. Man, bring her til the ingle!"

“She’s faur ower cauld tae feel the heat,”
said thon chiel, gannin furth.
“She’s ooten here athin a barra.
I’m hurlin her awo
for yirdin.” And amang
the snaw gaed he, as maerra-het
as face the blast an byde his wheesht
for better days micht see him dee in suimmer.

THE WY O THE WARK

Avysement

The haill o this bit screebled wark
atween the furst screed, wi the tytle
A Wee Thing Cauld, and yon hinmaist yin
The Orange Caird, is aathegither
lynes juist the some three hunder less
nor fowerteen thoosan roondlie made
as sphericallie planetarie
athin the cosmos or lik peerie
birlin upon a bit o taurmac:
that is, alang wi *Daedicatioun*,
whoere lynes are made as muckle pairt
o ma ain lyfe as that lyfe made
the-tither lynes anent ma faimlie
lang, lang afore I kent the ocht
o thaem athin the *Daedicatioun*,
even as the *Forewurd* til the wark
is intilt its ainsel anaa
as wuidnae been gif no a bittock
o whit made me that made the people
the here an thare faurben the verses
lik dae awo can dae nocht ither
as they still dae awo as byde
athin ma screed the wy they're made.

The lynes athin the haill *Appendix*
are, wi thir yins here, some twoe thoosan,
as birls a peerie on the planet
as tho the cosmos were a playgrun,
sae you'll can nummer-aff bi coontin
the lynes yersel as something nearhaun
twoe hunder shorte o sixteen thoosand.

Here in alow, sae you'll be kennin,
the wark was puit thegither lyke
notatioun o a melodie
sae you need boather-nane yer heid
lik fasherie can speir yit miss;
I gie ye coont anaa, lik nummer
lynes in a verse, sae you'll be kennin
that indentatioun, means the soondins
are masculyne as tramp lik sodgers,
(no lyke that lyne, no merkin tyme)
or justifeed the lef-haun maergin
as feminyne as bab the powe
(no lyke that lyne abuin babs-nane)
or curtsey in auld-farrant daunce
(as that lyne daesnae, as ye see:)

af coorse, that is the feck o aathing
that maks the screed, tho you'll hae noticed
inpuit fae ither tymes in rhymin
the differ fae the feck o versin,
    even as, as plain as fuhll a page,
    thare's rowthe o English verse an prose.

    Foryet the auntrin bits o rhyme
that whyles lik decibels are soondin
    mair sib wi self ben melodie
athin the hairt nor saul yont sowlcase
    somegaet alow the haern-pan
    can sooch awo itsel in saucht
wi auld ingyne tae mak a meanin
ayont the wurds; ay, you'll be seein
that you maun think yont indentatioun
amang the lynes, an ken ilk stanza
    haes pettren ootthru aa the wark
    aye consant wi the nummert lynes
lik thocht as uniformed athin them
    as sodgers braw on barrack square
or lassies buskit bonnie dauncein:
    except athin this hinmaist verse
    as in *Appendix* marra made,
the sodger baunds are coonter-mairchin
wi scansiouns heel an tae a differ
fae thaem athin the feck caad *Yeegie*,
even as the feminynes puit furrit
    the fuit a differ in the daunce
    as consant as they chynge the mynd.

    Af coorse (an that's tae say, puit-nane
ower fyne a reasoun on the daein)
    professor bodies, an sic folk
as rhymin bodies lyke ma ainsel,
    will ken fyne hoo the wark was made,
but for the lykes o you that daenae,
an for the lyke o me whoe yince was
the same as you whuin I was bairnlie,
    here in alow I let ye ken
The Scansioun o the Wark, and aifter,
    The Scansioun o Appendix, sae
the oniebodie here as haundie
    as roond aboot Craig Rossie bydes,
or thare ayont thon Faurfaekennin,
can puit the finger on the measure
an say, "Noo, thare's a lyne he fautit."

But here's a thing that's no twoe aither,

ye’ll hear the-nane a bodie sayin,
“That isnae verse, it’s ‘chopped-up’ prose.”

The Scansioun o the Wark

The scansioun o the ilka saectioun
athin the Wark was wrocht lik chance it,
the wy the furst o siccan stanzas
micht nummer-aff the lynes athin it:
sae ilka saectioun hains that differ
fae onie ither, tho ye’re guessin
chance-it micht mak an orrie samelik.

Ensample muckle as can mak it
the wale o as. the lave o verses,
    is that screed caad *The Orange Caird*,
    sae here alow lik keek an see,
or speir the mair lik ken it better,
I gie ye fact an figur o it
sae you may ken, gin you are eydent,
    the whits an whyes o makkin verse
    are lyke the howes an knowes o grund
a variorum o the laundscape.

The Scansioun o the Wark Contd.

Nummer o Lynes in The Orange Caird

f = feminyne

m = masculyne

1 is aither f or m.

1 f 1 m 1 m 1 m 1 m 1 f 1 m 1 m 1 f
2 f 2 m 2 m 2 f 2 m 2 f 2 f 2 m 2 f
3 m 3 f 3 m 3 f 3 m 3 f 3 m 3 m
4 f 4 m 4 f 4 m 4 f 4 m 4 m
5 m 5 m 5 m 5 f 5 m 5 f
6 f 6 f 6 f 6 f 6 f
7 f 7 m 7 m 7 f
8 f 8 f 8 m
9 m 9 m
10 f

1 f 1 m 1 m 1 f 1 f 1 f
2 m 2 m 2 f 2 m 2 f 2 m
3 m 3 f 3 m 3 f 3 f 3 m
4 f 4 m 4 f 4 m 4 f 4 m
5 f 5 f 5 m 5 m 5 f 5 f
6 f 6 m 6 f 6 f 6 m 6 m
7 m 7 m 7 m 7 f 7 m 7 f
8 m 8 m 8 f 8 f 8 f 8 f
9 f 9 f 9 m 9 m 9 f 9 f
10 f 10 m 10 f 10 f 10 f 10 m
11 f 11 f 11 m 11 m 11 f 11 m
12 f 12 f 12 m 12 f 12 m
13 m 13 f 13 m 13 f
14 f 14 m 14 m
15 m 15 f
16 f

The Scansioun o the Wark Contd.

1 m 1 f 1 m 1 m 11 m 1 f 11 f 1 f 12 f
2 m 2 m 2 f 2 m 12 m 2 f 12 f 2 f 13 f
3 m 3 f 3 f 3 m 13 m 3 f 13 f 3 f 14 f
4 f 4 m 4 m 4 m 14 m 4 m 14 m 4 m 15 m
5 m 5 f 5 m 5 f 15 f 5 m 15 m 5 m 16 m
6 f 6 m 6 f 6 m 16 m 6 m 16 m 6 m 17 m
7 m 7 f 7 m 7 f 17 f 7 f 17 f 7 f 18 f
8 f 8 m 8 m 8 m 18 m 8 m 18 m 8 m 19 m
9 m 9 f 9 f 9 m 19 m 9 f 19 f 9 f 20 f
10 m 10 m 10 m 10 m 20 m 10 m 20 m 10 f 21 f
11 m 11 f 11 f 21 m 11 m 22 m
12 f 12 m 12 f
13 m 13 f 13 m
14 f 14 m 14 m
15 m 15 f 15 f
16 f 16 m 16 m
17 f 17 f 17 m
18 m 18 f
19 f

An orrie yin.

1 m 12 m 1 f 13 f 1 m 13 f 1 f 14 f 1 f 14 f
2 m 13 m 2 m 14 m 2 m 14 f 2 f 15 f 2 f 15 f
3 m 14 m 3 m 15 m 3 m 15 f 3 m 16 m 3 f 16 f
4 f 15 f 4 f 16 f 4 f 16 m 4 f 17 f 4 f 17 f
5 f 16 f 5 m 17 m 5 f 17 m 5 m 18 m 5 m 18 m
6 m 17 m 6 m 18 m 6 f 18 m 6 m 19 m 6 m 19 m
7 m 18 m 7 m 19 m 7 f 19 m 7 f 20 f 7 f 20 f
8 f 19 f 8 f 20 f 8 f 20 m 8 f 21 f 8 f 21 f
9 f 20 f 9 f 21 f 9 f 21 m 9 m 22 m 9 m 22 m
10 f 21 f 10 m 22 m 10 f 22 m 10 f 23 f 10 m 23 m
11 f 22 f 11 f 23 f 11 f 23 m 11 m 24 m 11 m 24 m
23 f 12 m 24 m 12 m 24 f 12 f 25 f 12 f 25 f
25 f 13 f 26 f 13 f 26 f
27 f

The Scansioun o the Wark Contd.

1 f15 f Stanzas o 29 lynes 1 m16 m 1 m16 m
2 f16f werenae yaised 2 m17 m 2 m17 m
3 m 17 m 3 m18 m 3 f 18 m
4 f18 f 4 f 19 f 4 f 19 m
5 f19 f 5 m20 m 5 m20 m
6 m 20 m 6 f 21 f 6 m21 m
7 f21 f 7 f 22 f 7 m22 m
8 m 22 m 8 m23 m 8 m23 m
9 f23 f 9 m24 m 9 f 24 f
10 m 24 m 10 f 25 f 10 m25 m
11 f25 f 11 m26 m 11 m26 m
12 m 26 m 12 m27 m 12 m27 m
13 f27 f 13 m28 m 13 m28 m
14 m 28 m 14 f 29 f 14 m29 m
15 f 30 f 15 m30 m
31 m

1 m 9 m17 m25 m 1 f 12 f 23 f 1 m18 m
2 m 10 m18 m26 m 2 m13 m24 m 2 m19 m
3 f11 f 19 f 27 f 3 m14 m25 m 3 m20 m
4 f12 f 20 f 28 f 4 m15 m26 m 4 f 21 f
5 f13 f 21 f 29 f 5 f 16 f 27 f 5 m22 m
6 m 14 m22 m30 m 6 m17 m28 m 6 m23 m
7 f15 f 23 f 31 f 7 f 18 f 29 f 7 m24 m
8 m 16 m24 m32 m 8 m19 m30 m 8 f 25 f
9 f 20 f 31 f 9 m26 m
10 m21 m32 m 10 f 27 f
11 f 22 f 33 f 11 f 28 f
12 m29 m
13 f 30 f
14 m31 m
15 f 32 f
16 m33 m
17 m34 m

The Scansioun o the Wark Contd.

1 m 18 m 1 f 19 f 1 m 19 m 1 m 20 m
2 m 19 m 2 m 20 m 2 f 20 f 2 f 21 f
3 m 20 m 3 m 21 m 3 m 21 m 3 m 22 m
4 f 21 f 4 m 22 m 4 f 22 f 4 f 23 f
5 f 22 f 5 f 23 f 5 f 23 f 5 f 24 f
6 m 23 m 6 f 24 f 6 f 24 f 6 m 25 m
7 f 24 f 7 f 25 f 7 m 25 m 7 m 26 m
8 m 25 m 8 m 26 m 8 f 26 f 8 f 27 f
9 f 26 f 9 m 27 m 9 f 27 f 9 f 28 f
10 m 27 m 10 f 28 f 10 f 28 f 10 m 29 m'
11 m 28 m 11 f 29 f 11 f 29 f 11 m 30 m
12 f 29 f 12 m 30 m 12 m 30 m 12 m 31 m
13 m 30 m 13 m 31 m 13 f 31 f 13 f 32 f
14 m 31 m 14 f 32 f 14 f 32 f 14 f 33 f
15 m 32 m 15 m 33 m 15 m 33 m 15 m 34 m
16 f 33 f 16 f 34 f 16 f 34 f 16 f 35 f
17 f 34 f 17 m 35 m 17 m 35 m 17 m 36 m
35 f 18 m 36 m 18 m 36 m 18 m 37 m
37 m 19 f 38 f

Stanzas o 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45 lynes werenae yaised.

1 m 24 m
2 m 25 m
3 f 26 f
4 m 27 m
5 m 28 m
6 f 29 f
7 f 30 f
8 f 31 f
9 m 32 m
10 f 33 f
11 f 34 m
12 f 35 f
13 f 36 f
14 f 37 f
15 f 38 f
16 f 39 f
17 m 40 m
18 m 41 m
19 m 42 m
20 m 43 m
21 f 44 f
22 f 45 f
23 f 46 f

Stanzas o 47, 48 lynes werenae yaised.

1 f 13 f 25 f 37 f
2 m 14 m 26 m 38 m
3 f 1Sf 27 f 39 f
4 f 16 f 28 f 40 f
5 m 17 m 29 m 41 m
6 m 18 m 30 m 42 m
7 m 19 m 31 m 43 m
8 f 20 f 32 f 44 f
9 m 21 m 33 m 45 m
10 m 22 m 34 m 46 m
11 m 23 m 35 m 47 m
12 f 24 f 36 f 48 f
49 f

The Scansioun o the Wark Contd.

1	m	26	m	Stanzas o 51 lynes werenae yaised.	1	m	14	m	27	m	40	m
2	f	27	f		2	f	15	f	28	f	41	f
3	m	28	m		3	m	16	m	29	m	42	m
4	m	29	m		4	f	17	f	30	f	43	f
5	m	30	m		5	f	18	f	31	f	44	f
6	m	31	m		6	m	19	m	32	m	45	m
7	m	32	m		7	m	20	m	33	m	46	m
8	f	33	f		8	m	21	m	34	m	47	m
9	f	34	f		9	f	22	f	35	f	48	f
10	m	35	m		10	m	23	m	36	m	49	m
11	f	36	f		11	f	24	f	37	f	50	f
12	f	37	f		12	m	25	m	38	m	51	m
13	f	38	f		13	f	26	f	39	f	52	f
14	f	39	f									
15	m	40	m									
16	f	41	f									
17	m	42	m									
18	m	43	m									
19	m	44	m									
20	m	45	m									
21	f	46	f									
22	m	47	m									
23	f	48	f									
24	m	49	m									
25	f	50	f									

Stanzas o 53, 54, 55 lynes werenae yaised.

1	f	15	f	29	f	43	f	stanzas o 57, 58, 59, 60 lynes werenae yaised.				
2	m	16	m	30	m	44	m					
3	m	17	m	31	m	45	m					
4	m	18	m	32	m	46	m					
5	m	19	m	33	m	47	m					
6	m	20	m	34	m	48	m					
7	f	21	f	35	f	49	f					
8	f	22	f	36	f	50	f					
9	f	23	f	37	f	51	f					
10	f	24	f	38	f	52	f					
11	m	25	m	39	m	53	m					
12	m	26	m	40	m	54	m					
13	f	27	f	41	f	55	f					
14	f	28	f	42	f	56	f					

The Scansioun o the Wark Contd.

Anither way tae luk at scansioun.

1 m 11 f 21m // 31 m 41 f 51 m
2 m 12 m 22 f // 32 m 42 m 52 f
3 f 13 m 23 m // 33 f 43 m 53 m
4 f 14 m 24 f // 34 f 44 m 54 f
5 f 15 f 25 m // 35 f 45 f 55 m
6 m 16 f 26 m // 36 m 46 f 56 m
7 m 17 f 27 f // 37 m 47 f 57 f
8 m 18 m 28 m // 38 m 48 m 58 m
9 m 19 f 29 m // 39 m 49 f 59 m
10 f 20 f 30 f // 40 f 50 f 60 f
61 f

Stanzas o 62, 63 lynes werenae yaised.

1 f 33 f 1 m 14 m 27 m 40 m 53 m
2 f 34 f 2 m 15 m 28 m 41 m 54 m
3 m 35 m 3 m 16 m 29 m 42 m 55 m
4 m 36 m 4 m 17 m 30 m 43 m 56 m
5 m 37 m 5 f 18 f 31 f 44 f 57 f
6 f 38 f 6 m 19 m 32 m 45 m 58 m
7 m 39 m 7 f 20 f 33 f 46 f 59 f
8 m 40 m 8 m 21 m 34 m 47 m 60 m
9 f 41 f 9 f 22 f 35 f 48 f 61 f
10 m 42 m 10 f 23 f 36 f 49 f 62 f
11 f 43 f 11 m 24 m 37 m 50 m 63 m
12 m 44 m 12 f 25 f 38 f 51 f 64 f
13 f 45 f 13 m 26 m 39 m 52 m 65 m
14 f 46 f
15 f 47 f
16 f 48 f
17 m 49 m
18 m 50 m
19 f 51 f
20 m 52 m
21 m 53 m
22 f 54 f
23 m 55 m
24 m 56 m
25 m 57 m
26 m 58 m
27 m 59 m
28 f 60 f
29 f 61 f
30 f 62 f
31 m 63 m
32 m 64 m

Stanzas o 66, 67, 68, 69 lynes werenae yaised.

The Scansioun o the Wark Contd.

1	m	11	m	21	m	31	m	41	m	51	m	61	m
2	f	12	f	22	f	32	f	42	f	52	f	62	f
3	f	13	f	23	f	33	f	43	f	53	f	63	f
4	m	14	m	24	m	34	m	44	m	54	m	64	m
5	m	15	m	25	m	35	m	45	m	55	m	65	m
6	m	16	m	26	m	36	m	46	m	56	m	66	m
7	f	17	f	27	f	37	f	47	f	57	f	67	f
8	f	18	f	28	f	38	f	48	f	58	f	68	f
9	m	19	m	29	m	39	m	49	m	59	m	69	m
10	f	20	f	30	f	40	f	50	f	60	f	70	f

Stanzas o 71 lynes werenae yaised.

1	m	13	m	25	m	37	m	49	m	61	m	Stanzas o 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78
2	m	14	m	26	m	38	m	50	m	62	m	lynes werenae yaised
3	m	15	m	27	m	39	m	51	m	63	m	
4	f	16	f	28	f	40	f	52	f	64	f	
5	f	17	f	29	f	41	f	53	f	65	f	
6	m	18	m	30	m	42	m	54	m	66	m	
7	f	19	f	31	f	43	f	55	f	67	f	
8	f	20	f	32	f	44	f	56	f	68	f	
9	f	21	f	33	f	45	f	57	f	69	f	
10	m	22	m	34	m	46	m	58	m	70	m	
11	f	23	f	35	f	47	f	59	f	71	f	
12	f	24	f	36	f	48	f	60	f	72	f	

The Scansioun o the Wark Contd.

1 f 27 f 53 f Stanzas o 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85 lynes werenae yaised,
2 f 28 f 54 f
3 f 29 f 55 f 1 m 18 m 35 m 52 m 69 m
4 f 30 f 56 f 2 m 19 m 36 m 53 m 70 m
5 f 31 f 57 f 3 m 20 m 37 m 54 m 71 m
6 f 32 f 58 f 4 f 21 f 38 f 55 f 72 f
7 f 33 f 59 f 5 m 22 m 39 m 56 m 73 m
8 m 34 m 60 m 6 f 23 f 40 f 57 f 74 f
9 f 35 f 61 f 7 f 24 f 41 f 58 f 75 f
10 f 36 f 62 f 8 f 25 f 42 f 59 f 76 f
11 m 37 m 63 m 9 f 26 f 43 f 60 f 77 f
12 f 38 f 64 f 10 m 27 m 44 m 61 m 78 m
13 f 39 f 65 f 11 m 28 m 45 m 62 m 79 m
14 m 40 m 66 m 12 m 29 m 46 m 63 m 80 m
15 m 41 m 67 m 13 m 30 m 47 m 64 m 81 m
16 f 42 f 68 f 14 f 31 f 48 f 65 f 82 f
17 f 43 f 69 f 15 m 32 m 49 m 66 m 83 m
18 m 44 m 70 m 16 m 33 m 50 m 67 m 84 m
19 m 45 m 71 m 17 f 34 f 51 f 68 f 85 f
20 f 46 f 72 f 86 f
21 m 47 m 73 m
22 f 48 f 74 f Stanzas o 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97
23 m 49 m 75 m lynes werenae yaised.
24 m 50 m 76 m
25 m 51 m 77 m
26 m 52 m 78 m
79 m

1 f 15 f 29 f 43 f 57 f 71 f 85 f
2 f 16 f 30 f 44 f 58 f 72 f 86 f
3 f 17 f 31 f 45 f 59 f 73 f 87 f
4 f 18 f 32 f 46 f 60 f 74 f 88 f
5 f 19 f 33 f 47 f 61 f 75 f 89 f
6 f 20 f 34 f 48 f 62 f 76 f 90 f
7 f 21 f 35 f 49 f 63 f 77 f 91 f
8 m 22 m 36 m 50 m 64 m 78 m 92 m
9 m 23 m 37 m 51 m 65 f 79 f 93 m
10 m 24 m 38 m 52 m 66 m 80 m 94 m
11 m 25 m 39 m 53 m 67 m 81 m 95 m
12 m 26 m 40 m 54 m 68 m 82 m 96 m
13 m 27 m 41 m 55 m 69 m 83 m 97 m
14 m 28 m 42 m 56 m 70 m 84 m 98 m

The Scansioun o the Wark Contd.

Stanzas til the nummers o the lave o lynes up til 157 werenae made.

1	f	27	f	53	f	79	f	105	f	131	f				
2	m	28	m	54	m	80	m	106	m	132	m				
3	m	29	m	55	m	81	m	107	m	133	m				
4	f	30	f	56	f	82	f	108	f	134	f				
5	m	31	m	57	m	83	m	109	m	135	m				
6	f	32	f	58	f	84	f	110	f	136	f				
7	m	33	m	59	m	85	m	111	m	137	m				
8	m	34	m	60	m	86	m	112	m	138	m				
9	m	35	m	61	m	87	m	113	m	139	m				
10	m	36	m	62	m	88	m	114	m	140	m				
11	f	37	f	63	f	89	f	115	f	141	f				
12	m	38	m	64	m	90	m	116	m	142	m				
13	m	39	m	65	m	91	m	117	m	113	m				
14	m	40	m	66	m	92	m	118	m	144	m				
15	f	41	f	67	f	93	f	119	f	145	f				
16	m	42	m	68	m	94	m	120	m	146	m				
17	f	43	f	69	f	95	f	121	f	147	f				
18	f	44	f	70	f	96	f	122	f	148	f				
19	f	45	f	71	f	97	f	123	f	149	f				
20	m	46	m	72	m	98	m	124	m	150	m				
21	m	47	m	73	m	99	m	125	m	151	m				
22	f	48	f	74	f	100	f	126	f	152	f				
23	m	49	m	75	m	101	m	127	m	153	m				
24	f	50	f	76	f	102	f	128	f	154	f				
25	m	51	m	77	m	103	m	129	m	155	m				
26	m	52	m	78	m	104	m	130	m	156	m				
								157	m						

The Scansioun o the Wark Contd.

Fae there til the 191-lyne stanza gien alow, nae ither nummer
o lynes was yaised.

1	f	11	f	21	f	31	f	41	f	51	f	61	f	71	f	81	f	91	f		
2	f	12	f	22	f	32	f	42	f	52	f	62	f	72	f	82	f	92	f		
3	f	13	f	23	f	33	f	43	f	53	f	63	f	73	f	83	f	93	f		
4	f	14	f	24	f	34	f	44	f	54	f	64	f	74	f	84	f	94	f		
5	f	15	f	25	f	35	f	45	f	55	f	65	f	75	f	85	f	95	f		
6	m	16	m	26	m	36	m	46	m	56	m	66	m	76	m	86	m	96	m		
7	m	17	m	27	m	37	m	47	m	57	m	67	m	77	m	87	m	97	m		
8	m	18	m	28	m	38	m	48	m	58	m	68	m	78	m	88	m	98	m		
9	m	19	m	29	m	39	m	49	m	59	m	69	m	79	m	89	m	99	m		
10	m	20	m	30	m	40	m	50	m	60	m	70	m	80	m	90	m	100	m		

101	f	111	f	121	f	131	f	141	f	151	f	161	f	171	f	181	f				
102	f	112	f	122	f	132	f	142	f	152	f	162	f	172	f	182	f				
103	f	113	f	123	f	133	f	143	f	153	f	163	f	173	f	183	f				
104	f	114	f	124	f	134	f	144	f	154	f	164	f	174	f	184	f				
105	f	115	f	125	f	135	f	145	f	155	f	165	f	175	f	185	f				
106	m	116	m	126	m	136	m	146	m	156	m	166	m	176	m	186	f				
107	m	117	m	127	m	137	m	147	m	157	m	167	m	177	m	187	m				
108	m	118	m	128	m	138	m	148	m	158	m	168	m	178	m	188	m				
109	m	119	m	129	m	139	m	149	m	159	m	169	m	179	m	189	m				
110	m	120	m	130	m	140	m	150	m	160	m	170	m	180	m	190	m				
																191	m				

The Scansioun o the Appendix

> *Appendix* lines are no lik thaem,
> as you'll can see as gien alow,
> but commonlyke' whiteer the speil,
> sin (you'll can guess) I was forfochen
> a weething, haein haed enyeuch
> that was a muckle mair nor waantit.

f - feminyne
m - masculyne

1 m 1 f 1 f 1 m 1 m 1 f 1 f 1 m 1 f 1 m 1 f 1 m
2 f 2 f 2 m 2 m 2 m 2 f 2 f 2 f 2 f 2 m 2 f 2 m
3 m 3 m 3 f 3 m 3 f 3 f 3 f 3 m 3 f 3 m 3 f
4 m 4 m 4 f 4 f 4 f 4 m 4 m 4 m 4 m 4 m
5 m 5 m 5 f 5 m 5 m 5 f 5 m 5 f 5 m
6 f 6 f 6 m 6 f 6 f 6 m 6 f 6 m
7 f 7 m 7 m 7 f 7 m 7 m 7 f
8 m 8 m 8 m 8 f 8 m 8 m
9 m 9 m 9 m 9 f 9 m
10 f 10 m 10 f 10 f
11 m 11 m 11 m
12 m 12 m
13 m 13 f
14 f

1 f 1 m 1 f 1 f 1 m 10 m An upsyde-doon orrie yin.
2 f 2 f 2 m 2 m 2 m 11 m
3 m 3 m 3 m 3 m 3 f 12 f 1 m // 11 f
4 f 4 f 4 f 4 m 4 m 13 m 2 f // 12 m
5 f 5 m 5 m 5 m 5 f 14 f 3 f // 13 m
6 f 6 f 6 m 6 m 6 f 15 f 4 f // 14 m
7 f 7 f 7 m 7 m 7 m 16 m 5 f // 15 m
8 f 8 f 8 f 8 f 8 f 17 f 6 f /7 16 m
9 f 9 m 9 f 9 f 9 f 18 f 7 f // 17 m
10 m 10 f 10 m 10 f 19 f 8 f // 18 m
11 f 11 m 11 m 11 m 9 f // 19 m
12 f 12 f 12 f 12 m 10 f // 20 m
13 f 13 m 13 m 13 m
14 f 14 f 14m 14 m
15 f 15 f 15 m 15 m
16 f 16 f 16 m
17 f 17 f
18 f

The Scansioun o the Appendix Contd.

1 f11 f 1 m12 m1 m12 m1 m13 m Stanzas o 25 lyneswerenae
2 m 12 m2 f 13 f 2 f 13 f 2 f 14 f yaised.
3 m 13 m3 f 14 f 3 m14 m3 f 15 f
4 m 14 m4 m15 m4 f 15 f 4 m16 m
5 m 15 m5 m16 m5 m16 m5 m17 m
6 f16 f 6 m17 m6 m17 m6 f 18 f
7 f17 f 7 f 18 f 7 f 18 f 7 m19 m
8 f18 f 8 m19 m8 f 19 f 8 m20 m
9 f19 f 9 f 20 f 9 f 20 f 9 m21 m
10 m 20 m10 m21 m10 f 21 f 10 f 22 f
21 m11 m22 m11 m22 m11 f 23 f
23 m12 f 24 f

1 m 14 m Stanzas o 27, 28, 29 lynes werenae yaised. 1 m16 m
2 f15 f 2 f 17 f
3 f16 f 3 m18 m
4 f17 f 4 f 19 f
5 f18 f 5 m20 m
6 f19 f 6 f 21 f
7 f20 f 7 f 22 f
8 f21 f 8 m23 m
9 m 22 m 9 f 24 f
10 m 23 m 10 m25 m
11 m 24 m 11 f 26 f
12 m 25 m 12 f 27 f
13 f26 f 13 f 28 f
14 m29 m
15 m30 m

The Scansioun o the Aifterthocht

The scansioun o the *Aifterthocht*,
as you jaloused it, preein it,
is wi *Appendix* commonlyke.
Ye see, tho no forjaiskit this timm,
I thocht that you haed haed enyeuch
o ither whigmaleerie versm.

Auchterarder

2 August 1988 - 30 Mairch 1990