

# EIKS AN ENS

The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe

Nummer 7

Januar 2015

*A Blythe New Year*

## SANGSCHAW 2015

***Dinnae forget: send in yer entries nou!***

Neist *Sangschaw* wull hae place in 2015. Entry dates for submissions 31st Januar 2015 ti *Sangschaw*, c/o 6 Dryden Place, Edinburgh EH9 1RP. £5 ilk entry or three for £10, wi nem & address separate. Prose nae mair nor 3000 words, poems an drama nae mair nor 60 lines, owersettins as abune. 3 Tassies ti be awardit: Hugh MacDiarmid for poesie, Robert McLellan for prose, an John MacPhail Law Tassie for owersettin; £100 ti winners an £50 ti rinners-up. An naething that has been submittit or furthset itherwhaur, please.

## LALLANS WITTINS

*Lallans* 86 will likely kythe in June; but we mebbes face a future athoot the magazine in buik form gin fowk dinnae get a haud o aa their freens an faes an gar them tak oot a subscrievin to SLS or gie them a year's subscrievin for New Year. Sellin the magazine in buikshops is sweir an the shops ay tak a wechty commeision; we tint oor grant some years syne an havenae fund ither sources o siller, sae tell aabody ye ken wi an interest in Scots about *Lallans*. Dae ye want the ainly magazine aa in Scots ti gang ti the waa or the wabsteid?

Gin ye care about *Lallans*, e-mail yer thochts on twa questions ti [lallans@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:lallans@hotmail.co.uk), or scribev them till Lallans Editors, c/o 4 Ancrum Drive, Dundee DD2 2JB:

1. Whit chynge, additions or omissions wad ye like to see in *Lallans*?
2. Wad ye be happy wi an online edition, an, if ye're a sciever, wad ye agree to hae yer scievins aa online?

### The Hierarchy o Wirds

Fantoosh, genteel, pernickety, heidbummer  
Weel-heeled, siller-speened prood and vauntie,  
Cock-crannied, mim-moued, braw-like bosker  
A stoater, a stammygaster, minted lairdie

Reid biddy, rammy, stooshie, pyocherin  
Oxter-stank, spayver-spunk, , knapdarloch, nyaff  
Orra, bumshayvelt hallierackit snocherin  
Bowfin, mingin, snottery-nebbit scruff

Torn-faced, skitter-pot, fooshtie scunner  
Gallus, blether-skite, bampot, dour  
Chanty-rasslin numptie, haiverer, teuchter  
Girner, sklyterer, slorach, hoor

Sheena Blackhall

### Scots Doge

#### Valentine

whit braw  
hert lassie  
raither sterns  
maist beatin

sae rose ower moon  
haund laddie  
jings - hertbeat  
awfae Burns

#### New Bairn

wee braw  
guid pink  
sae mither  
weel fingers  
whit saft  
raither kissin

dumfooner een  
muckle blue  
naw - sae faither  
sic taes  
mony coorie  
bumbaze reek

Frances Robson

## Sam

'That wis yon auld foggie, Major Fitzgerald on the phone agane! Saicant time this weik! Thay'r oot playin fitbaw agane! A've juist had aboot eneuch o aw this rantin an nip-luggin fae the heich an michtie o this veelage! Ye'll hiv tae sort sumhin oot wi Sam an yon ither loon-leukin fowersome!' wheenged Elizabeth.

'Whit can A dae?' rebat Thomas.

'Gie the polis a bell an tell thaim thit thay'll hiv tae stoap thon "daeless wunners" afore thay gaun ower ferr an dae herm tae fowk!'

'A cannae gaun an clype tae the polis! Ye ken whit the Sairgent telt ye afore, mind, doon it the WRI, "thare wis naethin thay cuid dae"!'

'Weel its makkin awbodie's life a meesery!'

'A'll hiv a blether wi Sam the nicht, bit ye ken whit'll happen – seelence an the strunts. A juist cannae win throu noo-adays!' sixed Thomas.

'Whiles yer haein yer crack wi Sam ye best mint it yon fitbaw anaw. Gin yon gauns throu Fitzgerald's windae thare'll bi a richt stushie, an whae's gaun tae pey for the gless? An hiv a wurd about the midden thaim an thair freens left efter thair swaree lest Friday nicht! Bings o crisp pokes, empie leemonade bottles an sweetie-papers, it wis a richt boorach on the Green. Thay dinnae ken whit takkin responsibeelity is!' raned Elizabeth, up tae heich doe wi wirry.

Aw the weel-gaithert indwallers fae the picter-postcaird veelage war up in airms. Baith the hamel an stourie-fitit melled thegaither in thair set agin the 'faur-kent fower'. Ein the gutsy deuks, aye scroongin breid, flittit awa fae the veelage pound tae a neebourin burn, an a chynge tae tradeetional mait, taigelt o bein abused. Friday nichts gaitherin had bin a catalogue o dreed for the guid kirk-fowk o the veelage. Aw yon hangit-faced waffies fae ferr an aboot had bus'ed intae the Green, humphin muckle 'ghetto-blasters' an weirin the maist rideeculous claes – Hells Angels jaickets, scrimpit mini-skirts, jimp serks an skyrie colourert hair. Thay wad gie ye a beamer anaw whan thay eikit oot thair wey o 'free love, flooer-pooer style'. Thay stealt flooers oot neebors gairdens tae daiker thair fantoosh hair an unco-leukin claes, syne wad hirple aboot like raivelt auld yauds. An that wis juist the chiels! The happer-hippit weemen forleet thair claes an parawdit aroon like braisant hussies, near sterk-nakit, ettlin tae eemitate youthie maidens, brairdin flooers fae ilka orifice.

'Now Tam o Tam! Had thae been queens

A' plump an strappin in thair teens.'

The phone stertit its girnin ring agane. A kenspeckle girn thit gaed Elizabeth an Thomas hert-scaud.

'You gaun an answer it for a chynge!' protested Elizabeth.

'A'm no answerin it! Thay aye want tae blether tae you!'

Thomas steyed oot o sicht in the front room an lang-luggit the crack. He kent weel eneuch whae wad be phonein an didnae ettle efter jynin in.

'Ay. Ay. A ken. Heivins! Naw. Ay.'

It wis kwerious hearin yin haun o the collogue, an whiles a smirk cam ower Thomas's face fae a knackie phrasein, but he thocht better o lauchin! It wisnae a lauchin maitter! It wis whan Elizabeth set doon the receiver an cam ben the hoose wi a puckert up mooth an a broo like jeelt thunner, thit it leukit sairious.

'Ye ken whit yon bawheids hiv dun noo? Juist taen ower the bairn's playperk! An Sam's doon yonder anaw birlin aboot on the sweengs like a dementit gowk! Bertie Moffat? Ay, ye mind o glaiket Bertie? Ay ye div? He's daein wheelies on yin o the bairn's bikes!'

'Bertie? Ay, Sam wis moothin aboot him the ither nicht,' interrupit Thomas juist tae mak Elizabeth ken he wis takkin tent o her crack.

'Ay the gormless flibbertigibbet! Ye mind the ither weik he wis catcht pauchlin a aipple fae Myra's shop,' conteened Elizabeth in her heich-heidit mainner.

'Did yer freen mint it ocht mair?' speirt Thomas, kenning she hadnae feenish her stent o grummlin.

'Ay, Nancy, her on the phone, telt iz aw the bairns war fair-fleggitt an stertit greetin whan Sam an her cronies elbaed thair wey ontae the bairn's sweengs. It's a bluidie tash tae the veelage whan fower sloongers ir aloood tae frichten bairns in the play perk, an in braid daylight! Thay'r ower big tae bi daffin aboot like yon.'

'It's a fickle age for Sam, mind? No jobs an aw day tae fill. Thay'r juist lattin aff a bittie stame! Lattin thair hair doon, ye micht say? Whit's the herm?' queeried Thomas daein his best tae striddle the fence wi baith feet.

'Lattin thair hair doon! Yon's a lauch oniewey, maist hivnae gotten onie! Herm? A'd gie thaim herm! Lock thaim aw up in the jyle an fling awa the key!' That wis Elizabeth's remede tae ocht she didnae appruve, an Sam cam intae this thing fae the day Thomas an Elizabeth war merrit, saxteen year syne.

'Ye'll hiv tae pit yer fit doon an tell Sam tae ack her age! A tak a ridd face ilka time A gaen doon the veelage for the messages. Cuid she no gaun an stey itherwhaur?'

'A cannae come the 'Joodge' ower ma ain pawrent! No ma ain mither, an mind its stull her hoose oo'r bidin in!' rebat Thomas.

Iain McGregor

## A Knock Back

He'd been peyin coort til a leddy, but she wasnae muckle taen wi him. At lenth, she gied him the brush-aff, an Dauvit Hume tuik it unco sair.

A wee while efter, the leddy fund oot that her umquile wooster was a scholar o great repute, aye, an mibbe the best-kennt philosopher in aa o Embro toun. Sae she sent him a letter, ane that was naethin if no short an til the peynt:

*"I've changed my mind."*

Whan he read it, Hume was jist a wee bit set ajee. An wha wudnae be? He pou'd aff his periwig an scartit his pow. Syne he tirmed owre the letter an screivit this reponse:

*"So have I."*

**Gordon Donaldson**

## Neibours

Twa cot-hooses near Kilmahog.

The tane beirs the nem Cruachan, an the tither Somerled.

Richt eneuch: faes dae mak the best neibours!

*Cruachan*: the slogan of Clan Campbell.

*Somerled*: reputedly the progenitor of Clan Donald.

**Gordon Donaldson**

## Cradle Sang

I say eyes  
An you say een.  
I say saw  
An you say seen.  
I say friend  
An you say freen.  
I say went  
An you say been.  
I say head  
An you say heid.  
I say dead  
An you say deid.  
I say behind  
An you say ahent.  
I say knew  
An you say kent.

I say long  
An you say lang.  
I say song  
An you say sang.  
I say cold  
An you say cauld.  
I say fold  
An you say fauld.  
I say arm  
An you say airm.  
I say child  
An you say bairn.  
I say heart  
And you say hert.  
I say part  
An you say pairt.

I say sore  
An you say sair.  
I say more  
An you say mair.  
I say mouth  
An you say mou.  
I say love  
An you say loe  
But both,  
The baith,  
Say kiss.

**Edith Buchanan**

## The Wabster and the Roy

Come ben. Caa canny, mind the wab! –  
it wants a threid to hae it steive.  
Nae shooglier nor the Scottis realm,  
wi the croun in an Inglis neive.

*What's that ye say?* Ye're deleerit –  
ye're awa wi the fairies, son.

We maun thole the new dispensation –  
the auld sang's endit. Has it na sunk in?

*Wabster, it's ye that's mislearit –  
in a wee reid schuilbuik\* I see  
me on a palfrey skelpin De Bohun  
and there on the frontispiece, ye.*

**Peter Cameron**

\*Blackie's *The Scottish War of Independence* ablow the  
imprint o the Scottish Education Deapartment

## Daith o a poem

A poem A'v juist killit:  
A'l niver be the same  
A chiel o myne ain Muse  
- an nou tae tell the dame

**Hamish Scott**

