53

Boyhood to Manhood

When first we cam’ tae Glessart Brig,

Tae oor we house sae nate an’ trig,

Oor schemes an’ plans were never big,

Tae that I’ll swear ;

For grandeur we cared no’ a fig,

An’ a’ was rare.

-----------------------------------------------------

Ma faither, aye, an’ mither tae,

Wrocht awa’, canty, ilka day,

“ Tae mak’ en’s meet” wad aften say,

“ Is a’ we ettle “,

‘ Twas maistly wark an’ little play,

--------------------------------------------------

The aftermath o’ World War 1,

Wi boyhood years but scarce begun,

An’ yet! I had my share o’ fun

An ‘ daft like ploys;

But vandal deeds wad always spurn

For simple joys.

----------------------------------------------------

A forenin’ guddlin’ in the burn,

An’ snibbin’ beardies got its turn,

But herryin’ nests I’d always shun,

Or brekin’ eggs;

While “slimmin’ trees was naethin “furrin’

Or scartit legs.

---------------------------------------------------------

When I think back on wa’s I’ve speiled, 54

 Or fitba’, in Big Geordies field,

These simple joys much joy did yield,

Us ladies a’;

Noo, stiffened jeynts these ploys hae sealed

It’s natures law.

----------------------------------------------------

Apprentice turned, ma schule days by,

The change occasioned neer a sigh,

Fae ither pursuits then I’d try,

Nor grieved sair;

An’ even at gien a “skirt” the eye,

! I’ve had ma share, !

-----------------------------------------------

When skies were riven, an’ wather skailed,

An; moistly, youthfu’ sport curtailed

I never wept, but often wailed,

“I’ve lost the grup;”

‘Twas then the “fishin bug” prevailed,

An’ set me up.

-----------------------------------------------------

Forbye, there ws the aintrim sang

Or poem, as I gaed alang,

Wad sowther, whiles, the odd bit stang

That comes tae a’

An’ aye Gods grace held firm amang,

When things got raw.

-------------------------------------------------------

Altho’ I’ve mabbe “topped the brae”,

As I’ve heard ancient wisdom say,

Ma thochts still run on fun, an’ play,

I tell nae lee;

An’ always will, I hope an’ pray

Till day I dee. **Wm S McCoubrey**