

EIKS AN ENS

The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe

Nummer 1

October 2011

Autumn greetins!

Walcome to the Scots Leid Associe's newsletter - news, sangs, stories, cartoons.

SANGSCHAW

Setterday, 22nd October, 1.00 – 4.00pm in the Library, Music Institute,

Carnegie Hall, Dunfermline,

as pairt o the Fife Bookfest.

Readings an praisentation o awards for scribevin in Scots.
Buiks, CDs, magazines for sale.

Anither Taal Story

In a richt evil time, in a richt evil place, a stinking rat struck up his freendly wey wi a frog that was ay playful and meant ti teach him a lesson. Fast asleep one nicht he foond the rat and tied his fit ti his ain – ye ken, a bit like a three-legged race whan aa the das behave like bairns (a crabby story-teller, this ain!) – and come crack o dawn, aff they ging and set ti thinking aboot dennar (weel, it would be mair like breakfast at this time). Trauchling the road and lang, they stummelt on a pond, and the frog jumped in –weel, he would, would he nae, *it's instinct, man, instinct!*—up ti his neck in the dubs and clairt, craiking for aa his warth like he'd wan the lottery or something, forgetting rat's-tail was still stuck ti him –and, onieroad, he suin drowned (the rat, that is, his belly couldnae tak a sackfae o watter ata like the puddock), and his creeshie body was floating ti the tap in nae time – and sae it was, for 'aathing is connected ti aathing else' as I think it was Lenin (if ye can still mention him) said, along comes a kite (nae a *bamboo* ain, but a *real* ain, wi wings and the like), and snaitches him up wi his claws –the rat along wi the the frog still attaached ti his leg (I'm trying ti mak the picture as clear as I can) and ate baith o them – sharing them oot wi his wife and his bairns, as is anlie richt, as I think ye'd agree, man.

(Nou scrutinise this, and I'm telling ye, there's anlie one conclusion: *Three legs are warse than nane.* It's certain.)

W. S. Milne

Hou They Brocht Guid Wittins Frae Ghent Til Aix

An owersettin o 'How They Brought The Good News From
Ghent To Aix'
bi Robert Browning

I lowped til the saidle, an Joris an he;
I binnert, Dirck binnert, we binnert aa thrie;
"Belyve!" cried the gaird, as the snecks gat a pou;
"...lyve!" soondit the waa til us binnerin throu;
Steek't ahent wis the fore-yett, the lichts sunk tae
reist,
An intil the midnight we binnert abreist.

No a wurd ti ilk ither, we kep the swith spang
Sten for sten, chowk for chow, an nae chyngin
amang;
I tirn't i ma saidle an gart the graith ticht,
Syne I shorten't ilk strip, an I set the pique richt,
Rebuckelt the chowk-ban, the bit slacked aff an aa,
Nor binnert less sicker ma Roland ava.

'Twis muindoun at stertin, but whill we weired in
On Lokeren, cocks crawled, 'twis streik o day suin;
At Boom, a gryte yellae starn cam oot tae see;
At Düffeld, 'twis mornin as clair as cuid be;
An frae Mecheln kirk-steeple we haird the hauf-
chang,
Sae Joris spak up wi, "Thare's time yit tae gang!"

At Aërshot, o a sidden, up lowpit the sin,
An agin him the kye stuid thare bleck ilka ane
Tae gove at us binnerin by throu the flim,
An ma brave horse-baist Roland, at lest I seen him,
Wi braw steive-like shouthers, ilk duntin awa
The haar, as a scriddan ness dunts aff the swaw,

An his laigh heid an kaim, juist ae sherp lug boued
back
For ma vyce, an the ither pirked oot on his track;
An ae ee's bleck mensefulness, - ivver yon blent
Ower its white edge at me, his ain maister, asklent!
An the thick hivvy faem-flauchts whilk ivver an aye
His ramsh mulls shuke uplins whill binnerin by.



Bi Hasselt, Dirck graned; an cried Joris, "Stey spur!
Yer Roos binnert brawly, the fauts no in her,
Man, we'll mind ye at Aix"- kis ye haird the swith
wheeze
O her chist, seen the raxed hause an stoiterin knees,
An clappit in tyle, an lisk's ugsome hunch,
As doun on her her hainches she set wi a dunch.

Sae yit we wis binnerin, Joris an me
By Looz an by Tongres, nae clud i the hie!
The braid sin abuin lauched wi mockrife-lik daff,
'Neth oor feet brak the bruckle bricht stibble lik
caff; Or ower bi Dalhem sprung a spire white an
bricht
An "Binner," peched Joris, "kis Aix is in sicht!"

"Hou they wull hoy us!" an in a maiment his steid
Rowed hause an rump ower, syne wis liggin stane
deid;
An thare wis ma Roland tae beir the hale wecht
O wittins that alane cuid sauve Aix her sair hecht,
Wi his nosethirls lik howes lippin fu o reid bluid,
An wi crammasie ceircles 'neth ilka eelid.

Than I sheughed aff ma lourach, ilk hulster lat faa,
Shuke aff baith ma jack-buits, lat gae belt an aa,
I stuid up i the strips, lened, luiffied his heid,
Cried ma Roland his by-nem, ma ain maikless steid;
I lauched an sung, clappit, ony soun bad or guid,
Or at lenth intil Aix Roland binnert an stuid.

An aa I kin mind o is, freins reishlin roun thare
As I set wi his heid 'tween ma knees i the squerr,
An nae vyce but wis heizin this Roland o mine,
As I poored doun this thrapple the lest o the wine,
Whilk (the burghers haed votit bi cowmon consent)
Wis nae mair nor his dew wha brocht wittins frae
Ghent.

The Poetry

efter Li Po

I fund him daunerin on the law
ane sweltrie forenoon.
He looked as scranky as a taw,
as fauchie as the muin:

inower the skog o his big bunnet
his puss wis cut wi rain.
Pair Du Fu, I thocht, that's done it:
it's the poetry again.

Brian Holton

Flypit

This hoose
is ootside in.
The stane is flesh,
the wid banes,
the pent skin.

I haed a wirm.
It grew, ithin,
than flypit itsel.
Noo it's oot
an I'm in.

John M. Tait

Haggisburghers

It's no pairt o yersel.
Ye'r juist girn-greetin a bittie,
no skirlin for morphine.

It's no pairt o yersel,
reid-sair an blae-beilin.
Deid dowf, like a timmer ane.

It's no pairt o yersel,
this tongue ye'v new chappit.
Juist a harigal tae yer haggis.

John M. Tait

A mind the airt richt weel

A mind the airt richt weel
whaur the aul brig o Craigellachie
arcs like lichtnin frae east tae wast
jynin the sangs o Alba thegither.

Thare, whaur the yowdendrift faas
an aa the wurld gangs wheesht ablow,
or the blester scraichin wund taks tent
an maks a screivin ower thay hather braes.

Yet, whaur the Spey in heidlang skelter
taks a sgian wheech o sherp define,
gentle pairks gie homage tae the kye
an luskie craps weave in simmer fuff.

Aye A mind the airt richt weel in backard
thocht,
snaw an simmer hae hewn thair rheumy pad,
the enrig's ae lang dreel slaw turning,
an kye taein tae the byre cast ae lang shadda.

George T. Watt

The Jynt Ill

It'll aye be there, quo the Doctor,
whiles a stound, whiles a stang.
Shouther and hough, and hippit –
but it needna ding your sang.

Ye can aye sup parritch and kail,
scart lines in the auld leid.
Gie owre your greetin and girnin –
wad ye leifer be sterk deid?

Ye cud syne be deid afore ye're deid –
thon naething waur nor aa:
the smithered kirstal o the mind,
a winter smooed in snaw.

It cud be waur, be muckle waur –
mirk your weird and fell your ill.
The wind blaws canny round the hous,
canny it blaws, and syne is still.

Peter Cameron

Patience

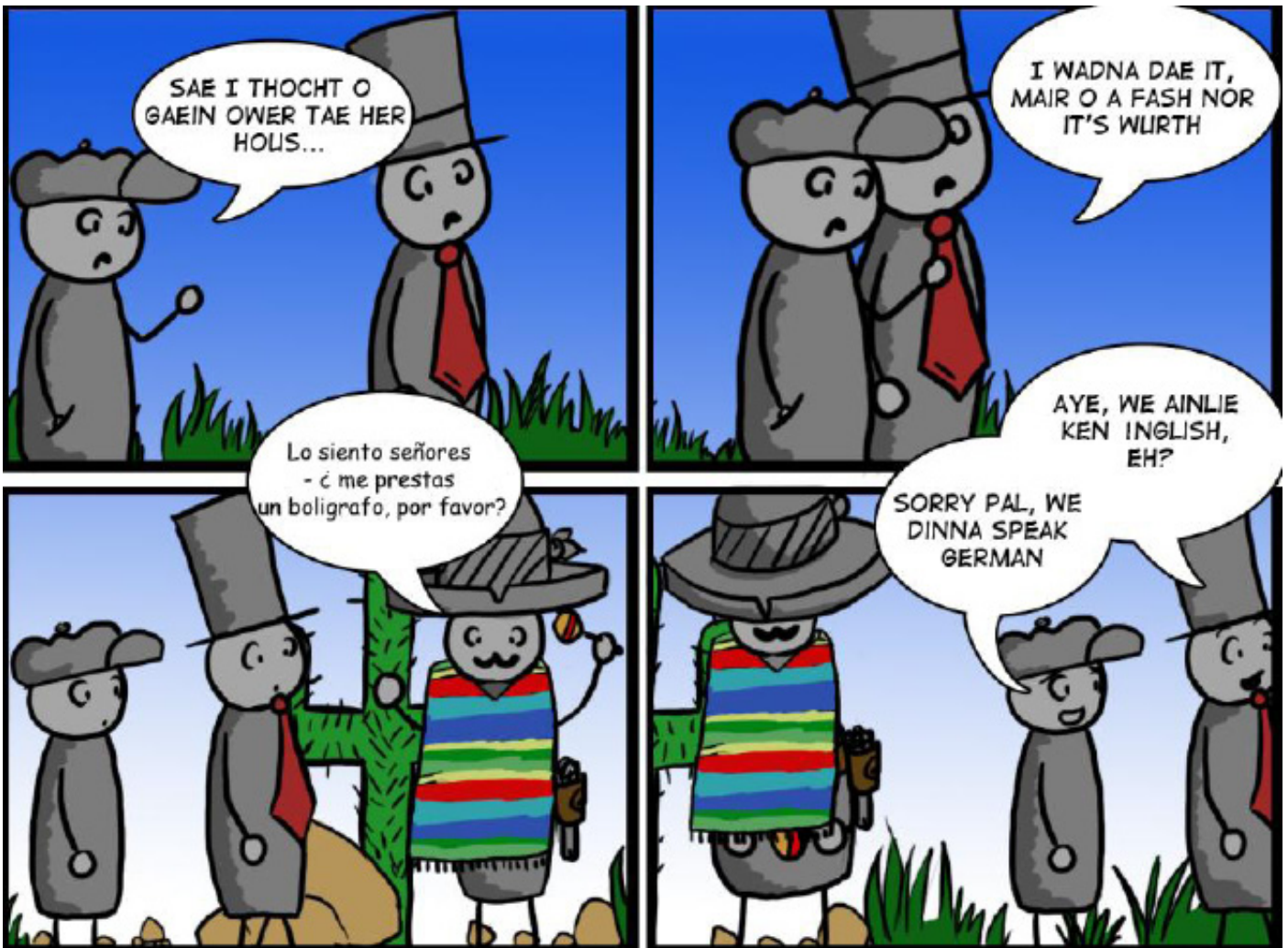
Hae a dram...

A hauf-stairved fox, a richt peelie-wallie dribble o a thing it was, was inbye the hole o an auld aik-tree and sa some breid and mait left ahin there bi some herdsman – sae in he gings, and eats it aa up, fair slavvery-like, that fu his belly was fit ti bursting like a ba, he couldnae fidget oot. His auld freend, Roosty Claws, the fox, hears his cries and lamentations, and sidles up ti him, speiring the cause. Weel, it didnae tak him lang ti see whit the hell was the matter here – it wouldnae nou, would it, ti onie chiel wi hauf a brain? He telt his freend, 'Weel, juist bide inbye whaur ye are a while, and ye'll juist hae ti diet a bit, will ye nae? And then we'll juist pu ye oot like a snake. See if I'm richt, or nae.'

And whit daes this tale us? Greed leads stracht ti *Wecht Wachers*? Or *patience is a virtue in itself*? So they say. Staund in a queue at the Post Office, whan aa ye want is a handfae o stamps, and aabodie in front o ye is posting ten paircels ti Australia for Christmas, and ye get ti the desk, and the coonter-clerk says, luiking at your soor face closely, 'Ye ken, Rome Wisnae Built In A Day!' And you say, 'Awa and bile your heid, man. And hae a Merry Christmas, by the way!'

W. S. Milne

Bucketfou o Blethers



Darren Stewart an Duncan Sneddon