

# EIKS AN EHS

The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe

Nummer 20

October 2020

## Viral Vaigins

It's a fell bonnie day the day, a wee dab o autumn glory atween days o raen, but the yirth is droukit, I cannae get me daffies plantit. Its nae been the best o years, fit wi the weather an the pandemic. Richt noo Scotland, like monie ither kintras, is in lockdown. Hooiniver, it haesnae stappit the burnies o poesie frae runnin! This year I haed the honour o bein the judge fur the Scots scrireivins in the Wigtoun Poesie Compeition, an the staundard o wark wis o the heichtmaist quality. Thare wisnae ae single entry that didnae deserve tae be published oot o seiventy ane entries in the Scots Leid section. I haed twanty seiven possible winners an gin thare been sax judges, thay wuid maist likely haed sax different wunners. I haed a wee luikie at the contreibutors fur *Lallans 97* an again thare are new scribevers listit. Scribevin in Scots haes niver been better. An aa this is waeoot the Scottish government chucking a wheen o siller tae promote wir leid! This is fowk faa recognise the value o Scots an hoo is helps thaim tae say fit it is thay are streivin tae pit doun on paper.

George T. Watt

## New Secretar

Dr Fiona-Jane Brown hes taen ower as secretar.  
Contack details are [dr.fionajanebrown@gmail.com](mailto:dr.fionajanebrown@gmail.com), phone 07572 582198

**Submeissions ti *Lallans 98*** afore 26<sup>th</sup> Februar 2021

**Sangschaw 21** entries afore 26<sup>th</sup> Februar 2021

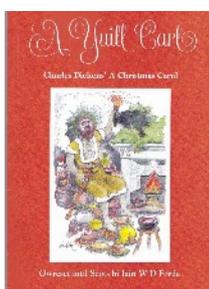
## OOR VYCE

A focussed an professional Scots Leid campaign  
takin action tae promote an coordinate a weel-fundit approach tae promuin an proteckin the leid.  
Gin ye're interestit, contack **Jack Capener** at [jackacapener@gmail.com](mailto:jackacapener@gmail.com).

## Twa buiks for Yuill frae twa *Lallans* contreibutors, Greta Yorke an Iain WD Forde



*Tartan Witch and the Highland Escapade* is a fun picter buik tale telt in Scots an English. Tartan Witch bids her witch friens ti her croft in the Scottish Highlands for a wee holiday, whaur they fin out about daeins in the airt an there's a happenin they'll no forget! £6.00 wi £3 post an packin (PayPal payement acceptit) frae [gretayorke@yahoo.com](mailto:gretayorke@yahoo.com).



*A Yuill Carl*, Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* owerset inti Scots by Iain WD Forde, wi a yin-hour audio CD o pairts read by NorrieThomson. Picters an kiver by the scribever. A perfeck giftie for a Scots Yuill. £7.99: p&p £8.80. Throu wabsteid [www.fons-scotiae.com](http://www.fons-scotiae.com) or by e-mail: [susanforde@fons-scotiae.scot](mailto:susanforde@fons-scotiae.scot).

**Hinnie**  
(for GM)

Wine's suttel gust,  
Lappin, enfaulds,  
Wirlds  
Shared atween,  
Lauchter lyftin lichtsome -  
Hinnie sweeter nor waffin scent  
O simmer rose  
Skimmerin  
Lithesome on wairm even air,  
Saitin cramasiae  
A tassie  
Appenin huily,  
Slaw.

**Rosa Alba Macdonald**

**Peyin Saut**

The Romans huirdit bags o stuff  
that we juist strinkle on our chips  
or uise tae redd a winter paith  
in weather made for 'Permagrips'  
Nou, luikin back, it maks us laugh  
We think the Romans maun be daft

But history nicht juidge us roch  
wi some folk steekin up thair laft  
until they hae mair than eneuch  
o Andrex three-ply ultra saft  
They skailt the siller fae thair purse  
on stuff they uised tae dicht thair erse

**Kevin Connelly**

**Piano**

*Tales o a Grannie, nummer 3*

Ma Grannie had bonnie white hair, exceppin fur ain straik o yella at the her broo, that wis brocht aboot by the smoke frae the fag that wis aye hingin frae her lip. This wis a habbit she developept whan she wis in ain o her 'muids', which a learnt later, wis the wye she wis pit on by 'the cheenge'. When she wis goin thro wan o her 'muids' she turned tae her piano. She wis devoted tae this ebony cased instrument altho she'd nivver had a music lesson in her life.

While she pict oot a tune wi her richt haun she would gie it laldy, vampin wi her left. As a faur ben nevoy I wis allood a shot at the piano and asked her how to vamp wi the left haun. A wis wisened tae 'jist grab a haunfu'. That wis her wey o daein it. But even to my timmer lugs it didna soond richt. Mair pernickety me, wis neever content wi jist 'grabbin a haunfu' an I aye ettled tae fin notes that wid be in greement wi the tune an nae aff the stot. This sometimes got her birse up an I wid be accusit o bein ow'r lood. Ma get oot wis tae forget the left haun an pay mair heed tae getting the tuin richt. But tae this verra day ave never heard onyyin play the piano like ma Grannie.

**J. Walter McGinty**

**Soup at High Noon**

*Tales o a Grannie, nummer 4*

Ma Grannie dwalt in a cooncil flat ower-lookin the Glesca Corporation Bus Terminus at High Carntyne, just aside the 'Bundy' whaur the Conductor clockit-in when he cam to the end o his route. Ma Grandfather had been owrsman o the coopers at Tennants Brewery in Dennistoun for mony years and used tae stey just ow'r frae the Brewery Gait, but whan they flittit tae Carntyne, tho he had anly an oor fur his brek, he aye took the twenty-meenute bus ride at twelve o'clock. Brocht up wi ma grannie in the first year o ma life, I was aften at her hoose durin the skule breks. She would staun at the parlour windae watchin for the bus tae arrive, and then wid hurry through tae the kitchen tae hae the soup on the table for Grampa comin in. We aaways heard his timmer whistle on the sterrs afore he cam through the door an up the lang hall tae the leevin room whaur the ritual wad begin. Raxin for the pepper pot he wid gie it a shak or twa or three or fower, afore takin a sniff and then startin to sup frae the steaming bowl.

To this verra day I've got ane o his soup-eating gates. The pepper gets lashed on til the soup smells like Grampa's.

**J. Walter McGinty**

### The Pedestrian

I'm a pedestrian waukin by  
Usin ma ain twa legs  
I dinna use gas or spyle the air  
Or toot tae gie fowk flegs

I'm a pedestrian waukin by  
I've time tae watch the trees  
As ane bi ane in the Autumn cheenge  
They quaetly doondrap leaves

I'm a pedestrian waukin by  
I dauchle an whyles devaul  
Tae watch the clouds in the Heivens flit  
As the day creeps oot twa fauld

**Sheena Blackhall**

### Law

Och yon Law, yon Law,  
yon Dundee Law,  
dishin oot injustice tae  
folk livin on its brae awa  
frae prevailins upwards  
drappin rain doon  
in Balgay Park direction  
nicht, mornin, efternoon.

**Alun Robert**

### Come Walk Wi Me

Come walk wi me by the riverside  
In the licht o the siller muin  
An let us ligg on the saften bank  
Wi the gouden starn abuin.  
Oh bonny, bonny lousome lass,  
Ah wish that ye were mine,  
Ah'd gie aa I hae in the braid, braid warld,  
Ma hoose an aa ma kine.  
Ma very life tae Ah'd gie fer ye,  
Wi your sparkling, dancing een,  
Fer shair ye are the bonniest lass  
That Ah hae iver seen.  
Sae come ma lass an walk wi me  
An lay ye by ma side  
An tae the kirk we'll gang the morn  
If ye wull be ma bride.  
Oh bonny, bonny loosome Anne,  
Lat us ligg aneath the haw  
Fer Ah hae gien ma hairt tae ye,  
The fairest o them aa.

**Rosemary McDougall**

### Ma Bohemian Life

Owerset frae Arthur Rimbaud

Ah went aff, fists in mah pooch slashes  
ma jeekit tae wis becomin ideal  
Ah walked under th'lift, Muse! Ah was yer vassal  
whit gallus loves Ah dreamed ae!

Mah only pair ae breeks hud a big hole.  
Tom Thumb in a daze, sowin rhymes alang mah  
way,  
mah inn was at th'big dipper,  
mah stars in th' lift gart a soft rustlin soond.

Ah listened tae them, seated oan th' side ae  
th'road  
oan guid evenings ae September when Ah felt  
th'drops  
o dew oan mah braw, like a strang wine;

whaur, rhymin in th'midst ae stoat shadows,  
lik lyres Ah plucked th'elastics  
O mah wounded sheen, a body fit near mah  
hert!

**James Morrison**

### Whigmaleerie

Whigmaleerie,  
Ee cocht glintin,  
Lug danglin.

Forfochten,  
haed eneuch o it,  
fell wappit.

Tapsalteerie,  
Erse tae elbuck,  
nae richt.

Glaikit gowk,  
Nae richt heidit,  
Puir sowl

Fell scunnert,  
Seik tae the teeth,  
I'm awa hame.

**George T. Watt**

### The best saur

A man maun mak his ain parritch  
ti get the best saur

**Hamish Scott**

## Leeches, or The Tickman

That auld fable-teller, that weel-kent Greek, Aesop, spoke up aince for a famous demagogue on trial for his life. 'A fox,' he said (he couldnae get the beasties oot o his heid for weeks thegither, a freend, as it turnit oot, o oor auld freend, Greedy Guts, lang since deid nou, thank Christ, at the claws o a sensible lion wha eventually nailed the slippery bugger one day) 'was doggy-paiddlin ower a river whan he was cairried awa swirlin inti a deep gully whaur he was fair and finely stuck – there was nae wey oot o this situation' (mindin aa the time he was spickin o this famous public spicker on trial for his life), 'as if he wisnae aareadie deaved aneuch, alang comes a swarm o midgies and eats him hauf alive!' (Pause, and a hush o expectation frae the croud). 'Weel, there was a hedgehog (a hurcheon ti you) happenstance snufflin by o his passin acquaintance askit if he could pick the midges aff him ti ease the pain – I suppose' (added Aesop) 'he had his dennar in mind – really. "Ach, awa wi you, man, and fin your ain flechs", said the fox. "Whit wey nae, ye auld bugger?" rejoined the hedgehog, quick as a daigger mind. "They've fair had their sup on me, and are fair fu-fed bi nou, if ye aisk me," said the fox. "Tak them awa, and a haill new horde o the hungry buggers will be alang in nae time ti mak a meal o me! They'll drain me o aa the bluid I hae!" Och,' and on he went, this Aesop, 'it'll be the same wi you men o Samos one day' (for that's whaur he was spicking, this Greek, in Samos), 'this chiel'll dae nae mair hairm, he's fair hotchin in money, ye ken – baggies o the stuff aa ower the place they say, hoards o siller wid mak a miser gaup, and dae him in, and whit haippens next?' (He was a richt wirdy bugger, this ain, this Aesop.) 'I'll tell ye!' 'Weel, tell us then!' shouted the croud, bi this time wishin he'd shut up, and they could aa ging hame and get their dennar. 'Och, get on wi it, man!' the croud said – he was a fair demagogue himself, this Aesop, and was thinkin o his ain skin, some said. 'Mair greedy buggers wha canna see green cheese but they hae ti steal it frae aneath your nebs, come alang, I'm tellin ye, – listen, ye citizens o Samos! – and strip your treasuries bare, and aa ye're left wi – is whit?' ('Whit?' echoed the croud, a richt set o misfits if ye iver sa them). 'Fresh air! Kists o it. That's aa. Nae mair! And then whaur will ye be?'

(There's nae a record o the verdict here, but aa we ken is that the hedgehog went hungry that day, and the croud left perplexed – fair flummoxed and stammygastered at whit they'd heard.)

### W. S. Milne

*Frae Aesop's Fables for Modren Times in Scots*

#### Nip-nebs

Glaister stentit rannoch  
spails keek o day  
oan ma airlie mornin windae  
gien a stervin lowe  
tae ma chaumer.

Ower shin the ootwales  
ur a bittie watter  
in the windae-sole  
an the mindin o browness  
ye spy jist yince  
an yince is aa thit's needfu.

Fur whilk o is  
wha seed nip-nebs  
lang 'ears syne  
wadnae ken it  
yince agin?

Irene Howat

#### Brass

Yi nabblt, graffit fir years ti weld boadie an soul,  
pye yir dues, hell-hot confetti scahldin,  
brandin yir pockt an peppert airms.

Beddit, lookin up fir a goodnicht kiss beh  
gaslicht  
Eh saw yir halo o wee staurs like a pictur in a  
missal  
a skinklin croon o gowden swahrf in yir hair  
transformt yi.  
Abracadabra! Faerie Goadmither in auld workin  
overahlz

Queen O The Brassworks.

Noo yir in The Eastern, happit in guid earth,  
Paiss, thon hehbrid tea growin owre yi,  
alang wi aa thon love-in-a-mist.

Fran Baillie