

EIKS AN ENS

Nummer 21

The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe

Februar 2021

Vacillatin Vaccines

WALCOME TI A LOCKDOWN BUMPER EDEITION

Mind an pit your entries in for **Sangschaw 21** afore 26th Februar 2021

Please post entries ti **Sangschaw**, c/o 6 Dryden Place, Edinburgh EH9 1RP.
Cheques/Postal Orders payable ti 'Scots Language Society'.

£5 ilk entry or three for £12, wi nem & address separate. Nae entries by e-mail acceptit.
Aa entries in Scots/Lallans/Doric, nae English.

Naething that has been submittit or furthset itherwhaur, please.

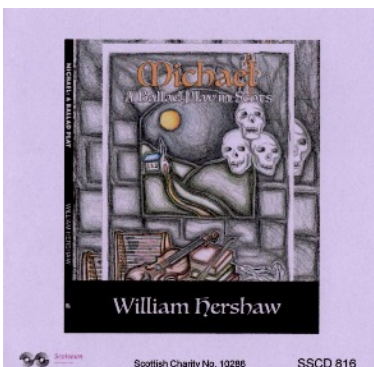
Prose nae mair nor 3000 words, poems an drama nae mair nor 60 lines, owersettins as abune, but send a copy o the piece owerset in its oreiginal leid.

3 Tassies ti be awardit: Hugh MacDiarmid Tassie for poesie, Robert McLellan Tassie for prose, an John MacPhail Law Tassie for owersettin; £100 ti winners an £50 ti rinners-up.

Aa competitors wull get a written assessment o their wark.

News frae George T. Watt

Weel is this nae juist the worst o times, tae paraphrase ae wee screiver doun in Lunnon frae ae whilie lang syne. Hooiniver, life gings on an sae div we in the Scots Language Society/Scots Leid Associe. Acaus o the Covid we cuidnae hae wir annual collogue an AGM so we haed a Zuim AGM an that wis fell guid. We haed memmers jyne us faw haednae been able tae come tae Perth, but cuid mak thair presense on line. It's aye guid tae meet up wi memmers fur in an Associe like oors, it's nae often yon kin o occasion cams aroun. So in a sense it wis business as usual. Last year's collogue thou haesnae fell doun the stank, naw, it's fit ye nicht cry 'on ice'. We howp tae present the talks tae ye in some kin o format fur we dinnae want tae loss that associatioun wi either the spickers or the subjec maiter. As weel as that, we want tae gie fowk the chaunce tae hear the winners o *Sangschaw 2020*. As is aye the case, we haed some richt brawlie screivit entries an it's anely richt that we gie wir memmers the chaunce tae hear thaim an fur the Screivers a chaunce tae read thair wark. Noo that fowk are stairtin tae get thair jags, leastwise here in Scotland, we're howpfu that we wull manage tae hae a collogue this year thou mibbie later that usual.



Aince again the The Bowhill Players, yon amazing group o performers frae Fife hae gaed us the recordin o thair latest venture, ae five act play titled **Michael**. The life an times o yon maist fawmous or wanfawmous Fifer, Michael Scot. Gin ye dinnae ken ocht o this cheil I wuid suggest ye Google him or cry on yon quine Alexa, gin ye hae her bidin in yer kitchie! The Bowhill Players, led by Wullie Hershaw are fell talentit, as screivers, actors, singers an musicians. This twa CD package shuid be in ilka hous whaur the Scots Leid is seen as a leivin, breathin presence.

Scotsoun CD nummer: SSCD816 MICHAEL

Submeissions ti **Lallans 98** afore 26th Februar 2021

Colours

His green blazer bruists him.
Ma brither's frien fra skuil turns
tae greet me, noo the tillie-pan
o tittle tattle, o teen. He pits
his haund tae his face, a new defend,
a gestur that will endure.
Houiver A realeese the clash is true.
A fat pink wirm o a wound
weigles ower his ploukit cheek.
Speeder-leg steeks haud him.
His Seturday nicht slashed
alang wi trust an innocence.

Finola Scott

Stabat Mater

Inspired by the Catholic hymn 'Stabat Mater Dolorosa' (The sorrowful mother stood)

The deevil temptit me
wi the forbidden fruit
When I wis just a wean
and I had a stab at
Mither's oloroso
She stood there, sorrowfu
wi me, doon oan ma knees
and ma heid in the pan
a miserable wretch
caain fur sweet Jesus

Kevin Connelly

'In the guidman's buiks'

Noo that A unnerstaun it, A wis in the guidman's buiks wi ma Grannie. On a Sunday nicht whan aa the faimilie gethered at her hoose she aaways made scones or pancakes. A weel remember hoo wan nicht she took me aside in the kitchen an slippit a pancake intae ma haun, sayin, 'That's got butter on it son, nae like the ithers – they've aa got margerine.'

Ma mither had been in hospital for amaist a year efter ma howdien an aa that time A wis brocht up wi ma Grannie. Sae A wis mair like the youngest bairn o her ain nor a granbairn. She had had echt o her ain an A wis like nummer nine. Ma bein treatit byordinar maybe had somethin tae dae wi me havin tae be in a splint for the maist pert o fowr year because o a dislocated hip that wis no discovert til A wis eleeven months when A ettled tae walk, an the limp wis spotted. Fowr years later A got the splint aff, the week afore A went tae skule.

Its nae wonner that wan day whan ma mither cam tae the ward tae tak me hame, whan askit, the nurse said A wis fine, 'but' she said, 'tell me who's Jeanie? he keeps calling "Jeanie tak yer wean."' 'A'm Jeannie,' said ma mither. A had been repeating what a tired Grannie said to her dochter as she finished looking efter the bairn, 'Oh Jeanie come and tak yer wean.'

J. Walter McGinty

Ordnar

Ordnar maks ye ordnar
an aa maun be ordnar;
evin thaim by ordnar
is ordnar for ordnar

For sum it's aff ordnar
tae be ordnar for ordnar;
past ordnar for ordnar,
thai want tae be ordnar

Hamish Scott

Kruger Hingit

Provost Tamson's auld frock coat.
A lum hat, bleck an glancy.
Weill buskit craw-frichter
sweyin fae a lamp-post.
High Street thranged wi fowk.
Mafeking relieved!

Gordon Donaldson

Paul Kruger was president o the Sooth African Republic (Transvaal) at the time o the Saicont Boer Weir. The liftin o the siege at Mafikeng (modren spellin) in Mey 1900 provoked celebrations in ilka neuk o the British Empire. Ma ain Grannie maun hae been thrie-fower year auld whan she wutnessed the celebrations in Tillicoultry.

Thon hoose

A rickle o sterris hings ower the risin frost.
Atween grun an lift, the clart dubs
O bare hills glower, each
At the ither.
An alane, loast,
Oor car skails the getherin smoor.
Alane save for the brave gowden licht
Frae the windae oan the bare, blind waa
O thon hoose.

Thon hoose.
Kit-made on the hill's breist,
PVC flapperin in the sraich
O Februar winds,
Bricks slowly clammerin, course by course, makin
outside waas.

Til yin dark morn, we passed it,
Rummilt an tummilt doon the brae.
A smeir o bricks ower the gress;
Skilffs o wud aawheres,
An scaffoldin, twistit an mixer-maxter
Abune the oaxter o the brae.

Noo, reddit, dressit an bided in, its licht
Shames to silence the dool o this Februar nicht.

Robert Hume

Rid Rose

Ma love is like a rid rid rose,
fair o face wi a buck sae sleek.
Voice brimming wi seductive screed,
birls ma heid an maks ma knees weak.
Ma love's Chief o aw he surveys,
fair moyens me tae quiver.
A hing oan ilka word he says,
sure, A'll feel like this for ever.
Ma love gars me tae chitter,
an colour when he draws near.
Ma blood runs cauld as the watter,
jumping fou wi dootsome fear.
Ma love rairs oot aw ma failings,
sae sair, sae unricht, an sae cruel.
Scathing ma hert wi his harsh words,
oor hot daffery, is noo a duel.
Ma love nae langer cares fur me,
nae mair hot glints dae A receive.
He noo his een fur another,
an is ordained tae deceive.
Ma love is like a blood rid rose,
wi thorns sa shairp they slice.
Wid that A could return in time,
tae when the rose wis worth this price.

M. M. R. Boyce

Lockerbie 1988-2018

Efter *Lockerbie 1988-2018* o Donald Meek

Thon sunny mornin,
whan the weans war gaun tae the scuil,
the taxi-mannie said
'Dae ye hear ...?'

An doun fae the lift the mirky lowe
cam whummlin ower me – me at hed niver
seen Sherwood Crescent
an niver hard,
an my warm life-bluid
jeel't wi gowlin
the wittins o sic an effray,

the ice o daith at dunch't
tae the mids o my hert,
the deid een stull in my heid
gomin the riven bouks
flung on the yird,
the orrals o Pan Am 103
lowein forenenst my feet,
my Christmas starn
gane flist.

Lockerbie for me
wes a hamely meith
whan I fure wi the thocht
o my ain luve's hame
'mang the fremmit fowk,
a norie
nou fylit
ayebidanlie

wi the hert-brakin sang
o the passengers
ying an blythesome
at niver wan hame,
o the cauld fingers
aa throu the cauld-
hertit hills.

An stull the day
a grue comes ower me
at the soun o the name
an the rivers o fire
a leivin scowder
in the howes o my mynin
o aa thon weans
at niver wan hame.

Derrick McClure

Ae Nae Sae Fond Kiss

I coudna believe at Jack wis leanin in tae kiss me. It wisna like I haedna thocht aboot it aften eneuch an we haed been exchangin wee keeks aw nicht. Jenny an the queans kent at I fancied him so mebbe ane o them haed telt him.

An here he wis, his bonny physog an bricht reid lips bearin doon on my plouky face an thin lips (I'll get thaim puffed oot a bittie fan I win the lotto) tae kiss me. Ma hert wis aw a flutter, juist like in ane o Maw's soppo *Mills an Boon* beuks. But I coudna gang throu wi it.

I thocht back tae an oor aby, whan we'd aw met up doon aside the Copie, wir uisual haunt. I'd gien Jenny a bosie whan her gypit face crinkled in a shevel.

'Did ye hae fish for yer supper?' she askit.

'Aye, how dae ye ken?' I'd replied.

'Cos yer breath is honkin!' she laucht.

I juist laucht an aw, even tho I'd wantit tae slap her; noo tho, wi Jack's bonnie face (sae bonnie!) hingin ower mines, it aw came back tae me. I coudna let him snog me an then clype tae awbody at I haed 'death breith'. I wadna live it doon.

Sae I haed nae choice but tae pou awa frae Jack. He wis obviously conflummixt, an, I like tae think, muckle maist disappyntit as weel! For masel, ma face wis lit up wi a reidie. I heard ane o the queans geiglin ahint me, maist like aat bowsie moo Nellie.

I hummerit something about hivin tae get hame an walkit awa, wi ma heid doon an ma metaphorical (aye, it seems I did hearken in the mannie Potter's English class the day!) tail atween ma shankies.

Gie the boy his due, I'd anely walkit a puckle o hunder metres whan he catchit up wi me. He wis aa apologetic but I telt him at it wisna him, it wis me. He wis sae nice tho at I decidit 'whit the hell' – e'en if I anely got ma tongue doon at throat ance (an it wis sic a bonnie throat) it wad aye be wirth it. Sae I smiled aw skeich-like an muived in close tae him. He gat the hint an for the seicont time at evenin I watcht his lips approach mines, like twa reid balloons leukin tae jyne the pairty – Aricht, mebbe I didna pey at muckle tent tae the mannie Potter the day!

The kiss wis aw richt, ay but at boy's breith – the term 'Badger's bum' disna shuirly dae it juistice. It wis like somethin haed crowslit intae his mooth an dee'd, keechin its breeks afore an efter it departit. For the seicont time at nicht I pullt awa. It wis aw I coud dae nae tae cowk! But I gied him ma best smirk, decidin thare an than at we wad juist be freends an at bein eesome wisna the be aw an end aw o romance. Efter a few meenits I telt him at I really haed tae get hame 'cause ma maw wis expectin me.

An wi at I turnt on ma heel an walkit back throu the quate neon-lit streets, reflectin on ma nicht an leukin forrit tae ane sma pleisur in parteecular; some moothwash an a minty fresh end tae ma day!

Bill Cox

Dernin and Kythin

Seein the dernin and kythin o the mune
and the dernin and kythin o the sun,
I mind hou ye used tae come intae a room
and aabody looked different tae my een.

It wisnae jist that you leamed in the room
and I could see *your* licht - aathing
was brichter wi you there, even in the tuim
corners, and when ye left again, naething

wis quite the same: aabody seemed tae dern,
though they had never cheynged; your dernin left
shaddas aa roun. I watch the mune turn
nicht efter nicht across the black lift,

shade and unshade her face; the sun climb
and faa, cloud and uncloud, rouk and haar
rise up and weir awa, dim and undim,
and in their faces I see your face there.

Robert Maxwell Duncan

Contrarime LVII

Owerset frae the French o Jean-Paul Toulet

Ah sees an aippil in a windie,
the best aippil iver wis:
sic a bonnie yin isnae i heivin
nor yit i nature

but ripened i' thon far countrie
where ma ying days
were shaddaed by the tree
that Venus luves.

An i the selfsam streit Ah sees
a leddy hurlin past
the hail length o the mossie waas.
Hir een wis fu o mischeef.

A. C. Clarke

In a blink

Hampden Park, 9th November, 1965

Syne, ther we wir it the halie grun o Scottish fitba, me and ma pals in oor final schuil year, preyin for a miracle, nemmie the bestin o the gret Italians, an ootcome thit wid pit us oan the richt road tae the World Cup finals.

Weel noo, for aichty-acht meenits we hud tae tak swatch o oor forards ettlin tae brak doon the Itiys – nae chance, nae wey thru. Wan hunner and twinty-five thoosan Scots hud fa'en stane dumb and taken tae a certain and meaninliss draa. Suddentlie, in a blink, it aa cheynged, the world turnt tapsalteerie:

Whun Ah thinks back oan it noo, Baxter wis nae mair nor therty yerds frae us oan the lip o the painaltie boax whun Bill Broon rolled the baa oot tae him. He turnt roon and stuck oot his chest, lik he wis sayin tae the Itiys:

'This is ma pitch noo. Gin ye want the baa, come and git it.'

And he orchestratit the maist fawmous muive in the annals o Scottish fitba. Wae the help o Bremner and Greig, Slim Jim gaed thru the Itiys is a whittle cuts butter. In jist twinty saiconds the baa wis snug in the Itiys' onion bag. The deefinin seelence turnt tae a deefinin roar and the crood sweyed side tae side lik a squeezeboax. Wan o ma pals, Gassy Smith, a shilpit lad, wis shot oot o the crood lik a bar o soap. We cudnae fund him til the final whistle. In the crush Ah loast ma jaikeet. Ah didnae care Ah wis that happy, tho nixt mornin ma mithir wisnae best pleased.

Ah sud awn up we spent mair nor the time we hud meant tae oan the eftergemme and, whit wae sair heids, we wir tardy for schuil in the morn. Nae bother tho, oor teachers wir tardy is weel.

Thon crood wis blithe tae the pint o bein dementit and wir aareddies dwaumin o a pless it the world finals. Acoorse, Histrie tells us noo it wisnae tae be, bit for a moment in time a bunch o schuilboays wir in seiventh heiven.

Ah scribed this ane cos ainlie yestreen Ah copped thon twinty saiconds oan YouTube. Amazin whit ye'll fund they days oan the Net.

Ian Nimmo White

The Bogle

There's a bogle in the corner
an it frightens me maist nights,
Ah rin fur cover, coorie doon
an' squeeze ma een real tight.
That way Ah canna see it
though Ah ken Ah'm in its sight
as Ma comes ben tae tuck me in
an switches aff the light.

Ma mither says there's nae such things
as bogles in the hoose
but ask ma gran an she'll agree
there's somethin strange aloose.

It muddles a her things aroon
an makes her clean forget
where she put her this an that
mind, she hasnae seen it yit.
But when she's loast her glesses,
her purse, remote or pen
she shrugs her shoulders, winks an says,
'Thon bogle's been again!'

Ah hope the bogle disnae stay
in ma hoose for too long,
'cos though ma mother's maistly right
there's aye a chance she's wrong.

Greta Yorke

A Scots Alphabet

A is fur aiblich, an ashet, an auld
B is fur breengin, an bannock an bauld
C is fur cailleach an cooryin doon
D is fur drookit, disjaskit an droon
E is fur eident, fur Embro an een
F is fur fankle, fur fleggit, fur frien
G is fur galluses, gangrel an giein
H is fur haivers, fur haflin, fur Heilan
I's fur intimmers.fur ingle, fur ingin
J is fur jizzen bed joukin an jinkin
K is fur kenspeckle, kailyaird an kittly
L is fur laldie, langamachie, lintie
M is fur mollochinn, muckle an mighty
N is fur nochty, an numpty an nerra
O is fur onding an oxtar an orra
P is fur pawky an partan an peever
Q's queerieorrals an quinie an quanter
R is fur reamin an reekin an rowans
S is fur scaffie an scunner an sowens
T's tattiebogle, an taigle an tattie
U is fur unca, unchancy, uncannie
V is fur veesiter, vratchie, an vauntie
W is fur wallagoo, wabbit an wame
X is the merk the unlarnt pit fur name
Y is fur yalla, fur yarkin, fur yowes
Z is fur zebra in Africk's hett howes
An thon is the alphabet screivit in Scots
DSL online's handy fur jynin the dots!

Sheena Blackhall