

EIKS AN ENS

Nummer 18

The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe

Januar 2020

New Year's Yammer

Annual Collogue and AGM of the Scots Language Society

Setterday Mey 30th

Lairnin Lallans

Speakers: tae be confirmed. Place: in St Matthew's Church, Tay St, Perth PH1 5TF

See p. 4 for details

Ither News

Weel noo that Yuiltide is ower an ye are aa getting sittled intae twa thoosan an twanty, it's time tae get yer entries in fur oor *Sangschaw* competition. *Sangschaw* is ane o the major competitions fur Scots poesy an prose. Categories are oreiginal poesy in Scots, owersettin o wurld poesy/prose intil Scots an oreiginal Scots prose. The prize siller is amang the tapmaist, an thare is a siller tassie anaa fur the winners.

Oor record label *Scotsoun* released twa new CDs juist afore Christmas. SSCD 805 is a recordin o the late John Law's *The Heichts o Macchu Picchu*, an owersettin o yon great poem by Pablo Neruda. This CD featur an introduction by Dr Angela Howkins, a kenspeckle academic o the Spanish leid. As weel as the Macchu Picchu this CD also haes readins o three ither owersettins by John Law, twa frae Scots Gaelic, an anither ane o Pablo Neruda. A richt guid CD tae hae in yer collection.

We also produced anither CD., SSCD 814 cried *Auld Leids / New Vyces*. This ane featur poesy in Scots by Fran Baillie, John Quinn an Dorothy Lawrenson an Gaelic poesy by Marcas Mac an Tuairneir. Noo thay Makars nicht nae be the first name ye wuid think on, but thay are weel kent fur aa that an thay cover a wide range o subjecks that fair taks yer breith awa. Thay are aa extensively published an aa fair pleased tae hae been recorded fur *Scotsoun*. Twa CDs nae tae be owerluikit by onywan keen on the Scots Leid.

George Watt, Admin Officer

SANGSCHAW 2020

Entries ti *Sangschaw* c/o 6 Dryden Place, Edinburgh EH9 1RP

Mair details in *Lallans* 95, *Eiks an Ens* 17 or frae failte@go-plus.net

WABMAISTER AYE WANTIT! Wad luik awfy guid on a CV, brow experience warkin wi an enthusiastic team, freinlie an helpfu. maun be weel motivated, skeelie, can wark frae hame.

Hamewards

Onywey; Ah wis seatit at this muckle gaitherin o the Presbyterian kirk in America – The Synod O New Englan, nae less – when a wee chap stauns up tae spier a question. It wis wan o they American type queries that jist went oan, an oan, an oan. An the langer he speired, the mair Ah wis thinkin ... “That lad’s shairly got a guid Scots tongue in his heid. He’s no jist frae Scotlan, he’s frae Central Scotlan ... he’s no jist frae Central Scotlan, he’s frae West Lothian ... he’s no jist frae West Lothian, the puir chap’s frae Airmadale” An as it turnt oot, he wis! But in spite o that he wis a guid lad an we became fast freends. Which reminds me o Uncle Chairlie – him that drapped deed there oan King Street on his way hame frae his work as an injin driver on the railway. Uncle Chairlie yince telt us o a chap at his work whae wis goan tae git mairit tae a lassie frae Airmadale. “Ah wouldny hae mindit sae much if she’d been a Catholic ...” wis hoo Chairlie pit it, “... but an Airmadale lassie?” Ah weel, as the gran auld sayin pits it ... “A day oot o Bathgate is a day wastit.”

J. Barrie Shepherd

Swummin Otter

Balac্লাivit
Whuskert
Fush-futret

Dreepan Otter

A smaa grey prince
Paiddles ashore in the daw.

Otter

There aince wis a nippy wee otter
Fin ettin its tea made a sottar
Fin it’s ainers cried ‘Orra’
It keeched on the flora
An peed like a mink in the watter

William Hershaw

William Hershaw

Sheena Blackhall

Ti The Ant, Sloonger!

An ant (an *eemock* we ca’aed them, whan I was a younker) spent the haill o the summer warking the fields, collecting wheat and chaff and bits o bairley for the winter – for his food-store, his paintry – whit ma mither ay caa’d her *press*. Nou standing by gauping at aa this industry was a beetle, a *clock*-beetle in fact (wha should hae kent better wi a name like that), bumbazed at aa this wark in the holiday-season like. But the ant held his peace – he kent whit indolent bastards were like.

And sae it was, winter set in, the snaw coming doun in blin flurries, eeshogels hingin, and a wind that would cut ye in tatters – then rain stottin aff aathing, skyting aff the windae-panes, aathing washed awa, even the sharny-dung doun the lanes – the beetle stairving and foondering awa ti nithing, tae the extent his pride was hummelt and he seeks the ant oot for a loan o some breid ti stave aff his hungers. ‘Wark, man, wark! That’s the thing,’ was aa the ant’s ainswer, a bit self-richteous in the telling I thocht (it’s juist as weel Christ didnae think like that). ‘Self-help,’ (he’d been reading Samuel Smiles again), ‘and hard wark – nae staundin aroond aa day daein nithing on the side-lines, sneering like a spectator at a fitba-match! Invested I hae, luik-see, and I’m nae stairvin, am I, man? It helps ti hae a nest-egg, richt?’ and sae on, and sae on, til the ant drapped doun deid at his fit.

Nou this is an exaimple o whit sociologists ca, complicatedly aneuch, ‘deferred gratification.’ Nou the beetle could juist hae *grabbed* some breid and ran, but I dinna need ti tell ye *eemocks come in battalions, man!* Frae them ye canna juist run.

W. S. Milne

Liltin

(efter *Singing In The Rain*, bi Arthur Freed an Nacio Herb Brown)

I'm liltin in the smirr
Just liltin in the smirr
Whit a ferlie-like feelin
It gies me a birr

I keckle at cluds
Sae drumlie the lift
The sun's in ma hert
An it's richt sweir tae shift

Let the drumlie cluds skite, dairknin ower this airt,
Come on wi the blatter; I'm blythe in ma hert.
I gang ma ain gate wi ma hert in a birr
Just liltin an birlin in the smirr

Andrew T N Muirhead

Afore an Efter

A stey'd here
afore
A ken this place
A stey'd here

Its sights is a hyne awa mynd,
the fowk misremember'd
thai ir fremmit nou
efter
thai wir ma ain fowk,
an this ma hame

A stey'd here

Hamish Scott

Day Shift

Bum-bees at the lavender,
aa the lee-lang day.
Sun doun: lowsintime

Gordon Donaldson

Bloody Lunnon

(efter *Bloody Orkney* bi Fred Morgan, alias Captain Hamish Blair)

This bloody toon's a mirky pit,
The bloody streets are bloody stappit,
The bloody dirl maks ye bloody crabbit,
In bloody Lunnon.

Aw bloody goods are bloody dear:
Bloody tubes an bloody beer.
Thir's nae guid will, nor bloody cheer
In bloody Lunnon

Ower mony fowk in bloody pooer,
Bools in the mooth an bloody dour.
Bloody Westminster's a bloody stour
In bloody Lunnon.

Bloody mansions fur the bloody few,
Lift-scartin tooers, aw bloody new,
Bloody blockin the bloody view
In bloody Lunnon.

The bloody Thames, a bloody scunner
Wi bloody regattas, it's a bloody winner
Nae royal barge wad gang bloody unner
In bloody Lunnon.

This bloody place is bloody heavin
Wi bloody bankers bloody thievin,
Gaitherin siller fae bloody rievins
In bloody Lunnon.

The bloody Shard, the bloody Tooer
The bloody Gherkin keekin ower
The hale bloody warld has bloody amour
Fur bloody Lunnon!

The bloody fowk are radge tae the bane,
Ah'm bloody deaf wi thir bloody mane.
But why dae ah feel sae bloody alane
In bloody Lunnon?

Frances Robson

Magic

A waffed ma magic wan:
oot a bodie kythed a bodie!

Hamish Scott

COLLOGUE 2020

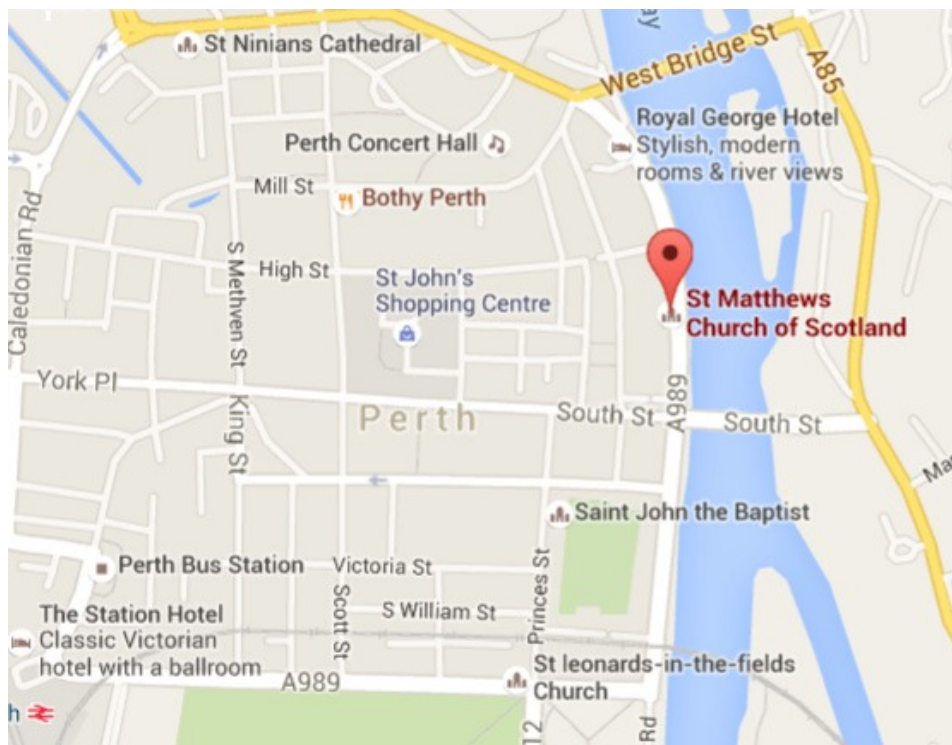
St Matthew's Church, Tay St, Perth PH1 5TF

Lairnin Lallans

10.00 a.m. — 5.00 p.m.

The cost o £20 wull include forenoon an efternoon coffee an a sandwich lunch.

Contact George Watt – georgetwatt@hotmail.com – or Elaine Morton – failte@go-plus.net



Belinda the Wickit Bogle and the 'Wickit Bleeze'

Tales o a Grannie, nummer 1

Nane o yer poleetically correct nonsense frae ma Grannie! A wis brocht up tae believe in the 'wickit bleeze'. That wis yer fate if ye went gangin wrang, an it wis weel kent if ye did. Up therr in the lift wis Belinda, the wicket bogle, in her aerieplane, lookin fur wee boys that were daen things that they shouldna be daen. If Belinda spotted ye, ye were in fur it. She would swoop doon fray the lift an pick ye up in her aerie an cairry ye awa. Noo that a think o it, awa tae whaur? It wis jist, 'awa'. Noo-a-days, threatenin weans wi sic dire ootcomes is jist no on any mair. If ye did that ye micht damage ther pur wee immortal sowls or even bring about a trauma, or tae hiv a thing steidit in their wee minds that wid forever fash them. If oniebody had challenged her, ma Grannie would have deponed, 'That's stupit, a guid fleg ne'er hurt onybody'.

But A've got tae say, there wis pert o me that llikit the brag. When ye heard an aerie ye jist ran awa an hid, an efter it wis awa, ye could go back oot intae the street an stert again. As for the 'wickit bleeze'. A kent fine that ma Grannie wis havin me on. Hoo could an auld wumman, wha baked scones an pancakes on a Sunday jist tae please ye, wid really let ye be thrown intae a 'wickit bleeze'? Forbye that, it wis aye worth the risk. Ye jist learnt tae deal wi sic threats.

J. Walter McGinty