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AIFTERTHOCHT ANENT THE HAILL WARK

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DAEDICATION

For Peg, whoe yince was yae Macphail
as faur as fae Pretoria,
an John and Andrew, her twoe sons
fae auld Dunfaurline toon, are Fyfers;
for Janet was a Stewart yince,
Dundee brocht-up syne Lanark wy,
an for her dochter, Anna caad,
whosee hoose at hame was aye in Blackford;
for Sandra, furstlins Wallace caad,
whoe cam fae Ayr an Glesca syne,
an for her son is David caad,
and her twoe dochters, Sheonagh, Kirsten,
fae Lesmahaiggie aa thae three:
an gif thare may be onie mair
the oniegaets they yit may byde,
let thaem puit thair ain names alow here.

FOREWORD

Aifter I taen no juist yae thocht
that aften is the best o aa
anent the heidin I wuid pit
til this wark, I taen juist anither
I thocht was betterlyke, an gied it
the name o yin o thae screeds in it,
that I haed furst caad *Yeegie Landscapes*.

Mislippenin, ye'd mibbes think it,
o whit the haill wark is, the kintrie
I sryve aboot bein faur ayont
an furder mair nor thae gay landscapes
Dark Lochnagar gies us fae Byron.

Furstlins, ye ken, I thocht tae caa
the wark *Masel Whuin Young*, for in it,
thocht I, I haed duin three things: furst,
thare is delyte I hae raecordit
lik sing a sang anent the sooch
o haein come til poetrie
the wy I did, lik coodnae ither;
an saecont, for tae thank the bodies
the here an thare whoe brocht me til it
lik say it as ye think tae speil
an no the wy some folk may tell ye;
an thurd, the laesson unnerscored
that lyfe haes laerit me, that aathing
I hae duin lyker dae-it-noo,
an read lik read again tae ken,
an made lik mak anither better,
haed chyngeit-nane the bree athin me
that made the bairn I was the benwart
the man sinsyne I hae been lyker.

Daenae foryet, you folk that read
ma verses here, that they are biggit
the wy ye were yersels in kennin
whuin you yersels were bairns as I was
fae five til ten year auld, that is,
fae sakelessness that keeks ayont
itsel upon the wurld a wunder,
til juist afore yon contar-kennin
that glowers an better glowers athin it
wi thon amaze that wunners mair
at its ainsel nor wunder-wurld.

Sae in this wark, nae thocht is taen

anent the ongauns o the folk
athin a mixer-maxterie
o mangrowne wys byordnarlyke
as thinkin yont the thocht o bairns,
an daein yont a bairnlie daein.

Aa duin is no sae muckle made
as smooored-ower in young sakelessness
the here an thare as gyan caunnie
as dacentlyke, altho I tak
the noo an then as dacentlyke
as caunnielyke the bittock daunner
alang the pad o memorie
tae tak a luk at whoere furst steps
were yont direckit no sae caunnie.

Aa folk can traik awo lik tinklers
athorte the haill braid wurd o wunders,
but whoe but bairns walk in the thocht
o wunders in the wy a lauddie
sees thaem athin his young stravaigin?

Mynd you, lik still-an-aa for caunnie,
I dae tak yon avysement gien
bi Robert Burns til his young freen,
an still keep something til masel
I scarcelie tell til oniebodie:
ay, as indeed I wuid expeck
the reader for tae dae, een gin
he were a bosom cronie, lyke.

But for tae tell the truith the twycet
lik tak anither thocht, the best
for bein hinmaist think nae mair,
I puit *Away* forment the *Yeegie*
tae gar the heidin blotcher *Landscapes*
wi some apologie til Byron,
an for yersels some explicatioun.

A WEE THING CAULD

Thare are the two bit burns athin
the boonds o Newarthill. The-tane
is caad the Tillan Burn, or whyles,
as auntrinlyke as no, folk caad it
the Metal Raw Burn fae its bein
nearhaun til Newarthill bi wy
o yae grush pad dooks doon alow
brae-snab fornent whit was a raw
o twoe-three hooses yince was caad
the Metal Raw because its windaes 10
were ticht bi leade instead o wuidin
an puttie haudin in the gless.

The-tither burn, the Shirrel yin,
again is better kent inbye
the toon bi ither name, this tyme
the Square Burn, for it rowes alang
at the fuit o Church Street, better kent
itsel airt nethermaist at that
The Square, that is, the bittock ot
alow the glebe o the auld kirk thare. 20

That name, The Square, descryves hoo folk
saw hooses thareabouts as thocht them
mair lyker Barracks roond a square.

That name in Newarthill was common
as baith in Cleelan an Carfin
tho in the hinner toon the show
was gien awo as that same airtin
was caad The Barracks juist, altho
it haed anither name, The Belle,
aither wi hinmaist “e” or nane ot, 30
tho yae wy or the-tither, I
kent-nane the whye or whitforno.

Philologists or thae folk, mibbe
sociologists aff-centrelyke
as no aathare, need tak nae thocht
thae names are prole satire made vexin
aristocrat or bourgeois toons
bi wy o toon Square privacie.

Bairns thocht the baith burns were byordnar,
the Square Burn rowein bye nearhaun 40
whit then was caad the Public Park,
an langsyne sae was gyan haundie

mair sae nor was the-tither yin
but no as clean's the Metal Raw.

We haed yae soomin dam athin
the Square Burn that is caaed the Shirrel,
and it was something muckle deeper
nor aither o the twoe athin
the Tillan caad the Metal Raw: 50
the Shirrel yin gied us a dook
that was as cauld as cryne the kist,
for waal-eed in the centre o it,
a bore plap-plapperit like purritch
het-hotterin athin a pat,
but cauld as chitter Eskimos,
or perish onie winter snype,
ay, cauld as kill a Polar bear.

An no juist that, the blaelik watter
was cauld tae luk at as tae feel,
for yon was colour lyke waanchance 60
is program-groo as moose's diddie,
no lyke the waarmer aumer scad
the Tillan Burn haed furder aest.

Aiblins yon waal-ee maun hae come
fae rookit-oot coals doon alow
the burn, whoese banks were hotchin
wi ingaunees haed lang been drivv
bi colliers speirin auntrin coals
whuineever cam a steg tae wurk them,
for aye ongaun, pats needit bylin. 70

Aiblins the colour o the burn
was brocht aboot bi ongaun dargs
o wark at thae auld coals: and I
was nyne year auld yon suimmertyme
in 1926, yon wheesht
caad Ginearal Stryke the T. U. C.
renagued on as it aye haes duin
as faur as colliers are concaernt.

The dam haed been upbiggit heecher
bi younger colliers: aa the lauds 80
taen til't lik penguins ye may see
can cawp thursels on televeesioun
intil the cauld o suddroun swaws,
and I was yin o thae young lauds.

That suimmertyme o '26

was yae tyme o the year was makkin
ye sing tae be faurben athin it,
yin that wuid mak ye say ye'd hae
tae see a siccan tyme ilk year
tae come afore ye deed, or else 90
ye wuidnae dee content because
gif no seen ayeways, faur ower muckle
wuid hae been tint as tho you blinndit:
and you wuid ken that you wuid sayt
because that was the wy ye'd see
the ilka year for aye and on
thru aa tyme waarth the haudin til't.

Ay, yon was yesterday ye'd lyken
til day afore tyme-past, an airt
orrie as onie stiller wheesht 100
ye coodnae caa a *status quo*,
but was ongaun the wy shorte gresses
stuid divotit wi hetlik suimmer,
and aa the dams athin the burns
were plangent suddentlyke wi stoond
o bellie-flappers as wi din
o lauddies yellochin the furst dook
o the day, a tyme that was (or better)
an was it no, tae byde ootdoors
aa day, chowe-chowein yae bit piece 110
till kytes were flet as bosse, syne hame
at gloamin, slaverin wi hunger.

On sic a suimmer day, I hunkert
upon the bank o that Square Burn
o auld parochialism, that burn
that the cartographers caad Shirrel,
the-tyme I made yin o a wheen
o lauddies, young and aulder men.

It was a fair divert tae see
the ongauns o thae barescud soomers 120
fechtin yon awfie bore-cauld watter
bi brulyein the-tane til tither
wi yellochin and yallochin.

Yae younklin syne cam rinnin oot
the burn, an daunced lik onie dervish
fornent us, gy blae-lippit, shakkin
byordnarlyke mair nor the trimmle
o that byword the aispyne leaf.

Yin o the nearhaun menfolk, lukin
at him, said wi a smirtle then: 130
“Ay son, and it’s a wee thing cauld,”
and ilka man aroon laucht quaetlie,
his ain thocht o his saecret youth
as brocht til mynd his eemage yince.

I think thon was the fursten tyme
that eever I haed heard the baur,
but it was monie the year afore
I kent whye thae menfolk haed laucht.

Tae mak a siccan saw a meikle
semanticallie celebrate; 140
tae puit the meenute in memore
lik granite cut or brazen castin;
an for tae myd o thae brave lauddies
as vyvlik as sic suimmer waather,
whoe syne bacam the sweirtie men
o thair waste winters’ thinnin bluid,
here let us sing a sang anent them
o whit wuid ayeways be fornent them.

And is it no a wee thing cauld!
And is it no true as ye sayt! 150
And is it no waur growein auld!
And you can no then dae weel wi’t.

AWAY, YEEGIE LANDSCAPES

In youth, *Dark Lochnagar*, bi Byron,
was thocht yae rorie sang o soond
an orrie eemage us fornent.

See Appendix

We saw it as a better bit
o heidarum-hodarum in its wy
nor onie sang noo sung mair aften,
but thare ye are, lik whoere ye aye were,
it taks guid singer folk tae sing it.

I cannae caa intil ma kennin
why sic a sang is sniftert at
bi creetics there aye hereabouts. 10

An gif the sang is sentimental,
yit and it daesnae dicht smaa tears;
an gin we think we're puittent-oot
a thocht bi't, yit it daesnae gan
faurben in deid wurds nithin said,
but bydes its wheesht athin the mynd
as vyvlik phrases on the tongue.

As yae set piece o wark, it gans
fae A til B as furrit straucht
swees nae wy yonner yae wy waunner,
but gans upon its pad o kennin
that shuffles nae brogue caurrie dauncein. 20

Ootwith the wurds that mak the biggin
that stauns as quaetlie as thru-thocht,
the air, that gars the eemage ryse,
rooses an modulates the meanin
o ilka wurd can bear the gree,
as muckle's onie ither air,
an mair nor maist heard ilka day. 30

I cannae mynd a tyme avaa
I didnae ken *Dark Lochnagar*,
tho ayeways as the soond o singin
puit merk an measure o the meanin
upon the tenor o ma faither.

But here's a baur ye wuidnae think o,
for lang enyeuch I thocht the wurds
"Away, ye gay landscapes", that begin
the sang, aye soondit lyker *yeegie*,
the waaft an waarp o wurds and air 40

giein *Dark Lochnagar* a soond
o inwith sooch I didnae ken.

Ye see, at yon timm, “gay” for yaisual
was no heard as a normal wurd,
nae mair nor is it sae the-day.

Lachin y Gair, by Byron caad.

See Appendix

BAIRNTYME POLITICS

Aa thru bairnheid, whoer thocht in hiddlins
keeks caunnie as juist cannae finnd
ocht reasounable but the magic
that maks belief acceptable,
and aa thru youthheid reasoun syne
will puit the hems on Santie Claus,
syne breenges thru the aipen door
o thocht a braid wurld lyke foreever
acquaaantance wi the footh o kennin,
the natiounal politics (the British) 10
were aye aroon me yammerin,
an “Whoe’re ye votin for?”, ma speirin,
was lyke as no as see me telt
“The man wi the neb abuin his mooth!”
the-tyme the local politics
were aye anent the votin for.
the man wi the heid abuin his shooters:
that local man was aye ma faither.

An thae twoe kynds o politics
were aye the facts o lyfe lik reasoun 20
a magic wuidnae steek a door.

Neever were we the hail tyme lowsed
fae ongaun thocht anent inbyeness
o oor ain culture wi the wurld,
the British wurld that we ken noo
athin its hinmaist guiser claes
that deck colonialist bodies,
nor were we eever lowsed avaa
fae internatiounal that was,
as weel we ken noo, geggie juist, 30
but whoere the guts upon the stage
were human, bluidie, as were haerns.

Yit aa thru thae ongauns we sang
in politics *The Volga Boatman*
as earnest o the Reevolutioun,
I daenaemynd a tyme o thocht
was ocht mair nor a wheesht o thinkin
equaat the Scottish Reformatioun
wi aa the muckle reevolutiouns,
yon yin, the French that syne becam 40
Imperial ower-the-back-again;
yon yin that was American
as rook the syle the wy we saw
Imperialism rook the pootch;

yon yin was Rooshian as thocht
Imperial thinkin taks nae thocht
tae think athin the Soviet boonds.

But sic a tyme o thocht, lik myne
that haed nae base Imperial,
was intil continuitie
electrical as kittled laer. 50

At nae timm, tho, in bairnlie kennin
a wheesht athin an ee cleir-seein,
did I no keek at yon furst-tymin
caad “opportunism” bi “cadres”;
and aa the tyme, lik coont it consant,
I kent o coonter-reevolutioun
lik tactics in a rinnin brulyie,
an kent o takower in procedure
lik strategie the hinmaist battle. 60

Ben-kennin local politics
no *chacun à son goût*, but mair
chicanerie *chacun son goût*,
conjunct wi stories thru the natioun
lik rummelin afore the riftin,
serred weel enyeuch tae gar me ken
the feck o deeferece atween
the promise lyke a pick-me-up,
an the performance lyke an antic
athin a pennie geggie mantin. 70

Sinsyne, thare haes been nane the chynge
in politics a differ maks,
aither in wys o daein doon folk,
or in the bodies daein doon,
but for a skeeliness in daent
jaloused-nane bairntyme and youthheid.

Deep readin o thae days sinsyne,
lik dook the haerns athin sic laerin
that tells aa that I haed jaloused,
haes brocht fair witness o sic truth,
the-tyme a consant speirin syne
haes puit a closer on the kennin
that politeecians the-day
hae little waarth but for contemp
that wags the powe in disbelief
at siccan bodies, an maun shak
the finger, condemnatioun straucht. 80

Whit meeserable messans, thaem,
as tho the haill wurd were a fuitpad
tae fytle the feet whoere mankyn walks! 90

Whit midgie-rakers, thaem anaa,
tae scart an scoor lik gutsie gannets
sae lang as mak a profit ot!

Whit polfitorals, thaem, sae-caad
bi local folk, a wy o tellin
o waarthlessness alutterlie!

But sic a speilin unnerlynes
thocht ongaun on heech politics,
no the parteeclar an the smaaer
o politics can unnerpin 100
an sae uphaud the pyramid
that maks yon muckle biggin, pooer.

We were a young folk o the ryse
o Labour that was slogans lyke
statements o richteousness, an faith
that was idealism truth.

We were great paper puhshers lyke
credo the wurd a newer gospel,
and ilk disceepel pamphleteer.

We were lik SNP the-day, 110
as naive as think folk believed us,
but fey as ryse tae faa again.

Oor votin cairds, byordnarlyke,
were stiff as staircht, and unco bookeit
as tho lik invytes for tae pree.

Ye see, we were naive as think
that we were better apin betters
nor bein better bein oorsels.

It was the verie dab tae chalk
yon *Vote for Law and Honest Labour*
on ilka fuitpad in the toon. 120

And it was better dab as deck
upon the road o blacker taurmac
that gospel sterk as whyte on black.

And it was lyke the chyce o chaisen

tae ken thare was a local moodgement
amang the namelie, the ondeemas
lik thon MacDonald didnae measure;
lik Thomas, fly as walk the ceilin;
lik Snowden, cauld as pun his nature; 130
lik Duncan Graham bidd a guid yin;
lik Arthur Cook, whoe aye was dacent;
an lyke John Robertson, oor M.P.;
an lyke James C. Welsh, miner poet;
an lyke Bob Smillie, miners' agent;
and lyke MacLean, whoe was nae ither
nor John, mair chyce nor onie chaisen:
Joe Sullivan, tho, no forgettin.

See Appendix

Joe was the Labour M.P. yince
for the Bothwell constituencie, 140
an lyke aa siccan folk, was weel-kent
as conscientious as a man
cood eever be in sic a trauchle.

Aiblins, because o that concearn,
the speak was that he left his ainsel
as aipen as a skreechin door
til auntrin hecklin bie the lave
whuin yince, rhetoricallie wheecht
as faur awo as thocht nae maitter,
he said gy gulderin, "Whoe puit
the closets intae Parkheid Raws?
Joe Sullivan! Haed it no been 150
for me, ye'd still be sittin thare
lik hens upon a bluidie stick!"

Sinsyne, whoere'er paer Joe wuid gan,
his oratorie aye was fashed
bi hecklin that wuid fair affront him
wi thon yae quaistioun sair, "Whoe puit
the closets intae Parkheid Raws?",
an then, perjink the exclamatioun, 160
"Joe Sullivan!" was aye the aunswer.

Aiblins a cairriet storie, tho,
was yin that said thon Lady Astor
lykit Joe's predecessor mair.

That yin was oor John Robertson,
but naebodie I kent cood tell me
whit aither man haed thocht o her.

No yaisual, even for thae days,
folk roon said "Soolivan" Joe's surname,
a wy o daein a wy o sayin 170
that we shared wi the folk athin
a smaa airt in the Yrish Gaeltacht.

Sae I hae read a whylsin back
but cannae tell ye noo whoe said it,
except it was an Yrish chiel.

At yon timm, I was faur ower young
fir tae be intaet pheesical
as dae ocht in electiouneerin
cep chalk the fuitpads an the roads,
sae wi the ootcome ot alane
was I aquaant wi for the waarth ot. 180

I myn, tho, that I sellt *The Miner*
fae door til door lik keep-on-gaun,
an tho I was gy thrangitie
in that lik sell-anither-yin,
poleetical ye coodnae caa it:
I didnae lyke the ploy avaa,
at laest, no whuin repone micht be:
"But ma man's no a myner, son."

That's whit I myn the yae blade telt me 190
and I can mynd her sayin that
as tho a pennie were a poun;
as tho she neever felt the heat
that cam fae eilden haurd, black suinlicht:
sae langsinsyne hae I tae say
may her cauld saul ken heat mair het
nor thru the bours o her auld grate.

For sellin yae roon-dizzen copies,
a pennie-hapennie was ma py,
an gif the colliers were gy thick 200
aroon the pits at lowsin-tyme,
they werenae thrang roon hooses yonner
whuin I stravaiged alang the street
an thocht they joukt me ben a close
or in the backcoorts up the stairs.

It is faur easier at that

tae haund-oot pamphlets nor tae sell
newspapers, as haes been fund-oot
bi circulatioun managers.

And ay, as saecont thocht may be
furst-tymer lyke hinsicht closse keekin,
ma sales talk was poleetical. 210

Byordnarlyke, the muckle strykes
in industrie at yon timm namelie,
that cam fae folk's politickin,
were ryfe wi magic til the young,
for bairns lik us were aye ruch-fed
gif nane else was, an we stravaigit
thru aa the kintrisyde, an steered
as in guid tid wi hert's content, 220
and aa the tyme guid waather bidd
as lang enyeuch as set it fair
as waarm in memorie it bydes.

Finnd juist the puckle tautties, then
gan ben the wuids o sic a suimmer
as byde thare daylang, gloamin thru .

For certaint, siccan tauttie treisure
was neer ower-roastit cinner black,
for we were faur ower hungerie
tae byde oor wheesht ower lang tae eat, 230
an no enyeuch was guid enyeuch as
waste-nane the bittock aither black
as aiblins ootsyde mair lik chaur
or unnerduin hauf-raw inbye.

Siccan a heatin an sic aetin
taen place the onie suimmertyme,
but waather in yon General Stryke
was mair nor juist byordnarlyke,
and aye we thocht a self-socht gutsin
was mair important nor ocht else, 240
and even bairns lik us were shair
oor aetin-oot was helpsomelyke

Forbye aa yon, we yokit at
the darg o clart we caad coal-scartin
on bings for coal baith roond an churlie
tae eik-oot ocht was hained at hame
afore the stryke becam a lockoot.

At siccan tymes, on monie a day:
as kept us thrangitie ongaein,
we kent the blytheheid o beachkaimers, 250
the upluft o the herrier
o treisure trove or saut sea fishes,
as weel as saucht athin the speerit
lik archaeologists or siclik,
gin we cam hame wi bowsterslip
hauf-fou wi smaa coal-screenin churls
wuid gie a guid ruid gleed o fyre
syne lae ahint a cinner bed:
ay, even gin we fund nae mair
nor sklittie “gas” or “caunnle” coal 260
wuid gie mair cauld whyte licht nor heat,
syne burn awo til grooish ais.

Ay, yon was bairntyme politics
lik hinsicht keekin close furst-tymer!
Ay, furst rate lyke yae saecont thocht!

YIN TURN FOR THE BETTER

Faither an mither mairriet on
the date set for the coronatioun
o that princess caad Alexandra
an thon Keeng Edwart was the Seeventh
o England an the Furst o Scotland.

The coronatioun was puit aff
because Edwart was fund tae hae
appendicitis, sae yince haein
the operatioun, he cood tak
his place athin the raecord leets 10
as heid-o-state athoot appendix,
the Furst o siccan bodies, no
juist Furst o Scotland, but furth ot
as weel as in his hame in England.

Noo, thinkin-nane lik traist-you-nane in
keengship, or for the maitter ot,
in ryaltie lik onie ithers
(for the oreeginal date was tuim
as onie traist no trystit true),
John Law fae Mossend whoe was cuizzin 20
til Tam Law was ma faither, thocht
tae mak a myndin o the waddin
bi wy o picturs o the keeng
an queen in coronatioun robes.

Thae picturs graced yae waa or tither
in ilka hoose the faimilie taen
in Newarthill High Street up or doon
in tenement or Cooncil hoose.

And even in the aer-on twinties
that saw the patriotic rot 30
set in, thae picturs foostert-nane,
but styed as tho they'd ayeways be.

And hing they did, as byde for aye
in thae late days, tae left an richtward
ilk syde o leevin room front windae,
the yin o them at laest aye facein
the door gied access ben the kitchen.

Noo, kitchen access fae the ootbye
was thru the backdoor o the hoose,
a door as casual left aff 40
the sneck as freens nicht casual come.

Yae siccan casual freen was Aundra,
as haurd a man as auld kailrunt,
but bitter as byde steivlie sterk
againss the Roman Catholics.

Yae day, that happent as nocht else
haed happent lyker mair tae nicht him,
he cam ben leevin room fae kitchen
lood speilin ginn he cam as ayeways
whoe neever gied the door a chappin. 50

Kent-nane til Aundra, we haed flittit
fae that hoose til a smaaer yin
the yin he noo was in was let
tae folk were Roman Catholics.

At lenth, whuin Aundra haed unsneckt
the door tweesht leevin room an kitchen,
furst thing he saw was lyker last
expeckit, for it was a pictur
o Haliness the Pope instead
o yae Maist Excellent, a Ryal, 60
he haed been yaised tae on the waa.

“In the name o Gode, Tam...! he began,
afore the truith that daws an caas
nocht licht but its ain deitie.

Gif stoond it was that Aundra kent,
lik sorte-the-sense afore ye speak,
yit mibbes that puit muckle wechtin
lik caw neurosis deeper ben,
for he badd aye wi nae respeck
for aither potentates or persons, 70
sae that years later he was heard
tae gulder lyke the soond o bress
til yae Newarthill acquaintance sittin
amang a bus-load o a wheen
o folk o mixed persuasiouns, boond
fae Moatherell til thair ain veillage:
and here’s the gulderin: “Hoo are
ye daein, Chairlie? Are ye still
bydein amang the hairie Barnies?”

Aundra was hauf a hairie Barnie 80
his ainsel, for he was the ootcome
o mairriage mixter-maxtered him
his mither bein, as ye may guess,

a Roman Catholic, whoe claikin
said was “A dacentlyke wee bodie,
a gy haurd-wurkin yin at that.”
The clash gaed on: “Af coorse, she turnt.”

“An that was yin turn for the better,”
Aundra hissel was heard tae say
lik mak the best o whit ye are
for better you will neever be.

NEEVER THAEM AGAIN

In bairnheid tyme, I badd at middis
o aathing ongaun, as tho naething
aawhoere was oniewhoere avaa
but whoere the ongaun was the aathing
maks bairnheid middis o the yirth.

That is, whoere I was born an badd
as a bairn was gy nearhaun the hoose
Keir Hardie bidd in thru youthheid
that made him hauf the man he was.

Legbrannock, whoere he haed been born 10
hissel, is twoe-three myle awo,
and as asyde as think anent it,
we caad the place Lochbrannock aye.

Ma hame was in a tenement
caad Allan Place, or Gairdner's Buildin
fae "Gardner" was the bodie made it:
"140 High Street," said the Post.

Oor hoose in that auld biggin was
at sou-waast gavel end, upstairs,
an sin its windaes aye haed curtains, 20
for lang enyeuch it was yae hoose
in aa the biggin still haed folk
an no folk-memories alane int.

In nyneteen aichtie-aicht, I see
the haill o yon auld biggin noo
is haein no juist a face renewal
but something lyke ben reddment tae.

In ma ain days, the biggin was
as dacent thocht as folk thocht dacent
kept it as dacent as thursels. 30

Nae bathroom, tho, but tin or byne
fornent the fyre, gy cosielyke
in winter: but the lavatorie
was haufwy doon the stairs, gy cauld.

Oor neebors were some folk caad Wilson,
son o the hoose a wheen year aulder
nor I, aulder enyeuch tae hae him
myn me athooten fear o skaithment,
and aer-on memorie can pictur
him hurlin me in lauddie's barra
til Moatherell athorte the Cawther. 40

We gaed til Moatherell tae see
some freends o his the thareaboots
as near enyeuch as maks nae differ
tae bein three myle fae Newarthill.

The lauddie's name was Bertie Wilson,
syne Robert Wilson, tenor singer,
as he was better kent attoore:
ma faither, tho, aye said he thocht him
a naitural licht bauritone. 50

In thae days, less was aye enyeuch,
and after aa, lik stukkies burds
an craws, lik Beduin an Bushmen,
we werenae baet for byte or beeld.

In thae days, we haed nocht tae fear
but nae wark: noo technologie,
as ultra as duin nuclearie,
is doomsday yince and ower for aye.

In thae days, we thocht we were no
lik thon paer sowl at daesnae ken
ocht waarth a dyat keeps him certaint
o self-respeck lik yours or mynes. 60

We left thon hoose whuin I was something
aroon the five year auld merk, gaein
doonhill til Cooncil hoosin schene
at 21 Whittagreen Place
whoere shair we thocht it was the babes,
a leevin room, three bedrooms, kitchen,
an bathroom, that hoose main road frontin,
but in commaund athorte the parklaunds
til yonder and awo an airtin 70
o whins at Easter yella flags;
o wuids lik magic mysteries
blae-lichtit; pits nae mysteries
but magical anaa lik coalseams
daurk as the millioun year that made them;
o railway lynes as geographic

as name o pits upon the waggon:
and yonder faur abuin the trees
ayont in Clelan Glen, the ruif 80
o yon Belhaven Castle caad,
an airtin o the name nane-braithit
in schuil til thae whoe were the scholars
afore us, nor til us in stories
tae lippen on them, nor til younklin
that follaet us, and eikit noo
til us in oor bairns, and thur ain,
tho in a whylsin lyke a tyme
in independence, that Belhaven
will intak aulder wechtinesses 90
wi yon Saltoun-man, Aundra Fletcher
whoe is as nane-kent as Belhaven,
an baith thae names for leebertie
will tak thur place instructit as
a newer prejudice we bigg
athin the mynd o gaeneratiouns
o Scotland's bairns in Scotland's future.

Thare's naething funnie in a Scotsman
whoe's phoney as a three-poun note,
but is it no an awfie jobe, sur, 100
true English folk aye seem tae lyke him,
even tho at that thur lykin's lyker
a snicherin he cannae hear
because he thinks they're lauchin wi him
whuin aa the tyme they're lauchin at him,

Tho that's no hoo we were langsyne,
an that's no hoo we are the-day,
that's hoo some were whuin I was bairnlie.
Gode spare us! Neever thaem again!

AULD CRONIES AND ITHERS

In yae lang poem that I caad
Abbey Craig tae Stirlin Castle, publisht
in nyneteen seeventie-fower, I telt
hoo young Keir Hardie was brocht-up
some thrittie yairds awo, nae mair,
fae yon hoose whoere I haed been born
in Newarthill in Lanarkshire.

Yin-fowertie High Street that same hoose,
a hauf a saltire airm athorte
the road fae yon Keir Hardie yin 10
that in his day was mair nor howfflik
for tho it haed been slatit ower
bi ma ain day, in Hardie's tyme
it haed been thackit whoere it stuid
its ben at Church Street on the laich syde.

It cooried lyke an efterthocht
as ill-planned as athoot permeesioun,
an lukit lyke no weel stuck on
the biggin frontin High Street thare,
for Hardie's hoose haed fuitpad neever 20
in Church Street, wi no muckle licht
syde, front or back: it's aa licht noo
as noo thare-nane as aathare wi it
can see anew thru things langsyne.

Whuin I was mibbes fower year auld,
I mynd a wummanbodie rinnin
tae finnd John Robertson M. P.
a chair, sae he cood staun richt thare
in Church Street neist Keir Hardie's hoose,
an mak a speech wi's muckle wecht, 30
I guess, as this bit paper haes.

I'm no richt shair, but lyke tae think
I'm shair I'm richt as think the wumman
was trulie Lizzie Watson fotch
the chair for Robertson yon day,
for Hardie's hoose was tackit on
the biggin haudin laicher doon,
the licence, Lizzie Watson's pub.

In Lizzie Watson's paurLOUR yince
I met ma faither's cronies thare: 40
Rab Parker, yae timm leeries lit
but saw the licht in poetrie;
Rab Henderson, yae tyme coalmaister,
aatyme the saervent o his freens;
an Johnnie Henshaw, better kent
bi surname "Hainshie", but kent best
immortalised bi Willie Moore
in *Jock and I* his kynlie versin.

And it was Willie Moore the same
gied me the laerin for a speak 50
in *Abbey Craig tae Stirlin Castle*,
for shair enyeuch an was he no
the ". . .auld collier telt me Snowden's was
the cauldest haunshak he ever had. . ."

That was as lang ayont ma schuildays
as nyneteen seeventie-fower saw publisht
that poem as poleetical
as telt whit Scots wuid be the-day.

Compoondin sic a stuiptiness
wi thrawnness is mair lyke confoondin 60
ingyne wi anger mair lik wuidness.

But juist the same, gy raeferential
it was fae younger days aye bydein
athin ingyne lik space an place
consant inwith the tyme gane syne.

The folk in yon auld paurLOUR were
intil thur politics an drammin
as honest as cood be nae ither.

And as ye ken, tae be ocht else
is faur mair easie for the sleezie 70
whoe tak the coin lik traitor Tories.

Thae folk in Lizzie Watson's paurLOUR
haed neever sellt oot til the maisters,
nae mair nor sellt thursels inwith
as kent thur honestie was fause.

Til thair ainsels they haednae been
the mair that was a mair the muckle
nor they haed been til thair sib neebors.

They aye haed been a thocht free-haundit,
the pootch mair aipen nor a sporrان, 80
til ilk the-tither nor the sel,
an gyan gaenerous thegither
in tyme o tribble til ma faither.

Thae nen were lyke enyeuch the kynd
o Presbyterian the speak
anent is gif sic folk micht tyne
thur young releegioun, they still keep
the Presbyterian kynd o notioun
o guid moralitie, no lyke 90
thae wi persuasiouns no lik that,
the speak anent them bein aye
that gin they tyne moralitie,
they still haud on til young releegioun.

Nane o them were betrayers, kennin
thursels a kynd o men nane-kennin
the wys betrayal gaed, whoe kent
the wys o coal the better, kennin
the gaein-aff the straucht faut-kennin.

Bein the kynd o men they were,
aye onie muckle heech betrayal 100
was memorable as forever.

That is the reasoun whye cauld Snowden,
fly Thomas, yon Ramsay MacDonald,
taen on a nithin wechtiness
til thae auld cronies, an importance
bookeit wi naethingness, betrayal.

That is the explicatioun whye
oor William Wallace bydes abuin
the lave as that great patriot
o patriots, a man betrayed 110
bi yin was archetype betrayer,
even as Menteith betrayer was
the archetype o traitor taen
imperial py MacDonald taen
wi Snowden an wi Thomas, py
imperial as pyed bi Tories.

Menteith was lyke aa Tories, slee

as say the yae thing, dae the neist
maist haundie for self-betterment;
self-seeker, Franco-Norman lyke
ocht o yon meelitarie junta
that, lyke enyeuch, o rulers aa
in aa tyme, were aa hypocrites,
even as the-day thur progenie:
tho even they are no despicable
as onie here we caa thur toadies.

Lik aa the lave o us in Scotland,
the auld cronies in Lizzie Watson's paurLOUR
were intil schism in releegioun
haed made brakkent kirk in speerit
an biggit thaem in stane an mortar;
and in thur politics were craiturs
aye brekkin and syne bein brakkent
the-wy thru thair young years the coalseams
haed been ootherried in the tulyie,
and hoo thur eild haed seen coal-measures
brekk baen lik ravagement can hirple.

Folk lyke thae cronies aye hae kent
the facts o lyfe a heidie tulyie
at yin wi struissle o the factiouns.

They aye were weel aquaant wi lynes
o demarcatioun in atween
politics fission aa-at-yince,
an whit seemed habblement mair lyker;
and in the fission taen thur pairt,
tho even in whit was mair lyke
disruptioun yince-for-aa, they haed
an airtin ot gy faur ben kennin.

Hablement was anither maitter
in politics, yin that was bairnin;
the kintrie wi some new bruit baess
athin the airt, an orrie splooter
o nyaffs the seed o ilk betrayal.

Brocht-up amang folk lyke the cronies
in sic an airt in sic a tyme
as yince in mynd a kinna airtin
releegioun and poleetical
as weel as cultural a berr
lik aathegither aye ongaen,
ilk intercleekit lyke the wurld
yae yin in eild was gaizent braid,

and in anither modren wurld
 as braidlie gawpin, in anither
 a wurld aye bydein as chynge-nane
 tho cut til skelfies in oor singin
 a wurld o rhythm cleedin rhyme:
 and I athin them aa at yince
 in wilderment as gyan consant
 as sairie, syne made gyan wuid
 tae read and hear peeheein squaek 170
 anent repressioun Calvinist
 as kailyaird couthiness, alang wi
 a mantin mair lik gantin puit
 upon aa Scotsmen lyke a smittle,
 tho neever on oor wemenfolk,
 because in reelateevitie
 oor wemen maun be haill, nane-hauddent,
 but wi ingyne as razorlyke
 as aathegither tonguit sherp
 as clip cloots juist tae pass the tyme. 180

Think noo, are aa oor wemen aye
 aither juist hauddin-doon thur men
 or are they aye ongaun at laudin
 the bonnie brier buss, or, think noo,
 the haill tyme paradoxical
 as quaet as mooselik neever cheep?

Nane, no the yin, no onie yae yin
 as peels as tautologicallie
 lik that yae lyne can stert this verse,
 haes ocht o kennin for a preein 190
 as Calvinist as gar us swither.

Thare haes been nae field studie ot,
 nae mair nor plowter thru park glaur;
 nae theorie haes been puitten til it
 releegious as ocht else nor daith,
 naething intilt as vyve as lyfie;
 nocht intilt ocht adae wi tyme
 an social chynge anent sic ongauns
 as sport or theatre or wark;
 naething avaa is eever duin 200
 but fae the heid-the-baas' nane-kennin,
 hearsay lik hear a naething mair,
 an saysame lyke a twin o hearsay,
 naething but caurrieness a styme,
 and yaisuallie the plainlie glaikit.

As note gin you pae dovert-nane,

anent “class” I masel say naething,
but you and I ken class the yaething.

The theorists, ye ken, as I dae,
aye byde ootwith class lyke the waather, 210
and arenae in space-tyme, but ootwith
ayont lik mibbes we’re aa dwaumin,
ye ken, and as I ken tae, wi ye,
they daenae scryve fae ocht o laerin
tae staert aff wi lik blaw the whissle
because thur tyme in space is ootwith
in thair concepioun o the haillness,
and aye thur space is naewhoere benmaist
inwith oor tyme or oniebodie’s.

They luk in unco keekin-glasses 220
camshauchle as ingyne gy caurrie,
instead o intil cleir-gless thocht
tae speir whoere truth bous oot o straucht.

Theses are made o thochts as wee
as birl in compass peerie roond
as cannie ken we’re yont the ploy
o thesis on sic theses, mair
lik eikin numerologie
til sic codologie o mynd.

An thare we were fae aer-on days 230
o literacie cood ower-thrapple
wi gutsiness ilk prentit wurd
fae *Rover*, the *Adventure*, *Wizard*,
til thon French legend on H.P.,
til smaalik bards an muckle makars;
fae Bernard Shaw we thocht at faut
because he writ in prose, no verses,
til Robert Blatchford wi thon wark
Not Guilty puit nae man in failyie;
fae hauteur, ay, or fae hote air, 240
til ballats lyke *The Laxdaele Saga*.

As weel and as no ill tae mynd,
agnosticism in debate
gaed doot or dootnae Byble read,
whyles havers caurrie on the swee,
whyles best o historie read richtlins,
sae monie o us were sair-wrocht
upon bi thae things bittockie
as coodnae weel be gethert-in,
as coodnae ill be puittent-oot, 250

but whyles yae haill sum puit thegither.

Sae it is orrie as haufwuidlik
tae laern that we whoe werenae blatelik,
but in agnostical delyte,
were Calvinists gy haudden doon!

An we, that were young males weel-yaissed
til female cooterin as weel
as ill-yaissed as we were fortaivert
bi bein puitten richt bi haun,
were badlie brocht-up, in-wurds say, 260
as chauvinist as pigs, no soos.

An we, that aye wuid chowe-the-fat
wi onieyin in breeks or skirt,
in goon a credit til the schuilin,
or baunds a credit til the claith,
wuid gie no yae wurd in debate
til oniebodie onie sex.

An whye? Because in siccan things
we didnae differ sex til sex,
nor were we aither gauche or sweirtie 270
the-wy saysamers say we were
the-wy naysayers hae the Scots
blate as breenge-nane except in fecht.

An lastlie, we that haed the wurld
alow oor feet the onie tyme
the humph cam up the back as thocht it
the makkin o a wurld waarthwhyle,
haed been, for aa the tyme that bydes
for aye and on, parochial.

Ay, thae that cannae talk except 280
in clichés aa folk hae heard tell o,
hae listent faur ower weel til ithers.

Parochial but! Some aicht o us
were freens in oor airt nearhaun neebort
as kent nocht else nor whit gaed roond
about a paerochin for pain
a preevacie kept faur fae childer
lik better-lae-the-waens-alane,
or pleasure caunnie kennin lyke
no muckle haim til oniebodie 290
is nocht that you will ken yersel.

Yin o thae freens was killt the-tyme
in the United States Marines
he focht in some Paccetic ysland
From the Tales of a Grandfather was
the fairin that he gied til me
langsyne he gaed awo a lauddie.

See Appendix

And yin was killt, as I heard tell,
tho whoere or whuin hae I heard-nane,
but saervin in the British Airmie: 300
he was a laud cood rin wi speed,
and aften dae I weesh he'd kept
his quick whuin daith ran aifter him.

See Appendix

Yin, whoe was aye mentorial
as twoe-three year amang young folk,
gied me *The Laxdaele Saga* copie
that I still hae thir sixtie year;
I mynd he yaissed tae play the pypes;
lament his daith athin the pits.

See Appendix

Yin was a whyle in Italie, 310
taen thare the British Airmie wy,
but cam fae thare tae dee in Lunnon,
a thocht at yon timm in ma myn
that raxt athorte the years we ran
as lauddies thru the yella whins.

See Appendix

Yin emigratit, fare-ye-weel,
as monie mair ower aa the years
ower aa the wurld, but this yin furdest
as aa the wy Australyie is
nearhaun New Zealand I masel 320
yince thocht whoere I micht tak ma wy.

See Appendix

Twoe styed at hame an bidd as haill
as ill-haelth and a jobe o wark
can keep folk gaun athin a weiretimm,
but hoo thae twoe hae faired sinsyne
is naither here nor yonder wecht
but on thir pages in thir lynes.

See Appendix

An for masel, the twoe decades
aifter I was the twal year auld
were naething but circumgestatioun 330
o thae things brocht me back again
as tho I haednae left the airt
that made me whit I am the-day.

Decades sinsyne hae birlid ma ruits
the deeper ben the samin syle,
sae in the growein niffer juist
the orralyke parochialisms
o fremmit pairts oot yonner fund
for internatiounalism I finnd
in whittaneever Scottish airt
as howfflik as sib syle tae growe in. 340

Juist as ootthru aa lyfe, for reasouns
parteeclar as smoor oot aa ithers,
sae bydes the auntrin freend in bairntimm;
an mair sae byde the adult bodies,
tho whit maks for the wecht that thae folk
hae in the memorie o childer
haes mair adae wi reasouns auntrin
as orrie maks them mell no ill-lik
wi bairns's mynd in craikin o it
made yin wi siclik adults' greinin. 350

Lik correspondences athin
a poem whoere a mellin eemage
gaes weel wi cantie soochin ot,
wi soond ot as wi pictur ot,
sic mellin makkin harmonie,
the sibness tweesht yin young, yin auld,
can kennle thocht ootthru a lyfe.

Whoere thare is nae compaurison,
the gaet atween them lyke hap-stap,
yae wy is younglik, tither hirple
as paer, or no that guid, or bad
lik poetrie rin on til verse,
an that is muckle as is kent. 360

Whoere sic relationship can splooter
lik pad-the-hoof, prosaicallie,
the myndin grays intil a licht:
haurlyke as daurken luminatioun,
sae hinmaistlie we maun foryet it..

Mynd, readin guid prose made as leal
as maks us ken a better ot
maun be lik verie best weel-cherisht
lik poetrie ootbookein mynd
as stretches the ingyne ootwithlik
can mak us ken the better ot
is yin alutterlie as lanesome
as some onkeeker at ongauns 370

say, in a barrack room, or in
a geggie, yit no as a pairt o
the-wy a raconteur whoe is
yonner awo as onie actor
is pairt o actioun can renew
hissel as tho athin the speilin. 380

In ma ain case, important folk
hae badd wi me in cleritie
oot-thirlit wi its ain bit laerin
that bydes no juist in thair ain tyme
but truthlik continuumlyke
as taks in thairs wi me an mynes.

This daesnae say that ilk and ither
are sae ower-wechtit that a burthen
socio-psychological
can weel, or ill, be made o thaem! 390

A wee thing o that natur, tho,
may weel be made o bards intilt,
for makars aye lay-oot thur ainsels
amang thur wark, especiallie
the yin whoe thinks tae dern awo
in hiddlins, poetrie groo licht.

Yit nae bard in oor Newarthill
on that score eever can be fautit,
for nane was negativelie naething. 400

They were o thair tyme innocent
intil thur wark, and o thur verses
ower innocent in tyme tae think
they cood be ocht else nor thursels,
nane haein self-delusioun seen
in ithers mair a pictur lyke
sophisticatioun, some folk caa't.

And as til aa thae ithers were
mangrowne as think the daein thrulik,
or wummanmade as duin wi thocht,
as is the wy o folk no bards,
I neever was waanchauncie wi them,
an lukin back noo sees me then
weel-saervit wi a kynliness
as female as think nocht anent it,
or male as thocht tae let me ken. 410

No that I kent male patronage

as ocht but casual in the passin, 420
but I taen tent o wumman's wys
the-wy the same taen tent o me,
an kent a cudgie fae a clowt
in monie a wy as reasounless
as naither kent nor ill tae ken.

A teacher in the Public Schuil,
Miss Wilson, tho, I myn because
The Children's Newspaper she gied me,
but neever telt me whye she did:
mibbes the wurds were in her een; 430
mibbes she thocht I read them thare.

Then thare was Maggie Mair conspired
tae let me hae ma tuppnie blauds
the *Rover*, or *Adventure*, *Wizard*,
on tick, say, on the Thursday nicht,
as she wuid say wi kynlie burch,
"Ay, shairlie, son; py Setterday."

An gin ye heard me say that lyne,
ye'd ken I cannae coonterfaet it,
nor wuid I, whoe lauch-nane at kynness. 440

Miss Gairdner haed especial wys
will byde thursels aye hers wi mynes:
she was ma teacher in the "quallie",
yon class the hinmaist yin afore
the three maist heech athin the schuil,
the C, B, A, Advanced Diveesioun.

Fae Whittagreen ma gowden youth
wuid cairrie her correctit jotters:
ma fairin for't a siller pincil.

An then thare was a Mrs Jack 450
whoe laucht tae hear me bairnlie caa
her muckle sons "Aa Mrs Jack's men":
she was ruid-cheekit as tid-cheerie,
aye lauchin wi me in a wy
the naither o us kent the whye.

An naither o us kent oor need
was ochtlins onie less nor ayeways
lik here in needment brocht thegither.

Mrs Buchanan, lyke an Eve 460
til ma ain Audam as a bairn,

aye saw til't that I haed an aipple
the onie tyme I left her hoose,
tho thon paer sowl was seenlins weel
whoe neever saw ocht illth in me.

An gin auld Eden didnae growe
a gairden thare fornent the Smiddie,
thon aipple-fruit puits me in mynd ot.

An monie mair can coorie quaetlie
doon ben ma memorie sae kyndlie
athooten lauchin lyke the lichtin 470
aroon the gleeed fae winter's ingles;
athoot avysement, daur or daenae
as shairp as cut-the-cloots in flytin;
athoot ower-speirin ower the speirin
that let a lauddie quaistioun quaistions:
can coorie quaet, thae monie wemen,
or else can snoove awo as quaetlie
as tho in the ingyne nane-cooriet.

Aa thae folk laerit me the-wy
they puit thursels inwith ma kennin 480
an sae becam yin wi ma bein.

Ilk yin o thaem in thair ain wy
taen me intil thur ain kyn kennin,
an wi masel becam the samin.

And aa were waalcome in masel
as I was waalcome ilk til ither
as here lik six and hauf-a-dizzen.

I kent auld folk the caunnie yins
as preed the wy was pruif o traist
as they haed duin afore me yon timm 490
haed been sae boathersome til thaem
but noo made easie-oasie as
nae boather maks me caunnie tae.

I aye thocht, whit can young laer young
but orrie bits o dabbities
fae gaucheries ilk and the-tither
that growe gy uncolyke as laer
whuin mangrowne on in years sic things
are orrielyke the mair as saws.

Whit dreedour tae be young enyeuch 500
as think ye're gyan vyve becomin

fuhlfoued bi ilk ondeemas chaunce
technique-technologie as chesslik,
yit aye tae byde waanchauncilyke,
ower faur back as mangrowne a hauflin
tae unnerstaun the wys o folk;
tae byde lik gutsiness as selfish
as feed on gutsiness, at odds
as numerologie gane fremmit
ootwith aa wunner made mangrowne 510
as wummanmade can aye sklent-at-it.

Folk I kent then were wyss enyeuch
as soor-nane onie o thur judgement
in dogma cruddles the ingyne,
folk whoe were caunnie as said nocht
wuid plap them in soordookerie,
but keep thursels as sceptical
as aiddlt-nane thur caller haerns.

But aa thru ma ain gaeneratioun,
thare were and are folk made gy glaikit 520
bi mynd as peerie as the fuils
bab-babbin powes lik orrie Tories
peeheein til thur muckle maisters.

It is a sairlik thing tae see
the gaucherie o mynd as semple
as mangrowne hauflins, blinnin self
til sic betrayal as it was
as deif athin its youth til wyssheid;
as foutie and as fousome as
eild cairriein a gutsiness 530
intil the mools lik smoothie skellums,
thae superannuatit Tories.

Again I say, nae men I kent
amang thae yins I name *Auld Cronies*,
nor onie o the wemenfolk
amang thae yins abuin I caa
the *Ithers*, eever kent betrayal
a wy o daein gie-me-lyke,
a wy o haein seis-it-here,
or else a wy o sayin “Mynses!” 540
as tho sic graith a state o grace .

ELIZABETH FISHER OR LAW

Yince, on a tyme ma mither was
no weel as neever mak a better,
an no that lang afore she deed
inbye hersel, ootwith she saw us
a when o een athin her seikroom,
roon-gether thare asyde her bed
in Newarthill, aicht Laughland Drive.

That maun hae been aboot the year
o nyneteen hunder thrittie-twoe
whuin I was up an comein sixteen
as thocht ma mither's fiftie-twoe
was auld an faur awo as yonner. 10

Yin o us in that curn o failmie,
yin that cood gan ootbye the self
an tak a something o the deein
that still was quick in mither's een,
yince taen a thocht we were ower birssie
upon her illth, ower muckle wecht
for aither saucht o mynd or easement
o bodie, or conjunck the-wy
they mak for benner peace thegither. 20

Ma mither said: "Leave Tom wi me here.
He is the only one that I
can have a wee greet with." I styed.

That statement styed hersel aye myne,
alang wi yae speak no the same
but sib wi't lyke a benner self
ayont and in anither bodie.

Yae tyme aer-on, thare was a neebor,
as Ulsterish as mither was, 30
but Roman Catholic releegious
the-wy ma mither coodnae be;
whyles he wuid caa-in for tae see her,
and yae day he was heard tae say
a speak was unco weel deleevert:
"Well, Mrs Law, you are indaed
the only one that I can talk to."

I'm thinkin noo that he haed speirt
for some self-kennin whoere the ainsel
is yont the grun gars kennin be 40
at yin wi bein whoere nane ither

nor its ainsel is shair as ken
that whoere it is is inself-bein.

In talkin wi ma mither thare,
it is a thocht as lyke as no
that whit was in his kennin then
was then an thare his Ulster kennin.

But here's a thing is gy byordnar,
for yin day, muckle in his cups
as made him toom o thocht as weel as 50
fortaivert in the uptak ower
a haund o his haed yae deid finger,
he up an chappit on oor door
an socht tae hae ma doocelik mither
tak haud o aix an sned thru baen
tae redd him o yon yuissless finger.

Whoe cood hae kent yon dacent chiel,
as caunnie wi the tongue as cantie,
wuid thocht tae speir for grugous wark
o sic a soart fae wummanbodie 60
as gentle as ma mither was
as quaetlik as he kent her kynlie?

Whoe cood hae kent? Ay, we cood ken
whoe kent the birlaboot in thinkin
athin the Ulster myndy ingyne
the twoe-three thoosan year in makkin,
that politeecians haed thocht
thur twoe-three hunder year was reddment.

Af coorse, we didnae tell the tale
aroon the doors lik "Dae-ye-tell-me?" 70
nae mair nor noo lik "Tell-me-tho!"
we tell the whoe it was lik "Neever!"
nor dae we say we ken the whye
for psychiatric kin o laerin.

Yit shair enyeuch, simpatico
was whit was Ulsterish til Yrish
as Yrish was til Ulsterish,
yit in the yaisual wy we speak
o Ulster Protestant as Billy
is neever ocht nor doot but dae't, 80
the-tyme we speak o aa haill Yreland
as neever ocht nor doot-nane, dae't,
ilk leeberator caad a Dan
in memorie o thon O'Connell.

As weel, intil sic Yrish swaw
mibbes an unnertowe was pouin
as sleekit as cood slither ye
afore ye ken the wy ye gae,
lik Ulster towein folk in Ulster
inbye the mores o the creeds, 90
and aamaist, gif no juist an easement,
lik ydilset in watter lowsed
atween tyde-rip o Ulster folk
an riptyde o thae ither Yrish.

Yon calleratioun sploonge in aa
the Ulster Protestants as deep
in Yreland as made thaem mair Yrish,
wuid been nae mair nor Normans yince
becam mair Yrish nor the Yrish.

But we ken noo as saw it comein, 100
that sic a kinship haed been puit
athin a gurlie, groolik swaw.

An we that saw it comein ken
it yaissed, abyaissed ayont the mend,
yit it was thare an cood hae made it
for aye and on a clean, green swaw
rowein lik ocean roon the Yrish.

An noo it is sea-bitter saut
sair-gowpin ilka Yrish wound,
nae savour til't, but bryne maks tyuch 110
as rocks sea-slaigert, rocks sea-splootert.

I faur awo as yonner noo
the three score year an ten an twoe mair,
myndin ma mither fae Lambeg
was twintieth o Apryle born
in aichteen hunder, twoe-and-aichtie,
her faither Andrew Fisher caad,
her mither yince was Annie Graham,
an she hersel Elizabeth:
sae registert on sixt o Mye 120
in aichteen hunder twoe-and-aichtie.

SCHUIL HOLIDAYS

Whuin I was young, I yaissed tae steer
aa thru the suimmer tyme o year
as neever thocht o leebertie
ocht else nor lyke the wuins that flee
athooten thocht o you an me,
or whye the lykes o us were here.

The mitherbodies then fasht-nane
ower ongauns o the orrie waen
stramashin holidays ootthru
lik teare the breeks or claes ower-new 10
as let nae blackbybe jaggies pou
the genzie purlins oot again.

Days were as het as in yon wy
gart road taurmac gan beebblie gy,
sae baries were as *de rigueur*
as Brust a beebble in the taur
as caunnie as the big tae thare
flettent it, skooshin watter aye.

Fae mornin sun til aifter dyne,
nae leemit set in Auld Lang Syne, 20
younklins wuid mak the shaws thur ain
as neever caad a gemmie freen,
and ilka burn a lido seen
nae byllie's beat, but yours an myne.

We ayeways taen a piece, that is,
a "chit" we caad it whyles, an thus
thocht we were galluslyke tae sayt;
we didnae ken we werenae blate,
nae mair nor ken we werenae baet
for wurd's that haed a wy wi us. 30

THE WY O A SANG

Whyles sang is made athin the myn
lik bairnin in a wummanbodie,
an tune til't fittit til the wurd
lik kennin o the bairnin ruitit
a sooch intil the wumman's myn;
syne and a vyce can mell the wurd
and air thegither, whoe haes kennin
hoo faur the weird ot cairries then
onie mair nor whoe can ken hoo furder
and intil whittan airt the waen
o sic a bairnin weel may gan? 10

That is tae say, an whoe can ken
hoo sooch o yon speak in a sang
will be inhaudent, or be chynged
bi chance, a bodle birls in air,
or tyme, its dunt upon the grund?

An whoe can ken whit sic a singin
will dae hinmaistlie yince-for-aa-lik
til hinmaist singer yin wi sooch ot
athin the sel, or hinmaist hearer
ot aa at yince yin wi the sooch ot
ayont the sel as haurdlie ken it? 20

An whoe can ken whit baith o thae folk
will dae til't, sib wi melodie
as think they are as sib wi sooch ot?

Whyles sic a sang gans doon the years
lik sooch o memorie a freit
athin the folk, an syne becomes,
lik talisman in historie,
a monument athin the myn. 30

Whyles sic a sang will hae nocht mair
o haillness in amang the folk
nor owercome that may gan nid-noddin
back o the mynd a chaumer tune,
or in a lyne that seems tae haud
the muckle wecht o sooch intil it,
or juist a phrase lik relict auld
o whit was haill noo eilden deid,
but even at that, enyeuch intil it
as gar it growe athin the mynd
o makar winnae let him byde
in saucht until his singin at it 40

is sang as haill as whit was tint
ahint the bittock made unease,
or until set again in faushioun
wurdie o the oreeginal,
ay, even tho he neever kent
whit yon auld haill itsel was lyker.

Yit, and it is a sairie thing,
gin onie phrase lik “Listen, wheesht!” 50
athin it, or a lyne mair lyke
“Mak-you-anither-til’t!” or owercome
lik “Sooch-it-you-again!” suid eever
be yaissed again in onie faushioun
that maks the wark mair lyke a tooshie.

Better tae lae the thing alane, but,
lik byde-yer-wheesht gif better isnae
mair nor a weel-eneuch is less
nor guid-eneuch no muckle mair
nor no-sae-bad, an they are common 60
as mair lik seik or no-that-weel is
the lyker daith can succour-nane
the sooch ahint the eilden wurd.

Keep yon auld owercome, lyne or phrase,
sae even gif sic ocht can curse,
then let it be as tho it were
athin the Gaelic speak, yer plesure
then that in your ain skaithment, Gaelic
can byde aye haill athin the waarsle,
and aye abuin the lave wuid kill it. 70

For mynd ye, roon me that was duin
the samin wy til oor Scots leid,
tho mynd ye, yince again we kent
it vyve as lang enyeuch in deein
the-wy a phrase, a lyne, an owercome
fae some auld sang awaits the makar,
and is this no enyeuch as spells it?

Sae scryve yer sang as maks the leid
talk til itsel as tho it thocht
ayont the wurds tae gar them soond 80
anither sooch can mak thur speak
byordnarlyke, nae common clash.

BUFFERTIE BROON

In yon sang *Jamie Foyers*, sung
Peninsularlie deid in Spain
or Portugal wi Wellington,
the wurds tell o the deein sodger
grienin for a lippin o the watter
fae yon waal caad the Baker Broon's,
for Foyers was as shair as daith
is certaint, sic a taet o drammin
wuid slocken deein drooth as shair.

Athin a nyeuk in yon burn caad 10
the Metal Raw, or Tillanburn,
atween Newarthill an Cleelan veellage,
a bittock up fae yae pown caad
the Gush-ower, or in oor days, mair
lyker the Gusher, liggin laichlie
alow a stye barik, Cleelan syde,
that haed on tap a smaaish green
was yince athin a nyne-hole gowf coorse,
thare was a waal as cleir as caw
the waast licht skinklie ower its breist, 20
a waal as cauld as caw the slairie
o suimmer clart richt doon the thrapple.

Yon waal was aidgeit wi broon-yella
as merk it airnie fae the gaet
its wys taen in alow the yird
lang or thare was a drooth tae slocken.

Lik Baker Broon's waal in the Campsies,
an monie o the siccan lave,
oor ain asyde the Tillanburn
haed hamelie byname for a guidness. 30

As bairns we wuidnae pass nearhaund
upon a hetter suimmer's day
athooten puittin cuppit loof
intilt tae pree a caunnie moothfie
wuid slocken drooth as shair as certaint
was in the pooer o havers kent
anent it gart us think it haed
athin its bree a taet o preevin
medecinal as magical.

Noo here's a thing haes nocht avaa 40
adae wi oniething but magic
athin this storie o the waal;

somewhoere atween the Tillanburn
and yae smaa pit, the *Ham-an-Egg*,
thare grew a freit, *The Shynin Tree*,
and as a bairn I heard a something
anent it was a wheesht o thocht;
young collier lauds wuid cast pick blades
tae gar them stick athin the trunk,
for luck, they said, an sae nae hairm 50
wuid come in mornin, nicht or backshift
whuin they wrocht at the wark alow:
neever the yince saw I yon tree,
sae coodnae keep masel fae skaith
whuin mangrowne wrocht I at the wark.

Gin eever ocht cuid luk as caunnie
as sic a thing, it wuid be lyker
a freit ingyne wuid myn for aye
as mair lik seen a something-ither
in dreams ayont realitie 60
lik truith a cairriet-storie laegend.

I haed twoe aulder brithers, Chairlie
the aulder o the twoe, and Aundra:
the younger yin was taen no weel,
an tho the hauf-deleerit wi't,
was smaert enyeuch as speir for watter
that Chairlie was tae fetch, nae ither
nor watter fae yon waal asyde
the burn was caad the Metal Raw.

But Aundra wuidnae be begowkit, 70
deleerit gin he was or no,
whuin Chairlie brocht tap watter hame:
aff til the waal, nae hunkerslydin,
gaed Chairlie for the truest magic.

Thae were the days o saiklessness
no juist oor ain, for even grund
itsel ootpreenit in the suimmer
as tho the waather were as het
upon it as cuid gar it lowe
wi licht fae luft as blue an dentie 80
as dauncein methane lowe abuin
a fyre o ruid-het anthracyte;
ay, yincet upon a tyme was yon timm
at that, as true as tell it twycet;
an mair nor saikless we wuid be
the-day gin we taen auntrin sloochin
fae that waal noo whoere ilka drap

fae yird's ootpreenin watter thare
is lyklie faur ower muckle fylit
for haillsomeness athin its aidle
a clart as chemical as deidlie. 90

Tak you a curn o chemicals
fae sic an aidle maks them muckle
and you sall hae a when o smittles.

Even yon whylsin back, we haed
the kennin o the siccan fylin
micht sloosh-oot fae the slauchterhoose
caad Mason's up Omoa wy,
sae we wuid tak nae sup lik pleasure
fae yon waal gin it were spatofou
as gar it owerscadd groo as scaumlik. 100

For yaisual, tho, the airn afftak
aroon the bowle o yon waal liggit
a thocht abuin burn-laevel as
cuid tak nae skaith but fae ootpooreins
o laund abuin that taen nae hairm
fae oniebodie but the gowfers.

Fylin cuid weel tak place doon watter
in yin pown that we caad *The Gusher*,
sae for oor suimmer dook, that pown
gaed oot o faushioun, tho oor elders
haed lykit it: but we were wyss
as dook abuin the clart o Mason's. 110

It cannae then be thocht ondeemas
that childer suid be cairriers
o memorie athin the folk
aroon them, for the bairns ayeways
are born stravaigers lyke the tinks,
and aften quaet as animals
ben nyeuks amang the lave tae keek oot
at names tickt-aff athin the haerns
upon a leet ingyne can prent it,
an sae can mak a pictur lykeness
o that yin, yon yin were guid freens;
or tak a sklent hauf-skellielyke
at yon yin, that yin seen juist hauflik
athin the mynd as no-aa-thare;
an for the raecord, tak a keek
as lykin-nane the yins ye focht wi
or thae that focht wi you because
some haterent they were intil for ye. 120

130

Thus, whuin the foonds o Roman Baths
were fund in Clyde Park neist the Cawther,
til me it was as tho yince mair
I was amang auld folk whoe telt me
about the Roman Road as tho
they'd taen a daunner thare, as I did,
an spak anent the Roman Brig
langsyne the Roman legiouns biggit
whoe aiblins kent nane wuid believe 140
unless the feet cuid clowt the causies,
ay, even tho the "experts" say
the speak was juist a cairriet storie.

Indaed, indaed a cairriet storie,
for haed it no been cairriet sae
athin the bairnlie forefolk mous
for something lyke years twoe-an-thoosan?

An furder, and as faur as gan
rowein along lik Cawther watter,
it was as true as pree the sploonge 150
or daunner thare as caunnilie
as doon road, ower the brig at leesure,
for bairns and auld folk aye haed kent
as neever thocht tae doot the truth ot.

Ay, daunner did we doon thon gaet
was caad the Roman Road, an stuid thare
on yon airch is the Roman Brig.

Somewhoere along the lyne that rins
as straucht as shoogle-nane in thocht,
but true as neever thocht tae think 160
thare aiblins was anither wy
tae think anent the thocht o thinkin,
yae bodie said til some young bairn:
"Ay, that's the Roman Road rins doon
til whoere the Cawther ootfaa rows
lik slither suimmer, breenge in spring
intil the Clyde athorte fae Cadyie,
an that is whoere yon Roman Brig
that stauns the-day as aye it stuid,
as humphie-backit as a bool, 170
claittert wi Roman legioun buits
the-tyme thae sodgers fished the saumon;
ma faither telt me sic a tale
that I noo cairrie furder still
as here I tell it you as he

telt me his faither telt him tae
he haed been telt bi aulder bodies
whuin he was young as you are noo
that listens as I tell it you
sae you can tell it til yer bairns
until yon day can daw lik truith
that eemages the ilka laegend.”

180

Historians are neever laernin
that folk no that byordnarlyke
can seenlins haud a storie haille
gif no byordnarlyke as laegend
lik yon mythologie o magic.

Byordnar tales are thair delyte
the mair sae gif the clash dumfooners
the-wy delyte can tell't again.

190

An this upmakkerie is mair
a pictur o the kynd o eemage
sic folk think graces truith at hert.

Gode bliss romancers! Let them sing
as mak lik hinniekaim thur manna
can mak for hinnie-tonguit sang!

Lang leeve thae folk whoe pictur facts
can grace the hairt o truith an eemage
upmaks it aye miraculous!

Thare is a bodie wi the daith-weesh
can jyle him in his ain cly sel
made mools lang, lang afore the yird
can tak itsel back in its bein;
he haes nae skowth ongaein for him
as puits him intil onie fact
lik his ainsel ayont the mools,
nor intil onie freit lik fable,
but growes an eemage as auld-farrant
as coodnae be ocht else nor cly.

200

Yae man, tho, wi a vyvlik lykin
for lyfe, sees aa tyme is weel-hained
athin the sel, as tho he gaed
stravaigin thru the past his pleasure,
an thru the praesent lyke his ainsel
upon a stuidie o his wark
will mak him lyke the man he is
as seen in future, haun-wrocht, haimmert

210

bi naething but the wys o nature
that he was yin wi aa the tyme.

He hauds intil hissel the preein 220
o lyfe, an winnae lay it doon
wi oniething lik waanhowp for't
in sair defaet, but hear him yalloch
“Thare is nae need tae dee avaa, but!
Ye can leeve as lang's ye waant!” It was
Buffertie Broon o Newarthill
said that. I taen a thocht anent him
whuin soochin yon sang *Jamie Foyers*
about the waal was Baker Broon's.

Noo, Buffertie was aye as vyve 230
o lyfe as lyfe was vyvlik in him
a licht comes ilka morn's morn.

It was a something in the veellage,
as langsinsyne as maks it mair sae,
whuin Buffertie intil his eild
gaed oot an bocht hissel a weeg
as blond an galluslyke as glinkit
ruid-gowd alow the suin yae suimmer,
an for tae better set it aff
syne advertised for wyfe tae wad. 240

An wad did he, whoe wasnae sweir
tae finnd a wumman no sweir aither
as seeker finndin treisure trove.

The pruif that Buffertie was richt,
an that thare is nae need tae dee
(nae mair nor onie need tae leeve),
is here seen as I scryve his laegend
that maks him yin wi aa the Romans
that eever in the Cawther dookt,
an syned thur clart intil the Clyde 250
at Bothwaalhauch tae pyson saumon
that haenaes soomit thare sinsyne.

And hoo can we say that the leevin
o Buffertie was no the wale
o aa that pleesurt his tae be
the-wy that yours an myne juist isnae?

And hoo can onie ither yin
say sic a lyfe was no ootbookeit
intil the hert o his desyre

afore he deed lik fabled fact 260
that leeves on here, tho gy waanchauncie
his fell mishauter deein-nane
but bein killt doon pit shank faain.

At yon late onset in his lyfe,
whuin thochts o daith were muckle wechtit
athin his myn, thare maun hae been
a fairlik puckle soor-moued clash
hauf-dernit as kep-nane in hiddlins
anent him, for as aa the wurld,
gif no Newarthill at yon timm, kens, 270
the soor-moued in amang the neebors
lyke-nane the mair byordnar yins
excep whuin myndin o them is
a puittin-doon mair lyker sconsin
akin til pawkie sklander aye.

Alive as neever sweir tae byde
his ain haill sel for aye, an deid
as brakkent bi the wark he wrocht at
he'd thocht wuid keep him gaun gy snode,
Auld Buffertie desaervit-nane 280
illhairtitness thon then, nor this noo,
the onie mair nor thon ill-end
he haed tae thole lik dreedour swythe
as ken it comein cannae stope it,
and aiblins thir paer lynes may be
enyeuch as gar guid justice gan
stravaigin straucht as sterk an stuidie
Pickerson Hill til Skree Brig yonner.

And as the haill wurld better kens,
doon-moothers hate tae see thursels 290
as ithers see them, splooterie
about the gub as pleesurt aye
tae see thursels gy weel puit-on,
but neever puittent-doon as dae
they dae til ithers, sae it seems
that they juist cannae unnerstaun
the wy a seemple kinna man
can birl aroon in saiklessness
lik cly in saucht athin the mools.

The sair-moued folk lyke better ithers 300
that birl aroon lik geggie antics
whoe cannae tell the truith fae troke,
but whoe are lyker mair thae nae-folk
whoe cannae tell thursels fae troke

an whoe are hauf the lyke o human.

Doon-moothers aye delyte in poseurs,
an think sic folk the brawlik bodies
 ensamples o the wy tae be,
whoe arenae that avaa, but raither
 the wy the inatween scuds seem, 310
an that's nae wy but thairs, nane ither's.

As lairge in lyfe as smaalik conter
in daith, are siccan folk, the speilers
 ye finnd in ilka back an closse
the oniegaet is gaet the ilka
 in Newarthill or aagaets else
whoere folk lik Buffertie are flytit.

Sleep soone, Auld Buffertie Broon,
 wi tyme in plesance doverin!
No lik thae fae Newarthill toon 320
 lik mowdies in thur coverin,
thae nameless folk that cried ye doon
in your kenspeckle, livelie day
 lik suinlicht up an waarm an daein.

Hear me, Prood Eternitie
 that lykes tae ken whit bards are sayin!
Eh! Eh! Auld Buffertie!

THE KELTIC FRINGE

Aer-on, uptakkin in releegioun
was instancie ongaein aye,
as were poleetical ongauns
lik ither kinna wurd o wechtin
in Newarthill in thae young days
as muckle as anither tyme
was fangit gospel til Keir Hardie.

And I maun say it, hooaneever,
that thare was aeducatioun-nane
deleeberate as listen-you 10
whuin ben the hoose bi oniebodie,
nor ootwith yonner wi the lave
apairt fae yaisual laerin o't
in Sunday schuil or on kirk-gaein.

Releegioun, lyke the politics,
was mynes because I was claith-luggit
as haud-the-wheesht tae hear the better.

Ma lugs aye flappert in the wuin
releegious as birl roond about them
lik flee awo wi't, or were lyke 20
tae soak-up smirr o politics
lik sookin yit anither laerin.

But as it fell aboot, lik rowein
an tummlin sydiewys awo
can neever hairm ye, I was as
wuinpruif as flee oot and awo
as I was rainpruif as cuid jook
the ondoon teemin o the onding.

Auld-farrant bodies in releegioun
will swither-nane lik here-I-staun 30
lik here-is-dogma for tae pray
thare is nae law lik law's ain law
that says thare's nae law but law's ain
that says lik thaem I maun be fyrepruif.

Dreid-nane Auld Birniebruchie at his ease,
for ilka man gars his ain phoenix bleeze.

See Appendix

Gin oniething is ocht avaa
that is the lyker something mair,
I was a thocht mair at ma ease
in Coontie Auntrim nor Aest Lowden. 40

See Appendix

Apairt fae thae conseederatiouns,
 no sindert fae them aathegither,
 an wi an aifterthocht anent
 thon Great Weire killt a generatioun,
 for aften oniebodie's weire
 is yin afore the yin he focht in,
 conneck athin the myn maist forcefou
 was in oor Yrish kin an kennin,
 a thochtiness made ower an made
 the mair for stories on oor ainfolk 50
 nane but the failmie and the freens
 that haes been ongaun aa ma lyfetimm.

Conneck Yrish as that may weel been
 twycet-ower the wys an means o keepin
 lyfe in me, raither nor the haein't
 oot-blattert fae me in a soondin
 as ruid wi fyre as rorie weire,
 or in an industrie as black
 as daith millennia enfanklt;
 yincet wi ower-lukin on a tyme 60
 as kep me oot the Spanish Weire
 in thon year nyneteen thrittie-seeven;
 the-tither yincet again was tyme lik
 neever-you-doot-it, an ootwalin
 taen me in nyneteen fiftie-three
 oot o the pits was yae ootyokin
 made lyfe the muckle easier,
 but mair nor that, kep me as haill

as free o skaithment in yon dirdum
 blootert athin the Glessee coal 70
 ben Lindsay Collierie in Fyfe
 that killt the ilka umquhyle neebor
 I wrocht wi in yon tichtie coal seam.

See Appendix
See Appendix
See Appendix

Muckle enyeuch hae I been scryvin
 fae failmie backgrund in the pit-wark,
 as weel's ma ain this whylsin scarts
 its lynes o ink an scadds o pincil
 as black as slabber-dab the paper
 as tho wi slairie clabber-da,
 but monie the puckle maks that muckle 80
 nicht no been duin haed I been graftin
 alow as wrocht on at the wark,
 for gin I haed been spared the Lindsay
 that was disauster til ma neebors,
 noo nicht I be sair yokit-on
 bi yon pneumoniconiosis,

See Appendix
See Appendix

or mibbes, martingale the lyker,
for dooble-up or quits me baith,
bi thon ee-styme some caa nystagmus,
the *Glennie Blink* langsyne was tholit 90
bi oor M. P. Joe Soolivan
wi kittlt gif no smittlt een.

Aiblins a feck o siccan scryvin
suid richtlins be made dedicate
til yin Con Murphy whoe aye myndit
oor saervice in the Weire thegither
wi lykin was enyeuch as gart him
rax-oot a haun was Welsh as Yrish
tae hyst me oot o thon pit-shank
was caad the Lindsay ower bi Kelty. 100

Six lang year aifter missin-oot
athin the Spanish Weire, yit kennin
I micht been “missin, thocht deid” postit
as tint amang the brulyie ot
that was anither weire afore
the yin I focht in, baith Con Murphy
and I stuid quaet thegither thare
athin the haerbour o Gibraltar
upon the deck o troopship caad
the H. M. T. Orduna, yon day 110
o Februar the twintie-seeventh

in nynteen fowertie-fower, an saw
Spain for the furst timm, and I scryvit
the poem gien alow, in English:
richtlins, it micht be dedicate
til Peter Creegan whoe owerlukt
ma chairge on him tae see me yonner
til Spain, thae lang six year sinsyne,
for Peter was the Organiser
o communists in Moatherell 120
at yon timm was the tyme o yae timm
I nearhaun focht athin a weire was
the yin afore the yin I focht in.

Off Gibraltar and the sea leaden, the dawn
a poor one; behind the clouds, rubbing his eyes
and blinking, the sun yawned.

Then the sea and morning-after skies
became aware, brightening to a feeble welcome
but colourless as the weary smile
of a woman growing old in slums. 130

We expected more, this being Gibraltar – the Rock.
Suddenly, the sun struck the smoky
green low hills of Spain, the air
was alive. Startled, we knew our castles there.

(Furst-publisht in *Chapman*)

I'm thinkin noo that mibbe Peter
kent me ower weel tae see me saired
the-wy ill-end nicht saerve tae dae't,
for aifter aa he mibbe saw me
the lyke o his twoe brithers whoe
haed rin about the neebor doors
in Newarthill puit us thegither. 140

But lang afore thae days that biggit
oor castles in the air o Spain,
ma ain hauf-Yrish thocht that lykit
a something mair yon Coontie Auntrim
nor aa Aest Lowden haed intilt,
haed come tae fou ma psychic mornin
wi winner inwrocht wi the wy ot,
even as ma psychic eenin taks
ongaun delyte wi aa the whye ot. 150

Sic thochts are maistlie mair anent
the folk nor onie place they lyke
tae byde in, for tho I can moodge as
swythe as can swither-nane anent
the biggit-stane or stane for brekkin
an syne for biggin, an can be
intil the wuins an swaws lik sove
athin ingyne the yin, an blatter
upon the mynd o rock the-tither,
even as I ken the wilderness
the wy it is, and husbandrie 160
the caunnie plooin, sawin, mowein,
yit I hae come the mair an mair
tae see the muckle feck o kennin
is whit maun puit the folk wi place
tae gar thae twoe thegither growe
the pooer that moodges aa thegither
as weel thegither moodgein pooer.

Lyfe is lik verse made poetrie
bi eemages heech-lichtin wurd
the mair especial made tae soond
as memorable as the seein. 170

WEE WULL

On Newarthill this whylsin wrytin,
there's mair adae athin ma thinkin
on aulder folk nor on the younger.

Somewy or ither, aa the hinmaist
hae waan free intil fact-o-maitter
mair lyke nanekentness eever was
that maun as weel hae been the lyke
that ma ain bein was til thaem.

Nane o ma eildins were yae ocht
the vaudie folk avaa, as faur
as eever I cuid be concearn't,
juist as I'm shair as weel that nane
o thaem thocht I was mair nor peels
in aathing ordnar, as thursels were. 10

It seems we neever did a yaething
cuid haud intil the daein ot
ondeemasness unkennable
athin the laegends o oor aelders,
maitters that we cuid unnerstaun
lik think-again as pictur thaem
lik yince-mair-for-the-twycet, ootwith
oor ain wurld, sin we were a pairt
o wrack we aye cuid see at wark
around us mirlin aa til poother:
the muckle-bookeit quaistioun seems
tae hae pooer in ondeemasness
the mair sae nor kent aunswer cairries
athin it fact o kentness ot,
the same wy as guid poetrie
is no sae muckle as let leid
talk thru us as tae let the leid
talk til us mair lik thru itsel. 20 30

We were the faur ower young as think
tae wunner ower oor ainsels thinkin,
for we felt faur inbye oorsels
the lyke o thae sair ongauns ootwith.

We taen oorsels apairt fae self
in daefineetioun, but we cooried
faur ben oorsels in veesioun lyke
a tint realitie mair kennin. 40

For instance, I was yonner whyles

aroon lik caa-in caunnie aften
lik in-the-bygaun roondaboot
as whit was ben-hoose wi the Mairshalls.

Bobbie, Jean, Nan, John, Bill an May,
tetrameter-iambicallie
lik Tom an Chrissie, Auld Wull faither,
an mither whoe was caad Kate Cawpie
as her ain gaeneratioun kent her
the better, for “MacAlpine” shorte, 50
fae thae contractor folk aye biggin
whose name is yin wi aa the grunwark
they still remak, as tho the Godeheid
thocht they cuid mak a better o it.

In Newarthill Public Schuil, in ma days,
the prize byeuks haed the name MacAlpine,
an advertisement dun awo wi.

Ootwith the schuil, the Marshalls kent
the aulder-farrant “Mairshall” soond
that soocht the name wi better kitchen, 60
the lavrie mair upon the tongue
that aye haed suppt the purritch ot,
nor Gaelic grave-accentit “Mershall”.

Auld Wull was yae wee man, as skeelie
a jyner as cuid caw a nail
or plane a brode, an was as quaet
as haud-the-wheesht athin his gairden
alow the gless his ain hauns biggit,
or whyles, asyde his ingle-en,
nid-noddin til a Neer Day sang. 70

Apairt fae Hogmanay itsel,
Wee Wull drank little as the mair ot
wuid taen ower muckle o his freedom,
sae neever yaissed the public hooses
the consantlyke, mibbes a couple
o pynts at nicht on Setterdays,
an sae, a fuddik in a fuddle,
gaed Wull hame caunnilie as stottit
yon wy puit nae hairm on a bodie
the onie mair nor hissels aither. 80

Wee Wull haed focht in oor Great Weire,
and yae thing he yince said anent it,
I heard him tell ma faither, was:
“Thare’s some fowk say they werenae feart, Tam,

but I can tell ye, an for shair,
whuin ower the tap we haed tae gan thare,
I was gy feart.” But feart or no,
Wee Wull waan thru, his lyfe tharefter
daein faur less hairm til onieyin
he kent, nor whit he haed duin, mibbes, 90
til onie German he kent-nane.

In yae asyde lik wheesht-a-bit,
ye’ll ken the truith I heard Wull say it –
yon was the furst timm I heard “fowk”,
no “folk”, an thocht it soondit orrie.

The haill aicht o the Mairshall clan,
apairt fae Bill whoe was ma ain age
brae-runner, are gy scaddalyke,
for aulder yins haed gane thur wys
ootwith ma ken, an thae yins younger 100
haed nae wys yuissfou for tae gan
wi aulder lauddies lyke masel
as selfish as neer cried a baurlie
in onie gemme was no oor ain.

I saw the young yins lyke masel seen
the-tyme that I gaed in and oot
thur hoose wi Bill, thur aulder brither,
as baith ma younger brithers Bill
an Jim the same wy saw Bill Mairshall
as he gaed in and oot oor hoose 110
wi me, but sae athin oor ain wys
o daein, that the younger folk
were mair lik common trees and haidges
around a park, pairt o the airt
a nithin mair nor onie laundscape
is ocht else nor the air, seen-nane.

An tho, athin thur bein, shair
thae younger folk maun haed a wecht
o some sorte bouin-doon lik praesence
athin oor mynd as kent them thare, 120
we didnae see them onie wy
avaa the wy we saw thur auld folk.

We maun hae been mair lyker Zulus
whoe daenae gie a bairn a name
until they see whit it will dae
as gan aboot a jobe o wark
a wy o daein can become
a wy o sayin maks a name

no lyke a nonsense neever is
a pairt ot, neever mynd a wy ot.

130

Aiblins we daenae see some folk
for whit they are till they tak on
a kynd o lyfe athin the faushioun
that lyfe haes made them lyker mair
the eemage o thur nameliheid
nor nameliheid that maks thur eemage.

In that wy, bairns can byde athin
thur ainsels as nae ither bodies
until they thole thair ain assize
o tyme that jyles the self in ithers,
or till they dree thur weerd o een
upon them in the wy they see
thursels, an that will ayeways be
as gin it's gaun tae be for certaint,
athin the lyfetimm o the folk
whoe follaet or were follaet furder
athin the wy that I hae duin't,
an noo am daein anent thae yins
that were the aelders o ma days.

140

Aiblins the sons an dochters, lyke
a coo's-lick cooried in the genes
among the graunsons an graundochters,
will see a yaething o thursels
in thir accoonts an memories
a aa the folk that were thur ain fowk.

150

THE SAECONT WHINS

Afore the Caledonian Railway
haed thon bricht, bonnie engine-blue
as duin doon as was duin awo wi
bi yon murk chocolate or broonie
the LMS puit on oor lynes,
we didnae talk o railway sleepers,
but Caley sleepers, as they still are
the ilka tyme I gie masel
the bittock stoon bi thinkin backwards.

The Caledonian Railway was 10
the lyne we crosst the-tyme we gaed
fae whit were aye caad, as the nearer,
the *Furst Whins*, til the-tither syde
that were the *Saecont Whins*, nane ither.

As waens, we rowed oor Easter eggs
thin the Furst Whins, doon a brae
in thae days neever saw a plooin.

Aften, the suimmer tyme stravaigin
in trekkin was nae traik avaa 20
tween Cleelan, Moatherell an Wishie,
as steerin lauddies, nae yin sweirtie,
we crosst the lyne, and yont thae Whins
wuid yoke upon the wyld glen kintrie
liggin lik mazerment o thinkin
enfanklt in its ain delyte
among the shaws abuin the Cawther.

Athin thae places thare were dreams
younklins alanerlie can ken,
made on a something in the gresses
as something else athin the shaws, 30
as nithin mair nor its ainsel
is up the trees, athin the busses,
or whyles anither else in burns
is naither fish nor baess nor man
but aathing is athin them ayeways
conjunct wi tyme athin a place,
conjunct wi place athin a tyme
at odds as ootwith ratiounale,
and ayeways daurk as neever-doot-it.

I mynd, yince on a wheesht o myne 40
was listen for tae hear a speak
that I wuid say anent it naething

for six-an-sixtie year or sae
until this day, tenth o Septemmer
o nyneteen aichtie-aicht, in fact,
twoe aulder lauddies taen me hameart
yae nicht whuin I haed bidd awo
fae oor new Cooncil hoose I thocht
no hamelik, and, gaun doon the brae thare
til Whittagreen, we lukit ower 50
the parks an saw a train gan pechin
up thru the cuttin tweesh the Whins
til Cleelan Statioun was Omoa.

A ruid licht fae the fyrebox skinklt
alow the laich syde o the reek:
“By Sursse,” said yin o thae twoe lauddies See Appendix
was caad Tam Carrol, as I mynd him,
“Noo, thare’s a thing I lyke tae see!”
His wurds hae lichtit me for ayeways.

Athin the Saecont Whins was rowein 60
a smaalik watter-gan alang
a nerra gressie dook; it cam
fae in alow an auld pit railway
the whoere it keekit-oot aye fed
a growthe o watter-cress, in thae days
a nippie byte upon the tongue,
an fylit-nane wi chemicals,
nae mair nor were the lavrie soorocks
that we wuid chowe apéritif.

On yae syde o the bank abuin 70
the gill, thare was a flet o gress
as saecret as keek-in-alow-it,
that haed a wheen o stems abuin
a ruit that was a smaa, swaet nuit
as whyte as mibbes yin caad yirdnuit:
ma muckle wurdbyeuk offers us
(but I am no richt shair it is)
conopodium flexuosum,

altho mair certaint I can say
I chowed thae nuits alang wi cress 80
an tautties black as taur whuin bakeit
athin a wuid fyre monie a suimmer.

I haenae seen thae nuits sinsyne,
for aulder een cuid neever speir them,
but memorie upon the tongue
wuid ken them yince again for ayeways.

It was athin the Saecont Whins
I cam across a wee bit coal-seam
as wyld as whidder-cam-ye's gane
as auntrin as the coal itsel; 90
yon seam, a baund twoe inches thick,
was sheenin wi the samin suinlicht
haed made its ticht, black laminae
aa thae millennia sinsyne.

Alow a gressie bank haed brakkent
aneath ma feet, the smaa seam skrinklt
the licht o yon day was athin
ma een alang the laminae,
until I saw, lik wunner, blackness
at yin wi glister cleirly sheenin, 100
auld centuries a reevalatioun.

Hoo faur the seam ran in alow
the syle, and hoo it haed oot-traikit
til that poseetioun, aeons alane
can tell, but mervellous it was
til me yon day, and haesnae tint
its wunner yit, altho thare's monie
the thick an thin seam I hae wrocht
were nae mair mervel nor haurd graft.

That myndin ot is unnerstaunin 110
the better yae speak yince was made
bi Bettie Karmann, dear guid-sister
whoe mairriet Aundra was ma brither
and yince anither collier laud
afore he gaed awo til Lunnon.

For lang years aifter, Bettie said
Aundra still haed the een for coal,
the mair nor ocht else maist folk aawhoere
micht think was better waarth the seein,
an whyles, that was as aften as 120
remark it, she wuid see him luft
a daud o coal, and or he cast
it in the fyre, wuid see him turn it
aroud athin his haun the better
tae speir inbye the black lik finnd
a wy athin micht ken it best.

I doot masel he cood hae telt her
whit he was thinkin on, but I
am shair as little wrang is int,
that at sic tymes his thochts were conjunck 130

wi daurk was deep as yon timm gat
his pit een furst timm, an wi waarmness
yin wi unease and ease the-tyme
o yon forfochentness ootcast
aifter the stoor o coal was speldert
fornent the coal athin the fyre.

“The ilk intil its ain pootsh,” says
the kangaroo that kens the haein
a wy o daein, even as
the daein is puittin truith intil it.

BIG RAB

Whuin thare is oniebodie waarthie
o hingin some bit storie on,
as aften as no, the storie is
that bodie's ainsel, and athoot
onie owerbookein wi concaets
o storie-teller: as folk ken,
truth neever is a cairriet storie.

Rab Henderson, *Big Rab*, we caad him,
was yae man heid-heech cairriein
a when o stories in hissel 10
lik mainners seen athin a wy
o daein, no yon ither wy
that maks a wy o daein seen
mair lyke the mainners o the gloskens.

Ay, Rab aye cairriet his ain mainners
the wy he cairriet his six fuit
an mair, athin a frame as straucht as
the truth that winnae bou because
it wuidnae be itsel gif cruikit.

The stories aa anent him, whether 20
as muckle as juist-fancie-that,
or smaa as coodnae be ocht else
but bree wi aathing int, are ilk
as lyfie as but growe mair waarm
wi tellin, and growe caulder-nane
as listen aften whyles is gantin.

Tae puit ye here, wi him in noo
sae you'll can tak a gander at him
as he was wi us yince langsyne,
as you'll can weel jalouse, we kent him 30
the better drappin "d" fae his name,
sae you'll can think o him as we did,
the plain Rab Hennerson, altho
wi us, Big Rab, the lyker maistlie.

Lik kent yince, in becomin kent
for ayeways, then become a something
can differ-nane in waarth o myn
nor boatheratioun in the speerit,
Rab was ma faither's freen, the best,
yin o thon kyn can growe the better 40
wi graithin o the years a wy
o gaun aboot the jobe o leevin.

Aroond about Newarthill for lang
as neever in thur young days was
as wearie as pech-pech ower hivvie,
thae twoe haed wrocht thegither yince
as neebors doon alow, an syne
as man an boss, for as the coal-seams
in Lanarkshire were wrocht-oot thare
an thareaboots, as were the folk 50
that wrocht them, Rab haed taen til howkin
o ingaunees the here an thare
tae win as muckle o the coals
were left as cood be gottent haundie.

Rab saw til't that ma faither haed
a jobe o wark aye for tae gan til,
for aifter yon Stryke, '26,
that was the steg o stegs whuin I
was nyne year auld an kent it gaun,
coal-maisters locally, lik Baird, 60
lik Nimmo, or lik Dixon, ettl
tae puit the hems upon ma faither
for unioun wark, the yince and aye,
an sae it cam aboot the yince was
for folk lik him as he lik thaem:
he neever wrocht again athin
a shankit pit for onie lenth
o tyme mair nor the wheesht o braith
afore the pech it taen a maister
tae splooter "Oot!" lik yince for ayeways. 70

Till he was seeventie-twoe year auld,
ma faither's jobe o wark was kep
the onie tyme he haed tae gan til't
bi Rab an Rab's sons whoe were graftin
as even-on at thae smaa coals
as kep them snode ootthru the years.

Yon wasnae that bad gaun, for Rab
haed been a grafter at the coal-face
in aichteen aichtie-fower mangrowne
as twintie-yin, the-tyme ma faither 80
was twal year auld an sae haed gane
tae draw-aff Rab doon Whittagreen wy,
or "Whyt-ie-green" as yince the name
was said bi us as best we kent it.

In thae days, ken, we drappt the yae "t"
awo fae't as we drappt the "d"

fae Big Rab's saecont name, for yaisual.

Atween ma years o five an nyne
I badd at Whytiegreen fornent
the auld coal-heuch ma faither wrocht-in 90
alang wi Rab, but even at yon timm,
it haed become nae mair nor juist
a when o humplocks on the grun.

Thae humplocks hae been smooored ower noo
lik nithin left for witness til't,
for thare's a caur-park on the tap ot;
but yae thing haesnae chynged, I tell ye,
folk say that Whytiegreen is in
a place that's aften caad Newrthull!

Lik aa folk else, Rab was at faut, 100
but seenlins aa the tyme, lik some,
yit thare was yae wy in parteeclear
aabodie kent him wuid agreed on:
he was as faurben til a faut
as in that faut oot-giein, ken.

Noo, yince he taen a thocht tae bonus
the colliers at his ingaunee
bi wy o hansellin-in Neer Day.

He said til faither: "Tam, I'm thinkin
I'll gie the men a bottle o whiskie 110
wi thur wages. Whit dae ye say til that?"
"That's up til you, Rab," said ma faither,
"For you're the boss, and you can aye dae
juist whit ye lyke wi yer money. Yit,
sin ye ask me, if ye weel can manage
tae gie the men sae guid a bonus,
whye no gie thaem an extrie poun
the-piece for thur wyfes at the samin tyme?"

"Damn it, Tam, I neever thocht o that!
And I'll juist dae it!" said Big Rab. 120
"I'll tell ye this, Rab," said ma faither,
"Ye'll get it back, ay, back an mair sae
the furst week aifter the holidays:
an myn whit I am tellin ye."

That Fryday, as Rab haundit oot
the py pokes, he gied aa his men
a bottle o whiskie the-piece alang wi
a single poun-note, wi this warnin:

“That yin is for the wyfe; juist see
she gets it or I’ll be hearin ot,” 130

A whylsin aifter the holidays,
colloquin ower a dram yae nicht
anent the ploy, Rab telt ma faither:
“By Sursse, Tam, you were richt. The ootput
was weel up: no the yae toom hutch,
but thon week aa the rakes pang-fou.”

A thankfouness til Rab fae me
an mynes, can gan the faur ower furder
nor yon mair ootput that was yince
but nae mair noo, for thankfouness 140
can mell wi kynliness for him
an for his folk that is the yince
lik faur ower mair for aye in speilin
lik this, for aa thae years sinsyne
I mynd him weel enyeuch tae gar
me tell it this wy Rab thocht-nane,
altho he wrocht it in hissel.

II

At thon timm whuin we kent Big Rab,
oor days were ayeways het heech suimmer
as bairns, oor autumn cleritie 150
o gloamin, and oor winter lyke
the lazie-tartan cosie nichts.
Whit tyme was yon timm suin ableeze!
Whit air sang in the bluid ilk eenin!
Whit fyres burned bonnie ruid ahint
the brander ribs fornent the coals
in grates black-leadit ower, as matt
as set-aff emerie-polisht steels!

Til onie bairn, a man six fuit
an mair, an straucht as onie rash 160
fae auld mileeshie days, was laegend,
for years sinsyne, awo in Embro,
haed he no been amang the lave
stuid sploonge in the Wat Review?

Ma faither’s tenor singin was
byordnar in the sense it cairriet
a stoond a weething deeferent,
the-wy sic soond is merk an witness
athin the mynd o listeners
tae puit a wheesht upon thur havers, 170

an lay a lug fornent a sang
can tak them inbye, aert an pairt ot.

Gif Rab was gyan fonde o singin,
or raither, listenin til't, as faur
as I can mynd, he haed the yae sang
and yin alane, for no yae ither
cuid byde wi that same melodie,
because, o that yae sang, he haednae
mair nor the yae lyne o the verses,
speilin, "On the bonnie green banks o the Clyde", 180
a sang nae folk sinsyne are singin.

'Lae ill alane tae growe the baird
can weel ken wys o makkin better',
is aiblins saw enyeuch for eild,
but whit wecht yon sang haed tae bou-doon
in Rab's ingyne is lyke a freit
the wurd ayont may think no caunnie:
yit, I still sooch the melodie,
that aifter drammin, Rab gied vent til.

As sing a sooch thegither isnae 190
aa sang, but lyfe the gowp o bluid
athin the bodie yin wi pech
an wheefle o the braith athin
the bellowses at wark an play,
ma faither an Big Rab were freens
lyfelang no lang enyeuch tae sing it.

An tho oor failmies werenae thicklik
because the Hennersons were aa
a something aulder nor the Laws,
whyles I wuid gan about thur hoose, 200
and hae ma heid dawt-dawtit lyke
a blissin gien me I can mynd
as caunnie kynliness upon me.

Here is yae thocht anent oor failmies,
as unco as I neever wunnert
anent it till I puit it doon here:
I cannae mynd a yin avaa
o Big Rab's failmie in oor hoose
for brode a scone or bannock preein,
or for beild howff againss the waather, 210
but Rab hissel was aften wi us
a speirin ee upon oor growein
the-wy that he wuid tak ma hicht,
or mak ma auldest brither Chick

staun back-til-back wi Rab's ain hichtin
that raxt the baens for heecher measure.

He aye haed been a battler, lyke
the sorte Lorde Roberts nicht hae been
haed yon yin been ower six fuit tall
lik Rab, an puit thegither lyke him. 220

In fac, thae twoe were gyan lyke
ilkither, as I myn, for yince
we haed a pictur warrior
upon the waa, deekt-oot lik redd-up
as aa moustache an monie medals,
imperial as aifter battle
in yon auld-farrant wy o daein
that soored-aff in yae generatioun
an slocht-aff in anither yin;
and as a bairn I yaissed tae be 230
sair puittent-oot bi lyfie manheid
asyde oor ingle and yon face
athin the pictur, sepia
as favourin Victoria,
for aye I thocht thare was a something
atween bemedalled sodger Roberts
an meelitarie Rab was Robert,
whoe whyles wuid rap-oot in the English
as barrack-square as meelitarie:
"Keep your head up, and keep your chin 240
slightly drawn-in, your eyes to the front,
and your thumbs in line with the seams of your trousers."

III

At hame wi us at Whytiegreen
oor hoose, an Laughland Drive yin later
for monie o thae years, they were
tae Rab mair lyke anither Ulster,
a kinna comfort til him whyles;
but at the hinner-en, whuin mither
was no that weel, the comfort gaun
was fae Big Rab, lik delicacie. 250

Lik her ainsel, ken, he was oot
o Ulster, sae they haed thon sibness
byordnarlyke as commonlie
a clannishness til ither Yrish,
especial in the native-born,
whether inwith at hame in Yreland
or lyke sae monie mair we see

here ootwith, hauf at hame in Scotland.

This sibness can be lyker mair
thon camouflaje we ken as stagecraft, 260
whyles straucht ootgaein, whyles inwith
as coorie snode as in the Scottish,
but no faur ingaun as wi us
whoe tak things mair til hert in hiddlins
that at the hinner-en can share
wi naebodie but self the godeheid.

It was gy uncolyke til me,
whoe kent Rab yae ootgaein bodie,
tae see him quaet an gentle as 270
colloguin wi an inwith soochin
that socht tae sowther pheesical
wi ocht ingyne cuid offer speerit,
an daein sae wi cooth an care
was caunnielyke as weel as gentie.

In monie wys antithesis
o sic a bodie, yit an eemage
o sic a bodie aye was thare
antithesis in wys as monie
as whit the lave aye saw him lyke,
but thru it aa, aiblins because ot, 280
indaed-in-trothe, Rab was a man
at that, an that's as muckle's maitters.

IV

Rab was a haurdlik man, whose leevin
was haurdlik as the yince he wrocht
made him and his lik aa thur neebors.

He was a tall man tae, made taller
bi staunin lyke the wy he leevied,
upricht as tho his lenth were hichtit.

He was a man whoe lykit giein,
an taen a pleasure as he gied, 290
but aye wi yon quaet says nocht o it.

Yince best o colliers, syne was bettert
lik monie o the lave, bi coal
in kist an bellowses sair-pechin,
and in hert laminae o poothers
aa mellin wi the stoor o stanes
as carboniferouslie baundit

as was a yince-for-aye in yon timm,
that mellin gat him at the en
the wy it gat his freen, ma faither. 300

The baith o thaem, tho, focht thae ages
made baith thur kists at yin wi aeons,
until thur bittockies o tyme
slippit the sydiewys lik hitches,
as faur awo fae thaem as scryvit
in memoratioun here alyve
alow the pincil skliff on paper
a something in it mynes, anither
a bittockie o thaem for tyme
tae keek at wi thae yins it killt. 310

V

The ilka week at yon timm, aa
that I haed in ma pootsh was juist
yae pennie: even on Christmas mornin,
wi orange, aipple in ma stockin,
it still was juist the yae yin, ceppins
it was as bricht as suimmer suinset,
an syne, ginn it becam a tippence,
lik Setterday a clinkie morn,
I thocht the wurld haed aipent-up
a treisure pirates neever kent, 320
for wi sic waalth, a week o wurdage
was in ma haunds, athin ma eesicht,
athin ma haerns a waalth o thinkin
wuid aipen ither universes
as in exchynges were in the *Rover*
an the *Adventure*, *Wizard*, or
a weething later, *Modern Boy*.

At yon timm, pits were pyin wages
aroud about the twoe-poun-ten,
dependin on the waarth o wark, 330
oncost, repair, or at the face,
an whether it was waarth the whyle
for thae coal-maisters' dividends
tae hae coals wrocht-at, colliers yokint.

Whyles, thare wuid be nae wagons shuntit.
lik tak awo the coal tae burn
for wages burnin holes in pootshes.

Whyles, that meant that thare werenae yokins
mair nor the twoe-three days o wark:

the cry, "Nae Wagons!" meant less siller. 340

Ay, hauf-a-crown was something lyke
a when o coppers til a laud
in thae days, but Big Rab was ayeways
gy free o haund in aither drammin
or doocelik in sobrietie:
yon hauf-a-crown was aften mynes.

Whuin he wuid gie me siccan siller,
thon muckle, tall man boued doon laichlie
wi een alowe wi pleasure's licht, 350
moustauche abuin the mou upcurlin,
and he wuid say, "Say efter me, son,
'Thank ye for the next yin, for I'm shair
o this yin.'" Whuin I made the speilin,
up he wuid ryse, triumphant, lauchin
at siccan caurriness o speak,
an for ma sayin't, wuid pat ma heid.

Areadies I hae telt that storie
athin a poem that I caad
A Hauf-a-Crown o Devolutioun,
wi Rab's ain epigram until it 360
as grund o aa philosophie,
that aathing was aa richt gin ayeways
man cood puit in its place releegioun,
the-tyme til yon thing monarchie
man cood be juist as disrespeckfou.

In yon poem that I gie alow here,
I kent as weel as better kent it,
that sic a coin o the realm
haudit at yon timm thrittie pennies,
and it may seem I am betrayin 370
Rab juist a bittock sin I speak
anent an independent Scotland
athin the poem, altho I kent then
that aa his lyfe Big Rab thocht-nane
anent it, or no muckle ot.

Aiblins at that, an lyke ma faither,
he micht hae sygned the Covenant,
but that is anither here nor yonner.

Conseederin betrayal, tho,
we aa suid mynd o this, sae hear 380
me oot: Tammas the Dooter speired
at Jesus, sae he cood mak siccar,

an thus becam as patron-sauntie
 for apostates apologetic
 as lyke tae turn no juist thur coaties,
 but heids o aa folk near as hear them;
 an thae agnostics whoe ken-nane
 because they say they cannae ken;
 and atheists whoe hae belief in
 believin-nane is nae belief; 390
 an we suid myn lik better myn
 that Judas the Obedient did
 as he was telt, lik maist o bodies,
 an taen no juist the siller thrittie
 for his obedient betrayal,
 but execratioun honourable
 as ocht in historie affords us,
 an torkit paradoxical,
 he made a nonsense o Free Will
 an Calvinist Predestinatioun. 400

Aiblins Big Rab thocht nane o thae things
 was ocht avaa adae wi him,
 an gin it was, fae whit I saw
 for shair, I lae him byde his lane
 for you tae tak anither keek
 afore ye glower at yersel
 as something less nor sic a bodie.

An gin ye are a wummanbodie,
 think on yersel as sonsie lass
 the-tyme Big Rab was brawlik cullan. 410

VI

A Hauf-a-Croun o Devolutioun

See Appendix

‘Say efter me,’ said Rab, as he gied the waen
 a hauf-croun muckle’s the muin i the middle air,
 the siller mellow wi munificence,
 ‘Say, “Thank ye for the next yin, for I’m shair
 o this yin.”’ A wyss man, Rab! An wysslik bairn,
 obedient tae dae sae nane daur say
 ‘You dae it nane,’ aye mynds this lesson laerit:
 whit’s no in devolutioun for tae gie
 is independence free.

Ay, Rab, Rab Henderson, ye never thocht 420
 ye’d gie the gowd o independence tae a bairn
 wi yer kyndlie siller, but thare’s mair ye wrocht
 wi yer ‘As lang’s we can say “Damn the damnatiouner,”

an “Tae hell wi sovereigntie”, we’re aa richt.’ Here
I paraphrase in periphrasis. See,
yer gowdlik siller has at last fund whaur
this makar is an alchemist indeed
 tae leade yer wurd or leid them!

The hauf-a-croun o devolutioun, Rab,
is never gien wi graciousness, but girns wi 430
greed in the giein as tho fae some auld crab,
fae some doon-moother. We ken thon soorlik face
fae yon timm back afore her doore grimace
for frichtin bairns was pentit oot o kennin.
Ay, girn she girns, but the mair she girns, the less
lyker is thrittie devolutioun pence
 the croun o independence.

(Furst publisht in *Chapman* No. 50-51, Vol.10, Nos. 1 & 2, Summer 1987 alow *Hauf-a-Croun o Independence*, but that was a wrang heidin, an ma faut. The saecont stanza in that *Chapman* prentit juist the yae “Rab,” no the twoe as gien abuin: lyke enyeuch, I was at faut thare anaa.)

HUMOUR

Aften, as no in tid the ayeways
tae tak accoot ot, I wuid hear
an awfie lote o quickfyre humour
aa thru ma yuithheid, tho I was
mair lyker takkin tent o “stories”
as they were caad, nor tholin yon
that Glesca folk noo caa the “patter”,
as aften mair lik repartee.

The differ is that siclik stories
can ower and ower again be telt
delytsome aye athin ingyne
the-wy the common lavrie fare
upon the brode maks teeth tae watter. 10

Gif siccan stories may be smaalik
as “anecdotage” tells them whyles,
an peerilyke as birl aboot
athin five lynes o verse lik thir,
sic prosodie may mak them muckle.

Bookeit athin thursels wi rhythm,
or wechtit wi the caunnie rhyme,
whyles I hae made thur versin poems. 20

Yit, failyie in the makkarie
can puit thur poetrie in verse
haes nocht avaa adae wi thaem,
but wi masel as makar manqué.

Lik thae byordnar thochts in ballats
that neever dwyne awo nor chyngie,
thae stories arenae ongaun havers
but haillness telt as roondit as
the thoct that made the lynes in ballats,
an lyke thae lynes, are wi us yit,
for aa I cannae say I mak them
the richt wy wechtit univaersal. 30

Thare’s naething wrang, tho, wi thur bein
at yin wi paerishen lik maist folk:
poetic leids hae whyles been biggit
for nithin mair nor wys o daein
nocht mair nor micht be paerishpumpklik
as Greek godes minor mair nor peerie.

Stories anent thae peerie godelings, 40

an whit they coodnae be for daein,
alang wi whit they coodnae dae
for bein nae mair nor thursels,
are faur less wunnerfou nor tales
ower auncient-British tae be English,
ower auncient-Yrish tae be Norman.

Yit, aeducatioun bouin laichlie
alow the years o patronisin
wi Latin, is releegiouslie
at yin wi paganism Greek 50
as owerhails Christianitie
that suid be mair lik yon Judaic
mellin wi kynliness o Jesus.

Nae patter thare for repartee
lik Zeus become in Latin Jove
or Jovis mair duag-Greek a pup,
syne at the hinner-en, Zeus-pater.

Repartee is the grund as sleekit
as relevance is aa-at-yince
as cannae byde the wheesht o thoct, 60
an tho for yaisual ceetielyke,
in England I hae heard it laundwart.

The maist ot, tho, is mair the lyker
a failyie coamicalitie,
an muckle ot juist eematatioun.

Af coorse, for folk lik ma ainsel here
as fae the waast lik nearhaun Glesca,
yon is the place for repartee;
in nyneteen seeventie-seeven yince,
October month, thare was a stryke 70
bi some grave-diggers: “highs” gaed wheechin
as repartee as made the patter.

“Thare is nae money in yon gemme.”
“A deid-losse, wurkin wi thae folk.”

“They cannae get men for that jobe.”
“Af coorse, it is a deein tredd.”

“They say they losst a lote o men.”
“Ay, they’re wurkin wi a skeleton staff.”

Ye see, a storie is about
the folk, an no the folk about 80

a storie on its ain aboot
thursels as tho they thocht aboot
thursels mair nor they thocht aboot
the folk they thocht they writ aboot:
an sic a storie's no aboot
ocht onie mair nor nocht aboot.

NAMES

Fae aer-on, faur ayont as myn
little ayont the waarth o names,
they aye hae been as magical
as caw the fancie sydiewys
lik tak anither caunnie sklent ot.

Whuin yince I laerit this or that name
was closse-conneckit wi the failmie
lik tell a something waarth the speilin,
that name or yon yin was athin
the pantheon lik bab-the-powe 10
for kennin, or lik shak-the-haun
for kennin mair nor tell the lave ot.

Ahint the failmie folk are stackit
a muckle bing o dacent neebors
puits intil scadda faur-oot cuizzins
in yon wy neebor freenship is
the kynliness that kens the fauts
are aabodies', thur ain anaa,
an little yuiss as best forgotten.

Tho faur-oot cuizzins byde aye wi us, 20
because they cannae be ocht else
nor whit they are whoere they are wi us
the-wy they are lik oor ainsels,
freens disappear in daith or distance,
leavin ahint waanhowp amang us
for kynliness we left duin-nane
that nicht hae bidd wi thaem lik kennin
they aye were as we are oorsels,
wi thaem as they wi us forever.

And at the hinner-end o aa 30
that maks oor lyfe at yin wi ithers,
the lealfouness athin the failmie
we luft an lay lik brekk a bannock
the-tyme in freenship nae concearn
is self-betrayal lyke oor luftin
the bannock no tae brekk and eat it
but for tae birl it ower lik duin wi't.

Expeck we dae, athin the failmie,
tae unnerstaun lik lay-it-bye-us
an dae nocht, even tho we're takkin 40
nae thocht avaa for tae forgie,
but naebodie can weel forgie

hissel for unnerstaunin-nane
intil forgetfouness a freenship.

Athin yer devoirs folk amang,
it is lik giein yoursel paiks
tae awn til yon diveesioun tweesh
kin-face lik your ain eemage glowers,
an kent-face lyke anither kynlie.

A SPEAK FAE NEWARTHILL

Lik ken yersel afore ye coonsel,
in case ye cannae differ tell
atween yersel and ither bodies,
thare yaissed tae be a graun tradeetioun
that Newarthill folk kent thursels
as they thursels wuid say, as aither
the dacentest o singin bodies,
or lyke as no, juist no aa-thare
as muckle as whoere nane cuid finnd them.

The hinner were in whigmaleerie 10
athin ingyne lik black affront
the onie tyme a bodie's clashin
that gart the tongue forget the faimlie
wuid rair as tho athin a baund,
or rant as tho athin a pibroch:
at sic a tyme, dooce faimlie bodie
wuid say: "It's no ootsyde ye're in!"
bi wy o closer on the clashin.

Aa verie weel tae lauch, but noo, lik, 20
in thir days easie-oasie as
ken-nane the differ tweesh the public
aabodie aagaets in the geggie,
an preevacie byde quaet at hame,
athin thon speak thare is a differ,
for thare the hame is ben inwithness
the-tyme ayont the faimlie door
the wuld is theatre ootwithness.

Yon speak kens aa aboot diveesioun,
an daesnae swither sleekitlyke 30
as caa the scunnersome the lavrie
because it was a kent-face lippit;
nor daes it say it's ayeways wrang
tae speak in siccan ootsyde mainner,
naw, juist that hame is something ither:
"Haud you yer tongue! It's no insyde
ye're ootie!" is the best discepline.

A WY O SAYIN

As bairns, in thae days lang afore
thae common “readin sweeties” puit
mair sugar on the tongue nor taste
athin the mou yon wy whuin caad
thae “conversatioun lozenges”,
gin onie foreigner, fae England,
say, or a freen fae Fyfe ower yonner,
cam in the bygaun, lyke no gannin
the furder, an caad “aitch” “haitch” yon wy,
or “itch”, we were the fair deleerit. 10

I’m tellin ye, that gin we heard it
as “itch”, we were as yeukie wi it
as kittlt us intil a kink
o lauchin lyke tae caw us glaikit.

Ye ken, we thocht we kent it fyne
lik ilkathing waarth kennin intilt,
an fell the alphabeticallie
fae godlie grace grammatical
alane inbye the wy we chauntit
the last three letters alphabetic 20
“x, y, azed” instead o yon
the straucht “x, y, zed” telt as aften
as ower and ower again mak siccar.

The English foreigners amang us
micht weel hae haed excyuiiss for thinkin
the aurticle indaefinite
haed gien the Scottish bairns the smittle.

At yon timm, we kent nocht avaa
anent the “zee”, American
as fair dumfoonerin for “zed”, 30
a soond that shair wuid seemed the mair
the lyker for lood lauchs nor “haitch”
as English as juist-cannae-help-it,
or “itch” as Fyfish as fair-baets-ye,
for as ye ken, gin English cannae
ken onie mair nor they are able,
ye’d think the Fyfer folk ken better.

Nae doot as neever taen a thocht
lik think anither thocht anent it,
some Newarthill bairn, expatriate 40
furth in America lik chance-it,
in speilin-oot the variant

“azee” athin the local chauntin,
dumfoonert Yankee teachers thare.

AEDUCATIOUN IN SCHUILIN

I

The dominie was Jimmie Good
at Newarthill Public Schuil, a man
as guid as his ain surname tells us.

Thare neever was the onie tale
anent him for ill-daein ongaun
as naitural as coodnae be
ocht else, an sae he didnae puit
upon hissel the immerages
that Dominie MacPherson kent
whuin laerin the aulder gaeneratiouns 10
athin the Auld Schuil staunin yit
ahint the Weire Memorial
atap the knowe ayont thon granite.

Gif Jimmie Good cam ben a class
that was lik leebertie fair fashit
as taen til lycence whuin the teacher
haed left the room for hauf a meenute,
an gin he quaetent the stramash
bi staunin thare click-clackin tawse 20
aroud his haund in weel-kent mainer,
we aa jaloused he was whit mibbe
is nooadays caad ‘paper teiger’
as faur as bairns were concaernt,
but that was his concaern, no oors.

We kent in him thare was nae hairm,
for glentin cleirlie ben his een
thare ayeways was a something sib
wi lauchin wasnae lyke a smirtle,
sae Jimmie aye haed mair respeck
fae us nor monie the thumper haed 30
whoe lowsst an yre upon the haund:
ye see, at siccan tymes a laud
juist haed tae byde in haillness was
as yaefauld as athin nane ither
the-tyme he was as thrawnlie sweirt
as gie-in-nane wuid he for paiks.

Lauddies aye haed tae be lik that,
at laest, nae maitter whit thur feelins,
and hoosomeever muckle raither
they wuid hae bab-bab-babbit powe 40
the-wy was duin the maist bi lassies;

but juist the same, I hae nae myndin
that onie lassies haed tae thole
the belt lik draw the haund awo
in taerror, certaintlie as neever
fae Mister Good, nor fae the-tither,
his male assistant Mister Smith,
sin baith were ceevilised as menfolk
whoe yince haed kent the sauvagerie
o weire, sae werenaefae saft merks juist. 50

The lave o aa the teachin stauff
were wemenfolk, whoe'd aye be daein
whit they micht think was necessarie
for paece o mynd a wy o bein
lik saucht o soond a place it kens,
an did it wi the nocht avaa
til thair discredit was as muckle
the mair tae praise for thair forbearance
that made the soond o saucht as paecefou
as mynd a place whoere you may be
as staundin lane as in yersel. 60

I myn that Jimmie yaised tae hae
his pet disceeples in the laerin,
at yin timm ilka bit as common
as taen thur place alangsyde chauntin
o whit the teachers whyles wuid caa
the Multiplicatioun Tables; or
thae yins caad-oot as oor didactics,
the Shorter Catechis weel cawed-in:
i the bygaun, *u* in *Multiplicatioun*
maun soondit faur ower commonlyke
a laerin for genteelitie. 70

Thae auld disceeples covert aa
the weel-kent rules an monie ithers
for cawin ben the powe lik mynd them,
tho twoe-three were as unoffeercial
as lauch whuin laerin isnae greetin.

Occasion haed tae be writ-oot
the wy ye didnae mak yersel
an *ass* athin the middis o it. 80

And here is yin I near forgot,
that's kent bi folk I whyles am tellin:
There are three to's in English language.
But naw, that cannae be the richt wy!
There are three too's in English language.

But naw again, naither is that!
There are three two's in English language.
Naw, naw I daarsay, that's nae better!
But you whoe read this ken for certaint
thare is yae speak ye cannae wryte 90
in English, tho ye weel may sayt!

Gin ither folk set muckle store
bi *Three R's* laer, Jimmie set mair ot
bi his *Three G's* that in oor laerin
he telt us were *Grace, Grit* an *Gumptioun*,
whoere *Grace* is bein yont yersel
a credit til thae folk yer ain,
whoere *Grit* is bein ben yer ainsel
tho nane but you yersel may ken it,
an *Gumptioun* is the sense that wysshaid 100
is faur ayont the ken o fuils:
and aathegither gowden laer.

We haed tae aim at thae that were
the paradygms o kennin better
that whit we said was said the wy
we said it lyke the whye that was
athin the wy ot said the best wy
as puit it ben the myn lik ken
the laerin o them wuidnae fooster,
an for tae mak them better byde, 110
whyles he wuid lae them chalkit up
upon the blackbrode tap richt corner.

Yae whigmaleerie Jimmie haed
that gart the bairns be deid-leerie
as see it on the tongue as lavrie
as ingaun aa the wy in mynd
a tastie bit athin the thinkin,
gied us nae deeficultie spellin
yon orrie *difficulty* wurd
bi yaissin yon wy was sae common 120
in ither schuils ye mibbe ken it.

And here, sae you forget it nane,
I puit it doon alow in measures
that chaunt athin the mynd as sing it
six anapaests, twoe tails iambic.

*Mister D, Mister I, Mister FFI,
Mister C, Mister U, Mister LTY.*

I cawed it in the myn the better
as monie better duin afore me
for auntrin things attoore in Scotland, 130
bi singin it til yae auld air
we kent as *Howden Ferm*, a ballat
anent the ongauns at a ferm toon
roon Holytoon wy or near Wrangholm
as somewhoere yont oor Newarthill.

I didnae laern the wurd, but syne
I thocht the air a weething biggit
upon *The Bonnie Lass o Fyvie*,
a ballat that I heard the later.

At that, ower thrawn tae lae the thing 140
alane as best the wy it lukit,
I haed tae sooch the lynes ower twycetlik
tae cleed the melodie's bare baens
as dacentlie as daecoratioun
is no juist hoo we mak a better
o whit thare is, but mak a best
o whit is ill-faured as ill-fautit,
an nane the waur o bein dernit.

I cairriet thaem athin ma heid
the-wy for seeven year we're keepin 150
a thing afore we finnd it yuissfou,
but thae years spreidit five-an-thruttie
afore I made thur notes tae sing
a sang that was poleetical
as deeficultie-nane it gied me
in makkin it June twintie-seeventh
in nyneteen sixtie-yin – Polaris! –
whit I sang yon day here I gie't
alow. I caa it *Scotland's Shame*.

Tho you hae nocht avaa 160
ye sing o Scots Whaa Hae;
ye're juist a muckle baa
fou o bletherie:
a blooter fae ahin
is whit ye need the-day
tae gar ye rise abuin
the stoor upon the brae.

The Holy Loch may stink
wi Scotland's shame tae me,
but you can guts an drink 170
Scotland's leebertie:

ye murder wi yer teeth
baith freedom an the free
an boke upon the wreath
that murns oor historie.

Ye sing o Scotland Yet
but never Scotland Noo;
are you a fascist gett,
or juist blinn-fou?
Is leebertie a sang? 180
Is freedom something new?
Is the haill wurld wrang?
Is freedom no for you?

Hell mend ye for enyuch
tae gar ye roast in shame,
or coorie in a shuch
for hoose at hame:
may we never thole the seed
that murders Scotland's name;
may Scotland never breed 190
yer baaheid lyke again.

II

Oor spellin aids, tho, didnae hae
sic messages poleetical
as caw thur stoor aboot can clart ye.

No that we were ower-nyce, naivelie
yon wy the truith fae troke no kennin,
for we haed oor ain wy o sconsin
brain-waashin in oor aeducatioun
bi wy o makkin in mnemonics
a blotcherin o fause pedantics. 200

“And hoo dae you spell ‘Docherty’?”

“It is D, O, ECHERTY, Y.”

“Can you spell ‘treacle-barrel’, then?”

“T, R, E, EKKLE, B, A, RL.”

Philologists may weel tak tent
we wechtit *ch* soond abuin
athin the furst ensample gien,
and in the saecont, didnae yaise
whit micht be caad pronouncioun
staundart receivit bi the pooers 210
that thocht they were abuin the lieges.

I still hae deeficultie, ken,
in sayin *treekle* lyke the lave,
because it daesnae seem juist richt;
an tho the syrup can be that,
til me it aye was lyker *seerup*,
an bydes that wy the same as treacle
will byde wi me for aye as *trekkle*.

Noo, here's a thoct faurben the myn
Lik dicht ingyne tae ken a contar, 220
gif we suid yaise the Scots wurd *treekle*,
we ken the English for't is *trickle*:
that's whye the Scots for treacle's *trekkle*!

The English ot cam in offeecial
as the inspectorate for teachers,
but I masel wuid play lik peevers
the wurds an phrases sae thur spellin
was soond lik kennin o thur soochin,
an soochin kennin o thur soondin.

Question: Guard who first?
Answer: Guard *you* first. (u) 230

Question: Gauge *u*, eh? (u, a)
Answer: Gauge *a*, *you*! (a, u)

An lyke the ither bairns, I taen
delyte dumfoonerin as speir
whit's in this yin alow in English.

“2 Y's U R,
2 Y's U B,
I C U R
2 Y's 4 ME.” 240

Years later on I myndit yin
I made tae spell me oot ma grammar:
'*Who* does. *Whom* is done-to', I telt me,
an later on I made this poem
I gie ye in alow for soochin.

Poleetical profoondities
asyde as spakkent-nane bi maist folk,
or haurdlie noo the ocht heard tell o,
Who/Whom I caad the verse. Wuid Lenin
hae fund it haundilyke for kennin? 250

Who/Whom

Who does.
Whom is done-to.
That was
the way I knew

who does whom
is done too
spelled out doom
well I knew

to whom is done
who does 260
is that same one
who was

who does to whom
is done too
with the same doom
spelled anew

to do whom
who does
who does
is done too. 270

For certaint, tho, the wecht on mynd
in schuil was no aa rhyme tae stote
athin the haerns lik yon wee baa
we yaissed tae see upon the screens
o cinemas, nor rhythm soomin
athin the bluid for glammerisin
the een in memorie o schuildays.

III

Thare was a rhythm, gif no rhyme
athin yon memorie o schuildays
that maun hae ludgeit wi the metre 280
athin ma myn the-wy a nonsense
aften becomes a sooch o wysseid.

I'm thinkin on the janitor,
MacLean, that we caad Sergeant-Major,
tho truth tae tell, even tho it's cairriet,
in Airmie days he'd been drum-major.

A when o years sinsyne, whuin giein

a bittock hyst til memorie
o John MacLean, republican
in Glesca and in oor waast kintrie 290
afore the Great Weire, lyke he kent
whit that wuid be, and in the tyme
that it was ongaun lyke his tellin
the folk the truith ot, syne-and-on
whuin bye lik ken it wasnae ower,
I yaised the figur o the sodger
S'ant Major MacLean, as yin lik aa
his kynd an kenmerk o his tyme
in Scotland focht athin yon weire.

I set him in some verse anent 300
the great republican, lik wuid
in honestie whuin set againss
the pictur o the pennie-pinchin,
base-metal craiturs caad commercial;
an set againss the laegendarie
that was the steel o warrior fuhllas;
an set againss the noble metals,
MacLean as platinum, as gowd,
as siller, naiturallie aa
fower sectionouns o the poem adae 310
wi aa kynds o MacLeans, excep
that at the hinner-en the greatest
was John MacLean the best o Scotsmen:
shairlie, the timber-soondin, honest
as straucht upstaunin in the poem
the wy it coodnae byde in hiddlins,
was in MacLean the janitor,
an wi't, the rhythm that I mynd.

*It is commonsense that commanders fou thur lyfes wi naething but wuin,
the-tyme the sodgers swee wi the tae-gaun o the blast. But the sodgers
hain i thursels the honestie and hardiheid o wuid.*

S'ant-Major MacLean

I hae kent MacLeans: the furst I hae in mynd
a schuil janitor we aye caad Mister MacLean. 320
Familiaritie wi him bred nane
o thon auld nonsense aboot contemp. He was
S'ant-Major MacLean, as wuiden-faced, as straucht
as a stoot stab i the grund, nae stookie tho, but sherp,
thin-lippit, tongue tripplin as quick as the glent o his een:
smert sodger. "About turn," he wuid say, an birl,
as jimp as a pooter peerie, peare-kistit hissel.

At the Christmas pairtie at the schuil, ben wuid step
 MacLean, beezed-up an gallus as the six
 braw colours in the garb o a dacent bard, 330
 an strampin brawlie the lenth o the lang schuilhaa,
 his ceremonials a paper glengairrie
 wi streamers fleein fae it, and ower his shoother
 a chair upsyde doon as bagpype the-tyme he garred
 neb-music tirl as tho the pype itsel
 was in his thrapple, thon soond the dirl an dunt
 o the heidarum-hodarum o his young recruitment
 yon day whan MacLean was the pryde o the paerochen,
 sap-wuid i the shaws tae growe an set i the roond
 an runes o the regimental years until 340
 he stuid hard, strenthie, king o the wuids amang
 the thinned-oot growthe the Passchendaele plorie made
 o the lave o the singin youth o the Scottish forest.

Athooten regimentals, tho, he was
 a corner-stab o a man: an the bairns aa kent it.

Wuiden-heidit as weel as wuiden-faced? The bairns
 wuid say naither eeche nor ochie anent him, kennin
 the honestie o wuid is no byordnar.
 Nocht else about the man is byordnar aither:
 he stuid his grund i the weire, an didnae rin, 350
 but didnae faa lik his paer waanchancie fieres,
 an bidd as thrawn as John Maclean hissel
 whaa stuid an focht oor ain lang weire, but fell
 because he naither was the man tae rin.

Again, yon wasnae aa was in
 MacLean the janitor, as maist folk
 hae kennin-nane lik neever speirt
 whit he haed been; nor whoere he'd been
 lik neever sydiewys folk keekit
 whuin clash wuid pynt the wy tae see't: 360
 nor whye he haed been yon wy whoerefae,
 sae, lyke folk else, he coodnae be
 ocht ither nor he haed tae be,
 yon wy ye'd be nocht ither aither.

Til me, thare maun hae been yae thing
 about him wasnae twoe that gart
 me yaise him in his place faurben
 the wastrie o oor historie
 til yon imperialism yokit:
 he was compaurisoun the kenmerk 370
 o aa oor kynd athorte the kintrie.

In aer-on days, thae things were naither
here lyke a wunder o the mornin,
nor lyke a meeracle the yonner
as faur awo as in a dwaumin
the nicht can puit upon a bodie
can gar him think he's whoere he isnae.

MacLean haed taen his place lik haed tae,
the-wy he was athin the poem
because he was amang thae clansfolk, 380
an lyke the lave was juist yae figur,
yae measure o them aa uphaudent
fornent oor John MacLean was muckle.

I neever was concaernt anent him
in onie ither wy, the naither
in character wuid caad him namelie,
nor mainnerlyke sweed this wy, yon wy,
nor ocht in clash fae oniebodie
wuid cawed him doon or him upheezit.

IV

As you'll can ken, then, that is whye 390
I'm no concaernt athin thir verses
wi yon maleecious clash doon-puittin
the oniebodie in the toon
was lyke the aabodie the faurer
nor yonner whoereawo, tho youngsters,
claith-luggit tho they are, can hear
nocht as they listen but the auntrin
the-tyme at thair ain ploy they're eydent.

Sae whyles, gin it may seem I mak
o Newarthill a newlik kailyaird 400
tho as industrial as clartie,
the place was aye antithesis
o thon genteelitie lik mainners
thinkin tae say-it-nane is see-nane,
the samin wy as hear-it-nane
is aria lik sooch-the-singin,
no operatic gibble-gabble.

As contarlyke as caurrie caad,
the men were whyles the hardie chiels
the wemen maistlie kynlie bodies. 410

Gin I haed the ingyne for sortein
the dlibs an drabs o thir an thae things

in commonalitie aroon me
that gan tae mak for character,
or character assassinatioun,
thare was a wale o aa the chycest
o anecdotage aa ma yuithheid
as micht hae made for novels ont.

Ye hae tae mynd I was a bairn
that saw a taet o whit was keekin 420
the-wy a bairn may see it sterk,
faceemile o eemage, juist,
an no the haill lik truithfou portrait
a pictur o the benner self,
tho some o yon the-noo I'm tellin
againss the wy I see the wurld
a rowthe o murderousness whoere
the nocent dee wi innocent.

Whit bairn can unnerstaun nae-soond
become as suddent as the wheesht 430
growne folk whyles puit amang thur havers?

For certaint, thare are maitters fell
as gart me mynd them ootwith kennin,
until I cam tae ken them better
for bein wi me thru the years
lik suddenlie I saw a sklander
I neever thocht on as a lauddie,
as nane-concaernt as onie bairn
whoere aften in the wurld o adults
sic things are saecret as in hiddlins. 440

But juist the same, the-noo lik yince,
I eik-oot whit I ken again
lik twycet a bittock mair bi laerin.

But no maleeciouslie, I hope,
dae I mak mair o whit is little,
nae mair nor dae I mak a muckle
bi puittin paer folk in a pickle.

V

Athin the schuil, amang the adults
inbye ma myn, the maist byordnar 450
gif no that wy in mynd o ithers,
were Miss Dunn, Mister Good, Miss Gardner,
Miss Gibb, and as areadies telt ye,
the janitor, auld sodger fuhlla.

Auld sodger tae was Mister Smith,
whoe'd been a prisoner for langer
nor he haed tyme tae mak as muckle
impraessioun on masel as freedom
that neever was athin ma schuilin.

The ither teachers are as fused
athin ma mynd as clinkers fyred 460
alow a byler til a mass
o classes glozent, meldit haurd
alang wi binks, inkpats, the blackbrodes,
an sklates, an thae sklata-pincils shairpent
on stanes held on the waa bi brackets.

The noo an then, lik onie auntrin
are nane-commaundit, faces cleirin
as character athin a keekin,
the lips and een hauf-smirtlin tell 470
o faur mair nor a speil cuid offer,
o dooreness daurk as wheesht-the-mair-sae,
an vyces shillie as cuid skyte ye,
or equal-acqual quaetlik, caum.

But that is aa, lik isnae muckle,
sae gin I mynd o this or that yin,
a smaa licht blinters lyke a glim-lamp
around a face that lufts it upwart
upon a plane athin the mynd's ee,
or puits it doon alow a scadda.

Thae folk athin thur tyme are yaeness 480
wi self an no wi me, an bydein
as groo as in ingyne oot yonner
as in a dream hauf-myndit, yit
hauddin inwith thursels a wechtin
dumfooners us the-wy we think ot
the lyker freit, or mair a mervel
rowed up lik thocht athin a dream.

I think Miss Dunn haes clairitie
a kent-face yont the semple features,
because she was a faimlie bodie 490
til oor ain faimlie as til ither,
ay, til ilk faimlie in the veillage.

She cam til Newarthill Public Schuil
* the day Graunfather Law was killt
alow a stane-faa in a pit

athorte the veellage boondaries
Carfin an Wrangholm, whoere a bittock
o yae auld bing ot stauns alangsyde
**the road the-tyme thir lynes are scryvit.

At yon timm, lang sinsyne as mynd it 500
the wy the tellin may be taigt
wi truith gane caurrie in the clashin,
six, seeven year auld ma faither was
as Miss Dunn laerit him, depend ont,
even as she did ma elder brithers
Chairlie and Aundra, syne twoe sisters
Annie an Mary, then masel.

Aiblins she thocht, at that timm, she
haed haed enyeuch o Laws an schuilin,
for she retyrt a whylsin efter, 510
sae that ma younger brithers, Wullie
an Jim, kent-nane the same tradeetioun.

She cam fae Chaipelhaa, a toon
ayont Newarthill as doonwart skliffin
upon the brae til Cummernaud wy,
and ilka day wuid see her gannin
her ain gaet was a langish traik
the back an furril til the schuil,
an mynd, in thae days, lyke oor ain days 520
the wy the Tories rin the kintrie,
thare were nae buses, sae she waarslt
the waather pad-the-hoof, yon wy
on Shanks's meir, her ain twoe feet.

Aiblins 8 Mye 1879
** 13 October 1988

Ma sisters Anne an Mary, aulder
nor I as kent Miss Dunn the langer,
wuid aften say it was accoontit
a preevilege, lik caunnie-daes-it,
tae humph her case doon thru the veellage,
the ither bairns fair chawed tae see ye.

Ower steerin, I kent nane o that, 530
as faur ower young tae tak sic boather,
for I was twoe-three month the shorter
o five year auld as tempert quick
whuin furst ahint the schuil yetts lockit,

the-tyme I ran, skliff buits, and yallocht
athin the playgrun wi the lave
o aa the bairns o collier folk,
an tradesmen's bairns, an bairns o fermers,
whoe sookt thur thooms athin the schuilrooms
that sat up heech upon yon hitch 540
athin the coals alow the veellage,
yon upthraw fautit in the strata
the colliers caad the Pinkie Dyke.

Some ither Newarthill bairn mair skeelie
nor I cuid eever be, some cullan
wi een stateestical as coont it
a preevilege tae read the raecords,
dootless will tell the gaeneratiouns
whye Pinkie Dyke the colliers caad it.

As for masel, I tell it you here, 550
I neever thocht tae speir the whye ot,
an that's juist yae *whye*, lyke the monie
o *whitfornos* as weel for kennin,
alang wi *whits* and *hoos*, aa quaestiouns
I neever thocht tae wecht lik speir-at.

VI

The schuilbairn's ee is ayeways shairp
as keek yon skellie wy may see
the yaisual-nane that maks the man
or wummanbodie haill, no hauf,
for haufhik is the wy they'd rather 560
we saw them for the claes they're wearein
nor for the pheesical in hiddlins.

Tak Mister Good, fae fermin folk
whoe wrocht a ferm-toon wi his brither
whoere they were bachelors thegither,
but Jimmie Good haed haed the schuilin.

He haed yon caller-colourt skin
o fermer bodies, lyke the mornin
a wuin upon the chafts can ruidden;
and he aye wore whit we aye caad 570
the siccan breeks, the fermer's troosers,
that were o thair ain tyme the kenmerk,
lik thae yins nyneteen-sixtie made,
ticht-leggit and Edwardian
as tichtlie-hippit, wi front pootshes
instead o thaem the syde, for yaisual;

the claith was ferlie mervel wecht
but shairlie nae mair strang nor tyuchlik
nor oor ain breeks were made, as his were,
mair for guid saervice nor for show. 580

His mainner was a thochtie inwith,
his smyle a weething, aiblins, backward
the-why a man wi siccan mainner
is in the bree a something blatelik
as seen the why he stuid, for yaisual
the heid uphaudent-nane, but furrin.

An that's a mervel in its why,
for lyke the janitor MacLean,
an Mister Smith, he'd been a sodger.

On the disceplinarie syde, 590
he wasnae sair-wrocht wi the tawse
at yon timm wrocht the mair the scholars.

Yin o his trade tricks was his makkin
late-comers puit the haun for skelpin
athin the doorway, sae the maister
cuid yaise the tawse fae ben the classroom,
the-why the haun cuid weel be beltit
afore the bodie saw it comein.

Anither o the samin kyn, 600
gin the offender puhllid awo
his haun juist as the strap cam doon,
was makkin sic a bodie haud
the haund oot fae allow the blackbrode:
thus, blinndit bi the science o it,
he taen his paiks, furst doonward-swooshin.

Aiblins, the Jimmie Good the breelik,
was elsewhoere whyles ootwith the classroom,
for yae day, as braid back til scholars
as ruch braidclaith fornent the class,
he lukit oot athorte the parklaunds 610
ayont the saecont storey classroom
til Neilson's ferm ower yonner airtit
bi Holytoon why near enyuch.

He stuid a whylock, thocht inbye
lik *Whye am I here, no oot yonner,*
the-tyme the class ahint him quaetent
lik haud-the-wheesht, he isnae tentin.

A Wullie Neilson was in class,
son o the fermer: suddent, Jimmie
turned roond an lukt at Wullie, speirin, 620
“And hoo’s the pyooin gaun noo, Wullie?”

Did Jimmie see the heids in classes
the-wy he saw the parks in springtimm
a birss o gress a scad o greenin
upon the grund, a cleed o promise
o growthe a graith at hairst come autumn
gowden ayont the schuil ower laundwart?

Pyooin is yae nane-yaisual wurd
the nooadays, tho I hae lippent
the lavrie rucher wecht ot, *pyuchin*, 630
yaised whyles the-wy *enyeuch* is aften
enyuch *enyoo*, lik tell it three wys.

See Appendix

Pheelologists may tell us whye
we neever hear o *pyeuchin*, tho
Waast *Froo* doon roond about Stranraur
is caad *The Frooch*, or *Fruch* as aften,
altho we ken oorsels that *pyuchin*
is neever made the peels wi *pyuhin*,
a soond byordnarlyke as awfie,
altho, again, that soond comes thru 640
in *nuhin*, heard corruptit oot o *nuchin*,
no lykit bi the muckle wurdbyeuks:
Millheuch, the place-name, caad as aften
Millhyoo, is said *Millhyuch* less aften,
but no *Millhyuh* – naw, naw I daarsay!

Speakin for ordnarlyke, and I
mean speakin cleir as speakin kentlik
juist isnae yaffle for the soond ot, 650
the *uch* soond aye is straucht as straicht,
even as *uck* soond in *Craignyuck* is
as moothie in the samin mainner
as safter *nyeuk* may weel be yaised;
but here’s a thing is mair nor twoe
ayont the mathematics o it,
baith *uch* and *uck* athin the singin
are faur as havers oot o class,
because they end as shairp as shairlie
an daenae dae the deedle-dauddle 660
as dae thae ithers, *yeuch* and *yeuk*.

An that’s a thing is gyan haundie
as ken it isnae juist opeenion,

an weel may gar the best sangwryters
yaise *uck* and *uch* tae mak a shairpness
will sooch a sang says mair a something
nor saerves tae soople singers' thrapples.

For yaisual, tho, thur safter wechts
are faur mair yuissfou, singin maistlie
bi natur ot the soond begunkin 670
as weel as muckle o the meanin.

Gin you say, lyke yon wee man thare,
English Language Society,
 "All this is interesting, very,
 but is it very necessary?"
think on hoo Scots hae made thur wurds
an fund them, gif no necessarie,
 as haundlilyke as kynlilyke,
as cantilyke as kent as caunnie,
 as hairtlik aye as pairtlik aye, 680
 an we hae seen the blootcherin
they hae tae thole fae ill-acquaantance
as aeducatiounallie caurrie
 as beltin language in wi tawse
sae that the auld leid was confoondit
 lik dominies dumfoonert tae
wi whit they fondlie thocht the language
an laerin o thur English maisters.

Whuin we said that a place was caad
Gowkhaa, they gied us for oor laerin 690
Gowkhal, altho the hauch was liggin
 as flet as see it yont the ferm
was caad *Gowkhaa* bi better bodies
a lang, lang tyme afore a coal-heuch
 reddit-oot coals alow the hauch
 an gart the fuitbaa park faa-in;
an no mair faur awo nor nearhaund
as Clinton Heid is faur fae Clelan,
 thare is *Spalehaa*, af coorse, they caad
Spalehall, but let me ask ye this yin: 700
can you jalouse thae slee burds, gowkies,
 makkin a Hall upon flet grun?

We ken fyne whoe the gowkies were.
Think on a Hall fae spales upbiggit!
Folk mak thur models oot o matches,
but whoe wuid yaise them biggin mansiouns!

Altho I neever staurie skinklt
alow thon Mister Good's schuil heeven,
nor wi his stauff, the leddie angels,

I wasnae bad as puit ma gas
peeplyke fornent them as a glimmer,
sae aifter aer-on ploys as bairnlie
as gan ma ain gaet, I was chauntin
mnemonicallie as the lave.

710

Ach, weel enyeuch I maun hae laerit
the laesson that tae syde-step tribble
was jook-the-jowe lik "turn a corner
jinkin", an sae wuid cheat the system
the same wy Robert Burns haed scryvit
he yit wuid cheat the clootie Deevil.

720

As feckfou then as chaunce-it noo,
I saw ma wy ootthru the schuil
as thru thir lynes, athooten boather.

In fac, the yae timm that I haed
a mentioun creditlyke as caunnie,
was chaunce-it tae, but feckfou-nane,
and I kent naething ot till latelie
in speil o common faimlie clash,
whuin telt bi Mary was ma sister,
the-wy she was perjinkitie
as mynd a place for airtin aathing,
that yae day langsyne Jimmie Good
haed sent for her an gied instructioun
that aifter schuil she haed tae tell
ma faither that I "had the makings
of first-class journalist." End quote:
an that's a storie furder cairriet
nor whit was in it waarth ocht mair
nor sayin that it cam til nocht.

730

Jimmie mistaen faceelitie
for wurds as news a wy o wurdage,
the-tyme for me wurds aathegither
were pairt o muckle news, yon gode's-speil
a wecht o thocht the wurd o makars.

740

Sae neever was I journalist:
I daenae hae the applicatioun
as needfoulyke as ken-it-caunnie,
nor dae I hae the tholance needfou
tae laern a trade whoe cannae-ken-it.

An tho I am as foondert as
a wrackit ship athin the watter
o maindeep prose in wurdage welterin,
an tho I drink, naw, tho I'm sluchin
as gutsilie as gannet burd
athin the spate as even-on
the-noo as aa ma lyfe sin yon timm,
an bab-the-powe til prose as debtor,
I cannae gie it back the chycer,
but byde athin, intoxicate,
or drucken, for a better wurd.

750

760

In scryvin, ken, I lyke tae ken
whuin kennin whit I waant tae ken,
an luft an lay tae ken the better.

I tak delyte in things ootwith
as faur inbye lik faurben yonner
whoere no sae monie folk are speirin,
an thae whoe speir are neever glowerin.

In takkin sic a caunnie tent
o maitters auntrin seenlins tentit,
I ken, that lyke the common bodies,
thae muckle maisters are kenspeckle
as commonalitie in kennin.

770

An that is whye, wi naither pleesure
lik sooch a wurd nor phrase it lavrie
as sooch again lik pree mair dentie,
I cannae cleed a page wi wurdage
is aither journalese or fictioun
waarth onie mair nor casual keekin.

Apologies til Jimmie's ghaist,
til quick an deid o journalists,
til novelists, prose scryvers aa
as ginerall as aye hae gien
great pleesure til me, I wuid raither
be juist a middlin kynd o makar
nor journalist furst-class or saecont.

780

An raither I wuid be a makar
as guid as haud ma heid the heecher
nor be a novelist wi volumes
in hunders nummert on ma shelves;
an raither awfie guid a makar
I'd sunner be, nor haud yae honour

790

as ceevil or as acadademic
as gied me kudos for a name.

Superlative a makar as
think nocht anent it, I'd be raither
nor onie ither bodie, aither
the keeng o aa the eedjit core,
or ginerall o jingo airmies,
or meenister o propaganda
caws doon aa ithers, caws up self 800
the wy that aabodie maun listen
tae whit they're telt, an lippen on it.

Gif tae desyre's no necessar
tae be, even as tae be is aften
desyrous necessarie-nane,
weel-bein ongaun whyles is lyke
a something fund inwith the daein,
even as in scryvin o the wurd,
as gode's-speil on the lips o makars,
puits onie bard o peerie laer 810
athin communioun wi the self
is ilka wurd in ilka makar.

Sae gin I gie ma gratefou thanks
for aa the prose haes gien me plesure,
I ken I tak an gie back naething
for sake o poetrie as selfish
as poetrie, aye selfish, is
abuin the lave in its ainsel
the-wy her scholars aye are laerin
that aathing is for her ain plesure 820
as for the makars dawtin wi her
in sakelessness a selfishness
lik devoirs duin, tyme ydilset.

Whuin onie makar haes desyre,
the-wy desyre can tak a haunlik,
tae talk anent some ither maitters
nor poetrie, he is less makar,
tho aiblins mair a mibbe-makar.

A makar's dialogue suid be
atween hissel an wark ongaein. 830

Oor tyme is less oor ain tae tell ot
nor nummerin oor days lik chance-it
syne garrin us staun stookies, bydein
the wheesht o tyme a fuff o braith

maun gar us faa lik muckle saunstane
fair cloort, or saftlie murlin soorlie
lik sklittie redd, ootthru as craisit
as picklin doon lik grains o saund.

Oor years are colourt, yuith till eildin,
lik siller birk ayont ma winnock, 840
as green an gowd as graces autumn
in memorie o suimmertyme
as skinklin as tree-growthe was graithit
wi airmour gainss the airn o winter,
the ilka brainsh as daurk as doorelik
will see again the green come spring.

VIII

Miss Gardner was, lik Mister Good,
fae local fermin folk, the fermstead
at Whytiegreen, aye kent the better
as Gairdner's Ferm, fae her ain surname. 850

Forever laich suid I hae been
athin her thocht lik sorte-oot slurrie,
for aften was I telt as kent it
as guid avysement as nane better,
altho I daenae mynd o it,
that as a bairn o little mair
nor six year auld, I up fornent her
in class yae day that wasnae twoelik,
the-tyme she juist was gaun tae clooter
wi tawse ma closse young fiere was yin 860
caad Davie Roy, I mynd him yit.

It seems, and it is shairlie yin
for the psychiatrist maks twoesome
or the psychologist maks muckle,
I boastit, sayin: "If ye strap him,
I'll kick ye wi ma big pit buits, you!"

Whit we ken noo as *bovver* buits
are nocht avaa the newest waepons!

I hae been telt that as a bairn
I prigged for "pit buits lyke ma faither's." 870

In fac, for maitter ot lik truith,
I gat them nane till mangrowne later!

Myndin aa that, I'm gled tae say

I didnae speil, as yae young leddie
said yin day in the Cooperative,
poot buits an no *pit boots*, fair tongue-tasht
as made pitblack as sair affrontit.

Anent ma ain speil, tho, Miss Gairdner –
for that’s the wy we soocht her name –
taen nae pick at me thru the years, 880
an syne, whuin neist I kent her better,
athin the Qualifyin Class,
I badd nearhaund her ferm doonby
at Whytiegreen, whoere we haed flittit,
sae hauf mangrowne as try ma strenth
a steerin lauddie lyke the lave,
I cairriet her correckit jotters
the ilka morn perjink til schuil:
and here’s a thocht, no yince, I mynd,
she let me tak them doon the road. 890

See Appendix

Aa maun hae been forgien, lik greenin
pit buits were no for kickin leddies,
for yae timm as a tribble-fairin
she gied til me a siller pincil,
an syne, a notepad wi a patent
that pressed a button dichtit scryvin.

Ma graunbairns yaise the lyke ot noo,
but in the wy ot, made lik ersatz:
space-race technologie can mak us
the fastest buck the quickest wastit. 900

Whuin at the week-end I gaed doon
til Whytiegreen Ferm wi the melk-joug,
for yaisual it wuid be Miss Gairdner
cam ben the dairie; she was waarm
as fresh fae bakin scones an cookies
athin the kitchen, sleeves rowed triglie
as tichtlie til the elbuck, and
her sonsie airms saft-poodert ower
wi floore, her bricht face het as ruidlik,
an she wuid cairrie roond her persoun 910
the samin smell o bakin I
haed left at hame lik ken it plesance:
it was nae freemit place that fermstead,
at sic a tyme mair lyker hame.

An lyke her haillsomeness o graith,
persona o the guidlie wumman,
the melk she fuhllled a tuim-ower jougfie

was skimmit cream fae flet, tinned vaessels
upon the caller stane slabs higginn.

She was ootgiein wi it as 920
she was wi kynliness, a waarmin
athin the een lik benedictioun.

At yon timm, lauddies lyke masel
ran roond about the ferm, aa speirie
anent aathing fae hy til aidle
we drew fae in alow the midden
tae gar the leeks growe thick come autumn.

Acrosse the road fornent the ferm,
thare was a magazine for stanes
for road repairs, afore the days 930
the taur was puit upon macadam,
an near asyde it was a dyuk-pown,
an neist, a yett for kye come melkin:
in yon stane-bunker yince, colloquin
yae day alang wi some auld chiel,
I saw whit maun hae been the last
o siccan wark for makkin roads;
he was doon-brekkin muckle chuckies
til smaaer grush for road infuhllin,
and yaisin yae smaa-heidit haimmer, 940
lang-shankit, that was caad, he telt me,
yince I haed speired, a knappin haimmer.

We'll seenlins see the lyke again,
an certaint, neever see yon haunler.

“No see the lyke” is whit the past
haes ayeways said, whuin sees nocht better
nor whit was yince a new beginnin,
but thare I staund lik chaunt again
in yon stane-bunker, caain-in
the kye the-tyme they cam for melkin; 950
an memories lik thae hae bidd
nane-kent for lang, lang years until
a smaa bit laerin made a placement
wi tyme ingyne lik wunder airtit,
as staunin gled that memorie
at last is hame lik kye wi chauntin
“Cheleddi, cheleddi, yer purritch is readie”
whuin melkin-tyme approaches near.

Notice the wurd “approaches”, then
listen again til ululatioun 960

lik dooble-amphibrachic soondin
athorte the years lik tell-it-trulie.

The wunder ot's lik grue o thoct
that we may been the verie hinmaist
tae chaunt yon caa, lik mak a swan-sang,
lik mak an end o yae mair sang
as auld as aye haed been as tentless
upon bairns' lips for gaeneratiouns,
oor chauntin then a dirige
lik yon *Lament for Childer* pibroch
made auld MacCrimmon ken the samin.

970

Was yon caa yae lament oor ain
for oor ainsels were nane the better
nor thaem that sang the sang afore us,
an bairns tae come wuid sing it neever?

Whit then was inwrocht wi oor thoct
for oor ain yuiss, an syne foreever
for ilk yin reads this verse alow here?

Cheleddi, Cheleddi

* As bairns we yellocht ower the park, "Cheleddi,
Cheleddi, yer purritch is readie," and aa the nowt
cried-in cam wachlin, babbin hame, slaw an stuidie. 980
Whan chowe the chaep an pree the dentie bit
wuid kitchen paertith's waant o plentie ot,
folk were nocht mair nor nowt thur cood tae chowe.
Gin Auld Tyme caas us in lik kyei wi that
"Cheleddi," will we chowe chaep an bab the powe
or gie Tyme's baird a cowe?

The faur cry o yon eildin trade
o knappin stanes, sae lyke the soochin
o yae auld sang in laich lamentin, 990
and yon *Cheleddi*, eildron noo
as yont the muin as Skye the yonner,
are hinmaist o the laessons laerit
aroud about the comelie shape
o Nellie Gairdner, sonsie as
made muckle, fair as ruiddish gowdlik,
and haein thae een lyke the Stewarts,
een lukin at me as sic een
may dae, wi sakelessness as roondit

as rare as saw me as a lauddie
the better for the kennin her.

1000

IX

I cannae mynd I was alow
Miss Gibb's thoom, disceplinarie
as aften was the mair wi tellin
haed haudit monie the infant's lug,
but I jalouse, lik tak a thocht ont,
she was the Infant Mistress aifter
Miss Dunn retyrt, her laegend vyve:
ken, waens in schuil in thae days aye were
as Englified as caad the Infants.

1010

* David Murray, in his *The First Nation in Europe*, says on Page 27, "From the traffic with France, the milk cow of the lowlands to this day comes to *s'approche*." And on Page 87, ". . .his milch cow which comes to 's'approche' or 'prochy'."

The tales anent Miss Gibb may be
as laegendarie in a whylsin
the-wy they may be telt bi ithers,
but for masel, they're maistlie cairriet
apocryphal as saecont-tonguit.

I mynd her haurdlik, and doore wi it,
but I was telt, as cannae doot it,
that she was mair nor normal scunnert
bi hoastin lyke the deid-chack soondin,
bi sneevlin slooterin lik caunles, 1020
bi hauchin rakin-oot the tyuch yins.

Whyles waens are laerit mair bi kennin
athin thursels nor fae the laerin
on blackbrode or in pincil squeeagle,
sae I am telt it wasnae lang or
Miss Gibb was aften gyklik hearin
an owercome hoastin, sneevlin, hauchin.

Byordnarlyke as tell it you here
lik hearsay, yit I tell it truthfie
as cannae doot this tellin aither, 1030
it was the lassies knittin, shewin,
or at the crochet wark maist neddlit
Miss Gibb wi thair guereella sneefles.

Juist sae, she was a dacent bodie,
an lyke enyeuch, focht lang an wearie
athin her ain ingyne for coonsel
hoo best tae grace the waens wi laerin
wuid mak them readie for the mair ot
she mibbe thocht wuid graced thur leevin.

Years later, yon wy lyke mair kennin, 1040
I thocht on her wi some taet kyndness,
for she was something o a whylsin
a Scottish Natiounalist the better
afore her tyme, an that was yaething
that wasnae twoe, but hauf-a-dizzen.

Again tho, puittent-oot the furder
as gaed ayont ma admiratioun,
she taerrifeed ma sister Annie
whoe was a gaentle as the wheeshin
can puit a bairn tae sleep ben yonner 1050
whoare nichtmeir neever stramps lik thunner.

Wi Miss Gibb kynds, oor tyme as younklin

made us ayont oor years the aulder,
as is the wy o aeducatioun,
an we wuid dae, as was expeckit,
thru lyfe as thru the schuil, oor devoirs:
telt aften, were we, as made siccar.

Yit mynd, dae you or daenae dae,
as telt were you, yer honest devoirs,
is aa the yin-waan lyke the differ 1060
tweesht eeksie-peeksie or the peels,
for daith is cauld as gars us whitter
as stillie, faur awo as murlin
til stoor the-tyme the quick
o man can flee amang the staurs
inbye ingyne, yon airt the benner
nor quick an deid, whoere thocht the yonner
fares furder nor licht years awo,
but whoere the kennin ot is liggin
lik laneliness o mynd, wrocht inwith 1070
a naething yont the boonds o tyme.

Ootthru lyfe, tho, the folk may see
ilk yin o us lik thaem thur ainsels,
an think they mak us as mak-up
thur myndes anent us as we thaem;
but heech abuin the lave are teachers
in that they arenae richtlie shair
they ken that whit they dae will ruchen
rowthie as autumn bursen-kirn,
or fooster in the younklin myn 1080
lik parks wi pesticyde fair pyzount.

They daenae even ken for shair
whit yin for whit wy in whit mainner
they will be myndit loon or limmer
as yin mair-yokin on the young yins
nor yokin on the thocht o thinkin.

Aiblines it is as weel forgot
as left alane tae fester hetlik,
gin at thur wark they aye were bealin;
weel-myndit aiblines for the best 1090
thur years sinsyne fornent the ingle
gif siccan wark was aye delytesome:
but for the lave o's, that paer sowl
may rue the day the schuilin staertit,
tho yon yin better myndes its ruchness.

BURN-THE-WUIN

In Newarthill smiddie, yince ahint
the biggin then caad Allan Place,
the burn-the-wuin was Tammie Jaap,
as braid as lang as sydiewys,
as wee as gy nearhaun the grun,
an buirdlie as cuid dunt a mell:
a stumpie stoosie strappin chiel.

Tammie haed taen the smiddie ower
fae Gairdner Allan Place haed biggit.

He aye wuid shae the horse fornent
the door, tae yaise the licht ootbye
for waant o licht inbye the smiddie. 10

Abuin the broo he was as beldie
as glistert in daylight or leerie,
sae as he boued his heid ower huif,
the licht wuid skelp at it an sklidder
as tho the baen were bursent-oot
wi sheen lik glozent jaurrie bool.

It was at sic a tyme the fuhllas
aroon the place lik mak a ploy ot,
yince telt me as a bairn, tae keek
athin the door at Tammie shaein,
an mak at him the speil: "Awèh,
ye baldie-heidit bugger, ye!" 20

Thon was the yae thing that I mynd o
lik mak a snicher in the tellin,
and here's a twoe, anither makkin
lik snutterin the-tyme ot speilin:
ayont yin gavel o the smiddie,
there was a cavie howff in chookies,
and in it caff an strae as ruidie
as lauddies and a match cuid fyre it. 30

Masel an Davie Roy, ma marra,
baith little mair nor five year auld
as neer thocht muckle mair nor dae't,
set aa ableeze wi Bengal matches.

Thae things were aa forgot as bairnlie
bi yon timm, hauflinlyke a whylsin,
I taen ma faither's picks upbye
til Tammie's smiddie for the shairpin, 40

an gyan caunnie then taen tent
as speirt hoo skeelie Tammie's wark.

Straucht fae the face, a pick is pyntit
as shairp as sklidder aff the merk,
but syne an burn-the-wuin haes wrocht it,
the pynt is chappit square an trig
as temper drawn, dookt, set in watter.

Myndin thae things, I'm no forgettin
a day I cannae puit athin
a year, the thritties hungerie, 50
or faur apairt as growe the aulder
fae bairnheid syne on traikin roon
the wurd a weiretimm furder yit
as gars the myn forget the veesage
was in alow the beldie heid,
but yon day, gaun til Moatherell
athin a bus as sittin quaetlik,
ma heid as yaisual boued athin
a wheen o wurds upon a page, 60
a haund upon ma knee doon-plappit,
and as I lukit up tae speir,
a vyce gied memorie a shoge
that cawed it back a score o year syne,
as Tammie Jaap made ploy: "Awèh,
ye baldie-heidit bugger, ye!"

RELEEGIOUS AEDUCATIOUN

Yin o the soutars in Newarthill
was Wullie Byers, whoe wrocht nearhaun
the fuit o the toon as taen the custom
enyeuch o siller thare as kept him
entrepreneurial as py
the rent an chowe as muckle's leeve on.

The-tither soutar wrocht haufwy
til the tap o the toon as near enyuch
as gied the Cooperative custom
the thareaboos as gied him siller
enyuch as kept him in employ, 10
yon fuhlla kent as Chairlie Leishman.

As weel as clowtin buits an shuin
for folk tae gang thur ain gaet shode
as dacentlie as best o laether,
gif sib wi best o wark puit til it,
stauns siccar til the waast o waather,
yon Wullie Byers was Superintendent
in oor kirk Sunday Schuil, a place
that socht tae airt the mynds o yuith 20
the better for a gaet was gannin
as siccar as the straucht is truithfou,
an truithfouness a gannin furder
inbye the myn wi gospel laerin
haes aye been thocht as *faurben* wi it.

As Superintendent, tho aye thare
whoere naewhoere else was thocht waarthwhyle
on Sunday aifternuins, Wull Byers
was aye a something yont the younklin,
no lyke the ordnar teachers, whoe 30
were no that muckle aulder folk
nor thae bairns listent til thur speil.

The-tyme he was at soutar wark,
an waens sat wi him in collogue,
Wull Byers was nearer us as quaetlik
athin the uptak in yon mainner
wuid let us ken that we taen tent
o whit was said, truithfou or trokefou.

As in the natur o sic things,
the bairns gaed the messages, 40
we cam tae ken him for the better
in wurkin claes nor shiftin yins

lik doocelik staund o Sunday braws.

Altho releegious organiser
alow the poupit, smaalik sorte,
an tharefore, yin whoe micht ootgie
the-wy ootgiein is ootgaein,
he was a man whoe kept inbye
hissel yon kinna caum is thocht
quaetlik as Presbyterian. 50

II

Ay, Wullie was yae man whoe was
no easie puittent-oot, as some
whoe hae the faur less reasoun for it,
but thare was yae timm that I mynd o
whuin he was puittent-oot as lyke
tae kittle lauchin intil kinkin.

It was lik this, as onie tellin
is lyke enyuch the truith as maks
nae differ: for a kinderspiel
athin the kirk, a when o bairnies 60
were laerit hoo tae act the pairt
an sing a sang anent a train,
or as ye'll can jalouse, anent
the engine ot, the-wy the bairnies
made an especial ploy lik staund
in lyne the sydiewys an caw
the laevel airms back an furrit
lik thae connectin rods that gar
the steam gan pech an whaishle roon
the muckle wheels fae gaskets, jynts. 70

That wasnae aa, tho, for the sang
was in the English, lyke sae muckle
was aamaist aathing yont the streets
was gien the bairns for aeducatioun.

Here is the sang: and I can tell ye,
I ken the air til't yit, altho
I sing it nane as you'll can read it.

“With a puff, puff, puff,
And a ring, jing, bang,
Moves the mighty engine as 80
It carries us along.
Quicker, quicker, quicker as
The station we draw near,

Then slower, slower, slower, stop!
And really we are here.”

Whit gart the Superintendent lauch
lik aa folk else in sooch and soond
athin yon kinderspiel, was hearin
hoo bairns refyaisit-nane a rhyme
“in the braid auld Scottish tongue”:
thur hairts taen ower, for nane were singin
yon wurd *along*, but fair gied purr
til thair ain sooch ot wi *alang*. 90

And I can say again, it is
a sang even yit whoere that same rhyme
gars me refyaise-it-nane, for shairlie
the wryter o the sang was Scots
as yin nane else cuid eever dyte
three wurds lik *ring*, *jing*, *bang* thegither
tae staert the moodgement o a train:
the sang haes cleveralitie. 100

III

A wee brick hut the soutar’s howff,
wi smaa black stove athin it, burnin
tae waarm the heel-baa airn as weel
aa keep the cauld ootbye in winter.

Thare was a muckle shewin machine
stuid in a nyeuk in furder gavel,
wi Wullie’s bink at winnock end,
a bink for extrie wark fornent it.

For yaisual that was lyker aye,
the extrie bink sat twoe-three waens,
bydein for some jobe nearlie duin;
or juist as aften twoe auld fuhllas
sat thare, aye feenishin a jobe
o wark was quaet debate the lyke
was seenlins eever nearlie duin. 110

But duin or no, or on the wy
for furder speak anent the maitter,
the men spak aipenlyke fornent
the waens as kep the consant clash
athin the kennin o the bairnies
wuid listen, or in listenin
as consant as the kennin hears
nocht else nor its ainsel in speilin 120

whit is for furder speak duin-nane.

Ye see, thae men gaed thare tae be
whoere they cuid talk lik tribble talkin
tae tell them whit was yont the talk
as made sic talk delytsome tribble.

I was at hame athin yon howff, 130
for it haed three things intilt thare
that mak for interest wuid craw
the neever for the myn betrayed:
the yin, haunds at the wark as eydent
as was athin them as they aye were
athin the wark itsel, pairt o it,

even as baith wark and hauns were pairt
o yon thing saecont, strangest laether
yince in itsel the soople cleedin 140
for baen an bluid and animal,
wi aathing int for mankynd's yuiss;
an thrid, trade tools, the ilka yin
parteeclar for the jobe in haund,
its shape as trig for paum an fingers
as purposelyke for skeelie graftin,
alang wi auntrin things lik tackets
an rosint lingle that wuid mak
a wark parteeclar as the haillsome
is aye in aathing haimald haunt.

An wi thae things, thursels at wark 150
athin ma myn the-wy ma fingers
were ingrowne wi the wark in fancie,
the-tither hauf o thocht was ben
the rowthe o speak an owercome clashin
o wurds mangrowne as on the tongues
o thae men on the bink were sittin
fornent the soutar, as he argied
thaem tae fornent, lik contarclash
was maistlie aa anent releegioun,
theologie self-laerit maistlie. 160

Tho mibbes it is for an artist
for tae descryve sic haunds at wark
bi drauchtin lyne lik airtin shapin,
an scaddin shape lik airtin maucht til't,
I'm thinkin I cuid be a creetic
o siccan wark, ay, even noo
at sic a lang remove o myndin,
for still I see wi clairitie
the lyke perjink the wy the fingers

o yon auld soutar gruppit laether 170
or buits or shuin for clowtin o them;
and hoo the shae was haudit tichtlie
 againss the bodie or the laist,
the-tyme the soutar cut an shapit,
syne drivv the sparables or tackets
 thru hivvie sole tae haud it snode
as in the wark for wark made ruidie;
and hoo the knyfe was skeelie shairpent
upon an emerie claith, a bittock
 tackit upon a flet o wuid, 180
sae that the steel aidge snoocht an soochit
 as quaet as caunnie thorte the claith;
and hoo a sole, in praeparatioun
for fittin, wuid be set an shapit
bi duntin wi the flet o haimmer
tae gie't a face wuid tak the waather
 as bravelik aye as brawlie ticht
wi tackin an wi steekin o it.

And hoo the soutar, at the end
o aa the wark, left his ain kenmerk 190
 upon the sole o shae or buit
 the-wy a mason puits his merk
upon a stane tae shaw his graftin
 is gy weel waarth the seein as
 it is tae ken it for his ain
for aye and on as lang as stanewark
 haes murlit-nane til poothert saun.

I ken that, for yon Wullie Byers
 aye cawed twoe tackets in the shae
about twoe inches fae the tae ot 200
i the middis o the sole as kenmerk
 o haundiward no wurkaday:
this wy o shawin in the shapin
 a kennin o the waarth o wark
was wechtit fairlie in the bodie
o sic a chiel as wechtit squarelie
 his Presbyterianism o myn.

But mair nor that, it was as plain
tae ken as plainlie guid tae haud
the wark upon the fuit for plesure 210
 as in the haun for plesure keek,
 that Wullie graftit wi auld tools
an let the newer yins byde liggin
 for better days an whoe micht gie
 a haun wi wark the noo an then.

The caunnie craftsman, caunnie tae
wi tools as craft, daes that as aften
as ayeways maistlie, for he kens
that lennin tools gy casual aye
he'll see them back again, naw, neever, 220
in that guid order they'd been kept
as caunnilyke as haundilyke,
an bonnielyke as gy weel tentit
whuin tentin weel is glentin weel.

Neever expect a jyner chiel
tae len ye ocht else for a favour
nor some auld saw as tuith the ilka
is blinnt as straucht as cannae cut
thru wuid: ye'll ken the knyfe for skliffin,
as yaised bi Wullie Byers, haed nocht 230
the mair nor yae bit inch o bladin,
the maist ot haein been grund-aff quaetlik
bi emerie as neever seen
til no thare on the aidge tae see it,
tho shairp upon the aidge tae pree it.

His haimmer haed a glaizie shank,
the wuid ot sib wi haunds at wark
as yaise it lang an weel, an caunnie
as gars the flet steel o the heid
be sib wi't, bricht the samin wy. 240

His spare knyfe haed a langer blade,
the aidge ot needin emerie,
the-wy the haimmer spare waa dullyart
upon the flet steel o the heid,
an ruch along the grain o shank.

Thon haimmer shank juist haednae tholit
the habit o the haunds ocht mair
nor haed yon knyfe the habit honin.

And yonder was yae ferlie thing!
The cans that haudit sparables 250
an sprags an tackets for oor buits
were cairdbrode-sydit, tinplate-bottomed,
for they were weiretimm jam-jours thaem,
sae I was telt bi Wullie Byers
whuin I haed speired at him yae day.

Think noo! The Great Weire thare in cairdbrode!
Jam no in waallie or in gless!

Thon was a thing for bairn tae think on!

IV

At this timm faur awo ayont
the wheesht o myn can see, as cleir 260
as focus truith lik camera,
the faces o thae eildit fuhllas
as they colloguit wi the soutar,
an furder yit as cannae bring
til myn debate lik contarclashin,
an contarclashin makkin mair
for new debate, yit I can see me,
a steerin lauddie quaetlik thare
as caum as conscience but the twyce
as tentie, listenin til freit 270
wurkin lik hotterin a bebble
o thocht til aa the back-an-furrit
o siccan speak the-wy ma thocht
wuid gree wi it as aa the wyssheid
athin the wurld, nane-switherin,
or disagree wi't as a soochin
as ill-conneckit as sair-spakkent.

For aa that noo I cannae bring
here furrit as thirl throch the myn
the yae shairp pynt o fact tae stye thare, 280
nor can I bring the furrit here
anither lyker blinnter aidge
o fancie in the myn tae waunner,
I hae impraessioun yit that aa
yon speak stravaigit muckle airts
in the Auld Testament faur laundwart,
mair sae nor in the inbye parks
an biggit burghs o the New,
as nearhaund as ma ain airts kennin.

Tae tell the truith, gif truith it is 290
that's in the tellin muckle as
athin the ettlement o tellin,
it wasnae in yon howff o Byers
in soutar-wark a truith o haund
on laether; nor in schuil, yon howff
o laerin lyke a truith o laether
whyles on the hauns; nor Sunday Schuil,
yon howff releegiouslie hauf-truith
as muckle as the adult myn
thocht bairns cuid tak ot; nor in kirk, 300
yon howff releegiouslie the truith

that needs superlative lik “haill”
the nane, but is a wechtie maitter
upon the myn lik onding singin
an soond o rhetoric ayont
aa quaet o myn, naw, no in yin
o thae howffs is ma myn recaain
the Christian storie wi the lyke
o yon great cloor the reasoun taen
bi aer-on speirin at yon freit 310
the a priori that we caa
the Godeheid, Natur, or Lyfe Force.

The thocht anent the sic a thing
can weel become as sceptical
analysis for oor jalousin
as Presbyterianism is
thocht lyke the Godeheid, gyan strict.

Chryst wasnae juist a staerter-nane
but yae hauf-staerter, little mair,
as tho thare was a blateness int 320
tae speir anent Him, no a blateness
ingynelik Him anent, but mair
blateness ower sair hairt-hankerin
for comfort Presbyterian.

Aiblins thae things I thocht I thocht
are lyke thir things I think I think,
an tharefore made me whit I was,
the samin wy as noo I am,
but aiblins siccan thochts are no
that muckle mair nor ocht avaa, 330
but juist the measure o masel
faur mair nor oniebodie else
I puit them til, sae mibbes I
am daein a pickle sairie hairm
til memorie o monie folk
whoe neever thocht a thocht the lyke
as made them pairt an paerel ot
lik me masel as I lik thaem,
an were they here the-noo, I think
I wuidnae be lik thaem avaa, 340
nae mair nor they wuid be lik me!

The Auld Testament is pooerfie wark
in storie ballat laegendlyke,
its Judaism siccarlyke
as uncolyke equaat the mair sae
wi fauts an failyies humanness,

unlyke oor Christianitie
faurben athin itsel humane.

Aiblins ma seniors yon tyme
langsyne lik think again anent them, 350
thocht-nane thursels anent thursels
as intil humanness the wy
that I saw thaem an thae saw me,
nor in hamaneness in the wy
they saw me and I thaem, an neever
did I see thae folk inhumane
avaa, nane-human aither, mynd ye;
the lack o chaeritie, as ken ye,
the-wy ye dae lik aa folk else, 360
was in the pauchtiness o pooer
in thae days Tory as the-noo,
but yon timm in a wy becomin
as scunnersome as thoct wuid neist
become in apogee the-day
mair scunnersome in fact an freit:
and as we ken, ay, ken dae we,
yon pooer shaws itsel as shortelik
o truith as pagan certaintie
is soothlik tae, gy ill-conneckit,
noo leein in the teeth a kenmerk 370
as Tory as can pyzoun thoct
gars bodie politic ootboke.

The truith is that the inwardness
o thinkin in the aulder bodies
in thae days was theologie
anither end o yit anither
was yae auld speirin sang in Scotland,
the lyke we cannae see again,
for gif the truith be kent lik kent
for yince as kent for aye, an no 380
juist Sunday mornin kent, thare is
juist naething left for speirin mynd
in leeberatioun was the wark
abuin aa else o Raeformatioun,
juist naething left but for tae witness
peeheein lyke the bleat o sheep
fae aa the smaaer myns til dogma
alang wi fundamentalism
that is the mair equaat wi seikness
lik reevalatioun that is mair 390
lik seein the straucht wy furrir ayeways
a caurrie sydiewys lik jookin,
nor seein it reasounable as

a mervel straucht as furrit tae;
naw, siccan smaa myns cannae ken
the differ tween the mysterie
that maks for wunder in the yin
lik wunder in mankyn can mak
for mysterie yont men an wemen:
sic smaalik mynds are aye as auntrin 400
as consant pagan vanitie
is intil cheatrie o the myn
that pyzouns baith the saul an bodie.

Hear then, whuin aa is said, let us
be duin-doon-nane bi chiels whoe glaum
for yin or ither state releegious
for oor ayebydein freit ayont
aa fact, ay, yont aa faith a fact.

It is as cleir as cannae scadda
the een that see faurben mair deep 410
nor fact or fancie, we are lukin
at yae thing patriarchie caad,
and at anither that is caad
a matriarchie, sae juist myn
that baith, lik yon capeetalism,
haud in thursels the seeds as growthie
as cankersome that syne will kill them,
for whoere the matriarchie wemen
become as haurd's kailrunt, the-tyme
the men athin a patriarchie 420
become as sentimental as
saft sawder, yit the men athin
a matriarchie can become
as veeciouslyke as vapourous,
the-tyme the patriarchie wemen
become as besomlyke as clippish.

V

The pagan Tory Scots aye mowt
as yuchallie as glag the thrapple
the-tyme they'd lyke tae be gleg-gabbit
as maisters mowtin uniounism 430
lik haud-the-wheesht doon yonner soothwart
whoere sowther aa is sawder mair,
syne see and hear them black-affrontit
bi uniounists plebian-Scottish
as Labour caad, whoe cannae thole
the Tory speak, an think tae shame it
bi yuchallin the mainer o it.

The baith are *uh*-sorte accent folk
whoe ken, as weel as aa folk ither,
whit maks them aipen mooth an puit
the fut in it lik utter mutter. 440

That pair o poleteecians
are twinlik as the kynd o folk
whoe ken the differ in atween
pseudo-MacGonagall a rhymin
as thir yins here alow no peels,
but lyke enyeuch as marra, juist
lik uniounism, differ-nane.

“As I gaed doon a road in Mull,
I met a coo. Bi Gode, a buhll! 450

As I gaed doon a kintrie road,
I met a coo. A buhll, bi Gode!”

Sic folk see the MacGonagall
athin thursels lik thaem in rhymes
a mixter-maxterie as fankelt
as man in parodie o self,
as you’ll can see that soocht it thare,
scryvit in Scots, the-tyme the poet,
whoes thocht was puit in parodie,
writ in the English o his luve. 460

The natur o the baith the bards
was intil ilk the-tither lyke
the uniounists as Tory-Labour
as aathegither mingin awfie
amang the bree o quislingism,
pursuance ot lik rinnin-aifter,
and yon intakkin o the waarth
o smairt furst-tymin laichlie liggin
in quaet betrayal o the syle
puits ruits in us tae ken oorsels 470
no lyke the messans favourin

imperial purvey o a placement
lik daecoratioun o the bodie;
an perk for bairns a sweetie tuithfou;
and yon preferment puits a pauchle
on some paer bodie waarth the better
but noo the waarse for haein nocht:
and aa the siccan ither haund-oots
noo lukit-at as scunnersome
bi folk gy ceevil, dacentlyke. 480

Thare's little waarthwyle can be said
anent thae gutsie yowffin messans
but "Doon! Get doon, ye! Damn ye, doon!"
an that is little comfort aither.

Nae folk lik thaem are honest as
the Presbyterianism made
for socialism in the mynd
o Scots as langsinsyne as yon timm
afore we thocht tae care tae ken
thae folk are as perennial 490
as cheatrie pagan throch-an-thru.

VI

Ay, an the laessons o the past
are no juist déjà vu the lyke
o weel-I-myn-the-tyme, but thare
staunin as granitelyke as byde
the gettin wrocht-in at them; naw,
thae years are no lik flashback seen
in pictur-hoose tae let us ken
the whoere we are is whye we are;
an sixtie year is no the lyker 500
back intil praejudice, mislykin
some ither bodie for no bein
lik self; nor intil supersteetioun
releegiouslie a whigmaleerie:
nor juist tae myn that sacrosanctness
can be a something geggielyker
upon the lips lik antic speilin.

Think noo that Moses humpht an pecht
upon the Mount, a man wi taiblets,
as haufwy back til Akhenaton 510
or Gilgamesh, but nae mair sae
nor yon timm sixtie year a whylsin
whuin I was telt-aff for ma whisslin
on Sundays was a wy o daein
mair lyke a wy o daein-nane,
an peels wi yon wy that ma faither
wuid cairrie-nane his pype the kirkwarts
altho he mibbes wuid hae lykt
a couple o draws whuin he was gaein
or in his comein back fae worship, 520
instead o sookin at a pandrap,
lik aa the lave in congregatiouns.

Thare is some room an room tae spare
 is no juist butt-an-ben o thocht
 in kennin auld naivitie
 an sakelessness, gif we are myndin
 that even the dogmatics speilin
 athin the Shorter Catechis
 compoondit were, gif no confoondit,
 bi Multiplicatioun Tables on 530
 the batter prentit gyan haundie,
 a something that I caad til myn
 whuin yince I cam acrossse a blad
 o Shorter Catechis sinsyne:
 lukin upon the dimsome yalla
 o yon back batter o the copie,
 as tho the *Tables o the Law*,
 I said “The Maltiplicatioun Tables”
 the wy we said it at the schuil
 as tho the *uh* were common vulgar 540
 gif thon furst seellable *mul* soondit.

The thocht ot dreed lik tyme-slip tymeous
 can gie ye here the preein ot
 is mair nor figment o a fancie.

The Shorter Catechism

The Greeks wi the kenspeckle pentameter
 “Let nane gae ben whoe kens nae geometrie”
 scryveit on stane on thair Academie,
 had naething on the Dominies (nae fear!)
 o ma youthheid whoe saw tae’t naebodie 550
 wuid gang faur ben oor Zion athoot commaund
 o the Multiplicatioun Tables, for the grund
 an base o mathematics thaem we’d pree
 fae Twaa tae Twal, at last gif no furst-haund,
 whaur they were cairried on the back o the Wurd,
 the hin-en batter o the Shorter Catechism.

The Greeks had a wurd for it an caad it schism.
 The Scots had a wy wi the Wurd, no that absurd,
 for arenae Maths baith Man’s an Gode’s chief end?

Whoe ken thur Plato ken anaa
 I tak poetic vengement on him, 560
 an thae whoe ken thur Catechis
 ken “What is the chief end of man” thare.

Whoe ken the nuance in *faurben*,
 ken that it is the referent

til laer that faddoms speeritual
as deep athin releegious ocean,
yit walks the surface watter ot
abuin in Presbyterian ethic.

Whoe are as losst as I masel
in universe o mathematics,
hae nae excyuiss for sayin noo
they cannae unnerstaun the poem!

THE STURDYS

I

The Laws an Sturdys hae been thare
til ilk and ither near enyeuch
or thareabouts a something nearer
for three-fower o thur gaeneratiouns.

Aiblins thur sibness haed a staert
haes kept it cawin furrin yit
sin yin fae Yreland caad John Sturdy
mairriet a Mary Law, a sister
o ma ain graun-dye, Chairlie Law.

It seems thare was a strenthie bonde
atween the sister-son Tom Sturdy
and yon graun-dye o mynes, his uncle. 10

Aa I can mynd o that Tom Sturdy
is tynt in memorie a thocht
lik oose an stoor athin the haerns
owercleeds him smaalik, in his eild
kenspeckle as a bodie caad
Auld Tammie Sturdy roon the hooses.

But yin o Tammie Sturdy's dochters,
the Annie yin, yince telt me this
anent her faither was ma namesake: 20
"Ma mither was a kintrie Jinnie
whoe said til me yae day, 'The furst timm
I saw yer faither, he was gettin
the biggest haimmerin o his lyfe.'"

"It seems he haed been haein a dram
in some beershope athin Carfin
alang wi Chairlie Law, his uncle,
that was yer ain graunfaither, whoe
haed been ootwylit fae the place 30
an yokit on bi three-fower men
for whitten reasoun naebdie telt me,
tho mibbes you can ken yersel."

"Ma faither didnae ken a thing
about it till some young lad cam
an said til him, 'Man, if ye daena
come help yer uncle, he'll be murdert.'"

"Syne, in the sair stramash that follaet,

the younger man was cawed stoor-doon
that soocht the bluid that gowpit ruid 40
fae kicks as tacketie as buits
cuid caw them in lik scorin goals,
Tam Sturdy liggin thorte the goalposts.”

Tammie, it seems, was in great tribble,
as oniebodie gif cawed doon
can get a loonderin lik killin,
“But then,” said Annie, “some auld wumman
cam up an cast her apron ower him,
an stoppt the fecht.” Thon was byordnar,
as you’ll can ken gif telt the mair. 50

I mynd I read the sic a thing
as aawhoere else is somewhoere yonner
that’s no athin ma raeference
for scholars keekin at it lyke
a contarin; nor speirin at it
lik shak-the-heid for nane-belief;
nor for jalousin it the-wy
a mibbe-ay, a mibbe-naw thing:
an no juist that, I read again
lik twycet that maks a differ til’t, 60
and here it is for your ain deemin
a wheesht o wunder in the mynd.

Yae storie, Yrish as gy auncient
awo back in Cuchulainn’s tyme,
telt hoo some wummanbodie chippit
her cape upon a chiel was skaithit
ower sair, for that was custom o it
wuid keep him free fae furder skaithment
as leeberatit him fae deid.

The-tither leid ot, Yrish auld 70
as langsyne aifter that the some
fower hunder year wi Saunt Columba
wuid mak it meeracle, can tell
Columba, wi a Leinster bard
caad Gemman, gaed stravaigin faur
in Yreland was awo the yonner
gy faur fae oor Iona’s Ysle.

They saw a dacent lassockie
come rinnin til them, fleggit as
a flauchterin o mynd an bodie, 80
whoe socht thur help fae yin ran aifter,
a muckle skellum o the airt.

The bard, wi yerd-lyfe inwrocht weerdit
as lyfe hereafter inwrocht Sanct
ayont the yerd in Heeven weerdit,
cast, as did Colum, cloak ower lassie
tae gaird the sowl fae sair mishanter,
but thon was no enyeuch tae save her:
the skellum thirled her thru wi spear.

Columba said the killer's saul 90
wuid gang til Hell an freen the Deil,
the-tyme the lassie's saul in Heeven
wuid bliss the angels in thur singin.

On hearin this, as Gemman swair
lik onie bard as leeberal
wi truith anither name for versin,
the killer deed o cankert haterent
for his ain girnin saul in lowes.

II

The kintrie Jinnie in the storie
was Mary Robertson, whoe nicht 100
hae said wi Leah langsinsyne,
"A troop cometh", as come it did,
and ilka yin was aa her ain,
for she haed aicht, a Sturdy faimlie.

They were, tho no in this same order,
Sarah an Mary, Annie, Jeannie,
and Adam, Tom an John and Hiram;
Jeannie gaed aff til Canada,
an Sarah, Mary, Annie bidd 110
in Scotland here was naewhoere else;
John in the Great Weire, killt in actioun;
Hiram cam thru it as a gunner;
a raegular Ryal Marine was Adam
cam thru it tae, survived Zeebruggee.

The storie telt bi Adam was
the samin yin was telt til Adam
bi somebodie was on yon Mole
alang wi Adam in the fecht:
the fuhlla said that in the shellin,
thare was an unco brust amang 120
a wheen o chiels, an syne, whuin reek
haed cleired awo, thare Sergeant Sturdy
stuid aa his lane amang the deid.

That was in Apryle, twintie-saecont,
and in the year o nyneteen-aichteen.

The last yin o thae sturdy men
caad Tom, again wi ma ain name
in mixter-maxterie, was slauchtert
athin the pits, machine coal-cuttin.

But whit the day that daith gilravaged, 130
an whit the year, I cannae tell ye.

And I, byordnar in the wy
his name is in ma ain, was near
ma daith in wark lik his, tho truith is,
he was a cutter demonstrator
whyle I juist wrocht a darg o wark.

Some o Tom's faimlie emigratit
as Sooth as yon Sooth Africa;
John's faimlie gaed the Sooth and Aest 140
Austraelyie wi the furder airt;
England was Adam's chyce o hame,
Canada dochter Jean's; Tom, Navy.

Tom Sturdy, whoe was Adam's son,
an killt upon the *Rawalpindi*,
haed waad wi Mary Law, ma sister.

Nearhaund as that a something siccar
as ages neebort yin til ither
among the younklin, were the faimlies
o Hiram, Mary, Annie, baith 150
at schuil an roond about the doors;
Hiram bidd in the faimlie hoose
nearhaun the schuil; an Mary, Annie
mairriet twoe that were Seawright brithers,
Willie an Davie: Willie Mary
an Davie Annie made the doobles.

We aa were collier folk thegither
in this or that wy at the wark
that kept us cleir o cauld in winter,
as folk wuid say, "Doon oot the waather",
syne yon and ither wy awo fae't 160
as kept us cauld but faur less clairtie
in winter, suimmer waarm as clean.

Amang thae folk, langsyne as yonner,
the wy we mynd a favoured face
as quaetlik as a kennin kynlie,
an kynliness ayont the tellin,
were Willie Seawright and his Mary:
athin ma ain name Mary's surname
is kynlie reasoun for this verse.

In Wrangholm, wi auld-farrant namin 170
that dirks lik melodie a chyme
upon the tongue, or as caad noo
New Stevenston, upon the tongue
toot-tootin splooterie aff-key;
and yonder heech on Caunnerrigg
whoere wuins cuid birl ye lyke a peerie,
or whyles, the luft ower-cleir as sheerlie,
ye'd speir the Meikle Bin uphichtit
alang the lyne o Campsie Hills;
an thare at hame in Newarthill 180
aroon the doors lik need nae chappin,
and ower the Whins til Clelan Glen
a magic in alow the trees,
the here an thare a hydrie-hole
abuin the brattle o the burn:
ay, aawhoere thare was coal tae howk,
the Seawright bairns and Laws colloguit
in hameliness a saucht o thinkin
yon tyme afore we gaed stravaigan
oor ain wys, thinkin tae delyte, 190
or gaed the wys that leevin made
athoot yae thocht delytes or damns.

Thae bairns were Mary was the auldest
whoe sat wi me in schuil a whylock,
but haed the Sturdy fuit for vaigin
an langsinsyne gaed til Australyie;
an thare was John, nearhaun ma ain age,
mibbes will mynd o Clelan Glen
a suimmer sooch o trees an burdsang,
an gin he daesnae, I can tell him 200
this is nae storie cairriet furder
nor in ma mynd years twoe-an-sixtie;
the younger son, Tom, was anither
whoe shared ma name but that bit younger
as faur ower smaa for tae stravaig
wi me an John his aulder brither
the-tyme we ran in freedom laundwart.

But here's a thing no monie ken o
tae think a wheen o thochts anent
wuid staun the self againss anither, 210
no for the hicht fae tae til shooter,
but ben the heid a measure lyker
a wy o daein deep in thinkin
mair measure o a wy tae be.

Thur faither, Willie Seawright, was
at his ain wark the nane-affeckit
in yon timm back in Twintie-Yin
the colliers steggit, nor the later
in Twintie-Six I mynd it best 220
whuin leperlyke, they were lockt-oot,
tho whether yon timm or the-tither
it daesnae maitter, for he was
an undermanager wi Nimmo
at Tannoehsyde, or Wrangholm wy,
I'm thinkin, at the Blackie Pit.

Juist sae, he kent whoe were affeckit
were no the Nimmos o this wurld
gutsin beef tichteners an siclik,
but better folk lik ither Sturdys
and ither Seawrights, ay, and yon yins 230
gy near the wurld ayont in paertith,
nae rowthe o maet ben siccan wames.

Yae thrid o ilka weeklie wage
he kep tae feed an cleed his faimlie,
in thae days no a meikle sum;
the saecont thrid dividident was
for brither Davie's wyfe an childer,
a meikle sum for folk haed nocht;
an thrid the thurd, lik thae twoe ilk,
for hansellin the toon kail-kitchens, 240
as meikle as made muckle kail.

And here's a thing kent-nane bi monie
anent anither thocht the waarth
o Willie Seawright, whuin manbodie
yince in America his coalwark
the furderin, the toon wuid daunner
an pass the tyme lik speir shope winnocks
an keek at commaerce liggin thare.

Yae tyme, that was nae tyme for nonsense,
he lukit ben a windae yonner 250
in fair amaze lik Gode-forgie-them,

for in it guns galore were black
as taur can sheen lik evil daurk;
an guns galore, as sillerlyke
can sheen as slee as thocht gane gyklik;
guns, pistols caad, and automatics,
wi ryfles, shotguns, ammuneetioun
enyeuch tae blatter sense til nonsense.

As Willie stuid dumfoonert thare,
a chiel, the nocht avaa byordnar 260
nor onie ither bodie was
nae warlock but lik his Gode made,
nor wizard juist a thocht waanchancie,
lukit at Willie sydiewys
an syne speired at him did he waant
the onie waepon in parteeclar,
an gin he did, the chiel cuid sorte
the waarth o this gun, wecht o that
the best for ben the pootsh or holster,
as weel as thaem no waarth a cent. 270

In aiftertymes, a wurld the furder
awo lik sorte the mynd as siccar
as sense at ease, tho no wi nonsense,
Willie wuid tell the tale, but say
no hauf o whit I'm tellin you
as is the wy o poetrie,
an that's faur less nor puit in versin,
but at the end ot here, I'm sayin
as til hissel said Willie Seawright:
"This is no place to raise a family." 280

IV

Hiram Law Sturdy is the yin
amang the Sturdys buin the lave
as in this day o siccan jargon
he is ma "special case", for he
was fae ma Uncle Hiram caad,
yon Hiram, son o Chairlie Law
ma graun-dye, even as the Sturdy
in ma name lyke his faither's, Tom.

Amang thae folk, three were owerhaillit
bi daith at pitwark, Chairlie Law 290
a brusher, airnstane wurker yince;
and Hiram Law, his fyreman son;
and Hiram Sturdy's brither, Tom,
as telt abuin, machineman yince.

But byde a wee that's juist as smaalik
as winnae tak us lang tae lowp,
ma Uncle Hiram yince maintained
he saw a puddock lowpin oot
fae ben a brakkent daud o stane
alow the grund athin a coalpit. 300

The ordnar folk, as laerit-nane
as think no juist the drucken bodie
is aa that is miroclous here,
may weel say, "Ay, ye tell me that!"
the-tyme thae bodies gy weel laerit
as think no even the best o maut
miroclous, shairlie will recaa
that sic a speak haes gibble-gabbled
athorte the coal airts langsinsyne.

Geologists, no thick as stanes 310
that haud nae mair nor fossil figurs,
and aa thae ither scientists
as braid as lang as sydiewys
athin the haerns an airt o laerin,
will say the same, but I say this:
I heard the storie as a bairn,
an saw athin it something ferlie
as puit thocht back millennia.

As you'll can weel jalouse, the bodies
that hottert roond athin oor failmies 320
as tho incooriein thegither
lik foggie toddlers, were aquaant
wi ilk and ither mair nor maist;
yit no the ayeways, for I'm telt
*whuin Sarah read yae poem lang-prentit,
she said Tom Law writ that yin neever:
she mibbe thocht she kent ma faither,
but did she ken me? Naw, I daarsay!

* That poem was *The Man and the Artist* in Number Three, *Scottish Art and Letters*, 1947.

Hiram, her brither, made yae scryvin
the lyke haes neer been seen athin
a toon the maik o Newarthill, 330
a scryvin seen athin the een
the-wy the een athin the mynd
haed seen the toon the wy it yince was.

An no juist yin, but made anither
anent the Great Weire seen athin
the sicht an soond artillerie
can mak the mynd athin the haerns
a burthen in ahint the een
haed seen the Weire for whit it aye was. 340

See Appendix

His Newarthill, as he recaad it,
was as he'd kent it in his yuithheid.

His Ryal Field Artillerie,
Brigade the hunder, sixtie-saecont
in France, saw mangrowne Great Weire slauchter.

The baith o thae twoe scryvins were
puit doon a pickle mair mangrowne
as hoose-room quaet cuid caum the thinkin
until ingyne made watter-colours
an smaa lyne drawins illustrat. 350

Altho he writ his weire doon aifter
some twintie year or sae, as gentled
as tyme can gie sic thocht the heidroom,
his stories are immediate
as yince athin the myn for aye
can neer forget, can neer forgie,
sae readin, keekin at his picturs,
we seem tae byde athin a boorie
wi yon haill weire thegither yokit
as faur ower monie kent for siccar. 360

The here an thare, as suddent as
a shoge that comes fae whoere it's kent-nane
as nearhaund as cuid see it come,
or yonner faur awo as coodnae,
in Hiram's weire wark, we are chippit
in middis o a kynd o frichtin
can dooble-up wi fleggitness,
an wi it, in mislykin deep
as ower faur ben for whit the myn
can gie us for a compensatioun; 370
and intil gledness tyme still chaps

the day come as the yae mair mornin;
but intil waanhowp lyke the duntin
o thunner waur nor onie gunfyre,
tho intil anger rummlin laich
athin the mynd a daurksomeness.

Hiram becomes a plaything chippt
about lik onie bairnie's dye,
but no a puppet juist, ay, aiblines
the yae iota, but is still 380
a gyan kennin yin altho
his ainsel is the cat, the weire
the bat can skyte him intil tuimness
athin a hellish stoondin airt.

And we are aa this wy an thon wy
inwrocht in maercilessness wi him,
in crueltie o thochtless shellin
taks nae tent thon wy this wy gang,
but mutilates the auntrin man
as casual as differ-nane 390
whoere mankynd isnae juist ongutsin,
but gutsin his ainsel the butcher,
sae that we byde athin the middis
o ravagement oor ainsels gutsin.

We feel lik folk athin a moodgement,
the moodgers neever seen whoe are
the godes o moodgement roond us aagaets,
abuin us yonner up, aboot
as sydiewys micht seen them skellie,
but naehoo eever seen elsewhoere 400
nor aiblines bydein thareaboots
thur magic is aa ower ongaein
thru smaa-gode siblings, officers
and officers' ain smaalik godelings
the NCO's, lik oor ainsels
bydein the godes' desyre, mair yappish
growne great as yonner neever seen,
or smaalik aye the thareaboots.

The ilka yin o thaem is dernin
ben quaetness yont the soond o guns 410
quaet byders order roon the sodgers
in case they hae the tyme tae think,
in case they hae the tyme for kennin,
in case they hae the tyme tae ken
there is anither wy tae think
that differs fae the ongaun yatter

o guns a soond can differ-nane
fae politics that gibble-gabble
as tho tae hap the truith wi lees
or frichten it awo the yonner 420
lik sodgers' thochts gane quaet as tynt
the furder yont the soond o guns.

Af coorse, ye hae tae ken that Hiram
was scryvin aifter fact o battle,
an no as yin haed been a knyfe-man
as he caad infantrie the lyke
o sodgers was his brither John
was duin til deid in France langsyne:
even as I scryve masel anent them
as faur awo as naither knyfe-man 430
nor for the furder fact, a gunner,
but yin aye yont stramash o battle.

Yit yon iota, sodger Hiram,
kent whoere he was the jobe in haun
the samin wy he kent his daein't,
the samin wy he kent his seein't,
the samin wy wuid pent its pictur
was airtit ben his myn the better
as jobe duin best bi his ainsel.

Tho he is aften straucht as furrit 440
anent discepline, hoo it cawed him
noo back, noo sydiewys, no furrit,
whyles aff the straucht as caurrie cawed,
and in especial whoere its yuiss
is aften no as just as juist
a thocht the-tither syde o truithfou
the wy he was affeckit wi it,
we feel no caunnie in the kennin
the scryver coodnae mak his screed
as peels as gie the sel remeid 450
anent the needments o the saul
aswither psychological.

Anent thae things we hae tae gar
oor benner sels puit furrit speak
as tho oor clash were ben the thinkin
gart Hiram be frustrate as quaetlik.

A skowth thare is lik birl aroond
as maks a daunce athin the thinkin,
an skowth the mair for birl again
as maks the thinkin contar-dauncein 460

is in the screed o eilden weire
that Hiram for a myndin wrait:
the aert o weire is thare for scholars,
shairlie a contradeecioun int,
tho men an aert o weire nane-laerin
is aye athin the aert o man,
for shair, nae contradeecioun thare.

Gin you wuid see it as he writ,
an no the wy I tell ye ot,
gang doon til Lunnon for tae keek it: 470
the Imperial War Museum haes it.

V

Thare isnae yin can pent or draucht
the pictur o hissel that Hiram
haes gien til us athin his dyte,
an thae whoe mibbe think they hae him
will be dumfoonert as gan gant
tae finnd that yince again they tyne him
whuin haein wrocht on him at weire
a bittock o his haterent for it,
they come across his muckle wark 480
a screed o clash anent his veellage
yon tyme he was the younger lauddie
whoe saw it picturfou as tell it
as truthfou as the lyke o luvin;
alang wi's vaigin as a lauddie
gaed seekin fortune, scartin fiddle;
alang wi's pitwark roon the toon,
a wy o wark noo gane foreever;
alang wi's pitwark doon in Wales
a wy o wark that gy near killt him 490
as pitwark did til brither Tom,
and as he saw't near kill anither
enfankelt wi coal-cutter jib,
yit whoere his eydent ee was able
tae single oot fae durt an daurk
the skeelie aix-wark o the Welshmen
a wy o daein warth the picturs
as weel's a wheen o wurds tae tell ot;
alang wi's Kentish pitwark, swansang
afore becomin daecorator 500
in hoose and haa wi wark as skeelie
as aagaets aye weel warth his wages.

The Scottish Natiounal Librarie,
in Edinburgh, haes yon dyte,

gin you wuid see it as he wtit it
an no the wy I tell ye o it.

But sayt again, folk mibbe thinkin
they hae him yince they read his scryvin
as weel as read him faur ben yonner
no juist in him but in thursels; 510
an read again as lukin thare
as squarelie as see thair ainsels
fornent it; and then read the better
as skellie at it yon wy keekin
gars thaem think he saw thaem athin it,
syne they will be as yince afore,
dumfoonert at thur waant o laer
anent the man they thocht ootwith
was his ainsel athin his screeds.

Aa siccan folk will hae tae think on 520
will juist be bittockies o speak
anent him for tae yitter-yatter,
an gif they think thare's onie waarth int
for prodigalitie, it's naething
but common clash in common jingle
lik twoe-three common maiks in pootsh.

Yae kynlie, quaet man Hiram Sturdy,
whose guidness poores oot fae his wark,
an gin his quaetness whyles can faddom
deep ben a soondlessness because 530
he isnae able for tae furder
the thocht o sicht in aither wurd
a pictur o the veesioun ot,
or drauchtin lyke the soond o tellin,
sic waant haes no as muckle wecht
as gar a creetic hyst and humph it
lik finnd a pleasure gin it cowp:
yit waant lik that can boorie laicher
in oor daipt hooere jalousement is
doon-faddomed fairlie ferliefou. 540

Athin ma yuith, as auld as mynd it,
Hiram was yin o thae kyn bodies
whoe lukit at me whyles, an noddit
was speak the lyker; or wuid say
a yae thing was itsel, no twoe,
but lyke a bab-the-heid for ay,
no naw lik shak it; or wuid daud me
upon the powe was neever skaithment,
juist caunnie chappin; or wuid gie me

a smyle was neever smirtlelyke
at whitteneever weel can gie
the aulder bodies pleesurin
in sakelessness o younger folk. 550

Whyles, aiblins gannin messages
puit me nearhaun the Sturdy hoose,
I'd gan the back an furrit thru it
lik richt-o-wy athorte the gairden
whoere I wuid lowp the gottan yont.

Whyles, I'd plap doon ben leevin-room
upon a bink nearhaun the fyre
wuid waarm the winter on the gavel
speired at the waast bi wy o winnock
was airtsht as tho athin a kirk. 560

Thon hoose is gane noo, as is Hiram,
yit it and he byde quaet as kynlie
athin ma thocht, its weel-kent waalcome
as kynlie quaet; his wit bydes wi't,
as wysslik as cuid caunnie keek,
and in the backgrund, owercomelyke,
the accent o his wyfe fae Preston,
Liz whoe was as bricht-eed as cantie,
Hiram haed met whuin doonby statiount
as an artillerie man, as
we say were no, but gunner as
artillerie men aa wuid say
the lyker for tae tell it true. 570

Whuin I was young as mynd it mair
lik tell it ower tae mynd it better,
I saw twoe draughtins he haed made,
the-tane anent a gunner column
as smairt as eever bufft the bress,
gannin wi gun and horse along
a road ahint the Front Lyne yonner;
the-tither, column in retraet
as brazent as cuid gallop smairter
athin a shellin slaisterie
as caw the glaur about lik clart. 580

Thare was a something yaething lyke
athin the draughtins noo is scaddit
lik think again athin the scenes
were later memoirs o his weire,
but siccan draughtins in the newer
that I hae seen are no the same 590

as thae yins in ma memorie,
an sae we maun jalouse it lyklie
that thae twoe that I saw are gane
as aither tynt lik turn awo
an lae them liggin, or were duin-ower
lik marra maks anither best.

It is a poetrie, in thon wy
that cannae sorte it is the cheatrie
tyme puits on eild for eild tae sair
the myndin, for thae aer-on drauchtins
that I kent were as fou o ferlies
lik smaa dimirrities thegither
caw-cawin as swythe as haud-back-nane,
sae muckle sae that aa the tale
anent them aye haes been yae yin
athin the faimlie was as siccar
as doot-nane, therefore Hiram maun
haed thaem in mynd, as myn lang-tholin
tyme bydein for his thochts an drauchtins
anent the Weire, afore doon sittin
“twenty years later”, as he telt,
tae scryve anent it as he did.

600

610

VI

Listen nae mair lik tak nae tentin
and you’ll ken yoursel less nor Hiram.

Anither tale anent him is
ma ain, an cairriet nane the furder
nor scart o pincil on this paper.

620

Yince I was ben his hoose, sat doon
as yaisual on the bink asyde
the bou-tappt winnock in the gavel,
as haundie for day’s licht as ingle’s.

I sat thate readin, an whit else
micht I be daein onie tyme
no thinkin whit I micht be readin,
for gin I lukit-nane about me,
I thocht the haill wurld in the wurd’s?

Upon ma knees the byeuk was aipent
no juist on wurld a scad o wurd’s,
but I was yont masel, ootwith
in when o universes tuim
o aathing but ingyne growne fou

630

wi ferlies as haill space wi staurlicht.

Ma heid was boued the-wy the croun ot
was sheenin in the licht played skyte
fae ingle-lowes an waastren winnock,
for yon timm, as ye ken, ma haircut
was gien a shed mair lyke Barlinnie, 640
an brusht-doon ower ma broo, nae coo's-lick,
as seen bi Hiram sat fornent.

Tyme snooved alang thare lyke the quaet
as tymeless in itsel as thocht
a mervel o the thinkin soondless,
and I read on as quaet as thocht
the-nane anent the whoere I was,
nor Hiram sittin quaet as I,
eechie nor ochie naither sayin,
as tho the quaet wuid laist for aye. 650

Noo, hoo dae I ken sittin thare
whit I was lyke yon tyme a lauddie,
or, as mair ruidilie I'd say
at yon timm in the wy I thocht,
“Whitlyke I lukit as a lauddie?”
And here's the aunsver gin ye speir:
a sheet o paper slawlie skliff
athorte the pages I was readin,
an thare was I as I descryve.

Hiram haed made a kynlie pictur 660
anent a younklin losst in readin,
and as I lukit at the aertist,
I myn the lauchin in his een
was lyke the samin kinna quaet
I juist haed come fae whoere I'd gane
a whylsin back afore his drauchtin
haed brocht me hame: that's aa ma myndin,
for I ken-nane whoere gaed the pictur,
nor whit I said til him anent it.

But noo I ken ma intak ot 670
lik kennin it for whit was intil't,
an myndin ot lik nane-forget
as yin o thae things maist byordnar,
was meant tae be for myndin lyke
the kennin o the man that was
the Hiram Sturdy as a lauddie
was lyke masel the lauddie then
wuid be the man the-day wuid scryve it

as Hiram made a pictur ot
that was hissel at yin wi me. 680

And I wuid gie as muckle noo
tae hae thon pictur as tae be thare
wi aa ma lyfe fornent me lyke
a wurld o wurds cuid mak masel
athin a universe o wurdage
tae read wi laer cuid poore it oot
the wy that Hiram Sturdy tuimmed
ingyne o een an skeelie fingers
upon the pages o his dyte:
he kent me nane then as I was 690
tae be, nor did I then ken Hiram
the-wy haed he been and wuid be.

Yit ken him nane or cannie ken him
the wy he saw me in yon pictur,
gin I were gien it noo, I'd frame it
as tho it were as maisterlie
as eemagin wi lykeness truith
wuid oot as coodnae dae ocht else:
yit, caunnie kennin me the better
nor Hiram wrocht athin his drauchtin, 700
I ken I wuidnae see it yon wy
I saw it skliffit athorte the page
I read bi yon waast winnock licht
whoere at his ingle-end I sat
ayont him in a wurld ma ain.

In case thare's naebdie thinks tae say it,
as tho no waarth the lettin dab,
here is yae thing ayont the kennin
o aa but kent him in his wurld
was hoose-at-hame, his weiretimm papers 710
haena his name scryved in alow,
but juist a semple *Me*, a wy
for aa whoe kent him ken the better
tae ken him that wee bit the best,
and aiblins as a wy o daein
mair kynlie nor the pronoun *I*,
as cocks a snook at meelitarie
yince made him lyke the cipher nocht,
or yae iota o his kynd.

VII

A whylsin aifter Hiram's weire, 720
the paper caad *John Bull* still haed

a circulatioun birlin caurrie
as contar-caw the mynd's o paer folk.

Thae were the days the *Daily Herald*
was crawin for tae wauken morn
as socialist as sakeless wi it,
gaed on till ilka day's cock-craw
nichtit the kintrie in betrayal
was classical class-system yont,
bi siccan folk as seik an slee 730
as yon MacDonald, Snowden, Thomas
awaukenin nae newer daw
but yince, twyce, thryce the daw betrayin
wi "On and on and on and up
and up" as said bi yon MacDonald,
a gytlik gaein furrin yon,
as doon and oot as *Herald* gaed.

The ither day, lyke in a flashback,
I gynear heard MacDonald's speil
*whuin Donald Dewar, aifter Govan, 740
said apropos lik mair a po pro,
the slogan *Labour's Feeble Fiftie*
was that it was, ay, "a good slogan
because it was a slogan." Thare!

John Bull, wi yon creesh-kytit logo
an English squire, buhlduggerie
at fuit, was as furst-tymer as
past-maister in skullduggerie –
an gif that is a pun, paer baest,
ye werenae funnie, juist a phoney. 750

* That is, the day whuin Jim Sillars won the Govan ward for the Scottish National Pairtie in the November 1988 Paurliamentarie Electioun.

The *John Bull* ran a competeetioun
caad *Bullets*, lykelie punlets made
upon the paper's name, a wheen
o phrases folk wuid hae tae tag,
syne an the best wuid bear the gree
wuid gie the winner meikle siller.

Skullduggerie, I said, was thare,
for ma ain faither yince, I heard,
haed haed some speirin for a pochle,
the bookein ot a siller divvie, 760
but he wuid hae the-nane o that.

Wi thoosans ither, lyke ma faither,
Hiram wuid send his *Bullets* aff
as raegular as spend three maiks
a crowned heid on an envelope
for luck wuid croun him wi success
lik coont the cash in pouns the thoosans.

He neever haed guid luck as richtfou
as bore the gree for bree o wit
as lavrie in the Lunnon mynd 770
as best o kitchen for tae pree,
nor did they offer him a deal
as caurrie-cawed as onie pochle.

At lang lenth, lang as come til kennin
he neever wuid get ocht for aathing,
lik aa duin was for aathing naething,
Hiram said that thae Lunnon folk
juist didnae seem tae unnerstaun
whit onie o his *Bullets* meant:
he thocht he'd hae tae gan til Lunnon 780
an face thae folk wi explicatioun
that whit was in ahint his *Bullets*
was keek an speir an syne ye'll see it.

Yon was his doocelik lauchin speak
anent a thochtie wark was common
afore thae mynless fuitbaa coupons.

Is it no lyke the thing that Hiram
his ain assize was tholin, ayeways
a quaetness aa ootthru his tyme,
an bidd the furder wheesht o daith 790
afore kenspeckle as a chiel
athin his native toon lik "Ay, man,
af coorse I kent him, and, whoe didnae?"

Yit, contar that, in lyfe it seemed
as gin he sat as still as stanelik
an let the licht-fruit folk gan bye him
as tho they thocht a hurrie-burrie
a wy tae gan as gang lik stoor;
a wy tae be lik stoor asteer;
a wy tae dae lik steer-up stoor; 800
but as we see the better, Hiram
was daein aye the-wy the daein
was seen-nane until aa was duin
the-wy it aa was his ain bein
kenspeckle as his natur etlt.

A stranger in a bus gaun thru
the toon o Newarthill for pleasure
as tho in Peebles, or for pain
as tho in Lunnon, Tory-toon,
micht winner whitten kynd o reasoun 810
gart upper deck bus passengers
ryse up an luk an bab the powe
at whit they saw in Hiram's gairden
ahint the hoose fornent the schuil.

Weel, Mary Struthers, Hiram's dochter
whoe was anither Mary Sturdy,
can tell hoo bairns in Hiram's gairden
wuid come an sit upon a saet
made lyke yon baest the crocodile
Hiram haed carved fae cowpit tree, 820
the-tyme abuin thare stuid a figur
as Hielan-pentit as was kiltit,
complete wi targe an muckle braidsword,
cut fae a tree up-heech still staunin.

That was the reasoun passengers
wuid ryse an genuflect in buses,
even as I dae here in verses.

BIRTHDAY

I tell ye aa, whoe ken ye hae
ingyne that's no as scrumpelt orrie
as onie Halloween fause-face
upon a gloschen, thertie-furst
o month October is the yae day
as magical as coodnae be
ocht ither nor ma birthday, aye
as magical til me as chawin
aabodie else whoe daesnae ken
the plesure ot abuin ocht ither. 10

Thare's poetrie int leonlyke
as puissant as gang furrin caurrie,
an poetrie int passant as
* "walking towards the dexter side
with dexter fore-paw raised" heraldic,
but mair, a skowth o poetrie
adrenaline infuriate
lik saumon in a linn uplowpin
infuriate wi oxygen.

That day is tyme tradeetiounlyke 20
as cannae be ayont itsel
in space, but is a wheesht o kennin
eildit in dern athin the mynd
o aa bairns, commonalitie
sin Eve hersel, a lassie neever,
and Audam neever was a lauddie.

Ay, even sae, but sad it is
tae see it soor lik sair awo
the-wy it cairries wi it kennin
aa things gang bye and in thur gaein 30
cairrie the orralyke by-gaein
o auncient wys o sakeless daein.

Til bairns, auld Halloween was lyke
a hert-grund o auld-farrant wys
as ryfe wi rant as rowthie chauntin
a stoor o wurd in rhyme an singin
cuid smoor oot tyme lik black its eemage
in suitt cuid clart the bairnies' faces.

* See Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary

At Halloween the-day, whuin bairns
come ben the hoose in ploy o guisers, 40
aften they seem tae hae a nocht
athin thur heids is peels as fou
o myndlessness athin thur singin,
sangs “popular”, sangs o the day
are gane lik tyme the yonner tuimmit
the neist day is the morn’s morn.

No that we kent sae muckle mair
oor ainsels yon timm we were waens,
but whit we did ken nicht be lykent 50
til hinmaist memories o ferlies
o years gane bye the twoe-three hunder,
but bydein aichin roon the ingle.

Wi thocht a bittock kennin mair
the wy the memorie can laern
the speil tyme caws athin the myndin,
we ken noo we were blootcherers
o whit we’d heard, or hauf-heard, speiled
bi aulder younklin haed been gloskens
whoe’d telt us whit they’d hauf-forgotten.

Yit, tho it’s true the-nane o yon 60
was ocht avaa commaerciallyke
as decibels in Tin Pan Alley,
it haed a wheesht alow the soochin
a something o a muckle storie
unlyke the-day the feck o singin.

In Newarthill, the guiser bairns
were caad *The Gloskens*, tho the-nane
o us kent whye that name, the hinner,
was gien us, no for nom de plume
whoe little writ, but nom de guerre, 70
for syne we wuid be yokit at it
as tho at weire wi yin anither.

An for the raecord, in thae days
the-nane o us haed eever heard
the name o *guisers*, faur less kent it
gin we haed heard a bodie say it.

Parochial were we anent
the toon o Newarthill, the-wy
the Tory traitors think o Lunnon,
tho mynd ye, we were no as glaikit. 80

Gloshen, af coorse, is yon *Galatian*
 as ower-the-back-again as same yin
 aa mixter-maxtered in wi Neer Day
 that yince was ware come month o Mairch;
 or nearhaun Caunnlemas as lichtit
 lik Beltane come the first o Mye;
 or lyke the lent in Easter tyde
 pace-egg tae mak a *Gloshen* play.

That auld *Galatian* play, an things
 anent it lyke thochts hauf-forgot 90
 as comein fae yon airt the benner
 athin the haerns as tho fae dwaums,
 ye'll finnd wi laer lik tell-ye-mair
 gy waarth yer whyle in Volume Seeven
Select Writings of Robert Chambers.

See Appendix

The yin I hae is thurd edeetioun,
 that is, wi Chambers's addeetiouns,
 his speil athin it datit as
 Novemer twintie-fower, the year
 I see, was aichteen fowertie-yin. 100

Sir Walter Scott saw that play geggied
 doon yonner wy bi guizard antics
 at Ashestiel and Abbotsford,
 a play some siller nicht weel mak
 wuid hansel Abbotsford the-day.

GALATIAN, A NEW YEAR PLAY
 writ in the Robert Chambers quair
 lik this: "DRAMATIS PERSONAE –
*Two Fighting-men or Knights, one of whom
 is called BLACK KNIGHT, the other (one)* 110
 GALATIAN (*sometimes GALATIUS
 or GALGACUS*), and alternatively JOHN;
*a Doctor; a fourth Personage;
 who plays the same talking and demonstrating
 part with the Chorus in the Greek drama;
 a young man who is little more
 than a bystander; (last one) JUDAS
 the purse-bearer."* As you nicht guessed it!

Whoe was the yin wi thon ingyne
 made the Galatian *Galgacus*? 120
 An whoere haed *Slasher* gane, the fuhlla
 athin the speil played Faakirk wy,
 tho doon at Abbotsford BLACK KNIGHT
 says this: "I'll hash you and (I'll) slash you

in less than half an hour.”? Sic plesure!

Afore we say the onie mair ot
lik tell a storie cairriet funder
for whit thare is athin it tichtent
as winnae in a failyie skail,
mynd hoo the best o lynes in ballats 130
haud on lik haud in betterlyke
the ilka tyme a newer sang
can sing them lyke the furst timm soocht.

Pace-egg, as English as Saunt George
was seenlins *Geordie* sooth o Tweed,
ye’ll finnd lik tell-ye-mair whoere laer ot
in *Courier and Guardian*
prefixed *The Halifax*, saw prent
year nynteen, thertie-yin in Apryle
the fourth day ot, as naet as triglie. 140

See Appendix

Tae be mair trig, as naet as nycelie,
that was the vaersioun yaised in Midgley
as braidcast twoe-fower-thertie-yin
an caad Saunt Geordie’s annual play,
ma copie ot gy grugouslyke.

Oor ain play haed a fare gy measlie:
Bold Slasher, tho, was thare, lik Faakirk’s;
a Doctor tae, no Broon, Brown English;
as weel’s a Talkin Man was lyke
Galatian oreeginallie; 150
an last, Wee Johnnie Funnie, whoe
stuid-in for Judas spluchan howfft
tae haud the siller, aipples, nuits.

Dramatis Personae wuid byde
ootbye athin the scullerie,
or in the butt gin hoose were smaalik
as caad a butt-an-ben in thae days.

Enter the Talkin Man lik din
o feet in fell stramash the flaer
athorte, and ower til ingle-end. 160

He taks intil his neive the poker
an rakes the fyre wi’t, ribs arattle,
an says in speil o English til’t:
“Poker-up the fire and give us light,
for in this house shall be a fight.”

Enter Bold Slasher: whyles his name
is in corruptioun ballatlyke,
'Bull Slasher', and he maks his speil:
 "Here comes in Bold Slasher,
 Bold Slasher is my name,
 and if I draw my gallant sword
 I'm sure to win the game."

170

Galatian, the Talkin Man,
an Slasher, bauld as onie buhll,
draw swords an fecht: Galatian faas.

Enter the Broon was Brown the Doctor,
in case ye haed forgot the differ,
an maks his speil the wy I sayt:
 "(Now) here comes in old Doctor Brown,
 the best old Doctor in the town."

180

"What can you cure?" speirs young Bold Slasher.
Old Doctor Brown says: "I cure all sorts;
(and) ipsi-pipsi, pals-a-rals,
if a man's got nineteen bullets in his head,
I'll take out twenty." The cure is made.

Galatian then ryses up
an staunds asyde lik byde-the-wheesht
for the expectant curtain-faa.

Enter yin caad Wee Johnnie Funnie,
for his ain Halloween tae get it,
as weel's the companie its aumous;
 the smaaest o the core, he weares
 an auld, lang, cut-doon jaicket, peels
wi cut-doon troosers, and he's sayin:
 "(Noo) here comes in Wee Johnnie Funnie,
the best wee man tae gether the money,
 (wi) twoe lang pootshes doon tae his knees,
 gies tippence or thrippence or three bawbees."
An says it in the best o Scots.

190

It's gy lik ettlin o the leid
 tae puit itsel a thocht amang
the folk, lik something no as freemit
as English that was no as hairtsome,
the-wy ingyne puit that thegither
as tho juist in the haerns lik spell-it.

200

And here is yae thing gy byordnar
that's no the wark o heid boued laichlie

in laer the lyke the scholars chaerish,
 nor laer can gie ye Glennie-blink
 gars shimmer wee, smaa oors mair peerie: 210
 baith yon yin heard bi Wattie Scott
 an that yin speiled in Newarthill
 (the hinner in the years maist lyklie
 the nyneteen twintie-yin or twoe)
 are in the English lyke Pace-egg yin
 prentit athin the English paper
The Halifax Courier and Guardian,
 but that newspaper daesnae prent
 ocht Judas chiel anent athin it,
 but Chambers did, in Scots as ruch 220
 as yon Wee Johnnie Funnie's clash,
 tho, as ye'd guess, sair mixter-maxtered
 wi English, as I gie't alow.

“Here comes in Judas; Judas is my name;
 If ye put not siller in my bag, for guidesake mind our wame!
 When I gaed to the castle yett, and tirdled at the pin,
 They keipit the keys o' the castle, and wadna let me in.
 I've been i' the east carse,
 I've been i' the west carse,
 I've been i' the Carse o' Gowrie, 230
 Where the cluds rain a' day pease and beans,
 And the farmers theek houses wi' needles and prins,
 I've seen geese gawn on pattens,
 And swine fleeing i' the air like peelings o' ingons!
 Our hearts are made o' steel, but our bodies sma as ware –
 If you've onything to gi'e us, *stap it in there.*”

By Surrse, it's no the English leid
 is mangit thare lik ootwith Oxford,
 but Scots as roche as rowthe o' virr
 that's blootchered Tory traitorous 240
 as speak inwith Saunt Aundras yonner
 growne mankie, messan-middenlyke,
 the wheech no fae the English thare
 but fae thur alter egos, Scotsmen
 athin the heid but yont the hairt.

A thocht again anent the Judas:
 Chambers notes that in waast o' Scotland
 instead o' Judas and his speilin,
 “. . . enter a Demon or Giant”
 singin, wi muckle stick ower shooters, 250
 “Here come I, auld Beelzebub;
 Over my shoulders I carry my club. . .”

* It myns me o a sang I made.

Afore I gan the furder on
tae sing ye yon Beelzebub,
thare twoe-three things I hae tae tell ye
anent thae ploys in Pace-egg speilin.

GALATIAN, the play for Neer Day,
says, "Here comes in *Black Knight*" the furst timm;
Galatian says, "Here come I . . ." then; 260
syne Doctor Brown says, "Here comes in. . ."
then Judas, "Here comes in. . ." as weel.

The Faakirk play: "Here in come I"
the King says; then, Prince George of Ville
"Here in come I . . ." says; syne the Slasher
"Here in come I . . ." tae mak anither.

The Pace-egg oot o Halifax
haes Doctor yince say, "Here am I,"
then for the twycet, says thon Saunt Geordie,
"Here comes from his post Old Bold Ben." 270
No muckle mair, but thare is yin
maks three, for hinmaist enters Tossopot,
"In step I an old coffee grinder."

An that's enyeuch as lets ye ken
thare's mair tae ken is lyke enyeuch
as meikle as a puckle laerin
will steere ye roond as haud ye birlin.

An that's tae let ye ken enyeuch
as gan til Chambers's yersel
tae read anent mince pies an Cloutie 280
whoe's no a dumplin but the Deevil.

An that is aa I'm gaun tae say
excep the Deevil is Black Sam
in Halifax, whose Pace-egg speilin
I gie ye here alow for preein.

See Appendix

* See Alow in *Aeducatioun bi Auntrin Rhymes*

AEDUCATIOUN BI AUNTRIN RHYMES

I

Some day, athin a bookein-oot
lik tak aa intilt that's been duin
areadies, experts whoe ken aathing
about aabodie else, an nocht
anent thur ainsels, yit are meikle
the better graithit for thur darg
nor I can eever be, will mak
the measure o the yae iota
o aa the whyes an whitfornos
o than byordnar sooch o bein 10
that is the Scottish bairn's brochtupness.

At the hinner-en, tho, aabodie
is his ain statisteeician
wi his ain factor-x inwrocht
for a wy o sayin as I say here
cuid mibbe think tae differ-say it,
but I jalouse thare's ettlement
athin the maist o us y-factor
as casual as maks us fechtie
as tho oor lyfe were battlegrundit 20
ayeways athin twoe wys o bein,
lik twin the dooter Tammass, or
lik contar-twin Tam doot-the-nane;
or else athin twoe wys o speak
lik mim for gant or mibbe mant,
or contar-mim no caunnie clash;
or aiblins in twoe wys a thinkin
lik ken the gaet wyssheid suid gang,
or contar-ken as caurrie glaikit;
or mibbes in twoe wys o daein 30
lik mak a muckle fae a puckle,
or sense mak contar, lyker pochle
gars folk mak pickle meikle ot.

Scots is as fankelt in the leid
as aathruither wi itsel
as weel as wi the English thing int,
tho for some ither folk langsyne
gied Scots that name a wy o bein
that isnae juist oor ain the-noo,
thruitherness in sic a wy 40
is mair the English thing an Gaelic,
the English bein at yin remove
bi wy o Lawlan soochin o it

athin the schuilin made pedantic.

For ithers, thae whoe daenae ken
whit wy they are the whoere they are,
nor whoere they are the wy they are,
it is a case o sair mishanter
faa thaem sic ruchness o the thocht,
an soochin ot the sighin sychin, 50
that siccan things can pass them bye
lik men wi bargains in the rhyme
“Too late, too late will be the cry.”

They aa come for tae ken, dae they,
the faur ower late, gif come avaa
tae ken whit haes come ower them wi it,
ae they are aften in amaze
whuin folk lik us glower skellie at them
the onie tyme thur deemin dings
upon us lyke a freemit stound, 60
for thae folk cannae for a meenute
imaugine sic a juidgement is
no juist as aff the straucht as orrie,
but skellie as tho cawed aglylik.

Ay, monie o the siccan folk
maun hae the same regraet anent
thur waant o yaeness wi thae ithers
the Scots thursels caa kynlie Scots,
in tho wy micht gy weel be lykent
til whit the literate in Scots 70
can ken is in his yaeness waant
wi his ain Gaels are caad as kynlie,
because his waant is kennin-nane
thur leid, gif no as auld's the hills, or
the laws, is auld as caad them kynlie.

And as til that that's intil this,
Gaelic was intil yae auld sooch
I kent in sang in aer-on days,
gif “sang” is in the wurds thursels
an no alang wi melodie 80
lik gien a culliecoad wi soond.

An sae it bydes as closse til me
as thae auld quairs cuid spell thur screeds
lik “Jok and Jynny”, neever myn
the aulder yochs read nooadays
bi semi-literates as zeds,
an “qu” read bi thaem the-nane.

Thae hinmaist three were in a volume
as auld as broonie-yella pages
wi aidges scrumpelt in the cuttin, 90
that langsinsyne I tynt in Ulster
whoere yince afore it micht hae ludgeit.

The man I gied the quair tae read
was killt upon the gaet gaun hame,
an was that no the awfie wy
wuid hae this for memorial?
His great-graunbairn, tho, mibbe reads
the quair as I did as a bairn.

Ma aer-on Gaelic was phonetics
athin a sang bi Doctor Blacklock 100
was born in Annan in the year
o seeventeen twintie-yin, an deed
in Embro seeventeen nynetie-yin:
Blacklock sent Robert Burns yon letter
puit pyd til's gannin til Jamaicaie.

A Hielanman is in the storie,
whoe, haein fund his lassie liggin
ootbye, spak til her, an she said:
Ha me mohatel, na dousku me,
that is tae say: *I am asleep,* 110
you wauk me nane, an aunswer Hielan
aa ither folk micht say was Yrish.

The mair correcklik modren Gaelic
is naither here a boatheratioun
for kennin ot, nor yonner lyke
a trauchle for the speirin ot,
an for the maitter ot that kens
the better ot, juist mibbes I
hae tynt a seellable amang
the clooterin o memorie. 120

For thae twoe luvvers, tho, I myn
the ootcome was the siccariness
o kennin naething trauchle speirin,
for thon sang hinmaistlie can sooch:
“And now whene'er we meet,
Sing for the sound is sweet,
‘Ha me mohatel, na dousku me.’”

Yit in the wy o thae things hained
at laest for seeven year tae yaise them

for whit they furst were wrocht for yaisin, 130
thae lynes were preisoners athin
ingyne the jyle that tholes assize
lik taen again til avizandum
for hauf a centurie, afore
I yaised them in the siccan mainner
is faur awo as oot o kennin -
o guid auld Doctor Blacklock, as
the sicht o Burns's verses was,
gif no thur soond the Doctor pleasured.

And here it is for your divert, 140
caad *Scrape an Scran*, for you tae pree
athin yer haerns the kitchen ot.

Scrape an scran is hunger aa the wy that kens
nae burst, onie mair nor thae that aye ken less
can ken ocht mair, for the paerbit sowls juist cannae.
This isnae thole an better thole, but a mess
o waarse an waur nor waarse wi thon harassment
that feeds the weed can canker tae a craik.
"Ha me mohatel, na dousku me", I guess,
was mair a wy o lyfe nor luv'e's estate, 150
but dae we hae tae hae it?

II

Thare isnae juist that sorte o thing
lik sorte the mynd an mak it better
as tho it were a bairn's sair finger:
aa kynds o rhymes in sang an chaunt
can whitter thru the haerns, as trig
inch-meikle as nae puckle langer
nor thair ainsels, for tae recaa
fae whoere they are as eever-praesent
Aeducatioun bi Auntrin Rhymes Contd.

as cannae be shorte-leetit ither 160
nor whit they were, that coodnae be
ocht else nor lyke the aulder sangs
bi minstrels sung, bi childer myndit.

At siccan tymes o intak aathing,
it seems ma haill young lyfe was lyke
a hotchin in the haerns wi rhyme
mnemonic as tic-tac a myndin;
wi singin sotterin thae soonds

thegither lyke bumbees athin
a byke forever thrangitie; 170
wi chauntin lyke the rhythm daudit
for better kennin nane-forgot:
and aathing intaen siccan tymes
lik thae were whyles sung in the Lawlans
for better ken them; English whyles
for ken them better; whyles inwrocht
in mixer-maxterie for luft
an lay them for the better kent.

Here, kittle you a bairnie's haund,
yer fingers walkin up his airm 180
until they boorie in his oxter,
dactylicallie makkin rhyme:
 "Roon aboot, roon aboot,
 Catch a wee moose;
 Up a closse, up a closse,
 In a wee hoose."

Af coorse, the booriein suid be
as suddentlyke as kittle mair sae:
and in the samin faushioun, walk you
yer fingers up the back and ower 190
the tap o sic a bairnie's heid,
steppin deleeberate as doocelik
alang the croun, an syne on doon
til the brae o the broo till you can chap it,
then luft an eelid, ryse the nebbock
a weething, then a sweetie slip
atween the bairnie's lips the-tyme
ye gie this rhythm purr, quaet, caunnie:
 "A wee man cam ower the maer,
 An doon the brae; 200
 Chappt the door,
 Keekt in,
 Luftit the sneck,
 An walked in."

Or as a bairn yersel, juist think noo
o haein a cove the powe ower-reddit,
yit hatit haein tae hae, an glowerin
heech on the chair as Jake the Barber
puit courage int was assonantal:
 "Ye're the best wee lauddie 210
 That ever skinnt a tauttie."

Aa Scots that, Lawlans, Doric-nane
that neever was but Grecian

as chowe-the-fat lik splooter creesh,
but gin ye're in the strunts a bairn
will eat-nane, hear the dimeters
as English as can caa the tune:

“No coax, no chatter.
No take, no matter.”

On hearin that, ye'll ken ye hae
tae think again, or else ye'll gan
as bosse til bed as rummel stammack. 220

III

I myn masel at nicht, tho, lukin
tae see ma younger brither tentin
a sang was sung I kent I'd tentit
the samin wy tae hear the sooch ot
as haed the ithers, young afore me.

See Appendix

It was a sang for mymin til:
the bairns wuid eemitate ongauns
o yae wee lauddie in the sang
as weel's a burd was caad in Scots
the spyug, or in the English tongue
“cock-sparrow”, as athin the sang. 230

A whyle sinsyne, yae weel-kent actor,
Duncan Macrae, for lang gane fae us,
a blootchered, keelie vaersioun soocht
was mibbe made fae yon bairnsang:
Dear kens the whoere the verse he spak
haed come fae, but he didnae hae
the caunnie melodie we kent. 240

The sang we kent was mair especial
– as I was telt – for yin, ma brither
whoe deed in bairnheid, name the samin
as mynes, that some folk thocht waanchancie,
tho I was thurd tyme luckie, Tammas.

See Appendix

Then here it is the wy it was
as kent a kynlie failmie sang
afore the tyme it was fair blootchered
as keelielyke as geggie-made.

“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. 250

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. 260
So he spread out his wings, and away he flew.”

Aa in the faimlie haed that sang
asyde the ingle-end inbye,
but lyke an ee upon the parks
an trees aagaets the burdsangs wheepl
tae caa the suin the ilka morn,
and aagaets smaa burds wuid be happin
lik Robin-ruidbreist on a breer
fornent wee Jinnie Wran in haidge
* as Robert Burns haes telt us ot. 270

And aa the faimlie kent the kirksang
that soocht a solace til oor mither
was yon *My Faith looks up to Thee*
lik keek athin the self tae speir,
even as her sang aroon the hoose
lik tak a thocht the tale tae ken,
was yon *Young Lochinvar* that was
abuin the lave lik bear the gree.

IV

Ma faither sang, lik bear the gree
abuin the lave, a when o sangs 280
ayont the kirk that telt his tyme
upon the yerd facsimile
o Scotland then lik Scotland Yet
no juist the wy it is the-noo.

* See *Fireside Nursery Stories* in Vol. VII, *Select Writings of Robert Chambers*.

Amang the lave o sangs in English,
he gied purr til *Dark Lochnagar*;
Come into the Garden, Maud cuid tak us
as faur as Tennyson haed ettl
tae be in nae wurld lyke his ain;
Every Valley shall be exalted 290
taen us athin an airt was grund

athin the kirk ilk Sunday mornin;
The Sailor's Grave, The Death of Nelson
 puit us upon the muckle watters
 an doon alow the maindeep swaw
 the whoere his guidson, caad Tom Sturdy,
 wuid be forever and a nichtin:
 and I can tell ye noo, the feck
 o yon *The Sailor's Grave* was singin
 still pents a pictur in ma mynd 300
 as rhythmic as the rowein watters
 athorte the braid an muckle ocean,
 the wy the wurd soocht in his singin.

Af coorse, whuin he was singin Scots sangs,
 we were at hame the whoere we were,
 unless the hauf-at-hame in sangs lik
 yon *Mary o Argyle* in English;
The Bairnies Cuddle doon sang was
 yin myns me o a Neer Day mornin
 aifter the knocke chaps twal, an drams 310
 growe sentimental for the wemen;
Of a' the Airts, the Bonnie Wee Thing
 an *Corn Rigs*, wuid tak us yonner
 the furder sooth an waast whoere Burns
 haed made them for oor hamelie pleasure;
 anither sang, yon *Annie Laurie*,
 was sung anaa, but mair for pech
 in concerts on a public pletform;
 an thare was yin amang the lave,
The Spinning Wheel, was sung, duet whyles, 320
 alang wi Mrs Mary Seawright,
 an that was yae thing waarth the myndin.

Weel waarth the myndin is the yae thing
 that's naither mair nor its ainsel
 a wy o daein better waarth
 the hearin as a wy o singin
 nor onie sayin explicatioun;
 an this is it: the nooadays,
The Spinning Wheel, gin you suid pree it,
 as lyke as no ye'll hear the lass 330
 can sing the killiewimples juist
 the aicht, or at the maist, ten o them,
 athin the lyne is peels wi turnin
 the wheel, the wurd as you may guess,
but aye she turned the spinning wheel.

The wy that Mary Seawright sang it,
 cawed roon the wheel anither birlin,

her caunnie wecht o killiewimples
a guid-gaun twal: she sang them soondin
as tho forever aye ongaein. 340

Ach, ay! Lik think the suddent as
fair wunnerin hoo I forgot,
yon *Mary o Argyle* sang was
lik monie ithers, parodied
bi bairns, altho nane eever kent
whoe puit thir wurds ot in oor mooths:
 “I have heard the mave singin,
 And I thocht it was a craw;
 Whuin I luftit up the windae,
 Then the mave flew awa.” 350

V

O God of Bethel, paraphrased
in versin made bi Michael Bruce,
was yae kirksang ma faither lykt,
and here’s a thing that’s no its ainsel
but as twoefauld as something mair,
ma faither’s graunson, John, for some timm
badd in the schuilhoose o the schuil
whoere yon same Michael Bruce haed yince
been dominie in Forest Mill.

Whuin bairnlik, furst timm takkin tent 360
o yon auld paraphrase, *O God
of Bethel*, in the kirk, ma myn
was cawed agly ayont the soochin't
gaun roond aboot me made a moodge
athin the wecht o wurds, a differ
that gart me think for monie the day
thon was indaed the orrie sang:
and here’s the explicatioun ot.

The furst verse haes thae hinner measures 370
*Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led*, but thae wurds
becam gy ill-assortit as

*Who threw this weary pilgrimage
Has stall our father’s leg*, because
I kent-nane yon wurd *pilgrimage*
nor whye Gode micht hae chippit it;
and. *Hast* alang wi *all* jurmummelt
the sense, unless indaed the *led*
becam a *leg*, the wy I heard it;
and as ye’ll aa can ken, kent I 380

a *stall* lik onie finger-stall
a kynd o baundage, even as splints
were no juist bits o sklittie coal,
but cood be lyke thae wuiden spales
made mangers in the horses' stalls.

An for the lave, thon faither haed
the yae leg baundaged and in splints,
for Gode was lyke some kynd auld doctor:
forby, a pin-leg was a fact.

I tell ye this, tho, thae twoe lynes
were no bi Michael Bruce, for he
haed taen them ower fae Doctor Doddridge
whoe writ them seeventeen fowertie-five. 390

That date was juist the year afore
oor Michael Bruce was born: an that
is that bit mair the last anent it.

VI

No that the English leid, lik some
diveenitie o halie laerin
athin the kirk, wi yon bit sang
anent cock-sparra, was the feck 400
o aa sang-aeducatioun laessons
in English, for a safter sooch ot
lik listen til't an daenae be
sae coorse as snicher at it, cam
as hinmaistlie as howff awo
the days o public schuilin, singin
O, who will o'er the Downs so free,
an awfie sang, as I hae said,
gart lauddies snicher at it laichlie,
tho whit it did for aa the lassies 410
I hae nae wy o kennin noo,
nae mair nor kent aboot it then.

Tho I can sing it yit, tell you
the whye I ken it is ayont
ma pooer: and aiblins you nicht snicher
gin I cuid tell ye hoo I ken.

Mibbes the sang said mair anent
the spulyie taen bi yon leid, English,
fae ben the mynd o teachers yon timm,
a herriein gaun on the-day 420
as Tory as can trauchle thocht

toom-tabardlyke fae here til Lunnon
for geegaws; yit in fairness, I
juist cannae booke it aathegither
wi ither trokerie inbeildit
faur ben establishment yon day
no monie thoct o, noo faur ben
this day anaa, whoere aa folk ken it.

But aer-on, tho, athin the furst class
in schuil was caad *Infants' Department* 430
– can you imaugine *Infants'* thare!
imaugine thon *Department* tae! –
we haed yae sang aff-pat as trig
as juist the verie dab, in English
that sat upon the tongue lik kitchen.

That sang made me an monie ithers
amang a trig élite as muckle
at ease in preein dictionaries
as swythe the backwards as gaun furrin
as furrin aye cuid neebor backwards. 440

As faur's I ken that neever heard
the mair, the sang haed juist yae verse,
wi owercome alphabet cuid follae,
altho beginnin wi the zed.

An thare again, the alphabet
micht sing the furrin tae, but no
the wy in contar daefineetioun
the speak was yin wi melodie.

We laerit thon sang in the furst class
fae Miss Dunn, yon auld kynlie bodie 450
fae Chaipelhaa, whoe certaintlie
suid neever haed tae thole amaze
at haein a schuil sklatae chippt at her,
the-tyme she gied a freend o mynes
his paiks, nor she suid eever heard
ma gulderin, "Lae him alane!"
See Aeducation in
Schuulin

Lykelie enyeuch, yon was ma yae
y-factor ongaun in ma bairnheid,
tho yince afore that, juist a something
younger, a waen whoe picturt laer 460
fae lyfe, no juist at schuil whoe laer
is still-lyfe on a page for eemage,
I'm telt I taen an immerage
at some bit teddie-bear was sittin

upon a chiffonier, paw pyntin
straucht at me yince I haed gane ben
a Wullie Burnside's hoose – as sae
I hae been telt whoe cannae mynd it.

It seems I gaed ower til it, gied
the paw a guid-gaun skelp, an telt
yon teddie-bear, "Puit that haun doon, you!" 470

But here's the sang we threepit at
anent the alphabet and yin
The Old Man Gray, the foont o laerin.

"There was an old man and his name was Gray.
He kept the village school all day,
And if you happened to pass that way,
You'd always hear his scholars say:

Z Y X W V U T,
S R Q P O N M, 480
L K J I H G F,
E D C B A."

In later years, I yaised the sang-scheme
tae mak anither sooch o verses
for ma twoe lauddies, hungerie
yae tyme thur mither was awo
in hospital: I was nae cook,
sae gied the bairns a mental kitchen
bi rinnin-on the sang in this wy.

That's whit they sang wi the Maister Gray, 490
but no whuin he let them oot tae play;
juist haud yer wheesht an byde a wee,
I'll sing ye the bairnies' A B C.

A B C D E F G,
baps an trekkle scones for tea;
H I J K L M N,
ham fae a pig and eggs fae a hen;
O P Q R S T U,
mince an tautties, beans an stew;
V an W X Y Z, 500
Sunday breakfast in yer bed.

Z Y X W V U T,
that's the stuff for you an me;
S R Q P O N M,
if we eat onie mair, we'll be aff the gemme;

L K J I H G F,
I'm the cook an you're the chef;
E an D an C B A,
ye'll get nae mair tae eat the-day.

Byordnarlyke as caa't til mynd 510
afore the ferlie wins awo
lik yonner faur ower ben tae ken it,
whuin we were bairns cuid laern tae speil
the alphabet melodiouslie,
the letter *J* aye rhymed wi *say*,
tho weel we kent thare was a speak
rhymed it wi *lie*, an awfie soond ot,
a faushioun we conseedert yont
aa boonds o dacent aeducatioun,
and yin was grooflik as gy glaikit. 520

Gin you the alphabet chaunt-chauntin
fae *A* til *Z*, ye'll hear the soonds
vis-a-vis *J* are *H* and *I*,
aye in the soochin as ye'll hear it,
that *H* can follae on wi *I*,
an *J* will readie rhyme wi *lie*:
hooever, as I telt ye syne
sae you can ken as weel as I can,
as bairns oor grundwark fairlie sang
the alphabet fae *Z* til *A*, 530
sae gin ye sooch again lik try it,
ye'll aa can hear the betterlyke
the letters *L K J I* soond
as *Ell*, *Kay*, *Jay*, the hinmaist *I*
af coorse, tae rhyme again wi *lie*.

It wuidnae dae, lik daenae you be
as glaikit as some folk afore ye,
tae rhyme the *J* and *I* thegither
tae rhyme wi *lie*: an juist you try it,
ye'll finnd it soondin something awfie.

In Newarthill Public Schuil, the wee yins,
waens smaa as in the wurd descryvit,
were biggit up the mair nor muckle
as experts, alphabeticallie
perjink, bi Miss Dunn and her singin.

An we were saved lik aye eleckit
bi *Z Y X* fae neever soochin
the letter *J* in thon byordnar
Received Cockney Pronunciatioun

haed bloutchered it ootthru hauf Scotland. 550

But hae ye heard a Fyfer say
the letter *H* as tho a *hitch*
athin a seam o coal? That's fautit!

But here again lik tak a sklent
afore I dae the furder typin
tae gar this versin luk perjink
as in the best o tid for makkin
a quair ot, noo I think I'm takkin
a kinna tirravee o myn
lik naething sweirt tae tak a thocht 560
anent the hauf I said abuin

as mak it mair haill puit thegither:
at yae timm I wuid said for shair,
schuil-teachers in the saecondaries
seemed lyke they didnae ken Scots leid
because sic folk were furder yonner
awo fae street an kintrie clashin
nor bodies primarie lik oors,
aiblins because they cam fae hames
were no at hame wi hames lik oors, 570
an didnae lyke tae ken the differ.

Late on, there was anither differ
mair lyke oorsels at hame wi aathing,
as mair an mair o oor ain kyn,
whoe kent us fyne for whit we were,
an kent thae ither yins for whit
thae siccan folk aye thocht they were,
gaed til the univaersities
syne intil saecondarie schuils.

The nooadays, alow the stoonidin 580
a chynge o wechtin-doon lik press
upon us fae the tap, I think
thare are faur mair o oor ain bodies
at univaersities, sib mair
wi thair ain auld Scots leid; an shair
as contarlyke, thae yins that lyke
tae think they ken-it-nane, are stappin
the primarie schuils, or, as yince
we yaised tae caa them, public-schuils,
afore peeheein til a mainner 590
o daein is a wy tae say
lik English folk, the public-schuils
are private yins for special yins.

In thae twoe kynds a laerie-bodies,
 I think that sibness wi oor tongue
 comes fae ingynelik kinna thinkin
 at univaersitie, myns fayin,
 nor oniething fae wuid-notes-wyld,
 nor fae yae ither maitter o it,
 the stukkie-owercome in the toons; 600
 an then, bi thon same coont lik tellin
 it fae the finger-tips tae check it,
 an no fae oot ingyne tae think it,
 schuil-teachers in the primaries,
 whoe hae nocht but the wys a laerin
 tae pree, become less inwith even
 wi Scots nor were disjaiskit yins
 lik aelders in ma gaeneratioun
 o teachers: and, for certain-shair,
 the Scots tongue in the saecondaries 610
 in ma ain day was faur the deider
 nor doon in Madagascar, dodos.

In thinkin back, tho, lyke the takkin
 a thoct mair fair, say as we read
 whoere we micht think, “Oh, here again
 it is,” as tho *again* were lyker
ad infinitum in the coont
 repeater maks a sum haill-nane,
 it seems the feck a teachin-stauff
 in public-schuil days wuid, for yaisual, 620
 sing wi the faur mair bookein til’t,
 the Scots wurds in the sic a sang
 as *Bee-baw-babbitie*, ay, sing them
 the mair ootgaein lyke the mair
 ootgiein nor were eever soocht
 the English wurds ot: and I gie’t
 alow here for tae mynd ye ot.

“Bee-baw-babbitie,
 babbitie,
 babbitie; 630
 Bee-baw-babbitie,
 A bunch, a bunch a baurley.

Kneel down to the ground,
 to the ground,
 to the ground;
 Kneel down to the ground,
 And kiss a bonnie wee lassie.

I wuidnae hae a lauddie, O,

a lauddie, O,
a lauddie, O; 640
I wuidnae hae a lauddie, O,
I'd hae a bonnie wee lassie,
a lassie,
a lassie,
a lassie."

Yon was the wy the lauddies soocht,
the lassies contar-caain int
they wuidnae hae a lassie, O, but,
a bonnie wee lauddie they wuid hae;
an then, af caarse, as you that mynd it 650
will ken it better as ye mynd
hoo muckle sumphs, wi nae mair sense
nor saft coo-tumshies, yaised tae sing it
yon wy was gyan angersome
til teachers and the younger lassies,
wi "Bee-baw-byte-ma-jaw!" for owercame.

VII

The somegaet in atween yon sang
O, who will o'er the Downs so free
and yon auld *Z Y X* we chauntit,
a bodie caad-in at the schuil, 660
peripateticallie antic
fae geggielaund, tae pleasure us
athin the schuilhaa whoere the waens
ingethert thare tae hear his pleasure,
the feck ot bein a wheen o tunes
gaed rat-tat-tattle, front teeth claittert
bi daud-daud-daudin pincil on them.

Syne, aifter that for weeks, the younklin
taen yon divert apairt as killt it
as geggielyke as roan the schuil 670
peripateticatin smairt,
or in the sheds whuin waather waur,
they gied thur freends a turn wi concert
cuid rat-tat-tattle this or that tune.

The geggieman, forby that, left us
a sang we taen in, wurd as perfect
as taen in tune anaa, hauf-perfect
as fae an English bairnsang luftit,
yon yin caad *Oats and Pease and Barley*.

Haud an a meenute noo: I'm thinkin; 680

ay, shair the coont is catalectic,
the grund ot stote-stote as trochaic
the trimeter, as you'll can see it
as gien alow here for the preein.

“Hye the wee folodie man!
Hèh the wee folodie man!
Dae the best that ever ye can
Tae follae the wee folodie man!”

Nae bairn amang us thocht tae speir
whoe was the wee folodie man,
but mibbes he was thocht tae be
as magical as yon Pied Pyper
was fallaet oot o Hamelin
bi aa the bairns, and yont the kennin,
as aa the waens o Newarthill
wuid up an gaed awo anaa
follaein the wee folodie man.

690

See Appendix

Yae sang we did adap, lik dae it
again tae yaise the samin measure
yaised for *The Wee Folodie Man*,
is yon yin kent the faur as yont
the yae wy or anither duin til't
bi bairns the-day an langsinnyne,
but no as Scoticised bi us,
trochaic, cataleptic-nane.

700

As you'll can see alow, I gie't
the wy it was an no the wy
o purists, ay, lik monie makars,
we did as muckle's dae-awo.

“Matthew, Mark an Luke an Johne,
Haud the cuddie till I get oan.
Whuin I'm oan then lae a-go,
Matthew, Mark an Luke an Jo!”

710

Byordnar, tho, the wy that wards
are no thursels, but as we mak them
the mair the wy we are oorsels
athin the wurd the wy they mak us,
the sang alow is aa ma ain
that cam the whoere I daenae ken fae,
unless jurmummlin o the sense
maks for the nonce the nane-sense wurd
jurmummelin athin ingyne
anither wy a hearin soondin

720

a contradectioun o the sooch;
it sings anent Beelzebub,
tho whether *bub* or *boob* or *bablik*
I wasnae shair the richt or wrang,
nor whether thon *Beel* was yae soond
or twoe in coont a seellables,
as you'll can see, for I hae heard it 730
the baith thae wys, sae let the air
tak ower an let the wurds become
lik ither selfs athin thur soonds,
hauf-in, hauf-yont thursels in soochin:
I brekk the wurds alow, tae let
ye see the wy the air taen ower.

He is an auld be-el-zie
beelzie-bub-u-lairie-orrie-yin,
an auld be-el-zie
beelzie-bub-u-lairie-eerie-orrie-yin. 740

Bi the bye, that's past ye or ye ken it
is waarth yer bydein far its wheesht,
the Matthew, Mark an Luke an Johne
athin the furst o thae twoe ballats
haed nocht avaa adae wi haein
* aicht raefereences til yon Deil
o Fleis, Beelzebub or Maister;
**that gree anent the Deil o Fleis

* Matthew 9.34; 10.25; 12.24, 27. Mark 3.22. Luke 11.15, 18, 19.

** See *The Holy Bible, The Teacher's Edition*, in *Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names* for Beelzebub or Baalzebub *Lord of the Fly*.

in ma ain sang *Beelzebub*,
that bydes its wheesht as quaet as caunnie, 750
an cannae be ocht else nor stoondin,
is no in Johne avaa, but ryfe
thae aicht tymes Matthew, Mark an Luke.

Af coorse, as aa you dacent bodies
may ken, or gin ye daenae, here noo
I'm tellin ye, Apostle Johne
was aye sae thrang miscaain Jews,
his ain folk, he haed nae tyme left
tae be bad-moothin siccan ithers
as auld Beelzebub, or Romans. 760

Whiteever yon sang haed o meanin,
lik sooch ot nocht avaa but soond,
thare was a melodie aroond it
as weel as in the lyke a thocht
that wasnae tuim as blatter bosse,
far doot yer doots or daenae myn,
the sang haes soople Scots athin
lik pairt a haein kent the soond
o Burns's sangs aroon the ingle,
and ithers that were aert an pairt 770
o faimlie lyfe an air tae threep-at,
an geggie sangs tae whissle whyles,
as weel as sangs the here an thare
were neever faur awo, the lyke
we caa the-day the ethnic yins,
tho naebodie direckit us,
an nocht but lykin gart us sing.

VIII

Some o thae hinner sangs were bittockie
no aye for companie the better
lik thae yins caad the unco guid, 780
or even thae yins naething waur
nor hauf as guid as fautor folk,
an bairns lik us thae ballats sang
whyles kent the meanin o thur wurd
nae mair nor Murray's wee herd loon.

No that we missed the auntrin wecht
athin the sangs a weething hivvie
no juist for unco guid, but folk
as dacent as tit-tit or sneefle;
no that wi snicher we jaloused-nane 790
a puckle mair athin the sangs

nor we kent wechtit dooble-think;
no that we badd ower lang athin
oor waant a kennin, but for aa that,
the here ot yince lik shoge i the haerns,
the thare ot aifter lyke a stoondin
i the wame, in monie semple sangs
we cairriet furrin monie the claikin
anent the social roond, an monie
the ferlie philological 800
for experts in especial, tho,
I sayt again, as bairns we kent
naething avva o siccan maitters.

And here is yin o thae bit sangs
we kent the-nane for wanner whye,
nae mair nor kent the onie ot
a whitforno lik dae-ye-tell-me:
an nae doot the philologist
wuid think a speak is gyan fly
gin onie fisher were tae say 810
that *coch-y-bondhu* is a flei,
whiteever else is *Cockibendie*
tae gar him birl aroon reel-raal.

“Cockibendie had a wyfe.
She was awfie dandie.
She gaed in alow the bed,
An tummelt-ower the chantie!

Hye, Mrs. Cockilee,
Come tae bed alang wi me!
I’ll gie you a cup o tea 820
Tae keep yer bellie waarm!”

And here’s anither, this timm, singin
mair lyke hauf-chauntin, wi a scansioun
spondaic as a raip for skippin
can birl roond heid and heels o lassies
in tyme an tune can gie them plesure.

An that is hoo I mynd it sung
bi lassies as they birlled awo,
for as ye ken, nae lauddies skippit.

Years later, I wuid come across 830
a skliff o yon auld melodie
whuin Matt MacGinn sang o a yo-yo.

“Whoe fartit?

Wee grannie!
Dae't again!
I cannae!
Gode bliss yer wee bum!"

Af coorse, the bairnsangs are ryfe
in aa airts yit as eever were,
tho televeesioun, "pop-sang" fou 840
for "backing", maks for decibels
whoere soond taks ower an blotchers wurd.

Yit it was aye sae, neer say neever,
for weel I myn the language chyngein
in keepin wi the wireless later,
whuin I wuid hear the younger bodies
singin the sangs I gie alow here.

"La Donna e Mobile, La Hore Belisha,
La Neville Chamberlain, La Winston Churchill."

"In France they say 'Oui, oui', 850
In Spain they say 'Si, si',
But the greatest man I know
Was Edgar Allan Poe."

But even as I heard the young yins
makkin thur myns become yae pairt
"pop-sang", the neist poleetical
as airt them yonner intil battle,
I kent that naething haed been chyngeid
in ma ain days nor lang afore,
for I cuid myn the aulder yins 860
singin the wy I kent-nane aither,
and even the faur enyeuch awo
for dauncein days athin thur sang:
in tyme, tho, I wuid hear the music
o thon sang faur in Africa
as folksang wrocht in Afrikaans
and in the U. S. A. a daunce.

See Appendix
See Appendix

For whit it is a wy tae daunce,
then here it is itsel the daunce
as kent the speirer was the dauncer. 870

"Can ye no dae,
Can ye no dae,
Can ye no dae La Va?
Can ye no dae,
Can ye no dae,

Can ye no dae La Va?
Can ye no dae La Va?
Can ye no dae La Va?
Can ye no dae La Va?
Can ye no dae La Va?" 880

An then thare was yon ither sang
anent the daunce cuid dingle lugs
lik mynes ma aelders werenae thinkin
I heard, or hearin, taen til mynd.

“O the nicht we taen Big Aggie tae the Ball,
O she coodnae daunce, she coodnae daunce at all;
Whuin she tried tae dae reverse,
Then she fell an skinnt her erse,
The nicht we taen Big Aggie tae the Ball.”

IX

In bairntimm, we haed little thocht 890
for maitters wechtilyke as aither
haud-you-yer-wheesht-anent-them, or
juist lippen on opeenioun gien
in prood palaver o high-heid yins;
naething was sacrosanct as something
lik shairn fae a sacrit coo;
sae sang was luftit growthie as
the muck fae onie mickie, syne
laid oot at will as willie-nillie
as intil padyane parodie, 900
wi naither thocht til ethics as
whit we til oor ainsels were daein,
nor whit the bein in us did it
til oor ainsels the ethnical:
an neever myn the prosodie.

Even *Scots Wha Hae* was no ower heech
abuin them aa tae be poued doon
lik yin amang the lave ower ordnar
tae lae the thing alane in saucht.

“Scots wha hae, wi hye, wi hoo, 910
See the pryce o herrin noo!
I cuid go a haddie too,
Doon the avenue!”

Tune waa enyeuch, lik nae mair maittered,
as in *The Irish Washerwoman*
whoere wurd cam gyan easie-oasie

tae gie's a sang anent the faimlie
I sang as bairn: Dear kens whoe made it.

“O, Charlie an Andra,
An Annie an Mary, 920
An Wullie an Jimmie,
An Daddie an Mammie,
An Charlie an Andra,
An Annie an Mary,
An Wullie an Jimmie –
The last yin is me!”

Yon was the day o gramophones,
and oors was portable, the name ot
Columbia, I think it was,
the caw-the-haunnle kynd, as aa thae 930
yins aer-on were, as you'll can ken,
an wi yon thing, soond was gy aften
a slaister o gibble-gabble wurd;
as was the wireless whyles cuid hotch
wi atmospherics yatterin,
yit we were in the lyke o singin
we haednae kent afore, but juist
the same wy as can differ-nane,
perjink was I as dacent-nanelik
wi aa that ruchness as tae lae 940
the thing alane, thon skeelie soochin
that was the sang athin itsel;
I gied it purr wi skowth the samin
as aathing else afore was oors:
Beethoven's muckle owercome was
juist yin I coodnae lae alane
as you'll can ken as gien alow here
for you tae sing an sing again
tae mak the maist o aa the notes.

Bonnie humplin, you're a dumplin, 950
I cuid eat ye for ma tea.
Bonnie humplin, you're a dumplin,
cut anither shaef for me.

I mynd yince listenin lik wunder
til *The Barber o Seville*, a yince thing
that haed an ayeways in it lyke
an aften yont aa wunnerment
that naither let me byde in paece
anent it, nor wuid lae't alane as
wuid byde its ain wheesht for the marra. 960

Ye see, tae unnerstaun I coodnae
for the lyfe o me believe sic lyrics
 cuid be sae duin til daith athin
 a music was fair mangltlyke
 bi raeproductioun I ken noo
was bad as made raecordin o it
as faur the waur as yont believin.

But juist the same, as differ daes,
thare was a something in the soondin
that gart me mak a sang the lyker 970
 was neever made for opera,
 altho ma gabblins mibbe were
a measure o contemp a bittock
 that syne I kent for wurdages
in opera the here an tharelik
the onie tyme that I cam near them
 whuin they were puittent oot ayont
 the decibels in onie soond
at peels wi melodies in music.

Lik monie ither tunes that haed 980
nae wurds as haundie as be read
atween the batters o a quair,
The Barber o Seville haed music
 wuid haud its whigmaleerie share
I made langsyne for ma ain brookin,
and here they are for yours, gin you
can finnd the measure o them maks
thur ain bit meikle o the tune.

Bonnie humplocks,
an plentie o glaur 990
up tae yer ankles, up tae yer ankles,
up tae yer ankles
and in amang the laces o yer buits,
up tae yer ankles
and in amang the laces o yer buits, yer buits.

Och, it's a slaister,
och, it's a slaister
juist lik a plai-ai-ai-ai-aister,
juist lik a plaister,
glabber an glaur, 1000
glabber an glaur,
glabber an glaur,
glabber an glaur.

Yappiofeedalum, gabbiodettalum,

an for a sense-the-nane tae measure, 1050
hear you the-noo this neist bit sang
I gie alow here, for it wheeples
aa that we hear can gar us snicher
at siccan speils we're telt the-day
is reevalatioun, better caad
the godelie enterprise releegioun.

Whoe made the thing I daenae ken,
but gin he sang the tune anaa,
it tells us mair anent his mainner
nor whit the language yirdit thare. 1060

“O, the sun was shining in the morning.
All the myrtle and the ivy was in bloom.
The sun all the hills was adorning –
It was there I laid her in her tomb.”

That maun hae been the cantiest
o funerals in aa tyme past,
the tune ot makkin licht the wark,
but we are sairiewrocht the-day here,
sae oor ingyne can yird itsel
thon wy it feels at hame the mair sae 1070
wi oniething nor its ainsel,
an mynd, it yince thocht nane was peels
as tell it whit it coodnae dae.

But noo we step abraid lik traik
til yon America-the-town for singin,
an gang doon, doon *down-town, dan-tan*
lik bodies pechin at the wheechin
o diesel mooch an petrol reekin
athin the braith the-tyme we glower 1080
at wheels as gyte as gar folk birl
aagaets as glaikit as doon-cawed
athin ingyne lik ken the better
the whoere they are is no at hame,
an certaint, for the folk *Wha's-lyke-us*,
no thare avaa at hame at hame:
but here's the baur, the New York isnae
lik than Big Aipple, aipple-pieish,
but lyke Berlin, the ich-bin-nane;
lik Tokyo, nae mainners noo;
lik Paris, no the Free La France; 1090
lik Lunnon, no yit cured bi watters.

Af coorse, I'm mibbe staunin back
ingynelik here masel, lik see

ma ainsel keekin at me here
takkin a gander at yon chiel
lik me that's lukin at masel
speirin at ryalties rowein in.

Yae wy, it myns me o a fuhlla
caad Mister Samuel Dow, whoe telt
the Press a whylsin back that he
lykt-nane bein caad juist Sammie Doo;
I ayeways haed the caunnie freit
that *Dow* was oot o Gaelic *dhu*,
for *black*, or *daurk*, or *duskit*, *dimsie*;
an nae doot aa the black-a-vised
in Scotland were caad *Dhus* at yae timm;
aiblins, thon Mister Dow's ain forebears
haed no as muckle kennin ot
nor he hissel haed, tho yin o them,
whoe is the better caad the yae yin,
kent mair sae, for he caad a whiskie
he blendit *Pigeon* in the trade;
noo, as we ken, in Scotland here,
a pigeon is a *doo* in Scots:
tharefore, as you'll can guess, yon tyme
I read o Mister Dow's protest,
as tho I were a bairn yince-mairlik,
an whisslin at the tyme a tune
caad *Nellie Dean*, sae you will ken it,
an auld irraeverance o mainner
cam oot lik snicher yince again
an gart me sing the sang I gie ye
alow here in the wy I made it.

Daenae caa me Sammie Doo
the-noo.

Call me Samuel Dow
the-now,
for to rhyme with bull-and-cow,
no tae rhyme wi buhll-an-coo
lyke Sammie Doo, 1130
lyke Sammie Doo.

As the bairns yaised tae say, the-tyme
a bodie wuid the even-on
be girin ower his weerd, craik-craikin:
"Oh ma finger!
Oh ma thumb!
Oh ma bellie!
Oh ma bum!"

X

Some folk micht think it is byordnar
 that monie bairnheid sangs an chauntin 1140
 were cairriet furrin, lyke a smittle
 fae waen til waen in English blether,
 an no the Scots leid aagaets yattered.

Some ot may weel hae came as straucht
 as thirlit throch-an-thru ingyne
 fae auntrin bodies English here,
 but siccan folk were gyan orrie
 upon the grund at sic a tyme,
 an no as here the-day amang us
 wi accent heech abuin the lave 1150
 lik here-we-are-sae-you'll-can-ken:
 and as we ken, they're here tae byde.

An some young chauntin, some young singin,
 lik sayt again tae ken it better,
 may weel hae come fae caunnie sea-chynge
 amang the folk cam here fae Ulster,
 back hame again lik ken o sibness.

A feck o siccan sang, lik tentin
 the laerin, cam fae the bairnies' class
 athin the schuil, whoere thair ingyne 1160
 were soople as bou laicher, teachers
 as straucht as staun the sterker mair
 for bairns tae bab til, say, *Please, Miss*:
 thae teachers, tho, maun shairlie kent
 a contarin athin thur kennin
 lik caw the haerns agly because
 the tongue, the naitural, spak-nane
 as ben the brain was dacentlyker,
 but as the thocht upon a page
 laid oot, laid thaem oot tae, as tho 1170
 the lyke o prentit characters.

Upruitit fae thur Scottish syle,
 syne growein lyke some chawsome plants
 in aeducatioun, teachers aa
 micht hae become at yin wi deectioun
 ryfe wi a leein coodnae ken
 the sooch o place-names roond aboot them
 ootwith the schuil yetts, ay, at whyles
 cuid ken-nane whitten wy tae speak
 the names o bairns athin the class. 1180

The “serious” singers aamaist ayeways
were “trained”, tho some haed haed avysement
fae local folk were thocht byordnar
at siccan wark and aften doobled
kirk-organistlik or choir-maisters.

Muckle o siccan laerin was
kirk choir wark that becam as set
as self-adae is aften thrawn as
the naething mair nor stirkielyke. 1230

Mibbes the-noo we think that that
is mair the lyke an-awfie-jobe-sur,
yit shairlie as be kynlie certain,
it’s easie for tae unnerstaun,
sin dae we no the-noo aa tak
ower muckle tent o siccan bodies
lik elocutiounists, thae yins
as nerra-nebbit as glib-gabbit,
an dae we no the-noo ower aften
juist lippen on the pundit-laer,
mistakkin it for laer in kynd 1240
as tho it haed tae be lik wysshaid?

Anent thae things, thare is a guidness,
oreeginal as damn the Deevil,
that they are better faur nor naething,
and aathegither mak amang us
a soondin-brode for some byordnar.

An mair nor some, yae yin, ingyneelik,
whoe fae amang us yae day rysein,
will sing ayont the muin an staurlicht 1250
anither day tae come for Scotland,
the suinlicht lowein on the mornin.

In aer-on days lik thaem, thare was
a guid-gaun trade in music, tho
a differ fae the Tin Pan Alley
was comein in lik giein oot
the dividends amang the big yins,
a differ then fae nooadays
as big yins try tae cut awo
the dividends gif no the fuitin 1260
fae aa the wee yins siller mak
lik sing a sang no noo for sixpence,
even tho the feck ot gy hauf-bakeit.

Doon were we in thon deep-en day
o con-gemmes as Victorian
as kept the big yins bookeit-up
wi siller lyke the muin cleir-sheenin
abuin the nichtin o the paer,
as weel as blisst the big yins gowden
alow the suin a heeven on Erd 1270
nae Purgatorie for tae thole,
but for the paer a weerd tae dree.

Technique, lik ken it for itsel
an no for whit was intil it,
was aagaets booriein pedantic
as yaise it yince is ken enyeuch.

And oot o thae days, lyke the tulyie
o wark wrocht at for betterment
the ilka day the mair lik see
the grallochin o grund a smittle 1280
as foostert aye as moochie aye,
alang wi ferlies unco yont,
ondeemas as moralitie
Victorian as onie pyzon
the same, that ryved athin ingyne,
the best mynd o the Scottish folk
were aa puit in the strunts, fair scunnert
tae see the growthe o glaikitness
a mediocritie at yin
wi hairmlessness nae thoct avaa. 1290

That's no tae say that onie technique
is aiblins yuissless as nae maitter,
ocht mair nor aert-sang haill intil it
is necessarilie as yuissless
as folksang yont aa dacent technique.

Whit it daes say that's naither aiblins
aff-maerket lyke the tongue says *mibbes*
lik yin o thae perhapser creetics,
is that gif subject-maitter haes
the onie wecht waarth puittin on 1300
opeenioun's weibauk, it is saerved
the best bi whitteneever technique
can puit it heech upon the back
o Pegasus, an says anaa
that's mibbes as up-maerket as
aiblins on tongues o mibbe-makars,
that technique that is made a padyane
for its ain fore, an beezed-up brawlik

tae mak folk myndless wi a din
can blatter lyke daud-daudin haerns, 1310
an glaummerit wi gauderie
a graith the seein ee fair-blinnin,
technique is faur mair lyke a skaith
upon ingyne, no hairmlessness
juist yuisslessness lik onie troke.

Haen seen that, no lik reevalatioun
a reevolutioun ben the myn,
but lyke a birlin roond o eesicht
come back tae speir at whit was aye thare
for een tae see, it's easie noo 1320
tae say that gy near aa the singin
ma faither did, nae maitter sangs
bi Robert Burns, o little maitter,
or sangs, establishment, were lyklie
o maitter-nane-avaa, maist o them
were cairriein deep athin thursels
thon daith-weesh ludgeit ben the by-wurd
aert for aert's sake, as you'll can ken it
whoe see it in gy smaalik booke
at that, for siccan aert as puittent 1330
intil sic melodies thae days –
and even waarse the-day, I'm thinkin –
was aye sib wi the subject-maitter,
as bittockie an aich o smaalik.

The feck o siccan tooslin aertie
is ferlies whigmaleerielyke
in Scots sang, aa in failyie yokt
as cannae ken the whoere it's gannin
the onie mair nor win ootbye fae't,
yit at the samin tyme, it maks 1340
the benner sooch o siccan singin
as fause as cannae ken the whoere
the failyle is, and, as I'm shair
the feck o folk hae lippent on it
as weel as I, as weel are kennin
sic wark haes nocht avaa adae
wi Scots sang's pentatonic scale.

At siccan wark, *Bel Canto* in it
is peels wi yuisslessness the soochin,
as you'll can hear gif listenin whyles, 1350
as tormentatious-luggit as
hear some guid tenor at the wark
o folksang in yon wy it caws
his vyce the sydiewys tae sorte

the soondin fae the soochin ot.

Yit at the samin tyme, yersel
may feel cawed sydiewys yon wy
the here an thare lik gang faur yonner,
whuin you hear folksang singer whyles
strecth-oot the melodie lik rackin 1360
the baens ot nearhaun brekkin-pynt,
whuin siccan singer haes yon vyce
that cannae ken thare is a differ
tweesht wuin athorte the thrapple wheecht,
an space atween the notes a wheeshin
lik listen for the sooch athin it.

It needs yae dacent singer, juist,
tae mak whit seems no yae new soond
but yae new guid thing o a soond,
and oot they come, the follae-on-folk, 1370
lik come-as-tho-can-help-it-nane;
an winnae gang awo again
lik haud-on-here's-anither-sang,
that haill jing-bang o follae-folk
lik rag-tag tatters, bob-tail fylyie,
an waarst, the belt-oot belloch yins.

Lik thair *Bel Canto* itherbodies,
they're no content wi meanin, kynlie
wi melodie lik listen caunnie,
but wi lood decibels can blatter 1380
til yonner melodie an meanin.

Sic ill-assortitness o soond
is sair tae listen til, but waur
tae think on is thair soor betrayal
o aa the swaetness in the sang.

They dae anither haim til folksang
nor ma ain faither's gaeneratioun
saw duin til't, but unlyke thae folk
whoe did it kennin-nane they did,
monie folk singers, modren as 1390
think decibels the siller soond,
an singers aertlik as the pairt,
dae whit they dae lik ken they dae.

An whye dae they dae that, speir you?
Thryvance is no the whit they dae
but whoe can let them gan on daein't,
establishment that lykes itsel.

Lang leeve the mavericks o music
as free as cloots upon the prairie!
Up wi the pentatonic rebels 1400
lik rant or reel or sing a ballat
lik leebertie ayont the salon!

Doon wi the mass o geggie antics
whoe think tae sing but think-nane singin!
Lorde save us fae the pop or folk staur
whoe sings, as flet as butter-biscuits,
in keys twoe deeferent thegither.

Tell me, Judge Jurie, wuid it no be
for thair ain betterment a weething,
that aertie-clairtie sangs suid thole 1410
assize o fiftie pain-free year
lik puit a ban on thaem cuid steg
the soond a stopper for the airels
lik tak a thocht afore we soond them?

At yon timm, in aert-sang was lyke
a swaw cuid droon us aa at yince,
an sploonge in a folksang tyde
blootchered an rowthielyke as freithie,
thare was nae tyme for staund-up heech 1420
upon the rock o ballatrie
in magic pentatonic as
the muckle sangs haed ayeways been,
and as the yon yin, and the yonner
athin the warks o Robert Burns.

The Scots ingyne in auncient sang
was smoored awo as seerupie
as cadences o music mores
Victorian as uniform.

The fiddle, whyles, micht haud a diddle
lik scart a new yin fae an auld yin, 1430
but we were losst in mock-heroics,
in guid tid pawkie as hame-shamin
lik tick-a-lick-a-lick-a-lick-lin.

Aa that was hauf-guid as cam oot ot
were Scots as weare the scaddit tartan
even tho they werenae tartan-taggit,
as wyssheid, haill whyles in the drammin,
can come oot glaikitlyke, hauf-cut wi't.

Elsewhoere, that's naither thare nor yonner,
but here again the same as yae timm 1440
I said that faur ower monie folk
are kiddit, lyke, bi onie tune,
an that the true pruif o a sang
is no the air ot but the sooch
athin the wurd, an makkarie
that's bydein ben the sooch o thaem.

Neever suid we hae ocht avaa
that's this or that lik ocht enyeuch,
but aa intil't lik naething bosse:
ower monie skeelie music-makkers, 1450
whoe weel may gie us melodie
for onie o oor poetrie,
seem no tae hae the skeelieness
o kennin naething's in thur aucht
tae wyle the wy o soond as peels as
sooch sense athin the makar's wurd.

The stotterin on tenor drums
athin a pype-baund is for prein
the melodie athin the soond
as tho tae sing it contarpyntit: 1460
noo, gin ye think it's gyan easie
tae unnerstaun whye drummers nicht
hae sic a craikin rat-tat-tat,
it's juist as easie for tae ken
whye monie pypers can conseeder
the drum a weething afflik wi't;
the marra o the pype-baun drummin
is yon "pop" music wi the "beat"
stoondin and ongaun as owerliggin
the meanin o the wurd in mainner 1470
o sooch becomin contar-kent
as orrielyke ayont the sense,
syne pleesure at the hinner-en
nane-kennable excep gane quaetlik.

Singers suid no juist laern wurd
an myn them as tho siccan laerin
were lyke aa laer, abuin the kennin,
neever suid they puit thair ainsels
in cheatrie, thinkin they can mak
a better ot bi luft an lay wurd 1480
lik chynge the tune a bit, nor yit
suid eever think the makar fuhlla
meant ither wurd that monie singers
may hae lik gaun as spare tae yaise;

in shorte, that is as lang as say:
juist lae the thing alane, you singers.

The folksang makar weel may think
his sang is in whit some may caa
“tradeetioun o folksang” bi takkin
intil’t, lik muckle dauds o creesh, 1490
wurds nane-correck as yonner mowtit,
and accents as correck-the-nane
as mair lik yuchle ben the craw,
but naw, I cannae see whye makars
tak tent o siccan wastrie duin
bi onie doughheid mibbe thinkin
his singin sacrit, tho gy daichie.

But juist the same as maks a differ,
a chynge bi chaunce may whyles wurk wonders
wi sang, and onie dacent makar 1500
will no be backwart comein furrit
wi “I maun thank ye awfie kynlie.”

An gin a betterment some bodie
can mak o whit was gyan sairlik
in need ot, onie dacent makar
wuid be as kynlie thankfou, that is,
gin he were gien the chaunce tae chynge it.

The best o chynge for the better the-day
that will be nane-the-waur the-morra,
is that oor mainners noo hae growne 1510
as easie-oasie as nae boather,
the-tyme here this yin, thare that bodie
are daein-awo lik even-on
quaet scryvin sangs upon the page,
or singin thaem alood as whyles
lik bellochin, or whyles lik croonin,
aa wark that cannae dae ocht else,
and at the samin tyme the mair sae
professionnal as prenticeskip
the saervin in the maerket geggies, 1520
whoere monie o them are nae langer
cawed til the hunkers in defaet
entrepreneurial as cawed
tae heel lik onie yowlin duag
as yince they were in Tin Pan Alley.

Aften enyeuch, the clubs, lik aa-
caa-in; an singalangs lik listen-
here-is-anither-guid-sang,-Jimmie;

the rhymerees the noo an then
lik something weel waarthwhyle tae hear; 1530
the SNP confabs, tho sometymes
lik see-yon-yin-I-kent-his-da;
the protest mairches, lyke watch-oot-you-
big-brither's-watchin-you: an wi them,
poleetical ongauns, aa saerve
as pletforms for new sangs that yaise
baith auld an new sangs for the maessage.

Sin naebodie amang thae folk
is boued doon sklaterlyke alow
Imperial Establishment 1540
in Lunnon toon lik onie wechtin
a muckle humph upon the back,
thur sangs are haudent doon the-nane,
but true as straucht athin the hairt,
an this thur bree ye slooch an sooch:
gin you are feared lik fricht the wee yins,
are you no feart ye fricht yersel?

Imperial sangs noo arenae scryvit,
sin yae inhaudent uniounism,
neo-colonialist sorte, 1550
wuid be a contarwecht wuid cowp
the daein ocht anent them on
the bing, an orrielyke ootpuit
o aathing lyker naething, or
a naething bosse as fou o wuin.

XII

Gin aa that aeducatioun speil
is no as auntrin as rhyme caunnie,
but faur ower caunnie commonlyke,
here let me ease ingyne a bit
bi scribblin doon the auntrin jingle 1560
that some o you folk may be kennin
whoe ken the folk I kent masel,
or for that maitter o it, were
the samin folk whoe kent masel:
and as for you, the lave that kent-nane,
or mibbe thocht the siccan rhymes
as little waarth the thocht tae mynd
as waarth but little thocht o thinkin,
tak you a keek an mynd yer ainsels
that yince ye thocht tae say them mair 1570
the wy ye played them in a gemme.

Furst, here is yin sae you will mynd ye
hoo aeducatioun in the English
taen ower whyles, lyke a fair-jurmummle
o language laert in schuil-room classes
wi your auld leid athin the playground.

“Zeentie, peentie, picketie pell,
Zell, dell, dominell,
Zurkie, purkie, taurrie rope,
Zan, tan, joose, jok:

*You are out,
And out you must go.”*

1580

See Appendix

An myn, whuin you were seik-tired lukin
for ither bairns were playin *Leevoi*
or *Rin-Sheen-Rin* wi you come autumn,
at sic a tyme, lik chaunt a ballat,
aroon the airt ye whyles wuid yelloch:

*“Come out, come out, wherever you are,
The Deil will never find ye!”*

No aye was English gien the pechin
o puittin-oot the wecht o speilin
was in ahint lik shepherd’s collie,
as tho the common tongue o neebors
cuid gie-oot-nane the sterk commaundment.

1590

But juist the same that maks the differ,
whuin ocht was sung was lyker ballat
wi rhyme a trimmle in the tellin,
the auld Scots leid was thocht mair kynlie,
and in especial gif wi lauchter:

“A hunner an nynetie-nyne,
Ma faither fell in the byne,
Ma mither cam oot wi a waashin-cloot,
An skelpt his big behyn!”

1600

And here for hinmaist, no a ballat,
but made dactylicallie, chauntit
bi yon Anonymous, thon makar
whoe neever thocht tae hear his rhymin
ayont the street forment the playground.

*“Nebuchadnezzar, the King o the Jews,
Whit dae ye dae noo or what do you do(s)?”*

1610

XIII

On saecont thochts a whylsin aifter,
a wheen o things anent things auntrin
I near forgot I haed tae tell ye,

See Appendix

and here is yin whuin furst I kent it
ower young was I tae guess the meanin.

“Go to father,’ she said,
When I asked her to wed.
But she knew that I knew
Her father was dead.
That’s why she said
‘Go to father,’
When I asked her to wed.” 1620

Apairt fae rhymes, here is a ree:
“Jack who had had had had should have
had had had had not being right.”
An gin ye’d ken it better, read
“Jack, who had had *had had*, should have
had *had, had had* not being right.”

Anither ree thare, and here ist:
“Jack had had had but should have had
had had had had not been correct.” 1630
But better read it ken will you
“Jack had had *had*, but should have had
had had; had had not been correct.”

And here’s anither ree luk-see:
“‘Tis this is is ‘tis this is not
is not is not this it it is.”
Ye read this better gin ye’d ken
“‘Tis this *is*, is; ‘tis this *is not*
is not. Is not this it? It is.” 1640

In thae days, we haed naebdie else
nor oor ainsels tae boather us,
an didnae think the wurd birlled roond
antics in geggies or on screens,
altho the lynes alow were thocht
wuid be a pant upon the stage:
“If a bumbee stung a bumbee
On a bumbee’s bum,
Whit colour wuid the bumbee’s bum be?”
The aunswer til’t was said bi some: 1650
‘Lik corn-beef tartan ower the bum.’

Naething was left tae byde in paece
tae be no-weel tae better growe,
but aa heard yince was twyce made ower
tae be itsel made defferent,
and here is yin wuid fit the air
o yon schuil sang *The Old Man Gray*.

“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to Heaven
When they die, their sins forgiven: 1660
One, two, three, four five, six, seven.

Seven, six, five, four, three, two, one,
all bad children who have fun,
go to Hell for what they’ve done:
seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.”

The saecont verse corrective was
lik cannae-help-it gainss the guff
o furst verse Christian propaganda.

Even as a bairn I thocht a something
athin the rhyme no-fair as dimsie 1670
thare was a chyce that was allooin
some sinners for tae be forgieven
and ither paer sowls cast tae thole it.

It seemed that aa bairns haed tae be
as bad furst-aff as be nocht else;
the sempleness o siccan clashin
was that guid bad bairns were as chauncie
as lichtit flichtit Heeven-airtit,
an bad bad waens, owerhaillit sair,
were wechtit Hell-bent yonner doon. 1680

The cheatrie ot, as coddinlyke
as yon illogicalitie
o argument lik sophistrie
a something aff a skellie caurrie,
alang wi paradox o bairns
becomin guid thru bein bad
and aa because they’d been forgien,
was faur ower meikle for masel
tae tak-in yincet athooten clashin
anent it twycet lik mak a verse. 1690

Later, af coorse, at yon timm some folk
may think it wysseid o the auld
whoe claw-nane powe tae ken the laer,
it seemed til me that in the bairnsang
thare was ensample o the mellin
o Calvinists aye waarslin wurd
and aa dogma-deleerit Christians,
a guid ensample o the place
“where extremes meet”, yon yaesome airt
whoere, unlyke makar Hugh MacDiarmid, 1700

I haed nae greinin for tae linger:
I'd raither be faurben masel
alang wi aathing yont the lave.

“From the sublime to the gorblimey”,
as Lunnon folk ye micht hear say,
is yae wy for tae dae yer devoirs,
but we were unco caurrielyke
as verse can whyles transcend itsel
til itherness o poetrie
in yon wy we kent lauds o pairts 1710
consant athin but us abuin
whoe were haill-hairtit gin ill-pairtit
the wy that we were singers-nane
yit kent guid singin, at the same timm
as we whoe were guid singers kent
whoe were the maisters o guid sang:
an we that werenae makars kent
whoe were the smaalik bards, the-tyme
that folk, whoe were bards smaa enyeuch,
were weel-acquaant wi meikle yins. 1720

But whit say you o thae young lassies,
*whoe, as they “did the dooblers” skippin,
* sang “Vote for Law the man you know,
* rhymed “Into Parliament he must go”,
except they were trochaic as
taen in the bygaun epitryte
the haufwy thru, or else birked roon
spondaicallie dooble caw?

* Sae I was telt bi Annie Seawright o Newarthill.

SOCIAL POETICS

I

As lyke a lilt that telt a storie,
ma faither maun hae cairriet ower
his sangs o Jacobyte ongauns
fae dominies unlyke ma ain,
for I heard-nane the samin singin.

He haed yae maister caad MacPherson
in yon Auld Schuil whoe sang sic laer.

That same MacPherson, said ma faither,
was yae “auld Jacobyte”, a man
that Wullie Moore haed puittent-doon 10
as *Dominie MacFearfu*’ syne
in *Jock and I* was Wullie’s poem.

Wullie was weel-kent as a makar,
an lyke the feck o siccan bodies,
as weel-respeckit as weel-mannered
athin ma faither’s tyme taen tent,
as weel as in ma ain young days
taen tent o whit ma aelders thocht ot.

In terms o poetics social,
whit I say here anent him, tho, 20
and ither Newarthill bards, lowps ower
ma tender years and yont the weire
we caa the Saecont whyles, or Hitler’s.

The *Jock and I* screed on the schuilin
puits awfie skaithment on thae folk
whoe thocht tae belt laer ben the brains
o bairns until examiners
said, “Oot wi’t, an nae hunker-slydin!”

Punnin the auld MacPherson vowel,
here is the speak the makar made. 30

“Auld Dominie MacFearfu’ was a member o’ that cult;
Did the Dominies dae it nooadays they’d be jailed for gross assault.
When he strutted thro’ the classroom wi’ his strap rowed roun’ his wrist,
An’ soucht his lions for tamin’ – Jock an’ I were on his list.”

Masel mangrowne, een eydent as
speirin at yon timm for tae ken,
I kent his eild yince speired the kennin,

an fore was mynes wi him doon-sittin
in Newarthill athin the paurLOUR
o Lizzie Watson's pub, along 40
wi twoe-three cronies o the bard:
thae tymes hae bidd wi me a myndin
o preevilege haes waarth the gylies,
faur mair nor onie graith or siller
that tyil an tyme hae gien for plesure.

They were guid rhymerees, gy caunnie,
o cronies' wark anent thur wark.

I mynd hoo Wullie Moore wuid speil
his *Jock and I* amang his freens
as tho he taen them ben his mynd 50
as kynlilyke as ken them as
gy weel-acquaant wi whit he said
as his ingyne in fonde recaa
haed remade tyme athin its chynges.

His vyce cuid swee judeeciouslie
as caunnilyke athin the coont
o seellables, lik ootgie-nane
in dirdum-soond, but mair lik luve
a sooch as quaetlie caum hauf-ben
the hause as tak the listener 60
as caumlie quaet hauf-ben the thinkin.

That screed is haillie inwith days
growne aulderlyke as kent the better
for haein made the wys o thoct
the gaet the myn can gan the-day,
an no the wy it micht hae traikit
haed folk lik Wullie Moore been nane
the wy they were, or hauf the wy
they were, but as the nyaff heigh-heid yins
haed wrocht tae mak them – and mak us. 70

Parochial is yon auld poem,
and uncolyke parteeclear as
aa siccan wark maun ayeways be
gin for oor historie the yuissfou;
yit in the wy o siccan wark,
tho paersonal as naebdie else's,
it hauds a wurld o wys o daein
athin itsel lik aabodie's,
no juist its ain: and aabodie
in yon auld paurLOUR at the ingle 80
was fuhll inbye wi Wullie's thoct

as he wuid been in thair ain thinkin.

Inbye yon thocht, ye may be shair
are bittockies o sawlik wit
tae say them yince is myn them ayeways,
an pawkiness o mainner wi them;
an thare anoo, be certaint-shair
that Wullie taks us thru the screed
lik coont the years fae oor young schuil-days
til oor auld claes, an shiftin claes 90
til nane, or gin ye'd hae me sayt
the plainerlyke, fae bairnheid ongauns
til lyfe o tylin, and aifter tylin
syne intil deid: an wi it aa
as I hae said, are bittockies
o sawlik wit an pawkie mainner.

The *Jock* athin the poem was
a Johnnie Henshaw, or caad *Hainshie*
for yaisual as was aa the tyme.

The poem says the lump uphichtit 100
on Johnnie Hainshie's heid was mibbe
the wark o Dominie MacFearfu',
and yince, as I can say furst-haund
as puits it doon here on the page,
whuin Wullie Moore ootspeiled his verses,
Johnnie uphystit heech his bunnet
tae let us see the lump for witness!

And here's a thing lik mak it dinsome
as tell a truith that isnae written
athin the poem, for thae verses 110
read *when the Schule Board set us free*,
but I can tell ye, witnesslyke
furst-haund upon the page here scryvin,
whuin Wullie Moore wuid speak his verses
he said *Schule Brode*, ay, sae I heard him.

Athin anither poem, Wullie
maks meikle o the wurd *jalouse*,
an tho he tells us whye he did,
he daesnae tell us aa that made for't.

But as it is for your ain kennin 120
as weel as I hae kent masel,
and as you tae will come tae ken,
here is an explicatioun whye
jalouse haed sic a meikle wechtin

as pairt o wys are mixter-maxtered
in politics lik sing a sang,
in sang lik sing o politics,
and aa thruither aert in sang
lik politics athin poetics.

Wuillie haed been tae hear a speil 130
bi John S. Clarke, the English poet,
whoe said, byordnarlyke as you
micht weel jalouse is caurrie thocht,
gif no juist reasounless, *jalouse* was
a vulgar wurd, an that was whye
Burns haednae yaised it: he haed been
ower guid a makar tae be vulgar
that wy, yon John S. Clarke jaloused.

Wullie, it seems, gaed in the strunts 140
wi John S. Clarke for sic opeenoun,
and *inter alia* said this:
“When the English cam’ north tae the banks o’ the Forth
And on Bannockburn Field were carousin’,
Rab Bruce killed De Bohun in the very first roun’ –
That was something they werena Jalousin’ .”

Weel, aifter aa, John S. did say
the wurd was *hideous* an *vulgar* –
as Edwart thocht oor Smaa Folk tae.

In yae wy it was lyklie Wullie 150
haed airtit me upon the keepin
a haund upon ma verse tae mak it
the auntrin poem mibbes: ower
the years, Parnassus was a sklim
haed been a scrauchle lyke a scribble.

Wullie haed haed a speirin at it,
and I haed said I thocht it yuissless
as didnae ken the whoere it traivelt,
but tho I kept it haundie whyles,
I didnae mak a better ot:
the later on I laernt as meikle 160
as mak a mair ot in the mainer
that Wullie haed in mynd, I’m thinkin.

The Wullie Moore in ma ain kennin
was yae man quaet as caum as kynlie,
lownlie as gentle in his mainer,
a man whoe spak as kynlie quaet
as complementit his ainsel

lik bein yin wi saucht in hailness.

Wi great respect, I kent him ayeways
for paersonalitie, lik see him 170
furst-aff as wi hissel faur benner
nor commonlyke, an saecontlie,
as yont hissel ootwith as bard
amang the folk juist yae mair bodie.

His bein bardlik in his mainner
set him apairt fae ither folk
whoe micht be this, a weething nanelik;
whoe micht be that, a weething afflik;
whoe micht be ocht the-tither as
naething avaa the waarth the tentin: 180
for ben ma ain myn, siccarlyke
as bet ont, thare cuid be nocht else
micht eever tak the place o bardship,
naither a skeeliness o craft
in hauns lik chisel wuid in pettrens;
nor clooter stane in eemages;
nor slaister pent upon a canvas;
nor glibbie-gabbie yitter-yatter
athin the poupits or the coorts –
naething alow the staurs was faushiount 190
bi godes or daemons or the baith,
cuid tak the place o bardship, ay,
even oor lyfe itsel was vyvest
whuin rowthilie in makkarie.

At yon timm, ken, til me a bard
was aye abuin the lave as made
nae differ hoo some ither bodies
micht think thursels the nae smaa drink, thaem,
nor did it maitter ocht avaa
whit onie bard was lyke in eemage 200
caricature or caunnie-lukin,
in figur Atlas meiklelyke,
or cruitlik, smaaest o the wame;
nor whitlik guid a maister makar;
nor whitlik bad a bard hauf-stickit;
nor whitlik inatween-scud sowl:
aa makars were, til me, at yon timm,
athin a wurld apairt, and yae day
I'd gang amang them tae, forever.

Bardship, ye ken, is whyles a bit 210
ayont the onie man or wumman
but thae yins whoe are yont thursels.

Yae nicht, masel ayont the years
were young as magical for aye,
and intil teenage tymes as thocht then
the mangrowne yont imauginatioun,
I saw ma faither yince wi Wullie
drammin thegither in oor hoose,
aicht, Laughland Drive, in Newarthill,
as I sat listenin lik lippen 220
the kitchen o the leid was spakken
lik pree the bree o wurds an phrases,
whyles puittin in ma ain bit clavers.

At yae wheesht, quaet inbye as kynlie,
Wullie fuhllled-up ma faither's gless
as fou as poore owerfuhll the mair,
the whiskie on the rug oot-skailin.

Gy impident, I then no kennin
the whit nor whye ot, laucht an said,
"Whuin a man skails his whiskie, Wullie, he's drunk." 230
"Eh?" Wullie speired. Ma faither said,
"Wullie, he's juist tryin tae tell you something."

Ma faither kent that I was thinkin
I haed made yae *bon mot*, but thocht
the better nor masel it was
no juist *mot iuste* but mair the lyke
a naething waarth the speirin at it.

He puit ma gas athin a peep,
the mair especially because
bein impident lik that was as 240
ye were a paerlik chiel was no
weel-at-yersel, but mair the lyke
o glaikitnes unthinkable
forment a man lik Moore the makar.

Years later, tho, I wasnae backward
in comein furrin tae correck
yon ferlie o the mynd: I writ
it oot o me as gien alow
athin a poem I caad *The Sodgers*.

* "Whan a man skails his whiskie, he's drunk," said I, the young laud 250
tae the makar wi eild on him lik an ancient god,
as, wi the grace o an auld libatioun, the dram
tuimmed ower the rim o ma faither's gless, the bard
free-haundit as the lave o his kynd: and, "Tam,

haud yer wheesht, man,” said ma faither, wi een as hard
as a whinstane buhllet in post, syne wi a closer ding,
“Ach, Wullie, he’s juist tryin tae tell you something.”

“Rest, warrior, rest – an coont yer medals,” soocht aye
some pawkie genius at the expense
o a militarie jingo for a baur lang syne: 260
will the nuclear firebrand tae be smoot an dwyne
lik the auld sodger or masel? Mibbe ay – mibbe hooch-ay:
he thinks nae shame as did ma young impertinence.

II

The 133 Burns Club, that yince
upon a rhymeree, and aften
upon a singalang, wuid meet
athin a room in Newarthill
abuin a pub caad *Lizzie Watson’s*,
publisht a smaalik quair o verse,
Poet Laureates of the ‘133’ – 270
postpositivelie plural mibbes,
as negativelie single, tho.

The verse o three men in yon Club
was in the quair, yin William Moore
as I hae telt ye something o him;
yin James McVicar, as I’ll tell ye;
yin Robert Freel, I’ll tell ye mair yit:
the ilka yin was collier yince
athin his wark was in his verse
as merk an witness o his mainner, 280
an gin ye’d lyke tae read thur verses,
the Natiounal Librarie o Scotland
can let ye pree the yin I gied it.

* Publisht in *Whyles a Targe* in 1975

It is byordnarlyke guid fortune
tae hae the fractiounatin column
o aa the folk fae aa thur laevels
gie oot sic lavrie bree o sang,
but no sae monie natiouns hae
sic cleveralitie o verses
as we hae haed fae collier bodies 290
will merk thur darg for gaeneratiouns.

It isnae ocht ingyne faur benner
as yont the kennin no byordnar
I clash anent, but think the furder,
it is, and aye haes been a speak
o whit's faurben will oot in tyme,
its ain swaet tyme lik here'st, an pree it
as merk an witness o the mores
athin the genes will no be contart.

And here again, lik tak a sklent ot, 300
I tell ye this will gar ye think
it puits an eild upon yer baens
will stoond the hairt athin yer kist:
maist ot is Keltic as the Gaelic.

Yit here's a thing anent it is
athin ma mynd a something contar
til reasoun, that philosophers
an siclik thochtie bodies can
mak dytin or gie laectures on it:
there is a gyan differ duin 310
athin the Gaelic, as we're telt,
and in the wy o English made ot
that's ben the Gaelic as we see't.

An that's a something lyke the differ
we finnd in soochin sangs in Scots,
an whit we dae wi thaem gif preed
hauf-Scots as differ lyke hauf-English.

Gang oniegaets ye lyke, lik traik
awo fae toons gif toons are tribble,
or gan alow the ceetie lichts 320
tae brichten daurkness in ingyne
gin you faurben the haerns are blinndit:
but it's nae maitter whoere ye gan,
the folk aroon ye will be peels
wi thae whoe plowter glaur til glabber,
or thae whoese braith is diesel reek.

Whuin Lawlander gan intil Gaelic,
it is lik gaein intil freedom
athin the spreit, lik oniebodie
at yince ayont the self afore 330
richt kennin gif the self itsel
is yont the flesh a pairt ot bydein.

Yit, whuin the Gael gang intil English,
it is as tho thare were a tholin
lik some strait-jaicketin o speerit,
as tho the self were yont itsel
an didnae ken the whoere it gaed,
nae mair nor kent the furder airtin.

Yit, here is the byordnar ferlie:
monie the Lawlander can ken it, 340
as tho he were an *alter ego*,
but monie Gaels may tak nae tent,
an daenae ken the spreit in jyle
until they traivel yont the Hielans.

Lawlanders, aagaets they are gannin,
hae Scotland haill athin thur bluid.

Ahint yae speak thare is anither,
as oniething inbye the kennin
is at that yince the neever mair sae
pairt o yon greinin ben the saul 350
that coodnae ken the whoere it was
afore it kent the whoere the saul is:
ocht that comes ben athin the kennin
is nae pairt o the faurben-kennin.

III

Weel, back til bodies yince again:
I cannae mynd I eever met wi
yon James McVicar, but his verse
maks him yon wy ondeemas as
ye cannae puit him up foment ye
an eemage o hissel, but mair 360
the wy that naebodie can see
athin the man the wy the makar
is seen bi you yersel yer lane.

Athin yae poem, tho, *Oor Pit*,
this James McVicar fairlie claucht
that baest, industrial in species,
afore the Natiounal Coal Board trappt it

athin yon cage as corporate as
was faurben in insolvencie
and as sinsyne we see it gruppt 370
yince mair entrepreneurial as
the managements can pochle siller
as subsidised as mibbes labellt
“grant-aided” lyke the schuils o maisters.

Aathing but man and animal
flooer in the dart o muck they mak;
naething but man, no animal,
havers the slaister hauds a flooer:
plowter an gurrie lyke a soo,
ye’ll finnd it thare whoere Tories say 380
yer enterprise will smell lik roses.

A weething blatelik, James McVicar
anent hissel, but daenae let it
puit you aff speirin whoere he waunnert
athin hissel ayont hissel
as puit him furder ben his verse
as pairt o wechtie social maitters.

An no juist wechtie social maitters,
but in poetics social tae
as hivvie as a waarth o wurds, 390
for the philologist, fair glaummer.

For me, *Oor Pit* his best o verses,
in that it keeps a sterkie haund
upon benlichtin o yon wark
is waarst o aa gif better-myndit.

Thare’s yae thing, tho, that’s waarth the watchin,
as the philologist may note,
the “133” smaa volume prents
the richt wurd *skrees* as fauselik *skees*,
as tho pitheid the Cairngorms. 400

Sateerical the *Oor Pit* poem,
as quaetlie caunnilie as dootfie
aabodie sooin at it “. . .brushers
at nicht are aye in a brile” the-tyme
some folk may “. . .cangle on ton rates
. . .on oncost an cleek.” And here’s some mair ot.
“The foreman and hutch mender oot on the bing
Draw seven days’ pay on the sweet ping-a-ling;
They’re busy at times, but o’ this no’ a cheep –
Fishing and gunning, an rinnin’ a sweep.” 410

The haill clanjamphrie o pit wurkers
 is dealt wi in the poem: thaem,
 the managers an gaffer ithers
 whoe mak the wark for ither bodies;
 the fyremen whoe see ithers graft
 as safe as caw the coal in hutches
 an no caw doon the ruif as weel;
 drawers whoe puhsh the mair nor pou;
 the brushers, as he said, fair brylin
 aa nicht; an colliers at the face 420
 aa day, fair bealin whyles at oncost
 whoe keep the wark fae gaein swaet;
 and engineers that dae thur devoirs,
 syne gan up-shank an leave thur neebors
 hard-graftin at the darg alow
 will aither see the face-rin strippit
 or lie-on for anither oor;
 blacksmiths, thae Bruchies at the forge
 whoe aye mak siccar coal comes skinklin
 aff pynt o pick was shairpent weel. 430

Thae bodies, an the pit itsel,
 are in a dowie fanklement,
 inyokit wi the wy the wys
 o coal are yokit on thur dayshift
 can tak the licht awo, on backshift
 can tak thur day awo or licht
 is gane fae aa the wurld abuin
 can tak the nicht awo, as sib
 wi benner daurk faur ben the waste;
 and in the bygaun, men can yowl 440
 ilk til the-tither, or can girn
 an gulder at the wy thare's naething
 juist richt, aa cawed as caurrie
 as ill-set wuidin at the face:
 an James McVicar ends his screed
 as seen alow for you tae ken
 it weel cawed-in as punch his wecht.

"Aye, the pit whar I'm workin's a hell o' a place,
 It's a hotbed o' trouble which nane can efface,
 And tae me it's a mystery – I've never yet kent 450
 Hoo the company keeps payin' that sixteen per cent."

IV

The samin wecht o social waarth
 caws in and oot lik aathruither

inbye the wark o Robert Freel.

I kent Bob weel, but no as weel
as I wuid lykit, tho he was
pairt o oor faimlie, haein mairriet
a saecont-cuizzen-yince-removit
or something o that kinna order:
his younger brither Sam and I 460
gaed til the samin schuil anaa,
but aa thae near things puit-nane furrin
ocht nor the auntrin bit colloquin
as tyme ran on an left us backwards
athooten muckle pech atween us.

Ruch-haunditlyke, Bob was a makar
wi mynd as swythe as swither-nanelik
gin ocht was waarth the fash o sayin;
ahint poetic lauchter, tho,
Bob aye was quaet in wark as kynd, 470
gif melancholious a weething.

In that smaa volume that was prentit
bi yon "133 Club", Bob's poems
hae rowthe o lauchter, whyles a byte,
as you may see as gien alow
quotit fae verses caad *The Blether*.

"On politics, home or abroad,
Theology, Devil and God,
The powers o' the atom, the coal-bearing stratum,
My brain goes on sheddin' its load. 480
Professors? Goad! They couldna look ben the same road."

Tak you a keek at that trig eemage
o the brain o yon wee *Blether* chiel
sheddin its load, and you will see
the bard was *with it*, as was said
bi aa the media at yon timm.

Mair coal is cut an fuhllled, lik shuffle
the shool, mair gaets are brusht, lik settin
the girders ticht, mair packs are biggit
lik fuhll them fou wi muckle redd 490
athin the pub nor in the pit,
as aabodie coal-gettin tells ye.

An shair, the *Blether* is bewrayin
the whoere he grafts hissel, because
in yon last lyne athin the verse,

he's lakin ben a road: an nane
but colliers ken the whoere yon road is.

Ower aa, an that means thru itsel
in best o mainners o its kyn,
the poem keeps the cliché gaun, 500
as casual or wechtit doon
anent its rhyme an sakelessness
o leid as the humph comes up the back
o the bard, an tells us whoere the speilin.
* "Onywey it's just wearin' on nine,
** An' the landlady's just ca'd oot: 'Time!'"

The scansioun o that same yae poem
is something intil "Hye, luk here!"
for thare's a shortelik benner rhyme
athin the hinmaist lyne that haes 510
a sooch intilt lik onie bobwheel.

Here is ensample o it for ye:
the *Blether* gannin fae the pub.

"I think noo, though, I'll row in ma reel,
For I see Poet Laureate Freel,
O' the "One Three-Three Club", who micht gie me a drubbin
In verse that wuid gar me tae squeal.
He's a deil. I'd no' ken my erse frae my heel."

Bob micht hae taen the stanza form
fae yae screed writ bi Pate NcPhun 520
(George Cunningham) whoe caad his ain
The Auld Collyer, whoere the rhyme-scheme is
a, a, b, b, a, a, a, tho
the Freel poem differs, as laid-oot
athin a caunnie five-lyne pettren.

See Appendix

* At that timm in Newarthill, the pubs shut at nyne at nicht.
** The landlady wuid be Lizzie Watson.

A fuhller sooch o thae twoe scansiouns
 can weel be seen athin some verse
 caad *Combed Out*, made bi John S. Clarke,
 the stanza laid-oot ten lynes lang,
 whoere, gin ye brekk it doon tae mak it 530
 the lyke o Pate McPhun's, is fowerteen
 lynes lang; an juist tae tell ye ot
 in case ye cannae see't yersel,
Combed Out rhymes *thought* with *sort*, and ay,
 Clarke yaises *kilts* for *kilt*, gy English.

And hoo dae I ken Bob Freel nicht
 hae yaised the Pate McPhun bit metre,
 altho he didnae say he did?

* He haed a copie o the wark
 that haed athin it *The Auld Collyer*, 540
 and yince he gied it me tae read.

Gin I nicht quote I daenae ken fae,
perused with pleasure yon auld wark,
 an quote again, *returned with thanks*
 aifter I copied *The Auld Collyer*.

Awo fae politics the-noo
 tho no as faur as aye awo,
 Bob gied til me yae ither quair
 langsyne, tho no as faur awo
 Nobel Industries Limited 550
 saw fit tae prent it that they caad
The Colliery Fireman and His Duties.

Bob thocht it nicht be haundilyke
 as favoursome for siccan laer
 necessitous gin I nicht ettle
 for tae become, lik him, a fyreman,
 an sae it was as you'll can see,
 for on the aicht o Mairch, the year
 o nyneteen fowertie-nyne, as nearhaund
 as coont the fowertie year gane bye, 560
 "Thomas S. Law, residing at
 2 Edward Street, Dunfermline, Fife (thare)
 has been duly examined and (thus)
 has satisfied the examiners –
 an sae certificatit, was
 as Bob haed been, fit tae be fyreman.

See Appendix

* Lyke enyeuch, Pate McPhun's *Verse and Prose* publisht in Ayr in 1903

But back again as weel inbye
 the poetrie as graft awo
 lik pleasure no a sooin darg,
 Bob's *tour de force* was wrocht in verse 570
 as *Standard Habbie* as his Burns:
 its fower an fowertie stanzas say
Spune Wotherspoon's Flicht is the name ot.

The wy that wark bi Robert Freel
 is made can airt the seein ee
 o Burnsian scholar on the pad
 was taen bi poetrie as Scots
 and as parochial as aye,
 heech-lichtin its faceelities
 as weel as aa its fauts an failyies. 580

Thae folk whoe ken the Newarthill
 and aa the paersonalities
 o yon timm that haed made for verses
 haed made for Bob tae mak them yon wy,
 ken better hoo the makar faushiount
 a meikle luminatioun on
 a gyan dimsie kinna airt,
 sae we can see the place ootsheenin,
 an monie o the bodies birlin
 kaleidoscopicallie, meldin 590
 lik tartans mixter-maxtered rorie.

The hero, yin Spune Wotherspoon,
 as drucken as the kyn we aa ken,
 gaes staucherin alang the lenth
 o High Street, Newarthill, but whoere
 the Hugh MacDiarmid's *Drunk Man* luks at
 the thrissle, Spune keeks at the pole
 abuin the local barber's shope,
 and as the poem weel can tell us
 afore it tells us onie mair, 600
 “. . . though he stottit,
 He wasna fu', an' could ta'en mair
 If he could got it.”

Spune coodnae juist mak up his myn
 whether the pole was “rid an' white
 Or white an' rid”, but thare is naething
 athin the poem gars us keek in it
 for esoteric symbolism
 lik thoct undeemaslyke ayont
 or haufwy roon the wurld as ben 610
 the myn tae sorte-oot sic a ferlie,

for Spune, ye see, was plain confoondit
bi yon pole penter, syne was thinkin
that sic a nyaff will, in guid justice,
 “Aye fin’ that guid beer turns him sick,
 Even hauf a pint;
 An’ whisky gi’es him rheumatic
 In every jint.”

The folk, whose hooses (neever myn
the auld coal-maister’s Nimmo’s Raws), 620
alang wi shopes the Spune was passin
as doon the road the bodie stauchert,
are gien thur names mnemonicallie:
 Russell the barber cove the powe;
 Wullie Buchanan, Ruid Poll caad,
as ruid o cheek as powe the marra;
Wull Houston, dae’t-yersel man, eydent;
Duthart, that was a baxter yon timm:
and Hepburn the apothecarie
 “He who could tell (if he thocht fit 630
 An’ ’twas his will)
 The rate o’ birth that will be yet
 In Newarthill.”

Gaein past twoe hooses, yin caad *Mons*,
and yin *La Marne*, we’re gien a speil
anent the German Weires, a speak
athin itsel lik pech o fecht,
an syne intil the hairt o things
lik intil poetrie at hairt,
Spune comes at lenth til “yon auld aish tree.” 640

An thare, laich syde o Benford Knowe,
the brae the lauddies sklid in winter,
grew yon aish tree; and as for Spune,
 “He stopped an’ spat;
 An’ straitway tae hissel’ says he:
 ‘I’ll sclim up that.’”

Whye he suid dae that isnae siccar
as furst-haun truith nae saecont speil,
sae here we gie the bard the flaer,
for Bob Freel tells nae cairriet storie. 650
 “Still as it may e’en let it be,
 I’ve gi’en ye reasons, twa or three,
 Why he should not sae foolishly
 An’ sae perversely;
 He said hissel’ he sclim’t the tree
 Tae look for persley.”

Syne, in amang the braenches, staunin
lik man again amang the apes,
Spune gat a fleg fae frichtit burd
in suddent flicht, an thocht as suddent: 660
“ . . . If that can flee aricht,
Then I can tae.”

Syne “aff he flew”, but lang afore
we hear the whit the wy he gaed,
we laern, eleeven stanzas lang,
the whoere he micht hae gane aa airts,
an whit he micht hae seen lik freits
athin the heevens, yerd an seas
in ither places ferlies yonner.

At last, he grundit: syne we laern 670
seismographers sooth doon in Greenwich,
meridian as naething mair;
in Paisley, yonner waast a wee
as maks anither kynd o pettren;
an sou-waast yonner in Peru
no as paceefic as the swaw,
“recorded earthquakes”, as the poem
tells us, forby in Aiberdeen.

Gif Wull Dunbaur’s flichtman, the Frier
o Tungland, flew the mair lik funnie, 680
no fun, fae Stirlin Castle waa, and
was yokit-on bi aa the burds
athin the kinrick for the ploy,
Spune did flei skaithless aff the aish tree. See Appendix

Noo, in the true flicht o the Abbot
o Tungland fae the Castle waa,
thon aeronaut brak his thie baen,
because, as yince was writ for us
bi yae Kirk bodie, Bishop Leslie,
the flichtman said he yaised hen fedders; 690
and, as is kent lik luk yersel
and you will ken I tell nae lee,
a midden is abuin the luft
for onie hen in flicht or flochtit.

But be that as it may for makars
in scribblin at it, or for Bishops
the-tyme they’re no at thair devotiouns,
Spune Wotherspoon was no the man
tae be ootduin bi Damian,

- and here's the reasoun for his doonfaa. 700
 "An' where he fell he groanin' lay
 Wi' broken ribs, a leg bone tae;
 They who fa'n him heard him say,
 Wi' heavy groan:
 'My buits I should ta'en aff; 'twas they
 That pu'ed me doon.'"
- Thare's little mair I hae tae say
 anent the waarth the here an thare
 ootthru the wark o Robert Freel,
 but you be shair as daenae doot, 710
 the wy he spak his poems was
 a meikle differ fae the wy
 thur spellin taen the English mainner.
- An sae did aabodie's at yon timm,
 the wyte no commonalitie
 but thaem abuin ower faur awo
 tae see whit they were lukin at,
 an faur ower deif tae pree the hearin.
- Ay, Robert Freel, or Bob ye aye were,
 whit peetie, ken, tho we were near 720
 ingyneelik as the best o verse,
 we bidd ower faur awo for speak;
 nae fare-ye-weel: we're here for ayeways.
- Fyne, James McVicar, I wuid lykit
 tae hae been pack an thick wi you;
 nae fare-ye-weel the-noo fae yin
 whoe didnae ken ye: I sall be
 namelie wi you here, and for ayeways.
- And here I say I'm gled I kent ye,
 auld Wullie Moore; nae fare-ye-weel, 730
 but weel-met furder: we sall gan
 thegither twyned, your lynes an mynes
 rowein us on lik that for ayeways.
- But haed it no been for anither
 Tom Law was born in Newarthill,
 yin whoe becam the Dominie
 in Holytoon, but was a bard,
 this verse wuid been made-nane anent ye.
- Afore I made thir Newarthill verses,
 I made a screed in prose I caad 740
Anent Tom Law of Holytown, See Appendix

and aifter scryvin't, taen a thocht
tae mak this mair o meikle made me.

A KITTLIN O ETTLIN

I

Gin here I'm no concern't wi folk
in Newarthill, nor whit I was
yon tyme that I was yin wi thaem,
here are some hinner soochs ot made me.

I cannae caa til myn the-noo,
but mibbe somebodie can tell me
the whoe it was said til his son:
"If you'll no get thae minnins oot
the hoose, I'll droon them." Tell me, was it
the same yin said whuin late for wark, 10
that he "was walkin ower the horn
whuin the park blew six." Noo, was it? Tell, me.

Wemen were no lik that in ma day,
at laest, no that I heard the lyke ot.

And you need-nane tae hae me say it,
a miz is guid's a male the-day, tho.

That's no as muckle's play wi wurd's
as let the wurd's thursels play verse
until the meanin o them is
athin a play o wurd's mak poems. 20

No wi the politeecians here
am I concern't aither, tho
for hinmaist preein at them, here
anither swaatch or twoe anent them.

See thaem the wy I dae, or you dae,
alow in howes o memories
or heech on knowes o praejudice.

For yaisual, aa the clash I kent
puit little haim upon a bodie,
for crooseness isnae aften spytefou, 30
nor wit concern't wi pynt or aidge
tae thirl folk thru, or hash an slash
wi kanglin claik, but finndin self
amang the folk lik thaem thur ainsels,
nane thocht tae smoor oot oniebodie:
they kep the baa athin the park
an didnae kick it on the sklates,
for they played in the gemme anaa.

I kent nae uniounist doon-moother
wi yon physog as doorelie girn
as sibling eemage o the breedin,
whether the Leeberal noo caain
the Pairtie Leeberal Democratic,
or Labour ryfe wi comrade haterent
for socialism that winnae hae it
this syde o Tweed, nor yonner aither,
nae mair nor Scottish Tory traitor
wi face can cruddle bluid o freedom
as weel as soor the melk o kyndness
thon wy that wairshens hamelie lyking. 40 50

Sae here noo, tak ma wurd for't, freen,
juist tak a keek yersel at faces
as uniounist as draws-in jaws,
and you will see the lyke o thaem
aagaets as boathers you the ayeways
tae ken them nippie-sweetielyke,
wi lips doon-turnt tae soor-mou savour
thur watter-brash lik sodie-bellies.

II

In eild, deep doon athin the myn
whoere we are ayeways laith tae luk
tae see oorsels keek speirinlyke
faurben at oor ainsels maist saecret
immeldit in the mynd in hiddlins,
ay, deeper ben yon dimsomeness,
we see yae smaalik lowe o laer
that flichers wi regraet sae fitfou
that in oor yuith we taen nae tentin
o whit was wurdie wechtfoulyke,
and at the samin tyme, as yincet
is yae timm, neever twoe, we see
yon flicherin o licht doon-gollop
itsel the yae timm is the yincelik
a dwyne aff-pyned: an syne we ken
that we hae taen ower muckle tent
o whit aa thru oor lyfe was yuissless
as eesicht tint in daurk forever. 60 70

The whit thare was that I taen tent o
that fed the myn tae tak a thocht
curmurrin ben the haerns wi sang,
is whit this screed is aa aboot,
an no the yuisslessness o leevin 80

tae feed a wame as fou o wuin
as rift carfumish noisomenesses.

As tyme gaed on lik ken it best
as faur ower guid tae waste a guid thing,
I fund, tho kennin-meanin-nane,
that I was thirlit throch-an-thru
til muckle poetrie nor versin
I hae tae caa smaa sang, tho noo
I see the smaa in muckle versin
is aften poetrie made singin.

90

Sang seemed as easie-oasie as
ower casual for the laer in speak,
an faur ower finnickie wi notes
that smooored the meanin ower wi music.

That cam aboot because, I'm thinkin,
thare ayeways was a sang was sung
athin the hoose in younger years,
an gif no singin, speak anent;
tho, thinkin back, I'm richt in sayin
thare wasnae muckle speak anent
the wy the sangs were made athin them.

100

Some folk cam ben, lik caa-in kynlie
tae gar the caunnie notes o singin
birl roond aboot the room wi virr
lik caw the stoor fae ceilin nyeuks
tae coorie quaet bi inglesyde
as tho tae get a waarm for winter.

Lae notes alane, lik byde-the-wheesht
tae sing anither solo, staunin
as faur awo as wuidnae deave us,
or tak yer turn tae sing in duet
wuid gar us hear the harmonies
as saft upon the thrapple soondin
as keep the hause forever soople,
syne thare wuid be technique tae claik on,
gif no the wy the sangs were made.

110

As I masel was singer-nane,
the sangs athin me said, *Keep quaet,*
they think that sangs are made for singers.
But whyles I heard the singers sing them
the wy the folk that made them haednae.

120

But thare was neever onie speak

anent great poetrie avaa
that even then I taen tae seein
lik tak anither keek an pree it
in Byron, Spenser and in Shakespeare.

An whyles, lik *Haud on thare, I'm readin*,
the auntrin volume in ma hauns
was drappt because I haednae tyme
tae get faurben wi muckle bards
lik Tennyson an Browning, Shelley
an Keats, for whyles I'd hear it: *Tam*,
ye'll ruin yer eesicht! Aa that readin! 130

Readin the muckle bards lik thaem
was chauncie, lyke the dabbities
ye neever kent whit gin ye gat them
were waarth the whyle for speirin at them,
for thare was naebodie tae tell ye.

Or gin thare was the auntrin bodie
whoe micht hae gien a guid avysement
gin I haed speired for't lyke desyre,
ma greinin gaed its ain gaet aye,
an didnae care tae share the pad
in case folk thocht the wy sair traikin. 140

Thare was a puckle mair a muckle
that I cuid unnerstaun-the-nane,
but even then I unnerstuid
that kennin wurd is no enyeuch,
the sooch athin them whyles mair lyklie
a something deeper ben the myn
nor surface-scartin on the paper. 150

But Robert Burns was deefereent,
for his ain sangs an speak anent them
were mixter-maxtered-whyles in verse
lik tak a turn aroon the toon
an lyke as no I'd hear the lyke ot
that was as faur awo as yont
the speak o poets in the English
was yaised in schuil gif no the playgrun. 160

Bi thon timm, tho the ten year auld juist,
I kent the burthen o the tyme
o Robert Burns athin a chaisin
o his ain wark that was nae wechtin
athin the haerns, but licht as freit
a ferlie o the wurld aroond,

ay, young anaa as I then was,
an no yit fasht bi fleshlie maitters,
I kent whit *Mary Morison*
was sayin til Burns the-tyme he made it, 170
sae that sinsyne, lik mynd it ayeways,
whyles I hae yaised the faur-ayont
athin the speak o *yon* and *thon*
compared wi *that*, as weel as *thon*
compared wi *thonner*, *thonder* tae.

I maun hae taen mair tent o singin
nor then I kent was lyke a mainner
o daein I wuid yaise in tyme:
aiblins a naitural thing tae dae
whuin left alane tae dree its weerd 180
an no the weerd o stickit makars.

A soo bi a deeferent gruntle-sooch,
gif no a lug, was in the forms
o aa the muckle verse I speired at,
but whit, af coorse, cuid naither practise
nor even hae for't smairt opeenoun.

Think on it, mibbes, an for lang
as made as muckle deeference
athin ma speirie mynd anent it
as made the stoor o makars made it 190
a differ ocht fae stoor o ithers.

Blinndit wi science is the cliché
but deaved wi silence, nearhaun rhyme for't.

III

But back til Scots again, as hamelie
as lets ye scart yersel in paece
athooten neebors sayin *Flechs!*

I myn langsyne, masel a lauddie,
colloguin wi ma Auntie Annie,
tae speir whitlyke was yon timm she was
yae tyme a lassie near ma ain age, 200
and I can mynd her een were lauchin
gif no at me, at hersel younger
as neever thocht she'd be ocht aulder
nor she was then as I noo speirin;
an this is whit it was she telt me:
whuin she was wee, a gy auld couple
Quo he, quo she at tymes wuid haver

whuin they wuid tell her some auld storie.

It is byordnar, is it no,
that as in nyneteen aichtie-nyne
I tell ye this thing here, she telt me
the yon thing was anent twoe bodies
were bairns whuin Watterloo a battle. 210

I coodnae keep the creels on wunder
puit on me then anent thae bodies,
for thon was kitchen for tae pree
upon the palate o the mynd:
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay, Burns
haed sung, an weel did I ken that yin.

Lang aifter kent I Findlay *quo*,
again I sawt in Allan Ramsay's
The Evergreen allow the poems
tae merk the makar chiels haed writ them;
syne, nyneteen aichtie-seeven year,
I made a screed masel fae scryvins
in English yince was Rooshian speilin,
Stalin on Lenin, and, ye'll guess it,
Quo Stalin on Lenin noo caad. 220

Lang aifterwards it was anaa,
I kent whit haed been meant afore that
in seeventeen aichtie-five, Septemer,
bi Burns in *Commonplace Book* on
a great irregularity
in the old Scottish songs: I guess
the bard bi then haed fairlie gotten
the faur enyeuch ben furrit kennin
Scots sang tae ken the foosterin
haed gane the faurer ben ower soor. 230

In yae wy, Burns was giein avysement
againss yon dictum made bi Yeats
"One word, one note" wuid mak a sang,
an awfie stuipit thing for bard
tae speil, an Yrish bard o aa folk,
whoe micht hae better kent haed he
no been ayont in incantatioun. 240

Yeats maun hae been the faur less ben
his Yrish sang nor Robert Burns was
in Scots, an myn, gin you'd forgot,
the Burns's Scots was yatterin
fae Gaelic, yaummerin fae English, 250

as tho it didnae ken the airt
it cam fae or the gaet was gannin,
aither in wurd or airs tae sing them.

As finnickie as fasht was Burns
ower yon auld Yrish air, the liltin
Eileen Aroon, that he was yaisin
* as hauf athin *Robin Adair*
a sang that sings as stotterie
as Climpie on a peg-leg dauds;
and you yersel can tell the differ, 260
lik speir at naebodie but ben ye,
tween Yrish sang an Burns's yins
bi soochin killiewimple soonds
tae finnd the metre Gaelic yince.

Noo, killiewimple-singin isnae
in Scots or English throch-an-thru
as thirlin ben the Gaelic sang,
tho fae the soond ot modrenlyke
fae ben the Gaeltacht, for the fact ot,
ye'd neever yince jalouse it was 270
fae Scythia, or aest ot, aiblins?

Even the Gaels thursels noo talk
anent the siccan sang in yon wy
can let ye ken they sing-it-nane
because they cannae, caain it
Tradeetiounal, a wy o sayin
affhaunlik-nane, but meikle as
kennin that gin they ettl't soochin't,
it wuid be affkeylyke for certaint.

* The sangs Burns made on *Robin Adair* were *Phillis the Fair* and *Had I a Cave*, the scansiouns maistlie lik *Cromlet's Lilt*. But see anaa Lady Nairne's *Would you be young again?* til the air *Aileen Aroon*, as weel as her *Rest is not here*, tho this yin haes nae air til't in the 1896 edeetioun o her sangs.

Gif Gaels, an Lawlanders, the lave o's, 280
haed been the truer til oorsels
nor thon Imperialism kills,
the haill jing-bang o Scottish folk
wuid literallie noo be singin
anither tune, ay, yon yin caad
Tradeetiounal athin the Gaeltacht.

Gaelic in Yreland seems tae be
mair finnickie, but even yonner
folk think tae strauchten-oot the air,
or raither, straik it oot as faur 290
as tak nae tent o killiewimples,
but gar the wurds coont seellables,
the killiewimple-singin soople
as haurdlie gars the thrapple trimmle.

The gaet tae gae is gang the middis,
mak best o baith wurlds, byde in naither,
an sae in Scots and English sang
accept the coont o seellables
an gar it fit the best it may
til killiewimple-coont, or near it. 300

IV

Sooch ower Burns' sang *The Cardin' o't*
tak tent the coont o seellables,
syne tell the killiewimple-coont
in yon air caad *Salt-fish and Dumplings*.

See Appendix

Or gif the air is better caad
If he be a Butcher neat and trim,
the-wy *On Cessnock Banks* is savoured,
Kenneth McKellar at the singin,
that is the sooch whiteer the name ot.

Ye'll finnd the sang is gyan guid 310
as neever can be cast asyde ye
athooten thocht o wys o wark
that were for certain-shair the yince
that will be yit again gif mankyn
faa no in Sin Oreeginal.
but Unoreeginallie furder
as genes ill-sorteit nuclearlie.

That sang is yin o Burns's best yins,
even gin it seem the orrie owercome
is no aathare, lik something yont 320

plapped-in for reasoun maitters-nane,
or Burns juist hung the sang on it –
I daenae ken: let someyin tell me.

Byordnar, tho, the air was prentit
alow yon name I gied abuin thare,
Salt-fish and Dumplings in the quair
James Aird's Selection, Volume 3,
In seeventeen aichtie-aicht whuin Burns
was twintie-nyne year auld, fair strappin.

That is, gif that's the richt name o it, 330
an no the flesher chiel sae triglik.

Mibbes the air haed siccan measure
a something siblik wi the-tither
that Burns haed haed in myn the tyme
he gaed his myle anent Scots sang
and thon irraegularitie
athin it tribble til a makar.

But and this air is raegular
as unco is the name tae caa it,
because it's fou as fairlie stappit 340
wi killiewimples, variorum
as taks nae tent anent the ocht
but thair ain soonds the whoere they're airtit,
lik sing thursels the wy they ettle
an no thon wy the mair pedantic:
an neever myn the metre, but.

The Cardin' o't, a sang as caunnie
as cannae be doon-puittent lichtlie,
chaunts weel enyeuch the Yeatsian
as tho yae wurd yae note can sing 350
as peels the ilk tetrameter
wi thae iambics metronomic.

Yeatsian spakken, nane-the-lyne
is feminyne as dwyne awo,
as you'll can tell yersel gin you
are no the lyke taks ma wurd for it.

An richt enyeuch that's caurrie-nane,
the feminyne juist arenae needit,
for in the air, lik sooch them owerlik,
they byde in hiddlins for the vyce 360
tae dicht the melodie wi birls
o killiewimples thrapple finnds;

twoe masculynes alane get daudin
athin the melodie; the owercome
alane can sing them, saecont lyne
an fowerth yin: speir them for yersel.

Furst stanza. Coont the wurds for notes:
furst lyne haes seeven; saecont aicht;
the thurd haes six; the fowerth again
haes seeven lyke the nummer yin lyne. 370

The owercome neist: the furst twoe lynes
hae aicht the-piece, lik chowe them ower
wi thurd haes seeven, lyke the fowerth,
gin you wuid pree them aathegither.

Thurd stanza: tell the lynes lik say
nae mair except the furst twoe hae
the seeven the-piece, but pree the neist
is aicht, wi six for yon yin hinmaist.

But here noo for the singin, coont
the notes in killiewimples birlin 380
lik roond again for yince mair listen
as tho ye haednae heard for certain,
and you will hear as heard for shair
that Yeats was faur ayont, as caurrie
as didnae ken that Gaelic singin
was raegular as taen the faushioun
no widdershins but deisheal roon.

Furst stanza, then, sing furst three lynes
as fifteen killiewimples true,
an mak the last lyne therteen mair 390
as tho aa feminynes thegither.

The owercome neist: the furst lyne sing
the fifteen killiewimples cleir
as gar the saecont lyne be twal,
an twinned wi thurd an fowerth as neebors.

Thurd stanza noo, lik tak a braith
afore ye sing the owercome neist,
but sooch the thurd lik yon yin furst,
for they are neebors, ilk til ither.

The air's ingyne is lyke yae mervel 400
that hauds athin yit yont itsel
for takkin haud ot, sic a freit
as still bydes wi't immaculate,

a freedom that can offer singer
an sryver o a sang the chauce
tae luft an lay the air at pleasure.

That wy, the singer may mak coont,
wi little stoond lik less stramash,
the best wy singin killiewimples
sae that the air is neever skaithit, 410
nae mair nor hause wi hoast owerhaillit.

The sryver o a sang can yaise
the measure ot was yaised bi Burns,
or lay't alane as dae awo
wi sic a soochin as an owercome.

Thon air can puit the skowth in fiddler
tae birl awo an snap at pleasure,
for in its wy, altho made sang,
it haes a lilt o strathspye int 420
as gars it seems tae be as chyce
as onie air can daunce as Scottish.

The Cardin' o't, the wy I see it,
is the Scots air *per se*, forget
the whoere it cam fae, aither airt
Dalriada as Yrish aye,
Northumbria that furst saw Angles,
or Auld Strathclyde near Newarthill,
or Pechtland ower ma shooter Ochils.

Saut-Fish an Dumplins wuid ye caa it?
Whit can I say but *Naw, I daarsay!* 430

An gin ye caa it *If he be*
a Butcher neat and trim, I think
The Cardin ot the better name,
for that's the sooch ot I heard singin.

V

Whuin years mangrowne as auld enyeuch
tae ken the whoere I'd been, gif nane
the airt wuid be the hinmaist yin
age is, I yaised the air ma ainsel,
but puit it in an aicht-lyne verse 440
that did awo wi owercome for it,
sae cairriein the haill ot peels
as wechtit ilka stanza yin
wi tither, or, as nicht be said,

in continuumlyke, as weel
as bein hauf a nod til Burns,
the maister sangster, that bit scryvin
o mynes made, lyke his ain, in praise
o whit was yince and is an will be
ben mairriet lyfe: ma sang alow
* here gien, is caad *The Years Gane By*. 450

I'm thinkin noo the years gane by
micht weel be thon furst year we met
whan tyme an tyde baith held their wheesht
fae day updaw tae sun doonset.
As dancein feet wi tymlic skill
an contar steps can birl aroon,
here yet we byde as there we moved,
entwyned wi luve lyke sang an tune.

I mynd, an wynd the thocht in sang,
that I the sang could never sing 460
had no the haill wurld bleezed in weir
tae gar oor phoenix luve tak wing.
Thon widdreme flicht o lightsome days,
thae lowes that brunt us hert an baen,
hae set their merk for aye and on
hoo luve was yince and aye again.

May luve aye prove a guidgaun lilt
tae roose the hert whan days growe cauld;
may gentlie kynd be ilka thocht 470
tae licht the een ginn growein auld.
An syne, whan gyan caunnie baith,
an laith the tither fuit tae gang,
whyles in the auntrin dwaumin dream
may baith move blye as tune wi sang.

* Furst-publisht in *Scotia Review*.

VI

But fae the paersonal a stuishie
 o self lik stoor the even-on
 ongaein, blawin fornent the een
 tae keep the wurld awo, come you back
 again til naitural the mooch
 o aabodie about sae guffie 480
 that whyles the skeelie makar's gannin
 as stinkin bye as dichts the air
 wi's neb, yae day I taen a thocht
 hoo Robert Burns haed been sae trauchlt
 bi thon air caad *Eileen Aroon*
 (Robin Adair) whuin makkin thae yins:
Had I a Cave; Phillis the Fair.

Lik Burns, I fund it contarlyke
 til aa the kennin, aa the scannin
 o Scots the leid, nor cood I yaise it 490
 wi aa the smachrie o the Gaelic
 sae killiewimplefou athin,
 sae I juist haed tae puit it bye me,
 lik think anent it's tak nae tent ot,
 syne tyauved awo wi ither airels
 that soocht thursels the wurds along.

I cannae mynd thon air avaa noo,
 but still the sang sings near enyeuch
 as hear enyeuch tae varie it
 wi thon *Robin Adair* tune, lyke 500
 a something o the samin mainner
 the hinner air's a weething taen
 fae thon *Eileen Aroon*, hauf Gaelic.

But whit was intilt aye comes oot ot
 lik Yreland in the mynd a Scotland,
 even as in comein oot it's bydein
 lik Scotland in the mynd an Yreland,
 an gif that is a wy tae see it
 the ilka wy ye luk upon it,
 I hae nae reasoun for the thinkin 510
 ma air oreeginal the mair sae
 nor onie ither yin a luft-aff
 yaised in oor best an common mainner
 ingyneelik, pentatonicallie
 yhe natioun, yaisin aa the black keys.

Auld Hunder, that ye'll finnd athin
 the sang alow, is furst an foremaist

- a raeference til yon auld screed
The Daeclaratioun o Arbroath,
 that *inter alia* is sayin, 520 See Appendix
 wi ither wechtie maitters int,
 whit's owerset here for you tae pree it
 as John MacPhail Law saw its Latin:
 "An fur as lang as yae hunner o us
 ar leivin yit, we niver sall
 gie consent in onie wey ti bein
 thirld til the ryk o English. We
 arnae fechtin fur gloar nor geir nor hoanors,
 bit fur freedom alain, that nae guid man
 wull lat lowss binna wi lyf itsel." 530
- As weel as aa that, and aa that
 is no that bad anaa, thae wurd
Auld Hunder mak a raeference
 til yon *Auld Hunderth Psaum* that speils
 "All people that on Earth do dwell,"
 a yaething sang that maks an aathing
 in trinitie for Scotland coontit
 along wi the *Saecont Paraphrase*
 "O God of Bethel" takkin wi them
 the *Twintie-thurd Psaum* you'll be kennin 540
 "The Lord's my Shepherd", in especial
 whoere yon auld metrical fift stanza
 is aa adae wi best o scan
 fae oor guid Scottish grund upon
 oor denner brode for stappit wames;
 the yle an gas for treisure taen
 fae Scottish watters, and, af coorse,
 noo herried fae us, unnerwrytin
 England's hin-end Imperialism,
 even as oor waalth o baurley-bree 550
 England's hin-end Imperialism
 is rookin fae us, unnerwrytin
 a Toryism fascist-getting See Appendix
 as eer puit fasces on a banner,
 or eever wore a swastika.
- The onie tyme I see a neebor
 gan faur awo as say nae mair
 the pleasure o a spakken wurd,
 an faur ayont as nae mair scryvin
 the blytheheid ben a caunnie sang, 560
 amang the lave I staund up singin
 yon verse anent oor yle, oor drammin,
 an sing lood, as tho pleesurin
 the yin will sing nae mair wi me,

ay, luft ma vyce as tho in blytheheid
we were thegither yince again
tae sing the Scotland that we treisurt:
an myn that you dae't, you yersel.

In case ye thocht I myndit-nane,
* here is the sang caad *Thon Young Luve*, 570
an gin ye ken yersel, ye'll ken it
is baith yersel an Scotland in ye:
but ken-it-nane, ye're no yin o us.

Oor herts for thon young luve,
she is oor treasure trove.
Oor herts for thon young luve,
thon leal true lass.

Sang for the bonnie yin
whaur luve can aye begin,
but never can be duin 580
nor growe the less.

Peace for the bonnie lass,
an kyndlie gentleness
lyke the auld faith that was
Scotland tae bless.

In ancient days we were
lyke luvvers gane tae weire
for tae defend the dear
yin, you may guess.

Syne ginn again thare be 590
need for tae thole an dee,
lyke thae Auld Hunder, we
this luve confess.

* Furst-publisht in Scotia Review.

Lik thoct that sees the licht o speak
aifter the throch-an-thru ot skliffin
ben haerns the-wy the muckle chuckies
can soom thru syle tae speir the suin
the-tyme the ploos gan gurriein,
sae you can ken, deep doon alow,
thare is a magma in the sowlkist 600
for Scotland ayeways rowein ruidlie
will see the day o licht will speir
a granite core become the stane
athin the syle aa Scotland ower.

Whit's in will oot, philosophers
will tell us in whiteever mainer
diktat *I tell ye*, or lik seerup
swaetlik an slairie mealie-mou;
ay, will it oot fae you an me
as oot it cam fae Robert Burns, 610 See Appendix
but mynd ye this, an mynd it better
nor thae philosopher professors:
whit's in ye coother it as quaet
as let naebodie ken it's thare
deep ben ye till ye'd hae it oot.

THE ORANGE CAIRD

I

For bein quaet as say the nocht
anent the ills are intilt, evil
will laud men til the luft, as hie
as tak ower Halie Gode's ain airt
Whoe eemaged man athin his een.

For sayin sic a thing is ill
as no weel-at-itsel, lik torkin
the truith a lee inwith the speil,
evil transmogrifees itsel
a godeling sib wi Hell-on-Erd. 10

Evil, lik stallioun dream o pooer,
can gallop yont itsel come daith,
apocalypticalle nichtmeir
whoere bairn's mangrowne lik man gane glaikit.

An that is aa that is nae mair
lik Heeven-on-Erd, nor inwith Hell,
unless whit you yersel are puittin
as pickle til't can mak it muckle.

Satire is nae mair for the bairn
whoe cannae hae the laer o eild, 20
nor is it for the bodie eildit
as yont the kennin guid fae evil.

Whyles, gin a poem's sateerical
as tells the truith fae clart mair lyke
a lee the mair nor aften, and
as loodlik as keep truith smooered ower,
as tho allow a mort-claith cled
for nocht but daurk o daith the benmaist,
the screed haes no sae muckle fylt
a man hissel, or state o bein, 30
as mak protest at name defylt.

Some think that satire clarts the makar
aamaist as muckle seikness daes
that is a state o bein, muckle
as onie bein o a State
whuin in a state o bein seik;
and in a speak lik that, thare aye is
yae truith as hail as in its ainsel
gif no a truith athin its ainsel

as haillsome as truith naitural 40
is haillie true athin its ainsel,
the-wy a pyzon cleir enyeuch
as benmaist true til deepest bree:
as aa folk ken, guid bree lik that yin
is antidote the best o greeance.

A screed lik that is pyzon, shair;
alanelik, no til auntrin folk,
but til thae yins are satirised:
an sin the lyke can ken thur lyke
in yon wy as alanelik as 50
ben naewhoere else nor keekin-glasses
the self an eemage, shair sic folk
can neever see thur truer eemage
athin the pictur ben the verse.

Sic folk as thaem can tak nae hairm
fae sic a wark, naw, nane avaa,
ay, even wi avysement gien
wi thon bit smirtle in it, true,
for siccan deevils satirised
ben thair ain hell, maun lauch lik snocher 60
in benner airts o sanctitie,
altho as seik as onie duag-baess
a messan at its ain bit boke.

Thae hairmless bodies we caa makars,
sateerical as dae nocht else
nor tell the truith, a sang o juidgement,
thae bards, whoe, lyke aa semple folk
thur ain kyn, folk that we aa ken
juist neever eat a piece-an-jeelie,
hae yae sair traik tae tak an traivel 70
fae pen til paper, bein telt aye
that verse suid mak it *infra dig*
for thaem tae tyauve awo lik gurrie
thursels ben sic a trade, because,
ye ken, thare is a saw: the durt
til durt and unner durt the leein
that is for aye a thocht nocht truithfou.

Sic makars, then, suid aye be tholin
tae haud thur tongues for nane-the-reasoun
nor the negatioun o thur reasoun 80
bi haein it clootert oot the haerns;
bi skaithment o the sooch o virr
athin them lyke a herriein
o flesh for vultures at the gorble;

bi ruination o thur saucht
o bein, and as weel, bi soorin
o pheelsicalitie the yonner,
yont kynlie solace ben the nicht;
an for tae cap it aa, lik tampin
a chairge will brust amang the lieges, 90
they hae tae thole the sairie ravage
o kintrie made them whit they are;
an thole betrayal o thur freens
made comradeship the cantie whyles;
an thole thur cultur's daeseccration
for sic a bluidie pottage mess
that is dishauntment o thur ain folk
til evil pleasure o thae deevils
mair lyke entrepreneurial apes.

Is opposeetioun, then, as gentle 100
as let a bodie dree his ain weerd?

Is opposeetioun, then, as saftlik
as sweetie-mouin o a bairn?

Whuin you're cawed doon bi onie blooter
o jackbuits as gauleiterish
as eever made a nicht o crystal,
it is the better kickin back
for your ain paece o myn, gif no
the solace o yer daudit bodie:
kick back as you ligg thare aa clairtit, 110
an better kick, gif kick an dee
athin the durt, no up an lee
athin yer brakken teeth for succour
sae you become gauleiterish
yersel, athin corruptioun's swaet
a man as sham as staunin stinkin
o your ain guff o nocent inwit.

II

Here, for a swaatch the een tae blue
 are mibbes lyke cat's een as greenish
 as onie Ysle o Emerald, 120
 is reetual o introductioun
 intil the Orange Order as
 agreed bi Orange Institutioun
 o Scotland as adoptit for't
 bi Graund Ludge at convene was haudent
 on Fryday thirteenth, month o June,
 the year o nyneteen-twoe, wi logo
 Keeng Willum Thurd upon his naig,
 an sixteen aichtie-aicht, an scrollin,
 Protestantism an Leebertie. 130

*The REETUAL: The Applicant
 bein at the door lik kennin-nane
 the whit is in ahint in hiddlins
 lik whit will it be yont the wuid,
 an whit will he be lyke fornent it;
 an syne, his praesence bein caad
 bi Tyler, no wi thimmle saul,
 but wi a gullie saul cuid sned
 fae bodie gin he thocht tae dae it,
 the Maister, as the heech abuin 140
 the lave fornent, sall speir this quaistioun
 at aa the Brethern bodies thare.*

MAISTER. — Is it yer pleasure here
 tho it is pain til some ootbye,
 that yin Mister N. Nyeff afore us
 be taen athin this Ludge, his pleasure
 tae finnd he's no the laest o men,
 an will be meikle as we mak him?

*The greeance haein been gien, lik nane
 say naw, the Applicant sall then 150
 be brocht ben in atween the twoe
 his Sponsors whoe were Brethern bodies
 haed puit him furrin for a merk
 as saecontit as witness intak.
 Twoe ither Brethren him fornent
 sall gan, wi spales in haund uphauddin
 for witness o the merk o man.
 The-tyme the Brethern aa sall staund
 as merk the man tae witness him
 amang them as thur chyce tae chaise him. 160
 The-tyme the Applicant comes ben*

*the chaumer noo a wurld athin it
itsel ayont the wurld ootbye,
the Secretar sall gie the Maister
the wecht o wurds the lyke o thir yins.*

The SECRETAR. — I tell ye, Maister,
the Waarthskipfou the heech abuin,
here puittin furrin for oor preein
bi thae richt traistie weel-belued
yins, Brither Abel Bodie caad, 170
but neer at sea, as you'll be kennin,
and as you'll ken tae, Brither Seedie,
whoe's gy weel-at-hissel the ayeways;
here puittin furrin, as I say,
N. Nyeff noo praesent here afore ye
and ither members o this Ludge,
that he may be taen in lik us
as ben the Orange Institioun
til faur abuin the lave as benner.

MAISTER. — Freen, tell us noo for trulie 180
this is the yince for aye the furst timin
a comein-ben fae your free will
that bodes tae byde gangs-nane awo,
an fae accord deep-hairtit as
guid-greinin for tae be alang wi's
athin the Orange Institioun?

*The Candidate, noo on a wy
will gar him traik anither gaet
wi his twoe Sponsors and twoe mair
amang the Brethren him fornent, 190
stauns near the chair o Daeputie
the minor Maister, and sall aunswer,
as cleir as aa ken lood enyeuch,
twoe wurds affirmative as certaint,
or else he'll gang anither gaet.*

The Candidate, athooten priggin,
here says *It is* says nithin ither.

*A Chaplain, then, gif praesent as
aathare is neever yont avaalik,
or gif no thare lik gane an plunkit 200
the convene, kirkie-folk colloquin,
some ither Brither made highheidyin
bi him mair heech, the Orange Maister,
sall say, as aa the Brethren staun,
whit you may read alow for pleasure.*

CHAPLAIN. — Noo, Brethren, it is written —

“In ilkathing, wi prayer lyke
laudatioun til the Lorde oor Gode,
an supplicatioun lyke a caain
for succour fae the Lorde oor Gode, 210
let your requaests, lik giein-thanks,
be made kent til the Lorde oor Gode.”

PRAY. — “Furrit gang, Lorde, in oor daeins,
afore us lyke a licht tae speir at,
wi Your maist gracious gree, sae You
may furder us wi fore ongaein;
sae that, in oor ain warks, begun
lik puit the haun til’t, and ongaein
lik caw the haunnle consantlie,
and endit in Yersel, lik puit 220
oor haunds in Yours for saucht o hairtin
sae aa was wrocht bi us, and aa
inwrocht athin the daein, is
tae gloriffee Yer Halie Name,
sae hinmaistlie that is forever
as aathing guid is Yours alanelik,
bi Your ain maercie oor remeid
we may finnd in the lyfe ayebydein,
thru Jaesus Chryst, oor Lorde. Amen.”

OR, “O Lorde, fae the whoese ain Bein 230
that is aa guid nocht but the guid
may come as come it daes, ay, even
as bad that comes may come lik rue
that we are fautit lyke the Deil,
graunt til us, Your maist hummle saervants,
the something Your ingyne fae, Halie
as Your Ainsel, puits in oor kennin
thae thingies that are guid,
syne thru Yer maercie, wi a guidal
as guid, we may dae juist thae things, 240
an dae-nane evil You ayont,
sae byde wi You, lik yin wi You aye,
thru oor Lorde Jaesus Chryst. Ay, trulie.

“Oor Faither, that’s in Heeven,
halaet be Yer Name.
Yer Kinrick come. Yer Will
be duin on Erd, as it is
in Heeven. Gie us this day
oor dailie breid. An forgie us
oor debts, as we forgie 250
oor debtors. Let us no

See Appendix alow

be led intil temtatioun,
 but deleeve us fae evil.
 For Yours is Your Ain Kinrick,
 and Yours the pooer, Yours
 the glore foreever. Amen.”

*The Maister then puits til the Sponsors
 the speak a low ye'll see is speirie.*

MAISTER. — Dae you, the Brethren, speak
 for this yin here fornent us as 260
 oor Freend o guid report, the ayeways
 as true an faithfou til his ainsel
 as Protestant can be nane else,
 forbye as leal as he's a liegeman?

*The Maister then sall furder speir at
 the Sponsors as ye'll find a low here.*

MAISTER. — Brethren, in haein become
 fuhll shairetie for this oor Freend,
 hae you puit wecht intil that thocht
 that you hae unnertaen at lairge 270
 til the Orange Institutioun thare
 as cannae be the waur sae bein,
 as weel as til yer ain Ludge here
 that cannae be the waur for bein
 as Orange as can be nocht else?

MAISTER. — And hae ye taen guid care
 lik tak ocht mair is tak ower muckle,
 an tharefore, or thus, lyke it better,
 tae let him ken the devoirs on him
 as set furth in the LAWS as fuhllie 280
 as lay-it-doon, AN CONSTITUTIOUNS
 that set-it-up, this Order here
 is caad the Orange Institutioun?

“We hae taen care tae dae sae,” SPONSORS
 puit furril til the Maister's speirin.

The Maister, then, lik wecht the wurds
 tae caw them deep athin the kennin,
 puits mair wecht on the Candidate
 tae caw the kennin deeper ben
 as no richt ken the whoere it gaed. 290

MAISTER. — Made certaint, as made siccar
 is nane-the-waur o bein shair,

bi thir richt traistie Brethren as
 are weel-beluvit here, that you
 hae haed the fuhlllest explicatioun
 o aa the devoirs aye taen-on
 bi aa true Orangemen; an furder,
 made siccar as made certaint shairlik,
 bi thae same Brethren, gy weel thocht o,
 that you are yin o guid report, 300
 a true an faithfou Protestant,
 an leal as onie guid liegeman,
 I noo desyre, for satisfacioun
 o ma ainsel an Brethren here,
 tae hear fae your ain lips truith talkin
 athin cleir aunswers til thir speirins:-

Dae you here hecht, Gode haelp ye til't,
 as dae yersel doon gin ye lee,
 that you will be as faithfou aye
 as neever doot lik thon Saunt Tammas, 310
 that you will ayeways bear allegiance
 til oor His Maejestie the Keeng;
 that you will uphaud an maintain
 lik staund-up as a stell the sterkest,
 or furrit gang gif mairch the order,
 ay, til yer uttermaist o pooer,
 aa thae guid Laws an Constitutioun
 o thir Realms were establisht here
 bi Willum Thurd o memorie
 as glorious as lillie flooer; 320
 as weel's defend the Throne successioun
 athin the illustrious hoose, an richtfou,
 His Maejestie's, aye Protestant;
 an that ye will be readie aye
 as willin that yer haund be wechtit
 for Magistrates tae yaise the pith ot,
 and heeze Authorities as Ceevil
 as caa upon ye for a cudgie
 in lawfou daein o yer devoirs?

The CANDIDATE. — Aa that I'm hechtin, 330
 the Guid Lorde haelpin in ma struissle.

The CHAPLAIN *Romans* maks his speil,
Thirteen the verses *yin, three, five,*
 as gien alow, but as ye'll notice,
 gin you're weel intil Byble laer,
 he quotes nae *saecont* verse nor *fowerth* yin:
 an for tae save ye speirin it,
 tae let ye ken the differ, here's

thur ploy o politics-made-wurds
that neer suid lyfelyke be believit, 340
fae mibbe whit's anither sooch
o wurds-made-politics the lyker
suid neever be believed lik lyfe.

Verse *twoe*, then: "Whoe tharefore staunds-up
againss the pooer, staunds-up againss
Gode's order: aa thae siccan folk
sall tak damnatioun til thursels."

An verse *fower* neist for you tae wecht it:
"For he's a meenister o Gode
til you for guid. But gin ye dae 350
an evil thing, be you gy feart;
the sword's no in his haun for skelps;
for he's the meenister o Gode,
revenger for tae execute
wrath on the yin that daes him evil."

CHAPLAIN. — "Let ilka saul o man
be subjeck made til heecher pooers.
Thare's nae pooer but fae Gode His Ainsel:
the pooers-that-be are Gode-ordainit."

"For rulers are the terrors-nane 360
til guid warks, but til evil yins.
Will you be feart o siccan pooer, then?
Dae whit is guid, and hae the praise for't."

"That's whye ye maun be subjecklyke,
an no alanelik for yon wrath,
but for the sake o inwit tae."

MAISTER. — Hecht you then for tae jook
an puit intil discoontenance,
lik ferlies no for dacent folk,
aa bodies makkin baund an claikins 370
ingaitherin for the owerhaillin
o just prerogatives the Croun
uphaudd as heech as nane-puit-doon,
as weel's the independence biggit
in ilka brainsh o Laegislature,
the common guid athin its keepin;
the richts o propertie estaiblisht

nae maitter whoe estaiblisht them,
as weel's the Unioun jynin-up
thir Kinricks sae thare's kennin-nane 380
the whoere the yin is, whoere the-tither,
nae maitter whit the yin or tither:
abuin aa, tho, that's neer puit doon,

will you, up til the uttermaist
o your ain pooer, mak your ain daeins
in public, duin wi aa yer pechin,
be in the best o greeance ayeways
wi whit are principles, nane better,
that made the Orange Institutioun?

The CANDIDATE. — Hecht I that, certain
as neever dae't athooten Gode-fore.

390

The CHAPLAIN then gies oot his speilin
fae *Proverbs*, *Twintie-fower*, yae verse ot,
the *twintie-furst*, athoot *Ma son*,
here puittent-in tae keep it haill:
“Ma son, fear you the LORDE oor GODE
as weel's the keeng, an daenae maedde
wi thae folk sib wi thaem the chyngers.”

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MAISTER. — Hecht you tae be as true
as faithfou til the ilka Brither
an Orangemen as faithfou trulie
in aa fair wys o gaun about
the daein o yer devoirs aye,
an neever for tae ken him wrangit
athooten giein him guid wurd ot?
An dae ye hecht nae speilin roond
about, nor shawin onie ongauns
o your ain Brither Orangemen
in Ludge colloquin, nor sic maitters
as tither things anent Ludge daeins
fornent ye puittent, cept yer speil
is til a Brither Orangeman,
weel kennin him tae be the samin,
or till sic tyine ye're authorised
bi oor Graun Ludge itsel tae speak,
or till the tellin's puit upon ye
bi Ceevil Magistrate, highheidyin?

400

The CANDIDATE. — I dae, as siccar
as ken that Gode will puit his haun til't.

The CHAPLAIN here gies hauf the verse
is *John*, *Therteenth*, the *thertie-fowerth*,
an syne puits wecht til't wi anither,
the haill ot this timm, thon *Furst John* yin,
at chapter *Fower* verse *twintie-yin*,
and here's the baith in ither versin.

420

“A new commaundment noo I gie

that aabodie luve aa folk else.”
“An this commaundment hae we fae Him,
that whoe luves Gode luves brither bodie.”

MAISTER. — Dae you hecht your uphauddin 430
the Protestant Releegioun lyke
a wy tae staund on your ain feet,
an doocelik as tae dae yer devoirs
tae spraed abraid lik aagaets dichtin
wi'ts wys o daein, wys o sayin
Protestantlyke as cleir as clean,
an dae yer devoirs doocelik aye
tae speir the Halie Spreit for guidal
will gar ye walk in public places
as consant as ben here the speak ot? 440

The CANDIDATE. — Hecht I tae dae sae,
prig-priggin at masel, Gode's haun til't.

The CHAPLAIN speils *Yin, Peter, Twoe*,
verse *twal* as you'll can ken the wale ot:
“Haein yer honest clash amang them,
the Gentyles, whoerein they are speakin
anent ye as the evil-daers,
yit your guid warks that they're behaudin
may gar them gloriffee oor Gode
upon yon day o veesitatioun.” 450

MAISTER. — Dae you hecht, doocelik as
nane-laith tae say it, an sincerelie,
as here fornent this Ludge tae gie
accoontenance-the-nane, bi praesence
or ithergaets, til onie worship
o Kirk o Rome, at yince as aye
unscreeptural as cannae read
the Wurd aricht but caurrie-cawed
til orrieness lik finndin ferlies 460
an whigmaleeries ben the haerns,
and as idolatrous as puittin
the eemage o the Lorde oor Gode
no ben the myn lik flesh, bluid, bodie
yince Jaesus Chryst, but wrocht in stane
haurd-hairtit lyke the flint, or slaistert,
lik slabberin a waa wi pent?
An dae ye hecht anaa, as doocelik
as think the quaetlik aye anent it,
neever tae mairrie Papist, naw,
but for tae keep a lyking-nane 470
atween the thaem no lyke yersel

and you, yin no the lyke o thae yins;
 an neever for tae sponsor-staund
 for onie bairn gien-ower til baptism
 fae onie priest o Rome, nor let
 the onie Papist staund as sponsor
 for onie bairn o yours baptised?
 An dae ye furder hecht raeseestance,
 bi aa means lawfou as we ken
 whit is as lawfoulyke as leallie, 480
 til owerance mauchtlik in owerhaillin,
 til furderance lik ell-an-inch,
 an til owertakkin lyke taenower,
 aa inwrocht ben yon Kirk for Warks?
 And at the same tyme, bein caunnie
 as ayeways for tae say-the-nane
 aa unkyn wurds an wys o daein
 til members o the siccan Kirk,
 ay, even in the saucht o prayer
 a kynliness athin the mynd, 490
 ay, eydentlie as even-onlik,
 the onie tyme ye hae the tid
 tae yaise yer best o wecht in tyauvin
 for tae deleeveer thaem as sauvit
 fae thair mistak an doctrine fause
 as caw them caurrie yont aa mense,
 an lead them til the truith that is
 no juist the Halie Wurd athin it,
 but is the Halie Wurd itsel
 that is the yae thing is for makkin 500
 them wysslik nor the lave, gin gane
 intil the Lorde oor Gode's salvatioun?

The CANDIDATE. — Hecht I, I tell ye,
 an Gode's haun wi't puit til ma tyauvin.

The CHAPLAIN, laein alane *Hoobeit*
 fae yon speil in *Mark, Seeven, seeven,*
 the *Saecont Timothy, Three, fowerteen,*
 fifteen jurmummelin thaem thegither,
 an leavin oot fae *fowerteen* thir wurds
 (*that*) *you hae laerit, an fae wham* 510
 (*that*) *you hae laerit thaem* an then,
 straucht intil *Timothy, the Saecont,*
Twoe, twintie-five, a bittock o it;
 then hinmaistlie, fae *Furst Epistle*
 til the *Corinthians,* verse *fowerteen*
 in chaepther *Twintie-five:* and here noo
 they are, jurmummelin anaa,
 sae you'll can ken the deeference

tween Byble Wurd an Chaplain speak.

“In vain dae they me worship, laerin
man’s ain commaundments as the doctrines.” 520

“But gan you on wi aa thae things
ye hae been telt for certain-shair,
kennin that you hae kent fae bairnheid
the Halie Scryvins, that are able
tae mak ye wyss, salvatioun ben,
thru haein faith in oor Chryst Jaesus.”

“. . . in meekness, bingin-up the waarth
o laer fae folk self-contarin.”

“Wi chaeritie dae aa yer things.” 530

*Daeputie Maister then sall place
athin the haunds o Candidate
a copie o the Halie Scryvins,
his wurd at peels wi whit he’s daein.*

DAEPUTIE MAISTER. — Here we place
the Wurd O Gode athin yer haunds,
abuin aa else we nicht dae here.

The CHAPLAIN quotes the Halie Scryvins
fae *Saecont Timothy, Three, sixteen*
an *seeventeen*, the capital 540
gien *Screeptur* in the *Reetual*
gif no sae graithit in the Byble;
then *John, Five, thertie-nyne*, gy shortelik;
John, Twintie, thertie-yin the langer,
altho beginnin, as ye’ll see,
wi *Thir things. . .*, no as Byble gien
But thir are scryvit. . .: here his speilin.

“Aa screeptur’s gien as tho the braith
o Gode, an sae is made as gainfou
faurben belief; for flytin whyles,
as weel’s for guid correckin aye,
syne puittin richtousness in laer.” 550

“Sae that the man o Gode be made
perfectit as tho throch-an-thru
til aa guid warks the gy weel graithit.”

“Saerch you the Halie wurd o screeptur:”

“Thir things are scryvit that ye micht
believe that Jaesus is the Chryst,
the Son o Gode; an that believin,
thru his name you’ll hae lyfe forever.” 560

*The Maister then sall speak this wy
til yon yin is the Candidate
anent whit maks an Orangeman.*

Aye bear in myn, lik pree the thocht,
tharefore, that the true Orangeman
suid honour as the braith o Gode
the Halie scryvins ben the Byble,
an read them eydentlie as sooch
the kitchen o the bree athin them;
an mak them yaeness lyke the foondin 570
o faith a grund o wark athin it;

an furder til’t as fae’t the ayeways,
sincerest luvie suid be his strenth
lik hummleness athin the self,
an vaeneratioun aa folk see
for Gode, the Heevenlie Faither, Lorde,
and hae as weel a faith as hummle
as it is stedfast in the Lorde
Whoe is the Saviour o Mankynd
an Mediator the alanelik 580

atween the Lorde oor Gode an man;
an wi aa that, the Orangeman
suid aye hae, as a guaird ben thocht,
sterk traist in yon ondeemas pooer
o Halie Spreit, for guydal lyke
guid airtin, an for witness o it,
lik comeliest o caunnie kennin,
an for a mensefouness o speerit
in sanctiffeein gy byordnar.

An let me furder coonsel you, 590
lik best avysement taen faurben,
that you maun aye bear weel in myn,
that truest Orangeman suid aye
obsaerve the Lorde’s Day raeveryentlie
as then puit caurrie thocht asyde,
an caunnielyke, as ken it best,
see that brochtupness in his childer
is ilka yin sae in alow

his guydal that it laern the fear
o Gode, an byde aye Protestant, 600
for ither faith juist cannae ken it;
an that he neever tak the Name
o Gode in vain, the-wy sic takkin

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cries doon the Name, an caws doon crier,
but that he aye hae nocht adae wi't,
sin aa sic crussin's thrawnlik gabbit,
as aa sic sweerin's torkit tongue,
and aa sic leid nane-halaet as
a gludderin athin the glut;
and he suid tak the ilka tyme 610
guid tid's no ill tae ken, and yaise it
tae puit doon siccan ongauns, thaem,
and aa sic ither sinfou warks
in aa sic ither sinfou bodies.

His wy o daein maun be shawn
bi wysslik wys o caunnie wark;
bi honestie in thocht, in traist;
bi temperance the heid and haerns
thegither, sae the differ ken
fae cannae-byte-a-thoom, fair stotious, 620
an druckenness-the-nane, but doocelik.

That truest Orangeman suid ayeways
bring something lyke a worship inwrocht
ben truith lik see it lawtith aye
as lawfouness athin the truith;
and he suid bring the ben his mynd
as be the haill athin hissels
wi kynliness lik ken yer comrades,

wi cheritie lik luvie them weel,
wi concord lyke gie freend a haun, 630
wi yaeness wi them lyke a haunshak;
an for tae ken as faimlie, freens,
dae whit ye're telt bi thaem, as they
dae whit you're tellin thaem, whuin baith
the you yersel an thaem thur ainsels
hae aathegither made the law.

Tae sum it up, lik aa anent it,
the truest Orangeman maun ayeways
ken weel his sayin, lyke his daein,
be for the Lorde Gode's meikle glorie 640
a sheenin on man's wys an wurd;
maun be til weelfare o mankyn
the better this wy bein duin;

maun be til honour til his keeng,
highheidsinlyke ower kinrick, staunin
the-wy the haill folk wi him staund,
as maun be til the better guid
o his ain kintrie, nane-forgettin
the guid o kintries aa the yonner.

DAEPUTIE MAISTER. — Noo we place 650
athin yer hauns the Byeuk o Laws

an Constitutiouns mak oor name.

MAISTER. — And hae ye read thir Laws
an Constitutiouns, or hae heard
them read til you for you tae ken?

The CANDIDATE. — Ay, read them hae I,
as weel as heard a speil anent them.

MAISTER. — We traist that you, as eydent
as dae yer devoirs, pree oor wurd
as evendoon as faurben gannin, 660
an dae thur biddin, myndin aye
tae dae't in maitters lawfou juist.

An noo, for siccarnces gien us
anent ye, and in tid the better
for kennin you will weel an trulie
dischairge the devoirs on ye placed
bi thaem, oor Laws an Constitutiouns,
Gode bein yer haelper, gled are we
tae tak ye Institioun ben. 670
Noo, Brethren, bring yer freend here furrin
that he become oor Orange Brither.

*The Candidate sall then be brocht
til richt haund o the Maister chiel,
the Members staunin whoere they haed been,
the-tyme the Chaplain reads Fower verses
fae the Ephesians, the Six,
fae ten til thirteen, something afflik.*

“ . . be strang athin the Lorde, an ben
the pooer o his micht.”

“Puit on 680
Gode's ain haill airmour, that ye're able
tae staund up gainss the Deevil's wylins.”

“For ken, nae waerslin are we daein
againss waek flesh an bluid, but sairlye
gainss principalities an pooers,
against highheids ben the daurk
o this paer wurld o oors, againss
the speeritual wicketnesses
o siccan bodies in heech places.”

“That's whye ye maun puit on yersel 690
Gode's ain haill airmour, that ye'll can
staund up ginn evil is the day.”

*The Candidate, then kneelin, better
this accolade for tae be grauntit,
the-tyme the Brethren aa suid staun
fornent him, mainners raeherent
as gyan dooce, hears Chaplain say,
or, Chaplain absent, hears the Maister
say this for chyce anent his chaisin.*

O Lorde, til ham the hairts o men 700
are aipen as the grun for seed,
Lorde, Whoe thaem rings, lik fairmer, horse
in gurriein thru the grun for hairstin,
let Your Will, as divine as blye,
strenthen and uphaud oor new Brither
wi Your gree consant as the guid,
sae he, his ilka hecht aye myndin
as doocelik as the-noo here made,
may ayeways preeve tae be a liege
til oor keeng, and as faithfou as 710
uphaudder o oor Constitutioun,
as weel's maintainin aa the tyme
Yer Halie Wurd an Will, aye speilin
the baith lik neever yince the-nane,
until his lyfe's end, ben Yer Glorie
thru Jaesus Chryst oor Lorde, Amenlik.

III

Here, for tae roond aff Reetual
can gar it birl about lik *O*
that's for an Orangeman made perfeck
as roond haes naither nyeuk nor angle, 720
I gie alow whit Orangemen
say as thur Order's Daeclaratioun.

“I, Abel Bodie caad, as yin
ye'll myn was neer at sea,
dae doocelik as wi dram-the-nanelik,
an chyce o will nane but ma ain yin,
here let the Brethren fornent me
ken I sall be as faithfou as
aye bear a richt an true allegiance 730

til him whoe is His Maejestie
the keeng, the insaefaur, that is,
as he uphaud and aye maintain
thae principles o truith, as meikle
as caad Divine, for yaisual namelie
as Principles o Raeformatioun;
an that I sall, til uttermaist
athin ma pooer lik pech-the-mairsae,
uphaud for glore as I maintain
the Laws an Constitutioun baith
o this Unytit Kinrick, caad 740

Great Britain and Yreland, estaiblisht
bi yon Keeng Willum was the Thurd yin,
o glorious memorie lik sing-it,
as weel's successioun til the Throne
His Maejestie's Illustrious Hoose aye,
as Protestant as it noo is
mair lyke the thing that is nane else;
an that I sall be biddable
as neever say the naw anent them,
til Laws o Orange Constitutioun 750
o Scotland here that isnae England;
til Bye-laws o this Pryvate Ludge,
insaefaur as they staun thegither
wi Laws o aforesaid Graun Ludge.

And I declare, lik say it truthfou
as isnae awfie caurriewheekit,
I haenae yit been, nor noo aither,
an neever will be yin o thae folk
o yon Societie a member,
folk caad Unytit Yrishmen 760
or the Repealers, nor been thick

wi yae Societie the siclik,
is til His Maejestie the faemen
as til the glorious Constitutioun
o thir realms were the here estaiblisht
year sixteen aichtie-aicht oor glorie,
 an that I neever taen the aith
 til thir yins or til onie mair
Societies wi traesoun sib.

And I declare, lik mynd it thryce, 770
that I sall be the ayeways true
til ilka Brither Orangeman
as neever caurrielyke avaa,
an faithfou as the richt haun furrit
in aa that's duin is just an richt;
that I sall puit nae wrang upon him
as he nae wrang will puit on me,
or ken him bein wranged or skaithit
athooten I sall let him ken it
 gin in ma pooer the sae tae dae. 780

And I declare, as doocelik say it,
wi yince fuhll pech and hauf the mair,
that I sall keep in hiddlins aye
the pairt an paer cel o whit's telt
til me athin aa preevacie,
unless til ither Orangeman
the-tyme I ken him for tae be sae
bi trial sterk as onie aith,
an syne upon examinatioun,
or kent bi wurd o mou I hear 790
fae Brither Orangeman, or syne and
it's whit I'm authorised tae dae sae
bi richt an proper highheidfolk
athin the Orange Constitutioun.
(Authoritie as proper richt
as gie the leebertie tae speak
anent the speilin siccan things
is oor Graun Ludge o Scotland, as
significate alow Great Seal).

I say I winnae gie it scryvin 800
lik tell a cairriet storie ot;
nor yit indyte it lyke a versin
tae sing it rantie wi a rhyme;
nor cut it, carve it, stain it, stamp it,
wi gullie, chisel, pent or prentin;
nor seal it for mair bookein til't
nor sae engrave it wechtit deeplie
as gar ootbodies ken oor wys;
nor cause the ocht lik that be duin

lest onie pairt ot nicht be kent. 810
 And here the furder I declare,
 lik five tymes ower alive wi virr,
 that I the neever sall be praesent
 as winnae dae til onie man,
 whit Brither winnae dae til me, tho,
 at the initiatioun ploy,
 til onie man but in Ludge aipen
 as door bi Tyler lawfou guairdit,
 an then alanelik as is richt
 bi warrant fae the Graund o Kinrick 820
 the whoere I am as chaunce tae be;
 an that I'll no be praesent yince
 unless sic Candidate sall py
 the sic a sum as oor Graun Ludge
 sall authorise haes tae be chairged.
 And hinmaistlie, as said for wechtin
 that I sall say nae mair anent,
 I dae declare til ma best laerin
 that's ben ma kennin for a fact,
 an til belief as chief wi kennin, 830
 that neever hae I been puit furrin
 for onie ither Orange Ludge,
 nor been taen in til onie ither,
 nor puittent oot o yin, in fact."

*Then sall the Maister be ongaun
 wi whit can keep the Order gannin
 as furrin fair as langsyne famous,
 bi graithin this new taen-in Brither
 wi Daecoratioun o the Order,
 an Orange scarf, or sash, we caa it, 840
 and as he daes, maun mak this speil
 is gien alow, indent demurrin.*

Wi this oor Order Badge, we graith ye
 athin yer hairt as on yer kist,
 an sae tak you, dear Brither, til us
 as yin wi us in this Releegious
 an richt leal Institutioun made
 o Orangemen, an traist indaed
 that you will byde devotit hynd
 o Him, the Lorde oor Gode, as true as 850
 be aye believer in His Son,
 the Jaesus Chryst, a faithfou liege
 til oor Keeng, and uphaudder strang
 o whit we caa oor Constitutioun.
 (Thare is nae doot, lik think the twoe timms,
 anent it, that the speil abuin

is juist a bittock thocht twoe-fauldit
as tweech ingyne a weething benner
wi havers that Lorde Jaesus Chryst
can be a liege til onie keeng). 860

Keep yoursel strauchtlic Protestant
in faith as birl-the-nane faur yonner
as traik the pad o glaikitness,
aye haudin steadfast as at hame
wi'ts doctrines are the best o bree,
an tak guid tent o best o graithin
ben your ingyne its laws an mores.

Mak your ainsel the freend o aa
whoe dae thur devoirs, folk gy sauchtlik,
haein nocht adae wi sturt sae stryfie, 870
an speirin aye for paece, sic tyme
ye're bein slaw tae tak a daur
as gie the-nane til onieyin;

an daein sae as faur as ben ye
tae dae it bestlik, giein-nane
the chaunce for faemen tae blaspheme;
an myndin aye that sae ye staund
hencefurth aye pledgeit Gode fornent Him,
the Brethren praesent, and Institutioun

at lairge as aa intilt, aa tymes 880
and in the whittaneever mainner
o daein, principles uphauddin
ye noo declare the yince for aye,
an that sic hechtins you'll fuhlfou,
ay, will ye, til yer hinderance

a stopper ayeways puit upon ye,
and even til avauntage-nane,
preferment aabodie's but yours,
and aathing tint, lik neever was,
an sae until yer haill lyfe's endin 890
whuin you'll can think the-nane anent it.

*And here the Maister sall upryse
the newlie intaen Orange Brither,
and haudin that chiel's guid richt haun,
sall say, nane-caurrie, as ye'll see,
gin you speir furder here alow.*

In name o Britherheid, here Orange,
I bid ye waalcome lyke weel ben;
an pray that you will lang be wi us,
an Orangeman richt waarthilie, 900
an that is, in the wy we sayt,
“Gode fearin, sae we fear nane ither;
and honourin the Keeng as waarthie,

See Appendix

sae we need fash-the-nane the richt ot;
the law uphauddin, sae we are
uphauddent wi the law oor ainsels;
and haein nocht adae wi thaem
aye gien til chynge, that is, the-tyme
they hae the nocht adae wi us yins
that ettle-nane tae chynge for thae yins.”

910

The CHAPLAIN then sall read fae *Luke*
as you'll can ken the speil, *Twoe, fowerteen,*
“Glorie til Gode in heechest airt,
and on the Yerd sae laich alow,
saucht, an guid will til men this airt.”

The Brither new intaen is then gien
the greeance o a kynlie waalcome.

IV

Folk lyke tae think this kinrick kintrie,
they caa Unytit, is as gruppit
 an claucht as aa the genes can mak 920
 for kennin, tho genes daenae ken
the whye ot nor the wy ot aither
the onie mair nor ken they're quaetlik
as lyfe whuin quick athin bluid birlin:
 nor onie mair nor oor folk ken
 that sic a kinrick may be still
as daith ben slaw decay athin it.

Whoereer ye see the Unioun Jack,
ye see chicanerie the scad
o ruid upon the cheek lik shamin, 930
an whyte lik lips o juidges angert,
 an blue lik bodie politic
made blae wi cauld o daith, corruptioun.

But weel we ken, lik see fornent,
the whit we dae oorsels is richt
as dae nae skaith til onie man
gif naebodie dae ill til us,
an gin ill be duin, cheatrielyke
upon ingyne, or paiks on bodie,
 whyles we dae nocht anent it, lest 940
we puit black shame upon oor ainsels
as better-nane nor fautors are.

That's whit was duin bi dacent bodies
and as they aye hae duin, in yon wy
 that thocht the whit they did weel duin,
 until they fund oot that gin folk
 gy ill richt weel a speak nicht mak,
folk faur fae weel a thing the wranglik
nicht weel dae wi it, weel dae ill wi't.

We hae tae dae wi whit we hae 950
that's in oorsels says "Luk aroon:"
we hae tae dae't wi siccan graith
we puit athin oor hauns tae yaise,
or aften, wi the graith is puit
athin oor hauns bi legislatioun
 that we oorsels kent nocht anent,
or gin we did, kent-nane was pochle
 that tuimmed the haerns lik skailt the pootsh.

It maun hae been as little as

was haurdlie kent in haun for haundie, 960
as kent the haurdlie whit in heid
be yaised lik puit the scone on girdle,
or be abyaised lik boather-nane,
that yin caad Charles Law, ma graundy,
brocht here til Scotland, lyke the lave
fae Yreland brocht, tae finnd the graftin
wuid feed an cleed wi comfort smaa
as hauf-fou kytes but haill-heat sinnens
wi coal fae wark was wrocht-at sair
in coal-hyuchs, whoere, as airnstane brusher, 970
wrocht Charles Law, the raecords tell.

A yunklin, Charles Law was bydein
in Coontie Monaghan at Clones,
some say that cannae ken for shair,
and ithers say, that arenae shair
they ken, in Lisnaskea, Fermanagh,
tho that's no faur the-tane fae tither;
but this I'll tell ye that's for certaint,
a paper yince I held in haun
that gied him dischairge, wi his merk, 980
fae thon Mileeshie eaad Fermanagh.

Gif whit the day that was, lik free
tae tak the hook as tak the gaet
wuid sail the sea fae Erin's Ysle
til yont the Broomielaw in Scotland,
I cannae say, yit I heard tell
whit's naething lyke a cairriet storie
wi juist a hauf-lyfe in the speak
lik atom thingies, he was follaet
bare-fruitit, sae the storie gangs 990
tae mak it quicker aff the tongue,
bi Mary Jane Reid, whoe, on Mye
the twal at yon auld kirk in Bothwell,
the year o aichteen fiftie-fower,
mairriet her Charles Law, syne giein
ma sister her ain maiden names
even as I gied the Reid, her surname,
til ma ain younger son caad Aundra.

Ken noo, lik *nota bene* yince
tae sayt nae mair, on fift o Januar, 1000
year aichteen seeventie-fower, her Charles
puit doon his merk again for ayeways
on birth certificate o Thomas,
ma faither, whoe was born Decemer
the aichteenth, nyne a.m. the tyme,

in aichteen seeventie-three, for certain.

At that timm, Mary Jane Reid was
a wumman thrittie-six year auld
whoe kent the shaes cuid nip her taes,
even as at seeventeen year auld 1010
she'd kent taes weegle-waggle free
whuin ben auld Bothwell Kirk she mairriet:
yit at ma faither's birth timm syne,
she coodnae ken seeven year alanelik
wuid see yer staund in relict shoon.

Tae cairrie on the cairriet storie
anent ma faither's mither, kent
as Grannie Law, ye'll ken it's cairriet
because she deed in nyneteen-nyne
and I was born in nyneteen-sixteen, 1020
and here's the wy I ken the date:
I aye hae cairriet in ma papers
her mort-caird, made in black for dool,
embossed in front, and in that middis,
a wraeth o flooers in gowd for glore;
and in the middis o the wraethin
Thy will be done in glorie-gowd;
athin the caird, as black roond-aedgeit
as cairrie dool the furder ben,
on whyte for esperance is prentit 1030
whit you'll can ken whoe read alow
the prose thare puittent intil versin
tae gar it luk mair lyke the thing.

It says, "In Loving Memory
of OUR DEAR MOTHER, MARY JANE
REID, relict of the late Charles Law,
who died at Forsyth's Land, Newarthill,
on Saturday, August 28th,
1909, AGED 72 YEARS.

(She is) Much and Deeply Regretted 1040

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand,
Some time with tearless eyes we'll see,
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

Sir,
The Funeral takes place on Monday,
30th inst., at 4 o'clock, p.m.,

and you are respectfully requested
to accompany the cortege from here
to the place of Interment in New Stevenston 1050
Churchyard, and much oblige,

Yours respectfully,
THOMAS LAW.

Forsyth's Land,
Newarthill."

Grannie was yirdit, as ye see,
in Wrangholm Kirkyaird, twoe-three paces
fornt the kirk door, juist twoe fuit
or sae inbye the yett, left-haun syde
alang the waa in dooble lair, 1060
Nummer Yin merkit for tae ken it;
wi monie ither freenlie Laws,
as sib in daith as caunnie quickent,
she's yirdit thare asyde ma dy,
whoe, near as I can tell, was clootert
til daith the aicht o Mye, the year
o aichteen seeventie-nyne at pit-wark,
ma faither then in seeventh year.

I tell ye sic a thing, lik say it
for ma ainsel the yince for aye 1070
tae hear me say it, but naw, no
for your ainsel whoe read this paper,
as meikle's for the gaeneratiouns
will keek at yae stane and the-tither
in Wrangholm Kirkyaird cassen doon
as monuments til vandalism
as thochtless in the lyfe that daes it
as daith in stoor an baens allow them
that yince were dacent folk the better.

Yit, as an aifterthocht anent 1080
auld Grannie Law, that is lik tyuggin
the hairt tae tweech the haerns tae caa it
til mynd, yin, Mary Jane Reid Law,
ma sister, wi yin, Thomas Sturdy,
gaed thru yon yett bye yon lair dooble
was nummert Yin, an sae inbye
auld Wrangholm Kirk, New Stevenston,
whore they were mairriet fifteen August
in nynteen thrittie-three, wi yin,
best man, anither Thomas Sturdy 1090
as witness, fae twoe-nocht-yin-seeven
Dumbarton Road in Glesca, and

yin, Mary Seawright, bryde's-maid, was
hauf-Sturdy, Caunnerrigg near Stonnis,
witness: ma graundy, Grannie's man,
was Thomas Sturdy's uncle, whoe
was graundy til the Thomas Sturdy
that Mary Jane Reid Law haed mairriet.

An for the hauf an aifterthocht
that maks mair haill the paper speil, 1100
the Mary Seawright name, altho
juist haund-o-wryte tae merk whit was
the necessar, haed Robertson
for middle name, yin juist the samin
as Adam Sturdy haed whoe was
the faither o the Thomas Sturdy
mairriet ma sister Mary Law.

But tak anither thocht that is
as magical as mair nor haill, 1110
the Thomas Sturdy witnessin
whuin Thomas Sturdy, Adam's son,
mairriet ma sister Mary Law,
was son o Thomas Sturdy, clootert
til daith in pit-wark lyke ma dy,
was graunson o the Thomas Sturdy
haed been the naephew o ma dy.

But furrir-thocht as tells the lave
anent thon Charles Law, here furstlins
maun say that I was no for kennin
ocht mair nor said for casual telt 1120
yon tyme o lyfe whuin I was young
as thocht-the-nane tae speir the furder;
and yince tyme cam that I was auld
as kent hoo glaikit are the young
tae speir-the-nane, I was a something
gy near ower late tae mak amends
til ma ain bairns, an whoe come aifter,
bi tellin here the whit I dae ken:

alow I gie it; gin they finnd 1130
a tyme puit til't the here an thare
that historie is skellie preein,
then let them dae whit I suid duin
but hae nae tyme for noo, an speir
intil the raecords till they gar them
growe baen an sinnen men an wemen.

Aifter ma graundy, Charles Law
haed sattlt doon the near enyeuch

See Appendix

till Newarthill Legbrannock wy
as spreid his shanks fornent the grate
lik tak a blaw can tak a thocht, 1140
he taen that thocht, an syne colloquin,
he gat a warrant for tae raise
an Orange Ludge athin Legbrannock,
the year o aichteen sixtie-nyne.

The furst collogue was ben the hoosal
o him the Wurdie Maister Brither
Charles Law, the Ludge that was the auldest
athin the Fowertie-seeven Districk;
and on the grauntin o the warrant
that is for dae it an be seen 1150
tae dae it lyke the law itsel,
the Ludge was Fiftie-seeven nummert,
pairt o Nummer Yin Districk Airdrie,
whoere it wuid byde lik ken its Brithers,
until thon day in Mye, the thirteenth,
in aichteen-seeventie, for raecord,
whuin it becam, wi Brithers mair,
yin o the foondin Ludges thare
in Nummer Aicht Districk Bellshill.

Brither Charles Law, o *Fiftie-seeven*
Leal Orange Ludge, or as they caad it,
Newarthill Conservative True Blues,
becam furst Districk Maister chiel
o *Nummer Aicht Districk*, an was bydein
until the aicht o Mye as Maister,
year aichteen seeventie-nyne, I'm thinkin,
was yon day that was near enyeuch
as nichtit him alow the grund
atween Carfin an Wrangholm veellage. 1160

Anent the Orange Ludge itsel, tho, 1170
lik sayt again syne say nae mair,
yince intil Districk Aicht, the Brithers
wuid mak thur raegular bit collogue
in Newarthill Auld Schuil was biggit
upon the knowe abuin the place
the Weire Memorial noo staunds on,
syne later on the Ludge wuid meet
in some Hall, Henderson's, the name ot,
until the year o nyneteen-fower,
whuin up Mosshall Street, Crosse nearhaunlik, 1180
the Orange Hall was biggit. (Mynd,
in readin that, yon *Mosshall* speilin
haes nocht avaa adae wi *halls*,

for even the-day ye'll hear the pech ot
Mosshaa as soocht bi common folk
yince kent the airt gane bye was ayeways
a mossie haggie hauch o grun).

Sometyme – I daenae ken the date –
in nyneteen twintie-yin (whuin I
was up-an-comein five year auld 1190
as I may tell ye sae ye puit me
athin the pictur lukin roon me
lik tak in mair nor folk about me
taen tent that I was lukin at them)
a warrant fae highheidyins aipent
the Nummer Fowertie-seeven Districk,
an foonder member o this Districk
was thon Leal Orange Ludge Fiftie-seeven;

an bidd thare (whuin I was a laud
eleeven year auld the up-an-comein 1200
in nyneteen twintie-seeven as kennin
the Ginerall Stryke as something ither
the year afore I'd myn for aye)
an Nummer Fiftie-seeven Ludge
was puit in Districk Moatherell,
the Twintie-fift the nummer ot,
an syne, year nyneteen twintie-aicht
(whuin I was up-an-comein twal
as haed bi that timm taen-in maist
o whit I hae been speilin oot) 1210
cam back til Fowertie-seeven Districk
and aye sinsyne hae bidd athin it.

Ongaun anent fear haein-nane,
lik fear-nae-noyse tae rhyme wi boys,
is pruif o fear the gyan rowthie
as gars ye mak a sang anent it,
lood-claumerin as clooterin
that you fear maist ye'll hae for tholin.

But sing yer fear or fear tae sing it,
ye're no yer lane; the hail braid wurld 1220
is bydein tyme tae jook the clooter,
or clooterin thae folk byde thur tyme;
sae you may tell the lave o folk
that whit ye're daein's lyke the plan ot
will gar aa Brithers wurk thegither:
let nae folk speir the-nane anent it
lik quaistioun here and aunsver thare,
or shair enyeuch it's you they're tellin
the wy it cannae wurk avaa,

and hoo ye arenae daein't richt
altho ye micht areadies duin it
that's your ain wy an naebdie else's.

1230

The reetual we speir-at here
 the-noo is yon yin that is furder
 nor faur ayont the yin caad Orange
 as taks the scad Imperial colour
 as caad Degree the Ryal Airch Purpour,
 and here's the wy ot for the takkin
 a keek that sees faur less nor mair
 nor folk ootwith micht think athin it. 1240

Nae business thrangitie connectit
 wi thir ongauns, Degree as purpour
 as yince was ruid as cardinal
 or papal purpour Tyrian,
 sall be transackit ceppins ben
 an aipen Ludge that's dooble-guairdit
 bi Tyler Inwith, Tyler Ootwith.

Tae see gin qualifeed as bodies
 whoe ken whit gans roon comes back birlin,
 an sae can mak a fair bit speil 1250
 anent thae Brithers speirin ben,
 the Tylers baith are puit til test
 bi yon highheidyin chiel, the Maister,
 aforehaun, syne can tak thur places.

The Brithers, gaihert thare, ilk yin
 lik luk his best is nae onbrawnness,
 sall wi Regalia be graitht
 as laid doon in Rule Twintie-yin
 o Constitutioun an Laws Ryal Airch.

Lichts triple yin-twoe-three-aleerie 1260
 alanelik sall be yaised ben chaumer,
 whoere inbye sall a proper Airch
 hauds aa abuin fae faain doon,
 be biggit at the sic a tyme
 fornent the Maister's chair seen benner
 as yont the lave as yont thur kennin.

The Maister then sall tak his chair
 lik tak a thocht tae tak guid tent aye
 o whit's gaun on fornent him better 1270
 nor bioscope or geggie play,
 syne Officers an Brithers aa
 sall tak thur saets tae byde the speilin;
 the Brither bodies tak thur test
 in baith the Annual an Pass

that come aroond as ongaun birlin
lik gaein bye tae pass the tyme,
as kent the better, nane the neever,
bi thae yins yince thursels were testit,
Director o Ceremonies, him,
and yon yin caad the Laecturer, 1280
or gif no thaem, bi thae twoe Brithers
appyntit bi the Maister chiel,
whoe maks report til Daeputie,
whoe then sall ryse an gie his speilin
as you may read alow for kennin.

DAEPUTIE MAISTER. — Maister, you
whoe are as Waarthskipfou an nane o's
are juist the lyke, aa praesent here
are members leal o this Degree
is caad the Ryal Airch Purpour yin. 1290

*[Gin onie Brither's praesent, whoe
is no aathare wi Annual
gaes roond an roon for aye, an Pass
that is lik sayin, "Whoe gans thare?"
the Maister Daeputie sall say,
lik makkin some excyuiss, this mintin:
"Excep for Brither Blank wi nocht
gaein furrit for a Pass, or birlin
as roond as aye for Annual."]*

*At sic a splore, the Maister says: 1300
"Whoe will uphaud oor Brither Blank
as fuhll o aa that maks guid staunin
in this Degree, Ryal Airch the Purpour?"*

*Haein been uphaudent, Brither Blank
as fou as haill, may byde: gif no,
but tuim as no aathare lik yonner,
he'll hae tae gan as faur as furder.]*

The Maister then, wi wuiden mell
will chap three tymes lik this: the yince
tae gar the Brethren be uprysin; 1310
an twyce tae gar them staund as graithit
athin poseetioun richt an proper;
the thryce tae gar the CHAPLAIN say,
"Noo, we commaund ye, Brethren aa,
bi name o oor Lorde Jaesus Chryst
Whoe is lik yae dunt o the mell
the Son, an lyke the saecont chappin
as Halie Ghaistlik as the Faither,

an lyke the Lorde oor Gode Hissel
 Three Wys at Yin wi His Ainsel, 1320
 that you withdraw yersels awo
 fae onie Brither is a rowdie
 an sae is ootwith oor tradeetiouns
 that yince we thocht he taen fae us yins.
 For you aa ken, lik ken yersels
 the yin wi us, ye maun be gannin
 the wy ye gan sae you may ken us;
 the wy that we aye dacent gaed
 amang ye lyke ensamples guidlie,
 and in amang ye neever et 1330
 the breid o ydilset was ither's
 for nocht, but for the ocht ot pyd;
 and aye amang ye eydentlie
 as yokin at it, sair the graftin,
 we wrocht oor darg wi great travail
 baith nicht an day in daurk an licht,
 sae neer cuid be a chairge upon ye.
 Almichtie Gode, as gracious as
 a licht at nicht afore us aye
 as glorious in day fornent us, 1340
 Gode Whoe aroond Yer saervant bodies,
 Auld Israel's childer, yince uprysin
 on thair richt haund a watter-waa
 lik siccan glorie til thur Lorde,
 and on the caurrie tither haund,
 againss yon Deevil o the deep
 whoe is a curse satanicallie
 upon the clan o man, an tharefore
 did saue the bairns o Israel
 fae Pharaoh's pooers as deevilish 1350
 as perils o the Ruid Sea swaw;
 Lorde, Whoe in aiftertymes haes gien us
 a rowthe o leeberties for preein,
 and heech abuin them aa, a freedom
 athin oor spreit tae pree Yer pooer
 sae we nicht hain releegioun halie,
 gie us Yer favour, ongaun ayeways
 that Your ain heevenlie luve be lyke
 an airch abuin us for tae hain us
 alow Yer beild for aye and on, 1360
 and eik til's Your ain Spreit the mair sae
 as merk especial o oor seal
 an covenant tae byde wi You.
 Thir things, wi ither needfou blissins,
 we baeg, as hummle You alow
 as Roman sodgers laich alow
 Yer Crosse, ay, baeg thru Chryst His Ainsel,

ay, Jaesus Chryst oor Lorde an Saviour.

The BRETHREN then, thegither true
as aa-the-yin-waan, say “Amen” 1370
as heard it said the yince for aye.

The MAISTER then sall say. — Noo, I
declare this Ryal Airch Purpour Ludge
as aipen as in form appyntit.
GODE SAUVE THE KEENG! (Whoe needs oor prayers!)

The MAISTER wi his wuiden mell
sall then gie juist the yae bit chap,
as tho lik Trinitie aa Yin-waan
tae gar the Brethren tak thur places,
syne Business Order gien alow 1380
will keep them thrangitie bit bodies.

Yin, Applicatioun for advauncement
lik puittent furder ben the kennin.

Twoe, Ballotin for Candidates,
gin thare be sic a rowthe o thaem
as keeps the Brethren thrangitie.

Three, Candidates’ Initiatioun
tae bring them ben afore gaun benner.

Fower, Laecture Raepeteetioun, and
as muckle mair *et cetera* 1390
as ocht is better said twyce-ower.

Five, steekin Ludge as ticht wi prayer
as inwithness steeks Brithers benner.

The onie tyme a Candidate
is brocht intil a Purpour Ludge,
this is the richt wy for tae dae’t.

Aipenin Saervices aa duin,
the Maister admoneetioun reads
lik this til Brethren gaihert thare.

MAISTER. — The mysteries here seen 1400
ben this Degree the Purpour yin,
lik luk the twycet at thaem tae see them
as wondrous as ayont aa meanin,
or heard lik yince again tae listen
in case thare’s ferlie in the sooch;

an thae solemnities as doocelik
as kennle caunnie thocht in mynd,
are aathegither waarth respeck
as uttermaist as ower aa else;
and order lyke the best o tentin, 1410
as weel's decorum fae the Brithers,
is doocelik as at yin wi wunder.

Nae Brither sall come ben the Ludge
the richt regalia athooten
as keeps oor ain guid companie,
as you will ken is weel laid doon
for oor uptakkin in the Rule
is nummert Twintie-yin the benner
inbye oor Laws an Constitutiouns.
The ilka Brither sall be bydein 1420
as aye athin his place aa tyme
as leave-it-nane for onie reasoun
athooten Maister airtin him.

Nae Brither eer sall cairrie-on
wi smirtlin slee as lauchin laich,
nor tak a haund in wys o daein
athin Initiatioun, ceppins
the Maister tell him for tae dae sae,
an gin the onie Brither puit 1430
the haems upon the ceremonie,
he sall be puittent yont the room.

*The Maister airts the Sponsors then
(or Brithers twoe amang the core)
tae gan til ante-room oot yonner
tae gar the Candidate be made
ruidie for whit he'd aye be dreein
the weerd o thru the lave o lyfe;
an syne the thingies necessar
as for initiatioun richt,
aa bein in thur proper places, 1440
the Sponsors then sall chap the door
tae bring him ben for his admeesioun,
thon Candidate wuid be the benner.*

*Then the Receiver, whoe sall meet
the Candidate on comein ben,
will tak an gie that newer Brither,
whoe here tho ben is no yit benner,
a something (wi the meanin ot
telt him faurben as explicatioun).*

The Candidate sall then kneel doon 1450
upon the richt knee, no the caurrie,

tae let the Brethren ken he is
as hummle as afore them boued
tae say the Lord's Prayer thaem forment.

“Oor Faither, that's in Heeven,
halaet be Yer Name.
Yer Kinrick come. Yer Will
be duin on Erd, as it is
in Heeven. Gie us this day
oor dailie breid. An forgie us
oor debts, as we forgie
oor debtors. Let us no
be led intil temtatioun,
but deleever us fae evil.
For Yours is Your Ain Kinrick,
and Yours the pooer, Yours
the glore foreever. Amen.”

1460

See Appendix

Syne aifter this that's its ainsel
as yince whuin duin is duin foreever,
the ceremonies o Degree
will here be throch-an-thru made guid
as neever will be better made.

1470

The Maister then says. — Brither, noo
ye hae been deemit richt weel waarth
advancement ben this Ludge o Brethren
that's pairt o Institutioun Leal
as gart ye hae a craikin for't:
ye hae been puittent-up as faur
as heech abuin in this Degree
that's caad the Ryal Airch Purpour yin.
Tharefore, on pairt o me ma ainsel,
as weel's the lave o members here,
this, for the chyce o yin the chaisen,
I gie ye for tae busk yersel.

1480

*The Maister sall invest him then
aroon the kist wi Purpour Sash,
as weel as ither daecoratiouns
as may be then gien gy convenient.*

An daein sae, is then ongaein
*tae speil thir wurd*s: “I noo invest ye
wi this badge, Sash Degree the Purpour,
yaefauldie traistin that its pooer
will growe mair meikle, sae ye'll saer
this Britherheid releegious as
it is the peels as leal as ryal,

1490

an sae will yaise it sae ye tak
the haun that gies a haunshak til ye
sae that ye gie that haund a haun,
sae you become ootbookeit meikle
in eydence thrangitie as eemock
or lyke the gowden foggie-toddler,
but seasoun-in or seasoun-oot
come waather waarm as beik the braes
or cauld as cleed the parks wi snaw,
sae that ye aye the here puit furrit
athin yer native laund the waarth
Protestantism hains lik hinnie,
an no juist here, but faur ayont
as taks tha haill Yerd in its boonds.”

1500

*An then the Maister chiel sall tak
this Brither's guid richt haund in his,
an say for ben may weel be benner:*
“In name o Brethren, Brither you
brocht in amang us, here I bid ye
waalcome as hairtilie as heech,
in oor belief ye'll be ongaun
wi earnestness lik reasoun caum,
an zeal as het as sooplin sinnens,
tae 'Honour aa men and tae luv
the Britherheid, Fear Gode, and Honour
the Keeng.” *An sayin sae says aa.*

1510

1520

*The Chaplain, for a hinmaist speil
that puits the merk o Gode upon it,
maks benedeectioun, Nummers Six
can tell it, verses Twintie-fower
straucht on til Twintie-six, alow.*

“The Lorde bliss you an keep ye:
the Lorde mak His face sheen
upon ye, an be gracious
til you: the Lorde luft up
His coontenance upon ye,
an gie ye paece (o hairt).”

1530

*The Brithers then sall mak salute
til yon highheidyin caad the Maister,
and haein gien congratulatiouns
til this new Brither in advauncement,
then tak thur saets again, in pleasure
lik byde-the-wheesht for ither maitters
that shair are naither here nor thare
til me or you whoe arenae yonner.*

1540

VI

Tae roond aff aa the Reetual
 o thon Ryal Airch Purpour Degree,
 an for lik *O* tae gar its birlin
 be roond as angle-nane is perfeck,
 this Daeclaratioun gien alow
 is whit the Brither maun be speilin.

“I, Abel Bodie, yin, ye’ll myn
 was at sea nane, here free o will
 as in accord is aye gy willant
 at bein yin athin the chaumer 1550

wi Gode Almichtie as are members
 o this Ludge waarthskipfou as said
 tae be ‘biggit til Gode as weel as
 made dedicate til Joshua’,
 dae here declare, as solemnlie
 as doocelik is the merk o waarth,
 that I sall faithfoulyke be hainin
 aa maitters, an sic ither thingies
 that micht be telt til me lik laerin,
 as yin a Ryal Airch Purpourman, 1560

fae onie Orangeman, lik dern it,
 as weel as fae the onieyin
 whoe is a member-nane (unless
 the Graun Ludge lets me speak anent);
 nor will I furder onie ither
 ben this Degree, the Ryal Airch Purpour,
 cept as whuin daein as is richtfou
 as Maister o a Ludge bi richt,
 or authorised bi siccan Brither
 a preses Maister thare precysse. 1570

Nor will I bring ben onieyin
 nor gie a haund in bringin ben
 the onie member intil ither
 Degree is said tae be a bittock
 o this oor Orange Institutioun,
 for Orange, Ryal Airch Purpour are
 Degrees alanelik kent as benner
 oor Orange Institutioun o Scotland.”

“I will (an that is stressed for shair)
 be leal as neever lee in wurd, 1580
 an faithfou as wrang neever daein,
 til onie Ryal Airch Purpourman
 in AA JUST ACTIIONS, nor will thole it
 as kennin him the wranged or skaitht,
 gin in ma pooer tae hinder it.

An neever will ye finnd me thare
whoere this Degree is gien a bodie
unless that Candidate sall py
the siccan sum is in avyement
bi Graun Ludge authorised as chairge.”

1590

“Aa this dae I declare as stranglik
as ken it gars me aye abyde bi’t.”

VII

The fermer chiel that saws the seed
lik graith the grun tae mak guid aetin,
kens syne-and-on will come a springtimm
will saw the seed he'll no see hairstit;
or gin he daes see graithin gaihert
that micht be his tae mak guid kitchen,
he kens he'll aiblins neever sup
the bree ot fae a kail-pat tuimmin. 1600

An that's the wy o fact that thinks,
"Dae this, and yon thing ayeways follaes",
even as man thinks the wy o freit
that says, "Dae yon make this a fact"
as tho a ferlie make a man.

Gif man free-myndit aye haes caad
godes intil quaistioun, aa his speirin
haes haed for aunswer til it is
the yin ilk priesthood ayeways maks,
new-eemagin the speirt-at gode. 1610

Ach, surrse, I tell ye – tho yer ainsel
will tell me I need boather-nane,
because ye ken it – you are on
yer lanies as are aa manbodies
whuin ilka yin pechs his ain hoastin
in winter, as are wummanbodies
aa lyke ilk ither sneevelin
in self-same winter: ilka yin
is nocht the mair nor ocht the lesser
nor oniebodie as releegious 1620
as pynt an airt an gars folk gang it.

Ahint the wy we dae a something
because we're faur ower strenthie chiels
as winnae let us caa a steg ont,
and in the wy we daenae dae
because we cannae, bein waek,
or juist because we're something thrawnlik
as dae or daenae dae oor pleasure,
whyles thare's a thing the faurer benner
nor in ahint or keekin oot, 1630
an that may be man yont the tellin
as deep in hiddlins as nane kens
but his ainsel whit gars him grue
alang the back as cauld as daithlie
gin he suid hae tae dae or daenae.

A doolie thing is hippitness
that bous ye doon ower baens an sinnens,
but waur ben haerns as tho ye were
a heidcase – caa it ‘hippitude’,
a weed can caurrie-airt the myn.

1640

Sae whyles I think, lik think the twyce
for better, that yince Gode the Namelie
appears the-nane avaa in verses,
the makar o them maks his ainsel
a godeling lyke his “I” made namelie,
for lyke enyeuch, the whit he’s daein
is think the-nane, no even yince,
it’s his ainsel he’s idolisin.

But think again, lik think the shairlik
is best o aa, gin Gode the Namelie
is ben the ilka verse o bards
are nane-the-waur for bein kent
a something shorte-the-shullin, then
thur name for Gode, enyeuch as lyklie,
is waur the mair as yon yin, Deevil.

1650

For Gode’s sake then, an for yer ain yin,
juist be yersel as ben yer craft
a wy a daein is yer ain,
lik naebodie’s but for the bittock
ye luft an lay at your ain plesure
that you aye thocht was naebdie else’s;
an gin it be anither’s truith,
whoe kens but it was yours, the wy
ondeemas wark is duin in hiddlins
bi scientists, yin fae the-tither,
but gaun the samin gaet nane-kennin.

1660

For ken, nae waerslin are we daein
that’s waarth the whyle in makkin verses
but in oorsels, no wi thae ithers,
the lyke a *alter ego* makars;
no wi the Lorde oor Gode, gin oor Yin
alane He is, oor Deitie;
no wi the Deil, gin he is thairs
alanelik as can be nane ithers:
ay, ken, nae waerslin are we daein
againss waek flesh an bluid, but sailrie
gainss principalities an pooers,
against highheidyins ben the daurkness
ayont oor fair wurld, and againss

1670

the speeritual wicketness
o siccan bodies heech abuin. 1680

Mynd aye that poetrie maun cairrie See Appendix
heech truith athin itsel lik natur

that weel can cairrie naething else;
and even gif no lik fairheid sung,
but mair lik mantin, mair lik gantin,
or even cannae haud-the-wheesht in speilin,
yit sic a poetrie may be lyker
a pictur ben the muse's ee
will measure pleasure on her lips, 1690
for truith is aagaets aye ben verses.

It's aa about the aye bein richt,
an that's as braw tae see as hear
it caad the eeksie-peeksie bonnie;
but aye bein richt in yon best wy
tae dae a wrang is something ither,
the wy that widdershins is peels
in thocht wi caurrie-mynditness:
and you'll can ken the truith o that
whuin you agree the best o ballats 1700
are rebel yins an Tory-nane,
excep the auntrin tyme whuin freedom
taks ower an caws the feet fae pooer.

It's whit is duin the widdershins
whuin pooer it is taks ower the folk,
that whyles can mak the best o sangs
turn ower upon thursels, an caw
no juist the feet fae folk, but daud
thur haerns until they arenae kennin
gif lugs are ringin wi a sang, 1710
or stoondin lyke the hairt o freedom
whuin pooer is takkin leeberties.

Say you, gin it be said that say
the nocht anent a wy o sayin
may be lik sayin ilka haet ot
as tho ye were nay-sayin it,
a wy lik sayin whit ye think
is trulie lyke nay-sayin thinkin,
whit then will you say, gif tae sayt
as negative as that wy is 1720
tae say whit is a wy o sayin
yer thinkin gars ye ken ye let
nay-sayers tell ye no juist whitlik
that you may hae tae say anent it,

but hoo ye hae tae think lik thaem,
and hoo aa folk lik you may be
as positive as aye agreein
thur wy alanelik is the wy
o sayin ocht anent an ocht
is no the same avaa as sayin, 1730
say, onie nocht anent a naething?

Ye ken whit's in ahint that speil
anent whit you are sayin, thinkin,
or think ye say, or say ye think,
but juist in case ye arenae kennin
I'll tell ye, sae ye can be tellin
the storie til a freend, altho
ye'll tell a cairriet storie then;
it eemages the faceless bodies 1740
that dae the durt upon thur neebors
yon wy that naebodie can ken
thur facelessness is evil as
thur mynd a clairt o pyson creesh;
an shair enyeuch anaa, the storie
puits eemage on thae ither bodies

that gar thae faceless yins dae ill,
thae ither yins wi lugs the differ
that mak them soolik, grumphin as
ye maun hae heard them gulderin
the-tyme ye coodnae be believin 1750
thur speak was ocht but geggie-clash;
thae hinmaist yins, tho neever faceless,
are ayeways gloschen fauseface bare,
as you'll can ken, for you hae seen them,
as twoe-facelyke as dooble-tonguit,
'public relatiounship' thur gemme:

but listen noo tae hear for aye
that I say yince lik say foreever,
thae faceless yins, feart-nane mak slauchter,
sadistic wi adrenaline, 1760
thae gulderers in jungledom
that baet the breist lik baest the bruit,
an thae that face the folk wi speilin
that fiddles soonds lik fuddle meanin,
are three folk aa the yin-waan lyke
a trinitie ondeemas caurrie
as ootwith Hell tae mak auld Erd
Heeven widdershins as Satanlyke
as faces three-in-yin gy gruesome.

VIII

Here's Reetual lik mixer-maxter 1770
 athin the pat can mak guid kail ot
 a kitchen lyke kail-bree tae slooch,
 a wy o daein-awo lik weerd
 o wurds that folk maun thole lik dree them
 as Installatioun o Office-bearers,
 the wy they maun be yaised for yaisual
 in onie Ludge athorte the laund
 on installatioun o thae chiels,
 newlie-eleckit office-bearers.

Presydin Brither, binkit-up 1780
 lik yin abuin the lave aa thare,
 haein said the Ludge is aipent-up
 as lawfou as the Order's mores
 are aa for fact an no for fancie,
 an the Regalia o the Ludge
 that is for fact ot, fancie tae,
 haein been laid oot afore them, bonnie
 as seellables athin a ballat,

then aa the Brethren bodies praesent
 will sing the Hundredth Psaum, far preevin 1790
 they are as blythe wi Gode, as Gode
 micht weel byde aye as blythe wi thaem;
 the Chaplain fuhlla, makkin shair
 as yin juist that bit mair nearhaun
 the Meikle Maister up in Heeven,
 sall then puit up a prayer, syne
 sall read a bit a Scripture verse.

And aifter that, Presydin Brither
 will hae the Maister Eleck come furrin
 an staund athin them ben the middis 1800
 o this yae Ludge, an syne address him
 the wy ye'll see't alow here scryvit.

BRITHER, — Sin you hae been eleckit
 til office a Waarthiskipfou Maister
 o this Ludge, ay, here are ye noo
 puit up tae haud doon Order office
 lest it suid blaw awo afore
 the blast o enemies o Keeng
 an Kintrie, I sall, wi great plesure
 uphaud ye sae ye be inpuittent 1810
 athin this office; but afore
 yer installatioun lyke the buskin
 wi brows, it is as necessar
 as neever doot it you hae greeance

til aa the Laws an Constitutiouns
that hae been made tae gar ye ken them
sae the needcessitie doot neever
tae hae laer devoirs mak the man
the Maister o a Ludge lik this yin.

Therefore, an tae be certaint-shair 1820
as may be, thuslie haund I noo
til you a copie made richt faithfou
o *Quair o Laws an Constitutiouns*
that you are weel acquaaant wi growne
intil them, Laws an Constitutiouns
that puit us heech abuin the lave,
dae you puit your guid greeance on them
will keep the lave alow us ayeways?

And hecht dae you, lik hecht for aye
that cannae be juist for this yae day 1830
afore the morra, that ye prent
black and whyte Laws an Constitutiouns
bricht ruid wi bluid upon the waas
that beild yer hairt, an ben the baencase
that hauds yer haerns sae lown an snode,
sae you will aye obsaerve them stricklik
as in aa things the benner thaem
ye will conform lik duin wi devoirs,
sae ower abuin them, yit inwith
wi laws lik devoirs ayeways daein, 1840
as daes oor ain Graund Orange Ludge?

And hecht anaa, lik yince for aye
that cannae be juist mibbe-ay
nor mibbes hooch-ay yatterin,
that you will neever yince propose
the oniebodie be intaen
ben Britherheid initiatioun,
nor say, 'Ay, shairlie,' til intak
gif sic a bodie gies nae greeance
til Laws an Constitutiouns oors. 1850

Are you in kennin, lyke the best
o sense, that no yae Orange Ludge
can staund upon a place as strenthie
as on the foond we caa a warrand
puit furrit fae oor ain Graun Ludge
tae graith the buskin o yer biggin?

Ye hecht, lik ken it is the better
tae coontenance-nane Ludge as fauselik
as biggit on a foond o saun

can skliff awo the warrandless, 1860
an that ye'll no hae ocht adae
wi oniebodie whoe is fautor
initiate tharein in hiddlins.

And you're in kennin, nane the waur ot,
that nae procaessioun can hae mense
nor ither ceremonial
o Brither Orangemen, braw buskit,
lik weel puit-on wi bonnie badges
o this oor Order, (aye exceppins
the raegular collogues in Ludge) 1870
can tak place onie tyme athoot
the wurd o oor Graun Ludge says, 'Try it',
or Committee as Graun says, 'Dae it',
or 'Ay', as wurd Graun Maister gies us?

And you're in kennin (that's tae tell ye
ye'd better be) that no yae bodie
for raegular (an that's tae tell ye
neever at onie tyme avaa)
can be made Orange Brither juist
athooten notice haein been gien 1880
(that isnae juist upon a day that's
afore the morn); nor eer athoot
an eydent speirin, fuhll, concernin
his benner bein, sae we ken
it's no as bosse as aichin awfie;
an no athoot the chiel's doon-puittin
his haund-o-wryte on richt proforma
we caa Peteetioun; an dae you
here hecht (lik sayt again tae mak
us shair o you as you can think 1890
ye're shair o us) that you will stricklik
obsaerve this rule, no whyles, but aye,
sae that yer Ludge's benner bein
bydes guid, an better bydes, as daes
the haill o this oor Britherheid?

Ye hecht anaa, sae you'll be certaint
ye dae as Brethren aye are daein,
that neever veesitors be taen
athoot deponent ben yer Ludge
gies wurd for waarth, an then alanelik 1900
aifter wyss speirin anent the bodies,
or else, upon thur puittin furrit
deponins richt an properlyke
anent thur bein athin a Ludge
initiate as Brethren Orange?

Maister Eleck, haein bade his gree
a pleasure bein o lykesome myn
til aa needcessities, the Brither
Presydin then sall furder gie him
the speil here scryvit doon alow
that you may gree is your ain pleasure.

1910

Noo, tharefore, Brither, an because
o thae heech moyens hae been gien me
anent yersel; an for the wy
ye hae gien purr til best o greeance
anent the Laws an Constitiouns
o thon Graun Ludge o Scotland here,
an for yer hechtin cantilie
as kynlie caunnilie conforms
til thaem in aa things ootwith, inwith,

1920

an wi nae fiddle-faddle mant
anent them, an because the Brethren
thursels hae gien purr til thur traist
in you the marra o thur ainsels,
as kennin your devoirs wi thairs
aye peels in aa tyme past thegither,
the wy that they hae chaisen you
for this Ludge tae be Maister o it
the yaisual tyme, sae that they deem ye
the fit an proper kynd o chiel

1930

tae fuhll the office as pangfou
as aa intilt, and able as
the best for tae dischairge the devoirs
o sic a traist, the pleasure's myne,
as meikle as the wark athin it,
in gaun ahead installin you.

But furstlins, lyke the pech a wechtin
upon the shooter for a hyst,
I hae tae tell ye whit's nae leein,
but truith that cannae see ocht else

1940

nor its ainsel the spittin eemage,
an cannae tell ocht mair nor aathing
it haes tae say anent itsel,
that you maun aye stravaig upright
afore baith Gode an man, sae nane
can ken ye ither nor yer ainsel
as leevin dooce free-myndit aye,
an richteouslie as neever caurrie,
an godelie maun yer eemage be,

the wy a Christian maun be ayeways
as tho thare were nae ither wy,
and ayeways dae as dacent Christian

1950

as tho nae ither wy cuid dae;
but wi't as weel, ye maun dae ayeways
thon ither wy that maks yae ither,
the something ither that's athin
the wys an means in mores made
bi this oor Orange Britherheid,
and in that daein aye be haudin
as tichtlie as is consantlie 1960
the merk o aa the Raegulationis
o thon Graun Ludge o Scotland here
that can be naewhoere else but hamewith.

An noo, ye maun come furrit lyke
the steerin chiel will neer say 'Naw',
an mak this thochtie daeclaratioun
that I sall read til you as vyvlie
as gar ye pech its caunnie wecht,
syne mak yer speil ot gyan truthfou.

A daeclaratioun as drummurlik 1970
as gars a bodie ken the wecht ot.

'I, that am caad the man ye ken me,
dae here daeclare drummurlik as
are devoirs duin as doocelik aye,
and hecht I here that's naewhoere
for onie folk but you tae haerken,
that I sall dae ma Maister devoirs
faithfoulyke as belief the benner,
an zealouslie as hotterin,
and haillie as nane-bittockie, 1980

an dae them as ye'll ken ye see them
duin weel enyeuch as no that badlik
thru aa the twalmont comein on,
unless bi chaunce anither chiel
be puit athin ma place aforehaund:
an that the-tyme I'm in the Chair
that's haund upluftit, meanin 'Stope, thare!'
or finger pyntit, meanin 'Byde!'
or lips tae mowt a deemin ot,
ken that I sall let nae yae bodie 1990
gang widdershins or deishelwy
a haet the smaaest taet awo
fae Laws an Constitiounis made
bi thon, oor ain Graun Ludge o Scotland,
nor sall I gie for guydal ochtlins
maks onie ceremonie contar
til oor ain mores: that I sall
maintain sic mores leal an true

as maks oor Order cleir, nane-clairtit:
an that I sall obsaerve, as faur as 2000
athin ma pooer, sae tae enforce
in ithers stricklik, richteouslie,
the Laws that I hae aye said ‘Ay’ til,
and itherwyse that cannae be
ocht else, dae aa ma Orange devoirs
as Maister o this Ludge. An may
the Guid Lorde Gode let me sae dae.’

Presydin Brither says til Maister:
‘Brither, that aabodie is kennin
is yin nane ither nor his ainsel 2010
Waarthskipfou Maister, ken yer ainsel,
sin haein been the yin eleckit,
as yin abuin, an betterlyke
nor us the lave alow ye here,
whoe taen yon Daeclaratioun dooce
and as drummure as claucht us aa,
here noo wi cordon you I busk

wi whit belangs ye as a whitter
anent yer office, As ye’re seein,
it is a medal, in its middis 2020
an *equilateral triangle*,
the three sydes o it makkin eemage,
yin, Order, lyke the mairch o feet,
twoe, Truith, the airt the feet can gang,
an three, Luve, that is saucht o rest;
athin thae three lynes o the badge,
thare is a Byble aipen as

the airt the truith can better traik it,
an thare athin the Byble, bleezes
the laegend KEENG AN CONSTITUTIOUN, 2030
for Order lyke Truith saucht Luve benner.

Tharefore, this whitter aye is fittit
tae mynd ye consantlie o laws
o this oor Order, devoirs tae
ye tak upon ye whitterlyke,
Order, feet mairchin, Truith the airt,
an Luve, the saucht o rest, can be

the ilka day yer darg maintainin,
maintainin aathegither in it
three angles ben the lynes that haud them. 2040

No yin o thaem that mell thegither
lik wurd and air the singin o them,
can be maintained, nor ocht athin
puit furrin for ongaein weel
unless thegither sung lik sang.
That thare may be among the folk

soond Order lyke the wurds o sang,
 guid government an saucht thaem makkin,
 the ilka law an constitutioun
 o this oor kinrick maun be foondit 2050
 on Truith lik tune athin a ballat –
 ayebydein Truith for aye nane-chyngein;
 an Luve maun win athin the hairts
 o mankyn, Luve til Gode an Luve
 til mankyn lyke the soond o sang.
 For Order, thare’s sic waddset-nane,
 nocht strenthie as can faa-doon-nane,
 whoere thare is nae regaird ongaein
 for thon ondeemas rule we laerit
 fae Jaesus Chryst Whoe is oor Saviour, 2060
 ongaein aye lik bluid gane birlin
 athin the frame a man lik prayer
 aroon the muckle Yerd for Gode:
 “Ye sall luve Him the Lorde yer Gode,
 wi aa yer hairt, wi aa yer saul,
 wi aa yer strenth, wi aa yer mynd”,
 an wi commaundment, saecont yin,
 that He said is the gyan lyke it,
 “Luve you yer neebor as yer ainsel.”
 Sae faur as this Luve is ongaein 2070
 amang mankyn lik ‘Say-awo, noo’,
 for haerken til the sooch o prayer,
 Order itsel is aye ongaun
 lik sooch a prayer tae haerken til’t,
 an saucht amang mankynd is lyke
 the say-awo o prayer a sooch
 tae haerken til’t in best o tiff,
 the laws maun aye be weel-respeckit
 sae commonalitie’s in guidness,
 and aa highheidys ben the kinrick 2080
 are as respeckit ben thur ainsels
 as commonalitie kens dacent;
 sae aa mankyn thegither wins
 as sauf as be ben blytheheid’s beild.
 But juist the same, hoo can this be
 at aa at aa, athin a wurd
 as sinfou as no lae alane
 the Wurd o Gode athin its Ainsel
 for wurds ben thair ainsels ayont It?
 Hoo can paer mankyn ken its greinin 2090
 made real as ayont aa craikin?
 Bi laerin Truith as ken it real
 the mairsae ben itsel, an til’t
 the furder eikin laerin ot
 spreid faur abraid for aifter hairst.

Bi thon bit laerin that's the best
o aa sic kennin, thon thing Truith
for speirin ben the Halie Scriptures –
the yae true Gode the kennin o Him
as His Ainsel Yae Three thegither, 2100
an pairt o Jaesus Chryst His Ain Son
lik Halie Ghaist the verie marra,
the Three Ilkither, Singleness
lik aathing int Ilkither Yin
Wham kennin caunnie is tae hae
lyfe as ayebydein as Hissel.

The Order socht bi Orangemen
for tae maintain lik keep ongaein
an for the puittin o it furrin
in this oor laund is soondlie foondit 2110
on Wurd o Gode lik Truith as rocklik
yit hingin as it maun be growein
on strenthieness athin thon Wurd.
As fit as fact ot, Byble Quair
sits aipen in triangle thare
even as the Truith that's ben the leafs
luks up ben Licht that made it fair.

Bi this, we're myndit hoo the ochtlins
that made the aa that's waarth the boather
tae feed an cleed an laer the bodies 2120
haes aye been ben but free as finnd-it
for folk tae speir-at ben the Byble.
An til the Byble, aipen as
the een upon it see the Truith
wi clairitie the wunderlyke,
we awn ingyne, oors natiounal
as naebdie else's – ruchness tae

that's lyke nane ither's but oor ain kynd's.
And on the Halie Byble, aipen
as Truith athin it ben oor eesicht 2130
lik wunder clairitie o kennin,
we see for merk an witness o us,
Protestantism lyke the Licht
o wunder ben the Godeheid thoct.
Paiperie shuts the Byble leafs
an puits the Truith in thaem in dern
atweesh the batters o the Quair

sae folk can see-it-nane, the Licht ot
athin nane-sheenin lyke the wunder
growne ben thur mynds and hairts as laerin. 2140
The Byble, tho, was made as aipen
at Raeformatioun as haill tyme was
a storie for the tellin ot,
sae aa micht read it, speirin Truith

a Licht lik wonder ben the thocht;
 then let us bliss oor Gode, sae gled
 that we hae preed the pages ot
 wi pleasure fae the days o bairnheid,
 yae fore fornent us gien til us yins
 bi oor ain Byble-luvin faithers 2150
 in aulden tymes a meikle struissle
 they haed tae thole wi meikle sairin.
 Let us steer thochts tae steer oor shanks
 athin oor faithers' steps tae walk.
 And as yae Order lyke nane else,
 the Orange Britherheid aye haes
 for verie bein o its laws
 thur leal uphaudin, keeps it growein,
 an tentin it can keep it furrin,
 the cause o Protestantism ayeways 2160
 and in especial, here in Scotland,
 the seein til't the Byble ayeways
 is aipen as the licht o day
 tae let us speir the Licht o Gode
 baith ben oor een an bairns's een.
 An syne and you thon laegend read,
 yer *Keeng an Constitutioun*, keep
 myndin, an no juist mynd alanelik
 it is oor glore oor Order's lealness,
 law-keepin, for dae we no mak it, 2170
 an law-respeckin, law is oors,
 but mynd anaa, the Constitutioun
 is British and is Protestant –
 Protestantism best bree ot –
 that oor beluvit Keeng but sits
 upon that throne o his because
 he is a Protestant, nane else,
 it bein contar as ower caurrie
 athin oor British Constitutioun
 for bodies, Protestant the-nanelik, 2180
 tae ring in Britain – sic a measure
 was weel as glorious estaiblisht
 in sixteen aichtie-aicht, thon tyme
 the Glorious Reevolutioun cam.
 In haudin back the herriein
 that gaed wi Paipenie lik lees,
 and haudin on til whit we ken
 bleezes wi Licht the Truith we're caain,
 that is, oor faith, as Protestantlik
 as we were baundit for the daein, 2190
 then we maun shaw, as shaw dae we no,
 oor lealness til oor ain-made Monarch
 an Constitutioun as we saerve

See Appendix

the Lorde oor Gode fae Whoese guid grace,
lik watters vyve, His Order rows
lik mairchin feet, His Truth thur airt,
wi Luve His Ain lik saucht o rest,
and aathegither blissin man.

In daein yen darg o wark as Maister
o this Ludge, here then, let me tell ye 2200
this yae thing that is no the twoe,
be strang but gentle, ay, indaed
aye ringin as ye hae tae dae it,
an bein respeckit for yer wechtin;
but ringin aye in luve that's myndin
the Order an the Truth ot ring
bi Luve. May you be able aye
for sae tae dae, an dae nocht ither.

An noo, I weesh ye muckle blytheheid
can gar ye aye be bien an snodlie, 2210
he wy ye're made gy yuissfoulyke;
and hairtilie as fuhll the breist,
til oor Lorde Gode dae I commend ye,
as I pray doocelik yit nane-dowie
that He may tak and airt ye brawlie
in aa ye dae, presaevin you
fae onie brekk in devoirs ben
this heechlik office you are caad til.'

Then sall Presydin Brither tak
than new-installit chiel, the Maister, 2220
ower til the Chair, Ludge members aa
then rysin-up, salutin him
as in the ordnar wy it's duin.

Gif practicable noo, let MUSIC
soond lyke the truth the tune o singin.

Til neist in installatioun lyne
can staund up straucht as proodlie shapit,
is yin MAISTER-DEPUTE will hear
Installin Brither say til him
as you may read alow for truth. 2230

Brither Upmaerket, as ye ken
yersel the waarth the place ye're in,
eleckit as ye ken ye are
bi this Ludge til the upper office,
Maister-Depute, and as I am, Sur,
the gyan gleg at that tae think

that gin oor Maister, Waarthskipfou
as up abuin us aa, juist cannae
at onie tyme be fuhllie able
for tae dischairge his office devoirs, 2240
yae Brither lyke yersel, as able
as aathare, and in great respeck,
will be as ruidie as aye thare
tae tak his place an dae his darg.

It is wi pleesurin, as muckle
as casual tell it, I install ye
athin yer office, but afore
I dae as dae it yince is dae
the same for ayeways, listen til me,
for here I speir at you tae utter 2250
the same drummurlik daeclaratioun
ye heard Waarthskipfou Maister makkin,
as here noo I maun read it til ye.

As you may read it as I writ,
gin you wuid let ma fingers be
here easefou as scryve thon the-nane.

Syne, til Maister-Depute Eleck,
Installin Brither maks the speil
for truth ot as is gien alow.

Brither Upmaerket, Depute-Maister – 2260
no I invaest ye wi the whitter
belangin you belongs the Office.
It is the *same yin as the Maister's*
exceppins in respect a chynes
that haud ye ticht as Wurd o Gode
is chyned athin the Byble batters,
and in respect o whigmaleeries
that busk ye – as some folk nicht say –
sae geegawlyke wi whittockies.

Therefore, there's nae needcessitie 2270
for me tae pent wurd-pictur o it
yince mair, lik slaister beebble-babble,
nor speil awo lik slooter-sluitter
the yince again tae mak a mair ot.
It is yer devoir tae presyde ower
oor ain Ludge here, the-tyme the Maister

can no be wi us, an tae tak
upon yersel devoirs ilk yin,
that is his ain athin the office,
the onie tyme that he is yonner 2280
fae this oor kintnie, or because
he's faur fae weel, or waur the mair

gin he suid dee gane faur ower ill:
aa thir things, you, Depute as Maister,
will dae until thare is successor
til him puit furrin and eleckit.

An syne til MAISTER-SUBSTITUTE,
for truith ot gien alow nae lee,
Installin Brither chiel sall say.

Brither Approximate, nearhaund 2290
as no that faur awo fae office,
ye hae been deemit gy weel wurdie
tae be eleckit ben this Ludge
as Maister-Substitute, the best
alow the wee bit better Brither,
and I am gleg his devoirs aa,
that may devolve upon yersel
for puittin airtin on oor daeins,
will sae devolve yersel upon
as yin weel able tae dischairge them. 2300
Great pleasure, lyke swaet saucht o thinkin,
comes lyke a blissin in on me,
for tae install ye ben the Ludge:
and yit, afore that I sall dae it,
here I maun speir at you tae mak
drummurlik daeclaratioun lyke
Waarthskipfou Maister's daeclaratioun,
thon same yin made bi Daepute-Maister.

Then, Maister-Substitute addressin
Installin Brither, he sall yaise 2310
wurds samin as the yins were puit
til thon Maister-Depute the-tyme
invaestit wi ondeemas whitter
belangin office him belangs,
but hinmaistlie wi speil lik this yin:
“It is yer devoir tae presyde ower
the Ludge the one tyme the Maister
an Daepute-Maister are awo,
an gin the Daepute-Maister ill,
or no thare aither, but awo 2320
for onie cause or ither yoanner,
the devoirs o the Maister chiel
devolve upon him for a trauchle,
then you will tak ower siccan devoirs.”

Maister-Depute can then be airtit
doon til the bottom o the Ludge
tae let him ken he's Maister-nane,

and on the caurnie syde, tae let
him ken the left fae richt haun syde ot,
as Maister-Substitute anaa 2330
til bottom o the Ludge is airtit
sae he can ken he's no yit Maister,
but at the richt haun syde ot, lettin
him ken the caurrie is the left.

An then, aa members o the Ludge
staund up, as kennin whoere they are,
weel ben the bodie o the Order,
as folk can awn whoe ken them best,
thae new-installit folk, the Maisters,
Depute an Substitute, abuin them. 2340

Gif practicable noo, let MUSIC
soond lyke the truith the soond o singin.

The Installatioun o the Maister
as Waarthskipfou as weel abuin,
aa bye an duin wi, as for ithers,
thae chiels, Depute an Substitute
as Maisters airtit up abuin us,
aa ither office-bearers made
elect as ken they're on thur airtin
athin us (lyke the laether seen 2350
bi Jacob, dreamt at Luz uprysin

Heevenwards abuin the aumond-tree
afore a hoose til Gode was biggit
syne gart the place be Bethel caad),
are telt that they may aa come furrin
sae that Waarthskipfou Maister, or
Installin Brither bodie ither
may speir at thaem tae gaer them mak
yae daeclaratioun as drummurlik
as gien alow for you tae ken. 2360

“I, Yin or Tither as ye ken me
the bittock heecher nor thae ithers,
here puit the greeance on masel
tae tak the office as eleckit
athin this Ludge thon taet the heecher,
and I declare, drummurlik as
the hechtin wi it, for tae dae it
as faithfuhllie as nithin else,
an zealouslie as hotter hetter,
an wi thon inwit kens itsel 2370
the better for the lukin benwart,
tae dae ma devoirs best wy gaun,
an that's as straucht as furrin ayeways

aa tyme ben nicht or day, come het
or cauld, for the ongaein twalmont,
unless successor be appyntit
an sae installit in ma steid:
and I will dae ma best, that's furdest
ayont the ootermaist o graftin,
tae keep aye furrit yont aa else 2380
the interest o this oor Order
as aathing ower is neer alow,
an this oor Ludge as ower aathing
as weel abuin the lave alow,
and aye uphaud the Maister ower us
in aa his devoirs' ilka darg.
An may the Lorde Gode mak me able
as strenthie for thon sae-tae-dae."

The Office-Bearers then are buskit
Yin aifter Tither, braw as sodgers, 2390
wi badges office witnessin,
syne yin and aa, lik aa yin-waan
the measure o the ilka chiel,
are made tae listen gyan tentie
til yon yin, the Installin Brither.

Haein buskit-up the SECRETAR,
yae man whoe is a liege as leal
upon the tongue wi truth for tellin
is nae lee luks the waur on paper,
Installin Brither then sall say 2400
as you may read alow the lyke ot.

Brither A. Penman, Secretar,
wi this badge noo it's I can busk ye
for office merk yer ain, that is,
Twoe Pens, crosst, sae that you'll be kennin
the yin is richt til haun, the-tither
as caurrie as ye'll ken it ither.
This whitter's whigmaleerie-nane,
for it will mynd ye aye o devoirs
attendant on ye in yer office, 2410
the-wy that gin ye can forget them,
puits myndin on ye thaem doon-scryvin.
And you are caad upon lik "Dae't!"
recordin faithfuhllie as truthfou
the meenutes o this Ludge for witness,
an for tae puit oot summonses
for raegular collogues, as weel as
the makkin oot aa due returns
anent its office-bearers aa,

as weel as Districk Members oors 2420
or ben Graun Ludge, as weel as hainin
in safetie oor papers, byeuks
an seals an propertie the siclik
entraistit til yer care for kennin,
an for tae be as meikle tentie
that oor Ludge Seal be ayeways yaised
nane-wranglik, but alanelik richtlie.
I traist the birkieness the ben ye
for this oor Orange cause will moodge ye
tae graft as eydentlie as ayeways 2430
is no juist noo but even-on,
an wi a faithfouness as consant
as ongaun isnae juist noo aither,
in daein-awo at devoirs aye,
for siccan guid performance o them
brings ilka comfort til collogues
athin the Ludge, an wi sic waarth
thur yuissfouness is bookeit fuhll.

Til Thesaurer, yin buskit brow
as Midas wi the gowden tutch 2440
alchemical athin the fingers,
Installin Brither sall be sayin
as you may read alow for truth
as carat-gowden as nae leein.

Brither, caad Gowdie, Thesaurer,
that winnae see us waant for siller,
the Members o this Ludge think you
as haundie wi the hummle maik
that maks a pennie mak a poun,
and honest as the watter sheens 2450
athin a diamont for waarth,
sae see ye fit as they saw fitlik
for tae elect ye til the office
o Thesaurer o this oor Ludge.
I doot-nane faithfouness athin ye
in daein yer ilka devoir honest
as chiel that daesnae ken the meanin
o than wurd *pochle*, that we're hearin
amang the Deevil's pictur cairds,
will let the bodies see the wyssheid 2460
o puittin cash in care o you.
I noo invaest ye wi this badge
that lets the bodies see thur chyce,
a Key, sae you will see yersel
no whit ye are, but whit we're thinkin
ye are, an gin ye're no, then as

thon wy that you'll become nane ither:

I'll say nae mair o that, but this,
that you will ken yersel the lave ot.

The devoir's on ye tae colleck 2470
subscreeptiouns, wi sic ither monies
can mak oor siller-kist as fuhll
as neer hauf-fou nor eer hauf-tuim,
an for tae keep accoont o thaem
as haill as no the hauf-exact
an no the hauf-exact as haill;

an you will see anaa the District
or Graun Ludge aye thur dues are gettin
as consantlie as aye ongaun 2480

an no in dribs an drabs whuin needfou;
and you will keep accoont o siller
as tho a pennie were poun-note,
as tho a poun were meikle credit,
as tho that credit were yersel
the man we think that you'll be ayeways
inbye yersel as Thesaurer.

Sae you may ken that whit gaes on
is no aye siller in the pootsh,
an whit is no seen gaein on 2490

is whyles the pootshes jinglin siller,
ye'll ken attendance late and aer
maun be as raegular as ayeways,
and here I traist that you will shaw
yer birkieness sic devoirs daein.

The CHAPLAINS baith installit then,
thur badge the *Byble*, Halie as
the Wurd, can hear Installin Brither
grace thaem wi truith as gien alow here
as you may read gif read can you,
on you whoe listen weel can hear it. 2500

Brithers, *Pooreoot* and *Intak* baith,
the *Byble* bein office badge,
whit can I say but mak a speil
anent faurbennerness in Order
but that it is releegious stricklik,
and you athin it ken fou weel
Gode blisses lips the Wurd are speakin
that blisses Gode That was Wurd-makker
That is Hissel the aathing in it.

As Orangemen we aa maun be 2510
as Protestant as we are honest,
for honestie in Orange bodies
can be nocht else but Protestant.

See Appendix

As Christian bodies, we maun be
 the-wy Protestantism is,
 as ken ye weel is benner sakeless
 as Christianitie ben Byble
 athooten stain, ableeze wi sheen.
 In glore we traik the gaet ben Byble,
 its Wurd oor Dominie for guydal, 2520
 its licht a leerie til oor fuitfaa,
 kennin ot kent on pad for stell.
 Bi Byble truiths the wy we see them,
 bi Byble fursten things, lik hear them
 as neever heard the ocht afore,
 we hae great greinin for tae ken
 oor kintnie mores airtit richt.
 Oor kintrie's muckleness as bookeit,
 oor kintrie's blytheheid ben oor greinin,
 are thare because the Byble stuid 2530
 fornent us, aipen as the heevens,
 thon tyme we made the Raeformatioun
 anither wy a lukin benmaist
 athin oor ainsels, no thon airt
 luks nane-the-furder nor lip-saervice
 fae folk afore the Reformatioun;
 ay, mair not blytheheid gars us grein,
 an mair nor kintrie's muckle booke
 is thare because fornent us stuid 2540
 oor Byble-laer lik sing Gode's praises
 athin oor kirks oor ain hauns biggit,
 athin schuils biggit for oor kirks,
 and in oor Paurliament in Lunnon.
 Brethren, I traist that you are able,
 as cannae be ocht else in greinin
 thru grace o Gode an Byble airt,
 an gien a haun bi laer faurbenner
 Gode's Halie Spreit yin wi Chryst Jaesus
 athin the Trinitie o Gode,
 tae dae yer office devoirs aye 2550
 that aa the Members o this Ludge
 be mair an mair affeckit deeplie
 as gy faurben in guidlinesses
 inwrocht wi ilka waarth o truith
 athin Gode's speil the wy ye tell it;
 alang wi ilka muckle laerin
 o man's remeid the-wy atonement
 is ben the daith o Jaesus Chryst;
 ben justificatioun bi faith alanelik
 an ben the wark o Halie Speerit 2560
 in oor regaeneratioun lyke
 becomin whit we haed been ben,

and in oor sanctificatioun lyke
becomin yin wi sancts afore us,
and in oor consolatioun lyker
lang-tholin till we hae remeid.
In siclik wys, an nae wys ither,
may aa yer trauchles be uphaudin
Protestantism's cause the better
bi puittin furrin pietie 2570
as sakeless as nocht else athin it
an screeptural as aathing in it.

Syne til the BYBLE-BEARER, as
upricht as for tae gan as straucht
as uphaud Wurd the truth is tellin,
an for tae gar it faa the neever,
Installin Brither then sall say
as you may read alow thare scryvit.

Brither caad Cairrie, here noo I
invaest ye Byble-Bearer, badge 2580
a Byble on a Cuhshioun yours.
Yae meikle waarth is ben yer office
because the daein a its devoirs
puits wecht ot on the Brethren's mynd
and on the mynd o bodies ootwith
oor Order but whoe see us gan
in oor procaessiouns whoere they're seein
"bricht Orangemen passin by" as sae
they say the-tyme they sing oor sangs.

Ahint the sangs, whit folk are seein 2590
is whit they pree athin the haerns,
a sense o meikle waarth we puit
upon the Wurd o Gode, faurben
its aipenness for ilka bodie
tae read it eydentlie as kennin
Gode blisses lips that speak the Wurd
that blisses Gode That made the Wurd
that is Hissel the aathing int.

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Neever, an that is no the-noo juist,
may we forget this, gyan careless – 260
neever, no juist the-noo, gie ower
uphaudin this, the thing the fursten
ben Protestantism that is oors –
neever, an no juist noo alanelik,
awn til the oniething hauf-ben
releegioun but no laerit weel
faur benner Byble on the cuhshioun –
neever, an no alanelik juist,
puit your ainsel in failyie lyke

the orrie waarslin-nane for richt 2610
o aa men for tae saerch the Screeptures,
indaed, ben aa mankyn the devoirs
for sae tae dae lik daein aathing.

Til thaem, CHIEF MAIRSHAL, MAIRSHALS else,
gaihert here for needcessitie
that wyss are we tae hae as monie
as puit thursels in best o order,
Installin Brither gies the speil
as gien alow a weething better.

Brithers, baith *You* and *You Yins*, as 2620
Chief Mairshal *You* and *You Yins* Mairshals,
the badge o siccan Orange Office
I noo invaest ye wi are thir,
a Bauton and Sword crosst ye ken
as for autoritie guid whitters
as dacent as at laevels laich
as keepin highheidyins fae skaith,
the devoir o yer Orange Office

is airtin whit's the richt wy roond 2630
in mairshallin ben the Ludge the Brethren,
or ithergaets nane-caurrie gaein
as Britherheid may gar ye dae't.
And you will aa, I traist, lik see't
nae boather for the daein o it,
dischairge yer office devoirs weel
as zealouslie as het mair het
the-tyme ye can be caunnie yaisin
autoritie entraistit til ye.

Then til the HERALDS, nane o thaem 2640
lik blawhards grampuslyke tae pech,
but lips aye ruidielyke for blastin
tae gar the soond aroon resoondin,
Installin Brither toots awo
as in alow here lyke an aichin.

Brithers, caad *Horn* an *Bugle*, Heralds,
wi badge that maks that office yours,
a Trumpet, I invaest ye here.
Yer devoir's trumpet for tae soond
lik Joshua whuin roond he trampit 2650
the waas o Jericho, but yours
tae caa the Brethren aathegither
athin the Ludge, or ithergaets
at siccan oor o Ludge colloquin,
tho, gif the soond lik Joshua's

at Jericho, juist mynd, as certaint
 am I ye dae, ye'll neever tarrie
 at Jericho lik Dauvit's loons,
 an shair as you can ken yersels,
 trumpet-soond haed a meikle force
 in Gode's auld Jewish dispensatioun, 2660
 as siller trumpets, we can read,
 soondit importantlie at tymes as
 haed tae be heard as weel as seen,
 and in especial gif the soondin
 gied purr til faith a traist in Him,
 the Gode o Israel then namelie:
 an dear til ilka hairt o thae folk
 then caad the Israelytes cood soond
 that trumpet ilka fiftie year
 was caad bi thaem the jubilee. 2670
 An sae I traist, the soond o trumpets
 that caa the Ludge or Britherheid
 tae meet, will ayeways be a pleasure
 til ilka yin, an soondin lyke
 Gode's Wurd, that is Hissel that made it,
 puits blissin on the lips praise Gode
 athin the Wurd the aathing in it.

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Til STAUNDART-BEARERS, furrit thare
 as pynt the airt the Ludge maun gan,
 nae maitter whit wy wuin be blawin, 2680
 nae maitter whit's in ill-wuin iller
 nor eever thocht, alow here read
 the whit says the Installin Brither.

Brithers, caad *Flag an Bannerman*,
 oor Staundart-Bearers, here's yer badge
 that I invaest ye wi richt noo;
 it shaws, as you may see whit aa see,
 the bonnie *Staundarts*, lyke the yins
 ye'll hae tae bear gif bear the gree
 is nane-the-waur nor thole yer weerd. 2690
 I traist ye ayeways will be shawin
 that you deem dreein sic a weerd
 is honour for tae cairrie staundarts
 as we hae honour speirin at ye
 whuin you upluff them in the cause
 o Protestantism as aroond them
 hae rallied monie Orangemen
 as proodlie as perjink is smairtlik,
 an thankfoulyke cuid blissins coont
 as caa til mynd thur forebears' fecht, 2700
 folk whoe dreed martyrdom langsyne

in killin-tymes sae persecute,
 a curse upon the memorie,
 lik thon timm Paiperie was ower us
 tae clooter us upon the heid,
 or aifterwarts, thon tyme the State
 played clooter-claitter on oor haerns
 as for deleeverance fae thralldom
 we focht, as fae the Curse o Cain,
 at thon timm that we fancie caain 2710
 the glorious days a Reevolutioun
 in yon year sixteen aichtie-aicht,
 year Halie as this truith we're kennin:
 Gode puits his blissin on the lips
 that speak the Wurd that is His makkin,
 wi nocht athin it but Hissel,
 an gin we ken it, we are wi't.

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Til PRAESIDENT O STEWARTS aa,
 an til the STEWARTS aa thursels,
 whoe, as the airters, maun be airtit 2720
 tae ken the differ comein, gannin,
 Installin Maister then sall say
 as you may read alow here airtit.

Brethern, it's here noo I invaest ye
 the ilka yin wi this bit badge
 that is, as you can see gin airt
 yer een, *a Waand* can gar ye pynt
 the wy yae wy that is alanelik
 as I traist you will wurk thegither
 in greeance lyke the soond o singin 2730
 as blythe as owercome pynts the sang.

The devoirs ben yer Office, as
 a comein-ben aye means oot-gannin,
 are for tae sorte the wys o daein
 whuin ben the Ludge we aa collogue,
 sae aa is suitable as made
 the sittable, an comfortable
 as kent conformable til aa;
 tae exaem tae, whiteever bodies
 may be inbrocht as veesitors, 2740
 an ginn ye dae, tae see them ben
 sittit as suitit lyke oor ainsels,
 conformin til the comfort gien;
 an for tae see anaa ilk brode
 is furnisht lyke Psaum Twintie-three's,
 tho no fornent oor faes thur praesence,
 but freens fornent us thare for raither,
 wi caller drams an maet as dacent;

and even-on as consant aye,
 tae gie a haun til ither folk 2750
 lik Office-bearers daein thur devoirs.
 And in procaessiouns, you will gaither
 yersels lik guairds aroond aboot
 Waarthskipfou Maister, aa the tyme
 ye dae aye seein you mak siccar
 ilk yin maun cairrie Office-waand.
 And aye the Praesident o Stewarts
 will tak chairge o the Stewarts aa,
 an see thur devoirs are duin weel.

Til ORGANIST, as true til notes 2760
 as neever misses baet, nor puits
 a murrain lyke a fell mishanter
 on music, the Installin Brither
 is instrumental as instruct
 speil gien alow here sae ye ken it.

Brither caad *Keys*, oor Organist,
 I noo invaest ye wi yer badge,
a Lyre. The devoirs o yer Office
 are lyke the organ-notes come soondin
 wi import in them wechtie as 2770
 can birl aroon the brain an dirl
 ben baen an sinnen furdermair;
 for you are caad upon no juist
 tae gie us pleasure wi yer music,
 yin pure as cleir a yirdlie clairt,
 but lyke delyte as yirdlik as
 whuin sic a gift fae Gode is yaised
 aricht as airtit Heevenlie,

but you are caad upon, indaed,
 tae yaise yer melodies wi skowth 2780
 can airt them Heeven-heech as dae
 yer devoirs betteryke tae gie
 the lave o us a haund in worship
 o Him, the Lorde oor Gode, upluftin
 oor sauls abuin the things o sense
 an tyme in yon wy that we ken
 a blissin on the lips the Wurd
 that is Gode His Ainsel athin

as weel as on the lips that praise Him,
 sae that we are aquaant the-noo 2790
 wi blytheheid ben thon better beeld
 whoere Dauvit noo maun tutch an tweech
 hairp swaeter nor he yince haed played
 upon the Yerd, as thare he sits
 in middis a yon companie

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o aa that Milton tells us are:

“Bright spirits that bear immortal palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly.”

Til the REGALIAIST, vyvie as 2800
the best o bumbee-tartan brows
are lyke the feddars on a phaesant,
read you alow whit’s said anent him
bi thon Installin Brither chiel
tae gar the bodie’s chafts grows rorie.

Brither caad *Sashie*, as we ken ye
Regaliaist, I invaest ye noo
wi this badge makkin for yer office,
Scissors an Needle, yin tae cut
the claith tae mak the shape tae come, 2810
the-tither for tae shew the shape ot
in order that it’s in conformance
as fittin figur ben the cleedin.
As you ken hoo tae yaise them best
as nane can ken the onie better,
I doot-nane the regalia
this Ludge is hainin aye will shaw
a ruidie pruif that you are skeelie
as baith yer haunds and een are preevin.

Til the INSTRUCTORS, for tae speil 2820
a weething laer in case they thocht
that they were mibbe intil wysshaid
as faurben as cuid be nane-benner,
Installin Brither gars them think
a something mair as tell alow here.

Brithers caad *Dominie*, Instructors,
I noo invaest ye wi this badge
that maks yer office as it maks
the lave o us lik your ainsels,
The Byeuk o Constitutiouns. As 2830
ye maun hae preed it eydentlie
areadies, sae ye maun be kennin
the discharge o yer devoirs gars ye
hae no juist casual kennin o it,
but mair, that you maun be ben-kennin,
as sicna kennin’s inbye haerns.
Ye’re caad on you instruck wi laer
the Brethern for thur ain ben-kennin,
and in especial, something extrie

til thae folk new-come ben oor Order 2840
in aa its fursten things, tae gar
folk ken nocht else can maitter; and
in airtins o the Order, whoere
it gans nane-else nor whoere it is,
the place it cam fae, faurben hairt;
and hinmaistlie as aye hairt-furrit,
tae let them ken the Order's mores
a wy o daein a wy o gaein
an no juist lyke a wy o sayin.

It is yae office, heech the mair 2850
as hichtit up abuin, the-wy
ye tell the Brethern whoere they're airtit
is hoo an whye they ken thur ainsels
sae they can neever be doon-casten
nae maitter hoo the enemie
can ettle, and nae maitter whye.
Ay, sic an office is it, heech
as yont itsel, inbye kent deep,
and as ondeemas as can ken

the-nane the micht athin the pooer 2860
it tells lik say it yince for ayeways,
an spells lik unnerscryve foreever,
sae that thae devoirs, I am traistin
ye will be able tae dischairge,
will gar instruckit Brethren be
as wi ye as inbye yer thinkin
in cleveralitie the ayeways,
an zealouslie as het the hotter

lik some days faur ower het for wark;
an faithfou as in failyie-nane, 2870
but aye ongaun as consant as
guid Orangemen suid ayeways be,
uphaudin heechlik, nameliheid
o Britherheid athin thur breedin,
and aye ongaun wi'ts ilka ettle
for the uphaudin o its causes
as Protestant athin this kintrie
as cairrie ben the brain the thocht
a blissin Gode puits on the lips
that speak the Wurd as Gode athin it 2880
upon the lips lik Gode's Ain blissin.

Til AUDITORS, whoe listen as
tak tent tae hear that yin and yin
mak twoe, enyeuch tae py the pyper
that bocht his pype an pyd for laerin
the air tae play, noo hear alow
Installin Brither tell accoontin.

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Brithers we ken as *Keek an Connit*,
oor Auditors, you I invaest
wi this badge for yer office merk, 2890

A Key an Pen: key for the kist
that we wuid lyke tae see as ruchlik
as bingit fou o siller thare;
an pen as graith athin the shottle
tae keep accoont o siller kistit
as fuhll as shottle-heech for yaisin.

Yer devoirs are tae tell an spell
as coont an care for't tells the till
o Secretar an Thesaurer;
and ayeways tae be richtlins airtit 2900
til aa oor Brither Orangemen
in honestie tells truith alanelik,
an kens-nane lees for truith in justice.

Til TRUSTEES, bodies we wuid hae
as lyke oorsels as possible,
an no lik ithers we're no tholin
as traist-them-nane, noo read alow here
whit the Installin Brither says
tae mak them yin wi whit we ettle.

Brithers, yin *Hainit*, tither *Haud*, 2910
that as oor Trustees you are caad,
yer devoirs are alane yer badge
and are tae see tae't no yae taet
in siller or in propertie,
puit in yer hauns tae tak guid tent o,
are puit ayont the Ludge athoot
a vote as true as made as lawfou
as richtlik at a Ludge convene.

Til BENNER DOOR GUAIRD, yin faurben 2920
as kennin whit's ongaun inbye
is no for een are no tae see it,
as no for lugs are no tae listen,
Installin Brither, as ye'll read,
puits this yin benner door fornent it.

Brither caad *Stoater*, tho nae wee yin,
whoe is oor Benner Door Guaird, here is
yer office badge, the *Twoe Swords, crosst*
that I invaest ye wi, tae mak
yae saltire as yer office witness.
Ye ken whit wy the pooers are gien ye 2930
an whye the saltire baur the door thare

as benner as the thochts ahint,
tae puit a stopper on thae folk
whoe hae nae richt tae be ayont it.

Til TYLER syne, the hinmaist yin,
whoe in the wy o things, is furst
o aa the core areadies daelt wi,
for he it is stauns guaird fornent them,
Installin Brither maks the speil
that you may read alow at laesure. 2940

Brither, that we aa ken as *Cleaver*,
oor Tyler furrin, here I'm puittin
intil yer haunds yer badge o office,
a Sword, and aa it's signifeein.
Ye ken the blade, as you dischairge
yer devoirs, is the lyker yon
sword o the Lorde an Gideon yin
we read o in the Wurd o Juidges
at Chaipter seeven, aichteenth verse;
wi sic a waepon, you maun guaird 2950
the Ludge Room Door againss thae folk
whoe hae nae richt thur comein benner,
an gin they come wi main as meikle
as for yer ain airm faur ower nichtie,
ye hae tae yelloch on the Brethren
that they may puit thur ain airms furrin
for sacrosanctitie ben Order.

Let the needcessitie o this
caa baith til your mynd and oor ain
the devoirs on us for oor keepin 2960
baith hairt and heid aye haill in eydence
against incomein evil thochts,
an greinins orrie as aglye,
sae that oor lyfes may aye be free
fae sins wuid bring disgrace upon us,
on nameliheid that maks oor Order
and aa we say that is faurben it.

Gif practicable noo, let MUSIC
soond lyke the truith the sooch o singin.

The Installatioun Ceremonie 2970
noo gy near ower as tak a blaw fae't
afore speil furder gars ye pech,
Presydin Brither then taks ower
an says til Brethren o the Ludge
whit you may read for wecht alow here,
or for the heftin something samin.

Waarthskeepfou Maister and the Brethren,
 the reasoun I cam amang ye, as
 especial as yersels abuin
 the lave ootwith this kynlie biggin 2980
 the marra o the lave o Ludges
 inwith the Orange Institioun,
 haes noo been duin as better duin
 it cannae be, the darg ye ken
 as Installatioun o Office-bearers,
 thae freens o oors whoe noo may yoke at
 the dischairge o thur Orange devoirs.

It's I wuid haud ye faur ower lang
 fornent me here were I for sayin
 as muckle as micht be ower meikle 2990
 anent the fursten things upstaunin
 fornent the Orange thinkin gars us
 luk on them eydentlie as dae we
 anent the airtins Orangeism
 can gie us merks the gaet we're gannin.

Til your ainsel, Waarthskeepfou Maister,
 as furst amang us, til thae Maisters
 Depute an Substitute, Instructors,
 and aa you ither Office-bearers,
 thae fursten things an whoere they tak us 3000
 alang the ilka gaet as airtit,
 are gy weel kent, and hae been thocht on,
 I'm gy weel shair, bi monie mair
 amang oor Brethren as fornent ye
 I hae the preevilege o speakin.

But, as Apostle Peter says
 in yin o his epistle speilins
 (see *Saecont Peter*, three the Chaipter,
 verse yin) "I steer up your pure myns
 tae gar ye think o (certain) things." 3010

Sae mibbe you will let me coonsel
 the younger Brethern in parteeclar
 tae boorie deep as gurrie ben
 the laerin o the fursten things
 o Protestantism that they may be
 "ruitit an biggit in the faith"
 (as thon *Colossians* I am yaisin
 at Chaipter Twoe, verse seeven thare)
 sae thae young Brethren may become
 the ilka day the mair an mair 3020
 inbye the cleveralitie
 o the ingyne, and aye be growein

as hotter het as zealous bylin
ower thrang for ydilset's nid-noddin,
for this oor cause as leal supporters
as was areadies ben thur thinkin
the wy it gart them jyne the Order.
Abuin aa, tho, ma guidlie Brethren,

I coonsel ye tae tak fair tent
tae be at yin wi Byble-laerin. 3030

Thare you will finnd Protestantism
fou plain tae see gin you but luk;
thare you will finnd its glorious doctrines
lik furst things furst fornent ye ayeways;
thare you will laer its laws, as ryfe
wi wysshaid as Divinelie guid as
upon the lips Gode puits His blissin

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whuin they are praisin Him for makkin
the Wurd that is Hissel athin;
thare you will laer anaa the wy 3040

that you suid keek as benner speirin
at doctrines and the wys o wark
in Paiperie, and hoo tae laithe them;
thare you will laer hoo fell for skaith
is Paiperie ben sauls o men
lik speerit deid afore the daith;
an this, amang societie

inwrocht wi't for tae gar it widder;
an this, hoo it caws doon the bodies,
hoo it can gar them be enslavit 3050

the onie tyme allow its pooer;
and hoo it is ayont aa greeance
wi saucht o mynd an paece o bodie,
an freedom, bree o waarth in natiouns;

and you will laer anaa ben Wurd
that's bree atween the Byble batters –
for prophecie is saecont-sichtit

on this pynt for tae see it cleir –
hoo certaint is its hinmaist doonfaa, 3060

an sae noo, you puit courage furrin
and aye press on lik gurrie haurd
the-tyme it lykes tae try its haund
at takkin til itsel the pooer

we're blythe tae sing the wy we hain it
athin this kintrie, Protestant

as aa men here on thair ain feet,
wi wemenfolk as blythe tae ken it,
and aathegither on the grun

that is thur ain, no alienatit,
and ilka yin fornent oor Gode 3070
as He sees fit tae see His bairns

that He haes made for His Ainsel
in luve that winnae see them saired
as gulls bi folk lik gae-betweenes.

Brethern, the Orange Britherheid,
as it is ben the heechest sense
a Britherheid Releegious, namelie
as brocht til naething gif ocht else,
sae in the samin wy it is
a Britherheid as patriotic 3080
as leal as can be brocht til naething
gif ocht else yont its makkin mars it.

Wi quaistiouns as poleetical
as smaalik can be nithin muckle,
it haes as meikle adae as nocht;
but contarlyke as ken it caunnie,
it fair gies meikle purr til quaistiouns
wi thon great meikle adae concernin
the ruits an foond alow the thryvance
athorte the kintrie keeps us snodlie. 3090

And we are leal as leonlyke
til yon yin Keeng abuin us as
as we are aa abuin the lave
as heech as they wuid lyke tae be,
ay, we are gyan leal as lieges
til whit we caa the Constitioun
o this oor kintrie, as law maks it
oor ain an naebdie else's grun.

We gie the Guid Lorde gratefou thanks
that He haes made the Constitioun 3100
as Protestant as naitural
the-wy the law maun gar it be,
an we hae siccariness lik "Dae it!"
as faur as Gode Hissel can haelp us
in oor uphaudin it the same wy
sae we can haund it doon nane-skaitht
til aa the comein gaeneratiouns.

Noo I commend ye yit again,
Waarthskipfou Maister, Office-bearers,
an members o this Ludge, as weel as 3110
oor Brethren aa, til Gode's guid guydal,
thon blissin that ye ken is ayeways
on lips that speak the Wurd a blissin
for praisin Gode athin the Wurd
that made Gode haill athin for aye;
an daein sae, dae I no grein
for't ma ainsel, an wi aa that,
anent respeck til aa the devoirs
o this, ma office ben oor Order,

See Appendix

the stellin o yer ilka prayer.

3120

The Maister then can thank the Brither
whoe taen in haund his installatioun.

IX

*Whit isnae seen ootgies faur mair
nor eever eemaged in the een,
but may be kent athin the myn
that eemages ayont the seen
in thon wy aathing that is kent
hains ben itsel the taet is sweir
tae let the common bodie see't
ceppins ben insicht o the seer.*

3130

No in ahint lik insicht wyss,
but furrir lyke foretellin ben,
the wark athin the wys o daein
athin an Orange funeral saervice
is gyan lyke the benner sooch
inwrocht amang thae lynes in rhymin.

Yirdit, a Brither Orangeman,
lik aa folk else, is yin wi syle,
tho thare's a differ in the daein
afore the syle taks ower the mellin.

3140

The Brethren o his Ludge, ilkither
weerin respeckit Orange cordons,
forgaither quaetlie, seemlie seen
fornent the doorway o the hoose
whoerein the Brither bodie liggs
lang-hamed athin his kist for bydein
the wheesht o tyme taks aathing in it.

The Mairshals, speirin at degree
ben that Ludge gies the Brethren order
athin degree the hinmaist foremaist,
sae they gang furrir in procaessioun
furst, thae new Brethren, then the hinmaist
Ludge Office-bearers hae thur praesence
in thair degrees decree thur place,
Waarthskipfou Maister mairchin hinmaist.

3150

*Micro til macro, thare's nae differ
atween aa bodies aathruither
in wys o daein o a man
an wumman wys o bein yin,
an samin things atween the folk
an governments o ilka kintrie:
they mell the mair the mair they sperfle.*

3160

On tap o Brither's yirdin-kist

tae merk the honour yince he wore,
the sash or cordon speils his cly.

Some Brethren at the yirdin-grun
fyle richt as deashil roon the lair,
the-tithers widdershins as caurrie,
till roon lang-hame in oval meetin.

Gif members o the onie Ludge 3170
are thareaboos, as lyke enyeuch,
thae bodies aa are mairshalled as
the Ludge the laichest heechest set,
the heechest hinmaist at the wark:
but that Ludge, oor deid Brither's ain yin,
is furst o aa aroon the lair,
his Brethren ben that Ludge his bearers
tae howff his yirdin-kist ben lair.

Yit, gif the Brither whoe haes deed 3180
is mair kenspeckle nor the lave,
his yirdin may weel be taen-ower
bi oor Graun Ludge, for that conventit
bi oor Graun Maister his ainsel,
sin siccan wark is gyan seemlie.

That's naething mair nor naething less
no juist a plain collogue o folk
ben oor Graun Ludge, naw, naething samin
as oor Graun Ludge in fuhll colloquin,
for at the sic a tyme, the Ludge
is aipent-nane, no lyke for ordnar. 3190

And as til that, nae ither Ludge
is aipent onie tyme o yirdin
for ordnar, aa the Brethren juist
forgaitherin, syne yirdin duin,
gang hame athooten mair adae.

*Lik monie folk, gin we suid thryve
athin thon theatre-laund, we're yin
wi whit may be a tyme o lyfe
whuin curtain's aither comein doon
tae dream, or gannin up tae play: 3200
yit gin oor lyfe is realism,
the wurld lik daurkent theatre staaas,
boom lowered doon or oot-thru brakkent
is tyme o daith an Derry's Waas.*

Gode spare paer mankyn sic a tulyie,

*but let us be as free as furder
athin oorsels the wy we are
whuin gloamin's juist oot-gannin, nicht
no yit as quaet as silence yont,
no growne ayont us aither, neever
thon wy is growne as daurk as fearfou.*

3210

*O, Ireland, haill in Scotland here!
Ah, Scotland, thare in Ireland haill!
Och, baith thegither ben the hairt!*

Syne, tho, an the procaessioun bydein
the wheesht o daith along the lairsyde,
and aa the Brethren haein settlt
thursels aroon the mools in order
o thair degrees, aither the Maister
as furrit noo as hinmaist maircht,
or Chaplain aye fornent cauld daith,
or else a Brither, as appyntit
bi Maister o the Ludge, deleevers
oratioun as the kist gaes doonwart
among the mools for its beginnin
tae mak its tryst wi tyme, tyme merkin
tyme wi the syle lik sodger grund:
an this that follaes is lik that
can be the sooch o siccan speak.

3220

“Brethren, – Here this day we are meetin
tae py respeck til oor deid Brither
yince Abel Bodie caad; ye're thinkin
aa folk will ken he was respeckit
aa thru lyfe; and he was. But this day
is his, as oor days will be thae yins
say til us *Neever mair*, the samin
this day says til oor Brither here.
I neednae tell ye that he was
as guid a man as made hisselt
a better Christian man because
he was as faithfou til his creed
as he was faithfou til thae things
are fursten til an Orangeman,
even as yer praesence here, as bodies
as Orangelyke as you are Christian,
is pruif for preein you aa ken it.
Let this dooce tyme, nearhaun forever
that liggs alow the grun, be makkin
ilk yin o us as dooce an mairsae,
athin oorsels nor we for yaisual
are daein wark gien us tae dae.

3230

3240

3250

On gaein hamewart fae this lair
that taks athin the ocht we ken
anent oor Brither, let us think
no juist upon the kinna man
he was, byordnar in hissel;
let us think he did whit he haed
tae dae, nae thocht o bein ither
nor whit he was; let us be thinkin
that memonie o whit he yince was 3260
an did suid steer us up an gar us
see his ensample aye afore us
lik luminatin gaet for gannin
as weel's a wy tae be forever.

Let us gang hamewart, thinkin as
we gang, that ilkayin o us
can dae the mair the whit the wy
oor dear depairtit Brither did,
sae that we see the guidlie wark
that is tae dae, that we will dae, 3270
an sae we see hoo best we can
puit furrin for the best ensample
the cause we ken haes made us haillie
aa yin a Britherheid the benner.

An thinkin sae, haencefurth as ayeways,
whiteer oor haun can finnd for daein,
let it be duin wi micht o mainner,
aye myndin that lik oor deid Brither,
we aa maun come inbye the mools
whoere thare's nae wyssheid, naw, nor wark, 3280
ceppins whit's inwrocht ben oorsels
an syle whuin natur meldin maks.

But noo, the-tyme we're leevin lyke
the lukin roon sees whit thare is
tae see, an no whit's mibbe thare;
the-tyme we're seein lyke believin
the whit we're lukin at oot thonner
is mibbe whit will be forever;
an kennin sae, let us be daein
as muckle as can gar us treisure 3290
the lyfe the Guid Lorde taks upon Him
tae gie us as His earnest til us
is lyfe forever, devoirs duin.

And as we aathegither graft
in daein guid whuin aa aroond
is evil as waanchancielyke,
an bein guid whuin folk aroond
are aa waanchancie evillyke,
in thae things guidness is oorsels
fornent the evil aye ayont us, 3300

seein Protestantism gannin
 as furrit faur as guid commaundin
 respeck that's neever backward furrit,
 and as the fursten things we're haein
 tae dae concernin this oor Order,
 let us be myndfou as neer tuim it,
 that Protestantism is itsel
 the rarest Christianitie
 an that oor bein Orangemen
 as furst o men, is furst anaa
 in bein Christian men at hairt;
 an let us be as myndfou tae
 that it is no enyeuch for us,
 nor onie ither bodie aither,
 tae uphaud richt tae read the Byble,
 but we maun read it, wyssheid speirin,
 as we maun read it truith descryin,
 sae that we mak the truith oor wyssheid,
 even as athin oor hairts we practise
 its true commaundments; ay, tho, even
 it's no enyeuch for tae uphaud
 doctrine o justificatioun bi faith,
 an that alane; we maun believe
 in Jaesus Chryst, oor Lorde, an leeve
 bi faith, that samin faith that is
 inwrocht bi luve an sae maun hain
 aa guid warks, and in thaem, guid men."

3310

3320

*Try-nane insensin aa yer faes
 that they are wrang, but gang as faur
 as furst insensin aa yer marras
 that you are richt, and haein duin that,
 gang furder tae insense yersel
 ye're faur ower thochtfou tae be fautit.*

3330

For bookein til oor Brither deid,
 as muckle mair may noo be eikit
 as tho upbiggit ben the haern-pans
 o Brethren sae they may be kennin
 the guidness Gode sees fit tae gie them
 in lyfe as earnest o His Heeven,
 even as the Brither gane abuin
 haed taen guid tent o thru his lyfetimm.

3340

*Lyfe blissin lyfe can be angelic
 as Heeven-hamewith luve can spell,
 but lyfe in deein blissin daith
 maks lyfe on Yerd Satanic Hell.*

The Maister then, noo staunin furrin
as hinmaist til the lair was mairchin,
 or Chaplain, cauld daith aye fornent,
 or Brither, as appyntit, myn,
bi Maister o the Ludge, as speaker 3350
o yon speil is areadies scryvit,
noo maks a meikle til thon muckle
 bi prayin whit is gien alow
 as bein yin wi aa abuin,
or itherwyse, or whit sall please him.

“O Gode, Whoe is the Faither Gode
o Him Whoe is the Lorde, oor Saviour,
 Chryst Jaesus, Yae Pairt Hail Hissel
as Gode Hissel is Three Pairts Halie,
we thank Ye You aloo Yer childer 3360
tae draw near, worshipping Yer Ainsel
 fae laich alow Ye as bou doon,
and as suppliants Heechest speirin.
We’re waarth-the-nane tae luft the eesicht
fae doon alow til up abuin us
ben yon place whoere Yer Honour’s winnin,
 or for tae tak Yer Halie Name
atween oor lips sae sinfou, clairtie.

We thank Ye that Ye are sae gracious
 in lettin us draw near til You 3370
tae let Ye ken oor benner greinin
 tae draw mair near til You thru Chryst.
 Caad here the-day tae think on daith
 as ither folk yae day will be
sae caad-upon tae think on leevin
 that yince was oors, ginn we are deid,
we thank Ye, Gode, for lyfe that’s kennin
daith immortalitie abuin us
as brocht til licht bi Your Gode’s Speilin.

Mak us partakers, as we speir 3380
at You, for siccan licht o leevin,
as immortalitie Ye gie us
ben whit micht be oor deid ben daurkness.
May ilkayin o us be bydein
 thru lyfe wi faith alane that is
enyeuch athin itsel for needment
nocht mair, the-tyme we luk at Jaesus,
 as blythe athin Him as His Name
is blythe upon oor lips tae luv Him. 3390
An may we follae, follae on
the leal ensample He haes left
tae gar us gang the gaet He gaed.”

*Gin it suid be that sauntlie bodies
 may daunce an preen-pynt gyan smaa.
 thon wy confoonds philosophers,
 yit is it no the mair byordnar
 that you and your wurdz scryvin thonner
 as I here wryte, wi pirlicuein
 can advertise the whoe the bard,
 ken better nor philosophers 3400
 truith immortalitie is giein
 can set oor ainsels up as squarelie
 as roondit-aff or pynt o pincil?*

“We thank Ye, O Lorde Gode abuin,
 as here alow along wi us
 baith deashilwys an widdershins,
 that nane o us is left alanelik
 tae murne the day awo in greit
 for oor depairtit freens as ithers
 are gy faur gane as hope athooten 3410
 micht dicht the saut o tears awo
 an smoor ower skaith o hairt in beild.

Ay, may we be steered-up tae follae
 bi faith that maun be fuhll enyeuch,
 an tentin ben the spreit enyeuch
 sae we can hain Yer promises.
 May thare be blissins ben oor kennin
 in ilka guid ensample gien us,
 the-wy they mak us eydent mair
 in devoirs duin in aa that’s guid. 3420

In saervice til Ye, may oor lyfes
 be lyke the bree o guidness til Ye.
 May we ken blytheheid ben the licht
 Yer coontenance can sheen upon us
 the-tyme we daunner in Yer Praesence.
 May blytheheid, benwrocht wi Yer Saucht,
 be aye athin us ben belief,
 an thru the Halie Spreit’s depytin
 may thae be bookeit fuhll wi hope. 3430
 May we advaunce aye Heevenwarts,
 Yer throne fornent us aa oor lyfe.
 May Chryst be oors ben lyfe abydein;
 may oors be Chryst again in deein.”

*Ay, yon’s the place malaise is hainin
 tae luk ayont itsel an think
 that it wuid be nae boather yont
 on steppe amang the Rooshians,
 on prairie wi the Ruidskin fuhllas,
 or on the pampa gaucholyke,*

tae mak the lee syde o a humplock 3440
as lown as ligg ahint in comfort
fae onie scoorin wuin or beildit
alow the snaw lik coorie ben:
ay, that's the non-conformer wy
whoere folk stye snode athin the beild
o thair ain scaddas hamewith howffin,
for think ont, sic condeetiouns mak
nocht else for siccan bodies' daein
but makkin thair ain succour siccar.

Syne, gin thare's wyfe an waens, mak speilin: 3450
"Bliss, will Ye, Lorde, the weedie, whoe
was made haill yince wi her manbodye,
an bliss the bairns will be for aye
the hauf her ain as hauf oor Brither's
at whose lair noo we staund an pray.
An comfort thaem, wi Your luve ben them,
for this daith on them gyan sair,
an gar them be in hope rejoycein
for bein wi him blissitlyke
ginn they sall meet him noo gane fae them 3460
inbye the better wurd abuin.

Gie thaem athin this lyfe thur needments
sae they are blisst wi comforts syne
will gar them prosper, gin the prospect
Yer Halie Will that's aathing aye.
Abuin aa, tho, for meikle treisure,
Lorde, bliss them wi Your Remeid.

Whuin folk are paer as hear the coins
jingle lik ruchness in the pootsh,
they arenae listenin lik wheeshin 3470
tae hear the banknotes reeshle ower,
nor haudin braith tae hear the scartin
o pens on cheques; but they can myn
that they will hear again nae-soond
the wy thur paertith haerkens til't
whoere coins are no heard for tae jingle
athin the silence o thae folk
are ower weel-aff tae hear or haerken
til ocht but thair ain ruchness aye.

"Lorde, bliss this kintrie, myndin Eden 3480
was blissit yince as Yours an mankynd's,
an gar the true releegioun flourish
wi bookein til it lyke the Tree
o Lyfe ben Your ain Eden garth.
An bliss the Britherheid aroon

that thinks Yer Heeven will be Eden,
 an gar us be ensamples blisst
 for aa oor fellowmen tae follae
 lik us thru luve til You, sae tyauvin
 at guidlie warks, oor Britherheid 3490
 can mak an Eden o oor kintrie.

Gar faith growe mair as growe the muckle
 wi pietie in ilkabodie;
 and O, let naebodie be tuim
 o truest faith an pietie.

Let us prepare tae dee, an speir
 for whit it is tae ken the sayin:

‘I ken the Yin I hae believed
 an sae I am persuaded He is
 weel able for tae keep the aathing 3500
 I gied til Him fornent thon day.’”

*As gentle but as burthensome
 as bizzin made bi gairies, braw
 as pollinate the the flooers for wark,
 because thon bizzin soonds anent
 whit haes been duin for dae nocht else
 whoere naething else can need sic daein,
 even as the soond is signallin
 for aye ongaein o a leevin
 sae daein as can dae nocht else. 3510*

BENEDICTION

The Brethren, deashilwys richt haund,
 an widdershins roon lair, the caurrie,
 can then yae salutatioun mak
 for him, thur Brither doon alow,
 bi ilka haund thare jyned an crosst.

*Thae wurds are baens alane: altho
 as factual as framewark, nane
 haes onie bodie that is roondit
 wi gowpin flesh ingyne upon it
 tae booke it oot wi lyfe puits ruid 3520
 tae bluid athin it colouratioun.*

See Appendix

*Oor kyn can ken that ben the syle
 this cly we caa oorsels can mell
 wi syle tae mak whit's caad the mools:
 athooten thocht, we gang ben grund
 as fae the Yerd we cam, remakkin
 the grund we cam fae, sae we guess
 oor immortalitie is thinkin,*

*no thocht that maks creatioun fae's,
as said philosopher as tho
he haednae thocht the maitter thru
as ken the wy the Yerd itsel
is yin wi aathing here aroond,
and yont us aa the cosmos maks,
even as the ruckies mirlit doon
thru the millennia fae moontains
til maurl as black as haud the heat,
on syle as ruid as rant fail suimmer,
on groo as growe guid bent for kye,
syne at oor deid maks mankynd haill
as aa the yin-waan lyke itsel.*

3530

3540

X

Here noo I gie alow a speilin
 for luft it up tae speir athin
 an be yer een can padyane see
 the whit is duin for daedicatioun
 for onie Orange Haa becomin
 the brick an martar o the veesioun
 athin the Orange Order een,
 a padyane sic as weel may be
 oot-raxit for the wurld tae speak ot, 3550
 or else poued-in for faimlie clashin
 or onie wy as fancie fits it.

The Haa, noo guairdit brawlie wycelik,
 and inbye ilka nyeuk oot-dichtit
 lik clear the clart sees aa perjink,
 and ootbye roond aboot made snode
 as see thare's nane but Orange bodies
 aroon the place, the Ludge is aipent
 in yon wy is the yaisual mainner,
 bi Ludge Waarthskipfou Maister yin, 3560
 or else Presydin Brither chiel:
 syne, Chaplain speils lik this alow here.

“O Lorde, as meikle as Yer micht;
 an Gode as fearsomelyke as gars us
 gang aye in some terrificatioun;
 Lorde Gode, as maercifou as You
 are gracious, for mankynd is no,
 and as lang-tholin and as slawlik
 til wrath as You maun be because
 we're no lik that oorsels, paer folk; 3570
 Lorde Gode, as foothilie in guidness
 that is Yersel, and intil truith
 lik Your Ain Ither Eemage lukin,
 we fair wuid lyke tae draw near til Ye
 as hummle as doon-grunditlyke,
 an raeverential as fair baet,
 and aa athin Yer Name, the Halie,
 an thru the middis-speak o Him
 Whoe is Lorde Jaesus Chryst, Yer Son,
 Yer Tither Self, Yin o Twoe Ithers, 3580
 Whoe is remeid til us, oor Saviour.

“Blissit be Your Name for thon luve
 gien til us thon wy, sinners still,
 oor Lorde Chryst Jaesus deed for us yins
 sae we cuid leeve for aye athin Him.

“O Gode, for His Sake, Pairt the Saecont
o Your Ain that is Godeheid Aathing,
blat-oot the ilka sin oor ain;
deleever us fae sin athin,
sae that we ayeways byde as skaithless 3590
as best o childer ben oor ainsels;
an gie us aa the ilka blissin
that’s ben remeid will ayeways byde
snode inwith us, aa thru this lyfe
an thru aa tyme wi You forever.

“Bi Your Ain Spreit, thon Pairt the Thrid
maks You Yae Aathing Yin wi Chryst,
lead us alang the caunnie pads
o halieness an devoirs lyke
the buskins o braw flooers, delytsome 3600
til een, an wi a saucht o myn
lik wishie wuins amang the gresses
for soond lik some delytsome sang;
enable us tae watch oorsels
sae we hear naething contarin
Yer blissin, and sae let us pray
that we ken nocht but praise o You,
sae intil tempins we come-nane;
keep us fae sin the-wy we keep,
Yer Ain Name fae it; bring us furrin 3610
til thon heech gowden yett, an syne
tak us inbye Yer Heevenlie Kinrick
sae we may be partakers aye
o ilka blytheheid ben its glorie
and ilka glorie blytheheid ben.

“Lorde Gode, we thank Ye for thon licht
o Godespeil, that’s as glorious glozent
as sheenin fae the Jaesus Chryst,
speil You athorte the wurld hae sperflt
fae in amang Yer Halie Wurd, 3620
for siccan Halie licht athooten,
we wuidnae ken the wy tae luk
upon the wurld tae see we mak it
the-wy it is whyles, clart an glaur,
nor see it yit again as bettert
as weel it micht be, syne tae see’t
in thon wy that cuid be the marra
o Eden an the Heevenlie Garth.

“We thank Ye, Lorde, that langsinsyne
as faur awo as yon timm is 3630

whyles whigmaleeriefou as yont
mankynd's ingyne tae think upon it,
the heathen daurkness ower oor laund
was luminate wi Your Ain Godespeil;
an that, whuin aifterwarts, langsyne
that was mair fou o whigmaleeries
nor yon timm, Godespeil licht itsel
was gy near puittent in a peep
bi Papish fauts an failyies, then
ye gart it sheen again the mairsae 3640
nor eever at Raeformatioun tyme:
an fae that day, a new licht bleezes
upon the kintrie, ben the mynd
o man, that neever hae ye laettent
be puittent-oot for onie reasoun.

“Wi blytheheid lyke a stave o sang
as chirpie-cheerie ploylik happie
as Settenday whuin lowsed fae wark,
yit wi a thankfouness for't singin
a praise on Sunday for Yersel, 3650
we caa til myn the day o trauchle
forefaithers kent for truith lik sooch
o luvie in myn for thon luvie gien them
Yer grace tae be as fou o faith
as leal wi luvie for You, Yer Ainsel,
ay, richt fornent thae smirtlin nyaffs
puit daith upon thursels lik evil
as het as straucht fae brandered Hell.

“O Lorde, may we be stappit fou
wi halie zeal as ryfe wi Godeheid 3660
as oor ingyne athin Yer Ainsel,
sae we are marras o thae bodies
as sauntlie as can tak the benner
Yer promises thru faith an tentin
that neever fail them, baith o thaem
growne lyke the wheesht o saul gane saucht fou.

“Lorde Gode, let Your grace be oor bookein,
wi pith int gars us graft wi luvie
at warks as guid as mak us saucht fou,
sae we can walk wi faith can gar 3670
us step oot straucht as sodger chiels,
the-wy oor richtousness o mainner
is furrit lyke the gress came springtimm,
lik suimmer shaws, lik fruits come autumn
that mak guid aetin winter cheer,
aa thae things til Yer ain shair glorie,

an til Yer praise, as certain shair
as aa thru Jaesus Chryst as ben
Yer Ainsel as are You faurben Him,
and as mankyn will be the benner. 3680

“As leallie as true til daith,
may ilka yin o us be spared
tae gie Ye saervice aagaets gannin
the whoere nae ither place we are,
and aathing daein in thon mainner
we cannae ocht the-tither dae,
sae that we byde athin oorsels
alow the pooer o the truith
a mell stoons evil, as ongannin
we luve Yer law a saucht in thocht 3690
the-wy ben thochtiness we mak it
a paece o mynd aa thru the day.

“Lorde Gode, the thanks that we noo gie Ye
are no the hauf enyeuch as waarthie
as whit suid be Yer pleasure fae us
anent oor haudin Screepture truith
as luelie fair as in oor hauns
for een tae speir-at blissfoulyke
as ken the truith that Gode is loesome;
for mynd an saul tae ken yon wy 3700
lik lae-truith-nane-alane-but-luve-it;
an furder, Lorde, it’s thanks we gie Ye
that thare’s nae hinder on us noo
gainst oor wyce readin o the Screeptures
lik bein ben them yon wy kennin
gars speirin at them be lik sibness;
an we gie thanks that we are blye
athin the mynd as ben the een
at preachin o the Godespeil thare,
an wi’t, the preevilege sae meikle 3710
o worshippin the Lorde oor Gode
in thon wy lyke the airtin o it
bi Your Ainsel, the whitten tyme ot
gars us be feart the-nane tae dae’t.

“O Lorde, may doctrines, caunnilie
doon dernin ben Yer Halie Screeptures
lik ruits uphaudin bonnie flourish,
be laerit weel as kennin devoirs
will gar oor bairns be folk growe wycelik,
syne even-on ben childer’s childer, 3720
ay, on and on as laer, for aye
thur ain til hinmaist gaeneratiouns.

“May whit was taen for richt in Ceevil
as weel’s Releegious Leebertie
bi oor forefaithers as thur ain,
an gien til us oor ain for makkin
lik thairs, in aa oor days oor pleasure,
be gien bi us til whoe came aifter
for pleesurin thur days lik oors,
the samin wy as aa was gien 3730
til us, fair skaithit-nane, but ayeways
lik Gode’s Ain Halie Wurd the marra,
as we suid be lik Gode’s Ain eemage.

“Bliss You the Orange Britherheid
in haill an pairt, the yin-waan aa
as heech as onie Office-bearer,
as laichlie onie Brither member.

“May ilka yin be aye as true
til fursten things as bodies single,
or baundit lyke Yer saunts in Heeven 3740
in saervin You, aye puittin furrin
truith lyke Gode’s Ainsel intil luvin;
an leebertie in preein Godespeil;
an saucht o mynd a wy tae be
at yin wi self as wi the Saviour.

“We thank Ye, Lorde, for aa Yer guidness
til thaem oor freens in hoose at hame here,
or ben the kirk athin this toon
an neeborheid, in lettin thaem
be ruch as ruidie wi enyeuch 3750
o siller for tae py for biggin
this Haa and offices athin it.

“An may Yer blissin, lyke Yer Name
upon the ilka lip for bliss,
be on colloquin ben thin waas
a gauird lik blissin on Yer Name
upon the tongue; an may thare be
collogue the-nane, lik neever-ken-it,
whuin sic a blissin cannae be
athin oor speirin thon wy traist is 3760
as true as it is yin wi luve.

“An may Yer blissin be upon
this padyane o collogue the-day
thon wy we ken the haund o Godeheid
will yae day be on us for blissin.

“May ilka hairt be fou o fear
that we hae come fornent Yer Guid
wi some bit faut the lyker failyie,
but come fornent Ye juist the same
as fuhll o Your luve sowthers aathing 3770
an mells us yin wi You for aye;
an may the aa we dae be lyke
the aa we say, as wurdie as
oor Christian name the-wy we ken it
haes luve alane inbiggit thare.
And aathing that we are for askin
is for the sake o Chryst. Amen.”

The Chaplain then fae John is readin
his Furst Epistle, yin o three
that maks it lyke Gode’s Trinitie, 3780
an fae Fowerth Chaipther o it, readin
wi pech is fou o luve, for aathing
athin its yin-an-twintie verses
is, as ye ken, anent Gode’s Luve
for aa mankynd, an man’s for Gode:
and, as ye ken, an mynd it ayeways,
the Britherheid’s anent a naething
gif no for Brither’s luve o Brither.

The Brethren then sall sing thon Psaum
the Nynetieth, fae Fowerteenth verse 3790
til Seeventeenth, that, as ye ken,
tell man the wy tae be as gled
as gledness aye is sib wi Gode
the-wy He daes an man is duin-til,
even as a biggin man’s hauns mak
is waarth no juist the siller in it
but is a thing tae sing aboot.

Presydin Brither furrin then,
declares the Haa is aipent up,
for Orangeism set apairt. 3800

Hear then wurdts taen fae Luke Twoe, Fowerteen,
as gien alow tae mynd ye o them.

“Glorie til Gode athin the heechest,
and on Yerd, saucht, guidwill til mankyn.”

Furder til that, anent Haa biggin
thare’s this oratioun, muckle mowtin.

“Brethren, I hairtilie puit pleasure

upon ye lyke the saucht o sainin
 fae Gode til man, noo haein seen
 ye're able as graft eydentlie 3810
 cuid bigg this haa tae hoose the wark
 is yours an mynes in Orangeism.
 An daed-in-trothe that's ben the hairt
 lik bluid ruid-rowein roond athin
 as ben the haerns oor thochts roon-jookin,
 may we puit pleasure on oorsels
 the-wy we're thranglik intil thryvance
 for daein o it that is yin
 wi bein wi it in the daein;
 an for oor bein aathegither 3820
 in thankfouness a blissin on us
 til Him Whoe up til noo haes made us
 be intil thryvance ben oor darg
 o wark, and haes puit hairtsomeness
 in us anaa anither blissin
 tae gar us aa luk up til Him
 for ither blissins on ocht else
 we tak in haund is praise o Godeheid.
 An sae, may aa we tak in haun
 tae dae be duin as guidlie as 3830
 aa duin athin His sicht maun be.
 May He aye lead us on the pads
 o dacent devoirs maun be duin,
 and intil wyssheid heech as Heeven,
 an may He keep us true as trammellt
 as straicht as in atween ticht-haudit
 til aa thae fursten things that are
 athin belief fair audit ticht;
 an may He gar us be as yuissfou
 as we maun be weel-ben uphauin 3840
 an furderance o that guid cause
 that we gie purr til ben baith mynd
 a sotterin o thoct, ben hairt
 a slutterin o bluid roon-rowein.
 An may this haa, thegither puit
 wi pleasure foondit ben oor hairts,
 see monie the gleg collogue sae foondit
 as weel as monie sotterins
 o thochts in britherlie bluid-sibness;
 o muckle coonsels wysslik aye; 3850
 o prayer aernest as weel-grundit;
 o the aestablishment o bodies
 in fursten things as grundit deeplie,
 and o the growthe athin this biggin
 o muckle heezement, birkinness.
 May this haa neever see an ocht

as stryfie as skaith saul on bodie;
may thir waas, roond us for a beild
in waather, oot the weet an wuin,
no yince be lyke an aechie-chaumer 3860

for soond o speak as angerie
as bitter, nor for sperflin roon
the onie wurd as sainless as
ayont Godespeil, an deevilish.
May whit was puit athin this haa,
for graft a pleasure in the daein,
be taen oot fae it as a pleasure
as wark for furderance the samin
o that haill yaeness ben this place,
yaeness the Orange Britherheid. 3870

“I cannae but remynd ye, Brethren,
o aa that’s intil Orange thocht
that in its wy is faur ayont.
It is gy guid for us the keepin
fornent us aye the benner sooch
o this we caa oor wyce professioun;
the fursten things ot maun be puit
intil thir twoe wurds we ken weel
are neever ben thursels ocht ill –
Protestantism an Leebertie. 3880

But whit avaa’s Protestantism?
It is protest gainss thae mistaks,
ferlie ondeemas fausenesses
as weel we ken ben Paperie.
An sae it is, as true as straicht as
the truith aye straicht as trammellt true;
and haence the name gien thon timm foremaist,
lik Orangeism neever hinmaist,
was thon protest o thae Raeformers
* for the Imperial Diet at Spires: 3890

yit, and was that yae protest gainss
thae auld mistaks, gainss thae auld ferlies,
aa thae ondeemas fausenesses

* That is, the Diet o Speier in 1529. Hooever, the protests against the deceesiouns o the Diet were bi Lutheran Princes an ceeties.

were fund ben Paperie, nocht ither
 nor for the sake o dacentness
 ben Christianitie as true
 as blue, and aye as pure as cleirlik,
 an no for that itsel, ye ken,
 but for the heechlik Heeven-gien richts
 an leeberties in Kirk o Christians 3900
 as weel's in ilka Christian chiel.
 An myn that Orangemen, bi bein
 thus Protestants, are Christians tae,
 an mixter-maxtered nane avaa
 wi ither bodies thonner-yonner
 lik this wy that wy ben thur creeds
 yuch-yuchellin awo wi clashin
 anent thur godes and eemages
 the lyke are neever seen ayont
 Hell's yetts except athin ingyne 3910
 that cannae ken itsel fae nichtmeir
 An let us see til't, in thon wy
 that luks ben faith tae see faurbenner,
 that we are Christians, no in name juist
 and in professioun baith thegither,
 but in realitie that kens
 nae gloschen fauseface glowerin ill
 except at Halloween for bairnies
 tae snicher ower amang thursels
 the-tyme we hear them tell o witches. 3920
 Kennin thae things gars us mak shair
 o yuissfouness as Brither chiels,
 an wi it for a meikle measure,
 for oor ongauns a weelfare tae.
 The strenth o this oor Britherheid
 is no juist in the members' nummers,
 but in the feck o thaem faurben
 in faith an pietie are menfolk
 whoe luv the Byble, and whoe leeve
 alow the pooer o the truith 3930
 that is the licht illuminates
 the pages o the Byble, men
 whoe busk the Godespeil in thur mainer
 o daein wi thur fella-man,
 an whoe, wi halie zeal a licht
 athin thursels aye sheenin, gang
 as pithilie as pech the mairsae
 intil thur ilka saervice duin
 for this guid cause the mair tae furder
 the-wy we're aathegither bookeit 3940
 the furder ben oor Orangeism.
 It's no enyeuch that we suid hae

haterent avaa for Paperie,
 nor we despise thur credal thinkin
 because o footiness we see
 ben thair idolatrie puit furrin
 instead o whit we'd lyke tae see,
 the purest worship o the Lorde;
 nor for the gloschen-gemmes o bairnies
 that Paperie haes gart tak ower 3950
 releegious saervice, makkin it
 the fair rideeclous; naw, nor is it
 for speeritual despotism
 it haes aestablisht for the garrin
 o sauls o bodies bein brocht
 as laich as puittent-doon as slaves;
 naw, it is no enyeuch avaa
 that we suid finnd that Paperie
 is scunnersome as mental bokin
 because o thae and ither things, 3960
 but we maun hae the hatrent mair
 for Paperie because it staunds
 against and owerhaills dacent doctrines
 o Godespeil, and it taks awo
 fae oor Lorde Jaesus Chryst the glorie
 that is His Ain as Lorde an Saviour
 o aa paer bodies, aa paer sinners,
 the Yin as Middis-speaker is
 atween us whoe are paer mankynd
 and Gode Whoe is the Meikle Haill Yin, 3970
 the Keeng o keengs an Lorde o lordes.
 An we oorsels maun hae delytin
 in puittin traist in Him, wi luve,
 and aye delytin Him tae saerve.
 And as til Lealtie til oor yin
 we mowt aboot, the yerdlik yin?
 Whit is this Lealtie o oors?
 It isnae juist a smaalik greinin
 for him oor yerdlie sovereign,
 tho we hae muckle reasoun, Brethren, 3980
 for siccan greinin til the keeng
 an for oor thankfounes til Gode
 for the ondeemas qualities
 hae seen him pedestallt for us
 as common bodies tae luk up til,
 an for tae luve in thon wy folk
 may think a weethirig lyke oor ain
 for Yin we ken maun neever be
 upon a pedestal an eemage.
 Oor lealtie is til the man 3990
 whoe is oor keeng, but insaefaur as

he is upon a throne doon-saetit
as representative, nocht ither,
for thae furst things that placed his Hoose
o Hanover upon the throne
o this oor kintrie in the furst place –
thae fursten things abuin aa made
for us the Glorious Raevolutioun
in thon year sixteen aichtie-aicht.
Oor Lealtie is aa at yince 4000

til him oor sovereign lik yince an
for aa, til Constitutioun tae
as was aestablisht at thon tyme
whuin Willam, then the Prince o Orange,
was caad tae sit upon the throne,
for tae defend the Constitutioun
as free as it be Protestant.
Oor Lealtie bynds us tae dae
the ilka thing athin oor pooer
tae uphaud Constitutioun oors, 4010

an for tae staund as sterk as stootlie
against the onie slee attemp
that may be made for tae owerhaill,
or for tae unnermyne an cowp.
An let us here the-noo conseeder
in thon wy that can tak nae thoct
tae swither, syne tae swither mairsae
anent it, but aye for oor bearin
in myn that this oor Constitutioun
is free, an free alane because 4020

Protestantism maks it free,
an will be free-the-nane gif no sae,
an that for us and aa oor bairns,
Protestantism and oor freedom
are cleekit ticht thegither lyke
the faith athin the haerns and hairts
o folk are faithfou Protestants.

“I’m thinkin noo I dae nae better
nor speil LAUNDMERKS O ORANGEISM.

“1. The richt o ilka man tae read 4030
wi plesure an tae pree wi care
the Halie Screeptures for hissel,
an no the wy o readin soocht
wi malice, preed wi evilness
as in the past the Wurd was nichtit
sae deevileeshlie; naw, bi man
as Gode’s Ain Wurd that we may laern fae’t
truith Gode haes seen fit for tae licht.

- “2. The doctrine that justificatioun
 is aye bi faith alane, an grace 4040
 an kyn remied o mankynd is
 tae be doon-puittent til the wark
 o Chryst as fae thon darg lang lowsit,
 an til the pooer an luve o Chryst
 noo intil glorie oor delytin,
 an bydein ben His Faither’s Heeven,
 an nocht in haill or pairt avaalik
 til onie warks o man oorsels:
 guid warks are rowein aye fae grace
 intaen fae up abuin, an rowe 4050
 as necessarilie the ayeways,
 but can the nane avaa ootgie
 sae tae intak that grace, nor even
 desaerve oor Gode’s remeid in sainins.
- “3. The doctrine that because thon Faa
 made men bi natur sinfou chiels,
 an that nae yin can gang the benner
 intil the kinrick yont the luft
 athooten bein born again as
 at yin for aye wi Halie Ghaist, 4060
 bi wham avaa believers true
 in Jaesus Chryst are sanctifeed,
 sae for the fellaskip o Godeheid
 fittit, an keepit thru the faith
 inbye remeid thru aa thur lyfetimm
 as weel’s aa thon timm is forever.
- “4. The ocht alanerlie that’s waarth
 oor worship is the Lorde, the Haill Yin,
 Faither, Son, Halie Ghaist thegither,
 Whoe are, whuin aa the yin-waan caad, 4070
 ‘I am’ as written for tae read;
 an prayer, that maun aye be pryvate,
 is man wi Gode, His Eemage man,
 is tae be made til Gode alane
 Whoe is, ben His Ainsel, the Aathing,
 and aa the prayers that are made
 til Mary, whoe is caad the Virgin,
 til saunts and aa thae angel bodies,
 alang wi veneratioun gien
 til eemages in picturs, stanes, 4080
 as weel’s thae relict kinna ferlies
 lik hanks o hair an bits o baens,
 are tae be thocht the unco things
 wuid gar ye grue tae bou an worship,

for 'Nae idolatrie' says Godeheid.

- “5. The yae priest, as the yin alane is
ben His Ainsel the Kirk o Christians,
oor Muckle Heech Priest, is the Yin Whoe
langsyne gaed intil Heeven's airt;
Whoe, haein made for sinfou man 4090
the yin and aa-suffeecient daith
was sacrifice for aa oor sinnins,
ay, sacrifice was His Ainsel,
noo gane bi His Ain Bluid up thonner,
an sae inbye thon Halie Place
no made bi hauns but thru Gode's thinkin
aff-roondit lyke thon Daith sae perfyte
puit Chryst richt-haund asyde the Faither
for us, an thare He leeves, The Priest
upon His throne asyde the Judge, 4100
and ongaun intercaessioun maks
for His ain folk; alow His Ainsel,
aa His ain folk are peels wi keengs
an priests til Gode: and ilka bodie
haes free ingaet in prayer til Gode,
wi ither worship exercyse.
- “6 Confessioun o sins is tae be made
til Gode alane Whoe can alanerlie
forgie aa sins against His Eemage;
and aa confessioun that they're caain 4110
auricular's tae be oot-cassen
as no athin Gode's Wurd; an contar
til Gode's Wurd and indaed it is,
as true believers aa are kennin.
- “7. The fenyiet sacrifice that's caad
the mass is yae impietie
that's no at yin avaa wi thon,
the aa-suffeecencie that's caad
the sacrifice o Chryst, that yince
was offert-up for aa the sinnin 4120
o aa the folk, but offert-up
at thon auld yince that is for ayeways
needs neever hae the eemage ot.
- “8. Fell Purgatorie is yae doctrine
as fruitfou as a buss fou-ladent,
or lyke a dreepin roast for langsyne
gainfou til aa the Papish clergie;
as weel, it is a michtie wark-loom
for byndin til them sauls o folk,

- throch-thirlit wi sic slaverie; 4130
it's tae be haudit in fell haterent
for thon wy in effect it aye is
a virtual an sair nae-sayin
for aa-suffeeciencie o deein
was sacrifice o Chryst, oor Jaesus,
an for His sake forgieness free
an fuill for aa oor sins: thon is
a doctrine contar til the Wurd.
- “9. The Halie Screeptures, thaem alane 4140
ben Testaments baith Auld an New,
ring faith the-wy the luve o Chryst
rings ower oorsels; tradeetiouns ben
the Kirk an Kirklie Cooncils baith,
alang wi whit the Pape is sayin,
hae nae autoritie abuin
the luve o Chryst, the Halie Screeptures,
nor ower man free an fou o grace.
- “10. The fenyiments o Pape o Rome 4150
tae haill-ring ower the haill o Kirk
o Chryst, and ower the keengs an states,
as Chryst's ain vicar on the Yerd,
that he haes taen tae mak thon ferlie,
the fell infallibilitie
in quaistiouns o the faith an morals,
as *ex cathedra* as ayont
the folk, are contar til the Wurd
o Gode, that are tae be oot-puit
as faur alutterlie as yont
the folk, an furder mair ootbye,
as are his impious claims o maucht 4160
tae dae awo wi sic a thing
as biddableness o the bodies
til the Divine commaundment gien,
and on condeetiouns o his office,
tae gie desarts o Chryst an saunts
bi wy o the indulgences
fae Papal pooer til auntrin folk.
- “11. The ilka man is boond tae keep 4170
haill Moral Law is bookeit benner
the Ten Commaundments, ruit an braenshes
lik Tree o Lyfe, an tho thare's nane
o us can keep it perfitlie
as in itsel it weel can flourish,
nor can the yin o us upbigg
his richtousness afore the Lorde

bi onie ettlement tae keep it,
yit ilk leal Christian bodie greins
an grafts tae keep it deep in thinkin
lik think yince mair anent its meanin
in wurdz lik say-it-ower-again, 4180
and in ongauns tae dae't again,
and is ticht-haudit til thae maitters
bi luve o Chryst for luve o man,
an wi delyte tae dae the will
o Gode, as Gode haes made man willant,
tho whyles some folk seein nane-sae-willant.

“12. Lealtie til Yerdlie sovereign,
til British Constitutioun tae,
is ben devoirs o ilka bodie
athin this laund, ay, devoir plainlie 4190
for een tae see as laer fae Gode
til man athin the Halie Screeptures.

“In thaem ye hae the fursten things
made Orangeism langsinsyne
that keep it as it is the-day.

“As it is statit for the fact ot
an no for onie fancie thare,
as you areadies heard it said
in thon speak the eleeventh LAUNDMERK,
the Moral Law we maun be keepin 4200
is bookeit ben the Ten Commaundments,
sae let us read them as gien oot
til Moses langsinsyne bi Gode
upon Moont Sinai aestlins thonner.
Let us read Exodus at Twintie,
at Yin til Seeventeen the verses.

“But aa faurben the Moral Law
was said in smaaer booke nor that
bi Jaesus Chryst oor Lorde His Ainsel
in Mattha Twintie-twoe, in verses 4210
the Thrittie-fift til Fowertie yins,
that say, luve Gode an luve yer neebor.

“An may the Lorde enable us
tae leeve as Christian bodies ocht,
walkin bi faith, and in luve walkin,
athin oor hairts Chryst's haill luve hainin.”

An then let aa the Brethren sing
Psaum Twintie, verses Five til Nyne,

that are adae, ye ken, wi Dauvit
and Yerdlie comein o his kinrick. 4220

As hinmaist speil the Chaplain gies
a prayer lyke the yin alow,
or near enyeuch as maitters-nane.

“O Gode, we’d come fornent Ye noo
wi praise lik sang for tae delyte
oorsels, an wi an esperance
intil it that Ye tak delyte
fae sic a thing inbye Yer Ainsel;
an wi thanksgiein a clairion
abuin the Yerd can rax til Heeven: 4230
an wi oor prayers a dichtin-oot
o fauseness fae athin sowlcases,
syne best o ettlement inpuittent.

As hummle as wi heid doon-boued,
an raevertlie’s baith een steekit
for fear we see Yer Licht nicht blinn,
we gie Ye adoratioun lyke
thon sooch o quaetness that can come
fae kennin mair nor maist folk hain
athin ingyne maks skeelie haunds 4240
and haerns the merk o Gode in menfolk;

aa this we dae that gars us be
the-wy we are because Yer Ainsel
is Meikle Gode nane’s lykent wi,
an Makker o Yer Heeven bleezin
athin haill space the luft in glorie,
an Makker o the Yerd that is
alow oor feet alowe wi luvin

the-wy Ye made it, even as
Ye are oor Makker, Hainer tae, 4250
the Gode we byde athin ben thoct,
the Gode we swee around in saucht
fae day til day, the Gode we hae
oor bein ben the ilka gloamin

o dool, the ilka morn blye daw
that can weel cairrie us the haufwy
til Heeven, wi aa oor thankfouness,
as weel we ocht, for shair we ayeways
can come afore Ye as Ye see us,

Yer Worshippers immelled wi licht 4260
around us as we’re speakin til Ye,
the Gode an Faither o oor Lorde
the Jaesus Chryst Whoe mells wi You
and thon the Halie Ghaist, tae mak
the Trinitie that is Yin-waan

and aathegither Faither-Gode,
and in oor Lorde, the Chryst, oor Jaesus.

O Gode, Yer sainin puit on us
whoe are Yer folk whoe are acceptit
athin the Chryst, adoptit bairns 4270
ben that same Chryst. An puit yer blytheheid
lik best o sang a blissin on us

because His Bluid haes scoort awo
aa sin fae us; because ilk yin is
snode-cleedit wi Chryst's richtousness
a glore upon us sae we staund
afore Ye richtous as the Lorde
is richtous: an because o Chryst's
haill fuhllness, may aa we intak 4280
be fou as weel o grace as Godeheid
is aa remeid. O may we ken
Him as haill made fornent us wi it
as we can grein tae be, lik Gode
the-wy wyssheid is in a boorie
at yince wi richtousness straicht-backit,
wi sanctificatioun lyke een cleir
as sakelessness, an wi redaemptioun
lik thaem free-haundit, selfish-nane.

“We thank Ye, Lorde, for aa Yer guidness
til us sin we colloguit here 4290
this day, the-wy we ken sic guid
is for the sowtherin o ills.

Forgie us, Lorde, for aa the sinnin
we micht hae duin calloguin here,
an croun wi aa Yer Halie blissin
oor yokin til't tae saerve Ye true,
whit tho perfyte it shairlie wasnae
but made wi caurrie-haunditness.

An may we gang fae here sib mairsae
wi thocht for muckleness inbiggit 4300
ben preevileges we enjy,
mair thankfou for them, kennin thaem
as sib wi You as You wi us;
an may we be mair steivie stootlik
o hairt for tae uphaud the cause
that is Yer truith, mair stootlik steivie
at that in hummleness ilk yin
dependent on Yer grace an guidness;

an may we be as tentie aye
tae ken hoo You wuid see us yokit 4310
tae be lik Jaesus in His deein
the hinmaist darg that man can dae.
Sae laer us, Lorde, lik bairns at schuil,

tae ken the gaet we hae tae gang;
gie us Yer guydal for a kennin
upon the pad o lyfe; uphaud
as oxter us whoe stacher climpie;
and aye ongaein, gie's a haun
the onie tyme fae faith we're faain.
Keep us aye tentie on Ye, Lorde. 4320
May aa oor traist be aye upon Ye.

“We thank Ye, O Lorde Gode, for thon
the Constitutioun o oor kintrie,
as free as aathing focht for's waarthie
faur mair nor naething wheengein on
for bowles o brose feed nyafferie,
an for Protestantism made
that Constitutioun, in the biggin
ot on a siccar foond at thon timm
whuin You puit furrit yin tae be 4330
deleeverer for aa oor faithers
fae bein taen-ower bi teeranie
an Paperie whuin comein benwarts:
we thank Ye noo for Your uphaudin
oor Constitutioun til this day.

Sain us, and ilka yin whoe seeks
for tae uphaud it, sae we aa
can dae sae thrawnlie's haud it tichtlie,
an consantlie as tichten haud ot,
an wysslik as can lowsse-it-nane. 4340

May ilka brekk that haes been blootert
athin it sorte itsel as swythe
as swither-nane anent the graftin,
and haillie be as staun the siccar
mair strang nor eever; syne, may aa
the sleelik ills an muckle micht
ots freens-the-nane be yuissless troke,
myn-nane the hoo they may graft at it.
May Paperie, lik bairns's baries, 4350

an kytes as fou as nocht but wuin,
neever growe strang again an creeshie
athin this laund, its waarth oot-redd;
but may thae fella-kintriebodies
noo yokit til't, faurben its daurkness,
and haudit ben its slaverie
as ugsomelyke as contar kin,
be fair owersheenit wi the licht
that's ben Godespeil, an be it sae as
fair swythe as hae nae tyme tae swither
sae they are made lik is, as sib 4360
wi freedom Godespeil can deleever

faur ben the saul for grace o Gode.
 May siccan licht sheen ower aa airtit,
 an suin; may prophecies as gien us
 anent the owerhaillin o Antichryst
 be as fuhllfoued as promises
 o Heeven come again on Erd.
 May daurkness that is ower Islamic,
 ower Heathen, Infidel, an Jewish,
 suin aa be cassent-oot bi licht 4370
 o Godespeil; an may sic a promise
 be as fuhllfoued as that Ye gie
 for esperance, lik Dauvit's singin
 in Psaum the Twintie-saecont nummert,
 verse Twintie-seeventh, 'aa the ends
 o aa the wurd sall mynd an turn
 untae the Lorde, and aa the kin
 an kynlie bodies o the natiouns
 sall worship You afore.' Then mak us
 for tae rejoyce the ilka day 4380
 in seein truith the gree is bearin,
 ay, mak us tae be blye tae hear
 hoo truith is dirlin wi the daein
 that sees til't Godespeil is ongaein.
 Gar birr again be stoondin ben
 Yer ilka kirk o Protestants
 in this and aa the ither launds,
 makkin them pure as speeritual,
 an sae mak thaem yin wi ilkither
 in faith an luve as You are Yin 4390
 wi Trinitie, the Hailness Threesome.

"Watch ower us, this day, aye-and-on
 anaa, for guid that is Yer Ain
 faurben oor hairts, an gie us grace
 tae as waukrif prayer anent.
 Hear aa thae prayers noo made bi us
 til You, an send us for an aunswer
 the saucht Ye ken athin Yersel:
 tho we're no muckle waarth Yer boather,
 dae this for Jaesus' sake. Amen. 4400

"The grace o Jaesus Chryst, the luve
 o Gode, communioun o the Halie Ghaist,
 be wi us aa for aye. Amen."

And aifter that, that's mibbes muckle
 as you can thole and I can gie
 nae mair for ma ain paiks here dreein,
 the Brethren bodies aa gie purr

til whit is caad the Natiounal Anthem,
that you may guess I cannae think
tae gar ye dree the onie mair ot
nor I can thole the thing masel. 4410

Forbye, the vaersioun here fornent me
haes aa adae wi Edwart, Keeng
the Seeventh that was Furst o Britain,
altho it daesnae nummer him
the Seeventh in the Anthem verses.

I hae tae tell ye this, because
this raecord o the Orange Order
that I hae versed tae gie ye laer,
says that “The Ludge sall then be steekit,” 4420
Gode haein blisst the keeng again.

XI

Didactic is didactic daes.

Bairnheid sees whit its eild suid scryve.

The faither's eild is self a younklin.

See thae yins, they're the ootwith bodies.

See you, tho, you're no ben mankyn.

Fareweel, lik fear ill nane, is godespeil.

The lave o aa *The Orange Caird*
is here forewurdit as *post scriptum*
tae let ye see lik benner keekin
an eemage o the haill thegither
is aa the yin-wann wi the verses
made ilka haet lik pree the taet ot
aa thru the haill wark sooch for soond:
luk-see for sooch at soonds the meanin.

4430

Gy-lyke-yersel, ye will be waur.

Weel-at-yersel, ye will be better.

.....

This hinmaist day the month Novemmer,
I play *the Orange Caird* nane-pochelt.

In Saectioun Fower abuin this speilin,
ye read o Charles Law, ma graundy.

4440

Lynes yin, yin, three, six til thae tithers
yin, twoe, yin, twoe, preed in Appendix.

The bittock bled that telt o Charles
said little int anent son Thomas.

That bodie Thomas Law, ma faither,
hissel becam Waarthskeepfou Maister.

Ay, Maister o Ludge Fiftie-seeven,
as says the saw, faither afore him.

And here is whye, lik tell it true

4450

as neever fause can be name-silent:
the Orange Order coodnae lippen
on oniebodie socialistic
as coodnae thole imperialism,
and he was cassent-oot as instant
 as tho the Order thocht tae dae't
wuid sauve the keeng and his domeeniouns.

Ma faither focht his case, the gree ot
bearin awo lik new regalia.

He gaed-back-nane, but this he telt them: 4460
“Awo tae byde awo” I’m singin.

Rab Henderson, that you ken weel
gin you hae read ma aer-on speil,
follaet ma faither oot the Ludge.

Syne, sin ma faither bidd awo,
Big Rab stuid wi him yince again,
an gaed-back-nane that was for aye.

Thae twoe alane cuid tell the tale
lik mak a ballat sing it mair,
but they are gane ayont aa sang. 4470

Ay, gane ayont aa naither said
bi thaem til me, nor me til thaem
anent it for tae mak a sang.

Yit this I’ll say for Rab, he kept
as muckle o auld praejudice
as garred us lauch the noo an than.

Still, thare was nae ongaein wi’t
yae differ til the onie man
as Orange-nane as neever was.

Naw, Rab haed nae politickin 4480
as relict o the Orange Order:
nor puit the haems on oniebodie
for bein Dan or even Billy,
tho whyles auld Aidam micht hae smirtled
*tae see him in an Orange photie,
 for it was Ulster o his yuith

* Fornent me here, shawin ma faither an Rab at some Walk or anither.

sashed him diagonal as purple.

Thus, it was fae Rab Henderson
I head the couplet giien alow,
sae you will ken as muckle's I. 4490

“The Orange Goose and the Purple Gander;
To Hell with the Pope and No Surrender.”

I was ower young tae say til Rab
I thocht the saecont lyne twoe-fauld:
were he here noo, I wuidnae say't.

Neever let dab lik say the nocht
anent the yae thing soonds lik twoe
was ben anither Yrish couplet
no meant for ma ain yuithfou hearin.

It is as unsectarian 4500
as sex ayont the boonds o faith,
an blatelik-nane as lauch anent it
needs-nane apothecaries' poothers.

I heard the couplet soondit haill
as it is kent the weel enyeuch,
athooten eikin til't the rhymin
that mibbes you hae read areadies.

Sae in alow this screed I leave
the caunnie reader for tae merk
upon the dottit lyne the rhymin 4510
lest tint in Newarthill or Dungannon.

“Ye're a Holy Tarror goin' through Dungyannon
With yer britches down and”

It was fae Rab's ain speak o wurds
that I taen in lik spell it oot
as *avant-garde* as true *vers libre*
An Orangeman's Toast the taste o freedom.

The onie tyme I see the Toast,
it quotes-nane Rab's hinmaist twoe lynes,
as kittle-kink as hoastin pechie, 4520
as scatological as wheechin!

I'm thinkin, in the hinmaist lyne
ye'll see alow this verse, the Bishop
was yin o thae Episcopal yins,

no Roman Catholic, I read yince.
I mynd anaa thare was “brass money”
a speak bi thon Tyrconnel chieftain,
the Siege o Limerick the tyme:
let eydent folk the differ tell me.

“AN ORANGEMAN’S TOAST

To the glorious, pious and immortal memory 4530
of King William the Third,
who saved us
from rogues and roguery,
from slaves and slavery,
from Popes and Popery,
from brass money and wooden shoes.

And whoever denies this Toast,
may he be slammed and crammed and jammed
into the muzzle of the Great Gun of Athlone,
and the gun fired into the Pope’s belly, 4540
and the Pope into the Devil’s belly,
and the Devil into Hell,
and the door locked,
and the key in an Orangeman’s pocket.

And may we never lack
a brisk Protestant Boy
to kick the arse of a Papist.

And here’s a fart
for the Bishop of Cork.”

Aa kynds o Orange stories, as 4550
heard tell as daenae ken fae whoere,
cooried as caunnie ben waen’s kennin
as whigmaleeries ryfe as rantie.

Yit, thae was yae clash, orrie as
I didnae ken whit wy the folk
were quaet tae hear it, an were sayin,
“Ay, thare it is. It maks ye wunner.”

The Yrish “Troubles” set the speil
aroon some chiels haed made sair skaithin
on ither bodies lyke thursels, 4560
as ryfe-ruid wi the bluid can skail
as free as Chryst’s upon the Tree.

They were upheezit ben thur spreit

wi daith no thairs but thare ain daein,
as monie o thae bodies are,
or wuidnae dae the whit they dae
athooten skaithin thair ainsels.

And as ye ken, gin onie yin
o siccan bodies dee in killin,
the onie maw will say o him, 4570
“He wuidnae hairm a flei, ma son,
and aye was awfie guid til me.”

As you’ll can ken tae, whyles some chiel
that hears her say it, gies a snicher,
an says til ithers lyke hissel,
“Naebodie said he hairmed a flei,
nor even ocht as smaa’s a flech.”

Weel, aifter stoond o slauchterin
that made bluid gowp as fae a gushel,
the killers gaed fae fell stramash, 4580
forgaitherin deid-hungerie
as slocke the drooth an guts thur fuhll. See Appendix

They waasht the bluid fae aff thur hauns
lik thon auld Roman bodie, Pilate,
whoe speired for truith becam a lance
thru Chryst becam anither lee
lik buhllet thru a fella-man.

Amang the chitter-chatter lyke
the clitter-clatter o the dishes,
yae fuhlla taen a flet an foued it 4590
wi Yrish stew was hingin heatin
upon the swee abuin the ingle,
syne, as he chowed a moothfie o it,
the nocke upon the ingle brace
the midnight oor twal tymes was chappin.

“Bedamnt!” says he, “It’s Fryday morn!”
an spat upon the flaer the dollop
haed naither soomed an Yrish loch
nor soopled thru the Yrish Sea
tae mak a stew on lavrie kail. 4600

Whit I taen fae thon storie then 4610
was ruch the-nane wi wurds ocht wysslik,
an gin ye daenae lyke them noo,
they’re ruch wi nocht but wys o verse,
but tent them, rucher mair they growe. See Appendix

Ay, yince ma faither an Big Rab
were yin thegither lyke the Yerd
the lyfe athin it yince upon it,
an graft athin it made them wysslik
in eild cuid gie oor lyfe on Erd
the benefit o guid avyusement. 4610

Tho neer be feart tae tell a freen
that he is yawpin lyke a bruit
heard Heeven-heech til ben Hell thonner,
be feart the-nane anaa at tellin
an enemie his yuchlin speak
is lyke the onie messan's aagaets.

Ay, they were yin wi men o micht
no sweir tae tak the wyte for fauts
gin fauts were thairs lik naebdie else's,
no lyke thon greetin o the girners 4620
sees aa folk else the fautor chiels,
or Providence the weerd they're dreein.

As says the fermer til the Deil
thon tyme the yuissfou smaa rain weet
haes neever yae wy or the-tither
the fancie taen tae favour fermer,
"Gie us rain will rain, but rain-nane
lik winnae, daenae! Drooth! Hell mend ye!"

An then, for siccar, kennin Gode 4630
is mair acquaan wi English speak,
says, "Give us rain will keep on raining,
but if rain won't rain, don't rain, ever!
And take this blessing from mankind:
from thirstiness, may Heaven preserve You!"

Ay, they were lyke the makar chiels,
as ruch-the-nane wi ocht but wurds
as ruch wi nocht but wys tae say them;
tent makars tho, the wurld is rucher:
an sae were thae auld colliers, men 4640
at hame wi mankynd, yin wi makars.

They werenae nyaffs lik thaem whoe gan
tae batten on the thranglik bodies,
an whoere they cannae batten, boorie
amang thursels an dae whit ayeways
sic folk hae duin, a naething lyker
an eemage o the whit they aye were,

a slaister o het-hotchin beal:
they gang furst-furrit-nane, no thae yins.

As yin, pynt, three, five, aicht, twoe inch 4650
differs an ell fae plyden ell,
that was the feck o muckle differ
as made the pair o thaem as Yrish
as thae auld pigs o Docherty,
or as sklim up sklim on is Scottish.

But they were lyke the Welsh anaa,
for they were intil melodie
lik sing the yin, the-tither listen
sae nane cuid tell the differ pleasure
atween the soondin o the sang 4660
or listenin tae savour soochin.

It maun hae been thae years o struissle,
that saw coal-maisters cluitter-clooter
the colliers, nyneteen twintie-yin
till twintie-six, ma faither haed
his rin-in wi the Orange Ludge
ran-oot his tyme wi Orange Order,
Labour the sea-chyngie made fae Ulster.

Aer-on as fower year auld, a lauddie
as young as mynd an Orange banner 4670
fleein fae oor front windae lyke
a lowe the nicht afore the Twelfth
at Allan Place in Newarthill,
the saecont storey gavel-end
at thon timm merk o William, Mary.

No langsin sifter that, we flittit
til Whytigreen's new Cooncil Hooses:
sometyme fae then til twintie-six
whuin I becam a ten-year-auld,
whit tyme o day speired whit was tyme, 4680
tyme ran-oot for the Orange Order,
ma faither speirin aifter Labour.

Whyles, gin a man is no ben cooncils
that waste the oors in meenutes clashin,
as yin ootwith the weire o wurd
athooten branks upon the tongue,
he yit may see whit speaks the mynd
a thochtie yont the clash o cooncils,
an keeps in myn whit's yont the speilin.

An gin it is a bairn is yonner
athin a nyeuk inbye his ainsel,
 he lippens on whit says the maist
 athin the smaa taet o the laer
 aroon lik cyclopaedia,
tho kennin-nane the-tyme he listens
the feck o whit bydes benner meanin.

As intil daipth lik dook the deeper
in eild as langsinsyne as Plato,
 or faur abraid as Spenser's verse
 anent his days, *The Faerie Queene*,
 I'd hae tae waarsle for tae tell
the feck o whit I heard in bairnheid,
but luk yersel inbye this ballat.

“Then turn ye back some other way;
Take my advice and go no furder,
For the Papists they have gathered up
In Tillyurrie you to murder –
 Whack! Row-de-dow!
 Fol-ol-dol-deray!”

Whit historie is in ahint
the sang, I leave for wyss professors
tae mak thursels the mair the namelie,
but let me tell ye I was taigled
wi melodie amang the metre
lik magic makkin soond the meanin,
 for furst fower lynes are aamaist twyned
 in twoe, yit mellin weel wi music.

See Appendix

That's no tae say we werenae singin
The International as weel as
 The Ruid Flag in oor politics;
 an we were weel aquaant anaa
 wi Yrish freedom ballats lyke
 yon *Kevin Barrie* yin, tho mynd ye,
his forename aye was “Kaevin” wi us.

As tint in tyme as taigle myndin
juist in whit place as in whit mainner,
 I heard Kate Caupie yince gie tongue
 til some speak sayin hoo Tam Law
 was sair puit-oot at Holytoon
tae see the Orangemen entrainin
whit tyme he coodnae traivel wi them.

As even-on as sing a sang

is caunnie as gie folk the pleasure
the wy yer ainsel lykes tae hear it,
yit that's nae mair lik trauchle bein
a laud o pairts nor pairts thur ainsels
the onie mair a boatheratioun:

the singin man ma faither was
nicht weel been mair athooten tylin.

And as til pairts, they wrocht him furst 4740
at Whytgreen, he telt me yae day,
tho ithergaets, as I can tell ye,
mibbes doon in Carfin at Dixon's
the Nummer Twoe Pit thare, eleeven
year and eleeven month the nummer
o his ain years, the near enyeuch
the yae eleevenh o his leevin.

* He deed the twal o Mye, the year
o nyneteen fiftie-yin, whuin I was 4750
six thoosan myle awo, alanelik
o aa his faimlie furth o Scotland,
sae didnae hear him tell ma brither,
"Charlie I'll be home on the fourteenth,
yes, the fourteenth will see me home,"
as said ma sister Mary's letter.

His ither pairts were politics
at yin wi darg o wark, the graftin
he wrocht at aa his days wuid feed him
an cleed him says the saw, sin jynin
the Holytoon an Districk Myners' 4760
Unioun, the furst but no the hinmaist,
in spring o aichteen aichtie-six,
his age the twoe-three month ower thirteen.

Whyles ocht that wyles us fyles us, lyke
buskin the bodie faur ower bonnie
tae gar ingyne be braw the marra,
but you'd be sair mistaen gif thinkin

* Til the verie day, nyntie-seeven year exack sin his faither Charles Law wad Mary Jane Reid
in Bothwell.

the brows were on the back wi pitwark,
unless ye were ayont the uniouns
lik yin o thaem, the maisters' graith
that sortes the colliers, no the maisters. 4770

An whyles the airts o ither pairts
stravaig us thru the years lik tinklers
kennin the roond o whidder-gan-ye
will bring them back til whoere they cam fae:
sae aa ma faither's mixter-maxter
wi politics fae nyneteen nyneteen
til nyneteen fowertie-aicht, were aa
inwrocht til cooncil vyce-convenor.

His sang was gowden medals won
as faur as some folk were concern'd,
tho for his faimlie was ensample
o melodie inwith the meanin
lik meanin yin wi melodie
mair gowden nor the onie medal,
or else the wy tae hear a sang
as aither fause or siller singin. 4780

At twintie-three year auld, on aicht
o Mye in aichteen nynetie-seeven
he gat fae *The Tonic Sol-fa College*,
Certeeficate that shaved his passin
that College's examinatioun
in Musical Memorie as weel as
sic elementarie whit's-waat
as Tyme, as Tune, and as Sicht-singin. 4790

On nynteenth Februar, the year
o nyneteen-five in competeetioun
athin the Ceetie Haa in Glesca,
he gat Certeeficate that tells us
his merks were aichtie-aicht fae total
o yin-an-twintie, Vyce as weel as
Tyme, Tune, Pronunciatioun, and
thae twins Conceptioun and Expressioun. 4800

Tae roond his lyfe an wark, as weel
as square this screed wi aa his daeins,
I hae tae tell ye, lukin at it,
he gat a Pioneer's Diploma
fae Lanarkshire Mynewurkers Unioun
an that bi spacial resolutioun,
in nyneteen fowertie-twoe in June
the seveenteenth, subscriyved kenspeckle. 4810

See Appendix

