

THE DOMINIE'S HAPPY LOT

The dominie is growin' grey
And, feth, he's keepit thrang
Wi' counts and spellin' a' the day
And liffies when the're wrang.
He dauners out at nine o'clock
He dauners hame at fowre
Frae twal to ane to eat and smoke
And sae his day is owre

Oh Leezie Leezie fine and easy
Is a job like yon
A' Saturday at gowf to play
And aye the pay gaun on?

And when the burn comes doun in spate
And troots are takin' weel
To tak a day he isna blate
Syne marches aff wi' a creel
His garden it has nare a weed
His tatties are a' soun'
The laddies needna fash to read
As lang's they delve his grun

Oh Leezie Leezie fine and easy
Is a job like yon
Weel or ill he's maister still
And aye the pay gaun on

When winter days are cold and dark
And dykes are deep with snaw
And bairns are shiverin' owre their wark
He shuts the shop at twa
And when it comes to Hogmanay
And fun comes roarin' ben
And ilka dog maun tak a day
The dominie taks ten

Oh Leezie Leezie fine and easy
Is a job like yon
To stop the mill when e're you will
And aye the pay gaun on

And when Inspectors gi'e a ca'
He taks them roun' tae dine
And aye the upshot o' it a'
"The bairns are dain fine"
And sae the "Board" come smirkin' roun'

Wi' prizes in their haun'
And syne it's frae the end o' June
Intil the Lord kens whan

Oh Leezie Leezie fine and easy
Is a job like yon
Sax weeks to jaunt and gallivant
And aye the pay gaun on

Walter Wingate.

This poem was written about eighty years ago. Although the poet, who was a well-known and respected teacher in St. John's Grammer School, Hamilton, had no connections with Stonehouse, he knew how village schools operated.

I dimly remember the stories about one local headteacher (Dominie) keen on the fishing and knowing when they would be biting!!

Robert Anderson.