

“ To Alan Pearson, a lifelong Pal “

*To-day, in shades of retrospect
I backward look, my life inspect,
And memories come crowding in
Pals who have clung thro' thick an' thin.*

*In Stonis toon in ilka street
The heavy clump o' colliers feet
Frae “Brumfil” pit or “Spion Kop”
Gaed steady on, nor seemed tae stop.*

*The century but scare begun,
An ' Britain, strugglin' wi' the Hun,
The situation, tense an' grim,
Survivals chance appeared gey slim.*

*Boy hood impressions oft endure
Especially if the family's poor
We'd a' tae mak' oor ain wee joys
The lassies, jist the same's the boys.*

*In King St, number 49,
Ma memory's guid, I mind it fine,
Across the street, a steerin' callan
A Pearson loon, the name is Alan.*

*The village life was warm an' sweet
Maist every day we lads wad meet
Each others strength an' talents test
In some falks een, a darned young pest*

*But still anon ; we got on weel.
Each had an individual skill,
The Pearson squad tae music thirled,
“ Redemption Hymns “ the lassies skirled.*

*The laddies tae, in nae wey shy,
Essayed tae jine in harmony,
I frequently, was in there hoose,
Wi baith lugs cocked, I couldna lose.*

*The seed was planted there an'then,
Tho' at the time, I didna ken,
But later years the proof supplied
These boyhood scenes had neer died.*

*Amang them a' wi kindly hand,
Auld Mrs Pearson kept command,
They feared her wrath they werna mugs,
“She'd bring the dish-cloot roon their lugs.”*

*The ladies, Alan, Bob, an' John,
The last I've named has now “passed on.”
The youngest laddie, Jim by name,
At surgeons bake hoose, tried the same.*

*As youve maybe heard tell before.
Our ways oft mixed in days of your,
Fates turns an' twists hae mony a quirk,
Alan, an' me, an' Paiterson Kirk.*

*There was nae telly then, tis true,
An' radios were very few,
Oor ain diversions we'd te seek,
“Choir Practice,” highlight o the week.*

*An' mony auld yins you'll hear say
'Twas a "matrimonial agency "
On lookin' back I'd say there richt
" Romance began on Thursday nicht."*

*'Twas there that Alan met his fate,
A bonnie lass began tae date,
An' weel contented wi' his lot,
He socht the hand o' Jeanie Scott.*

*An' Jean, wha kent what she was daen,
Her love for Alan, proud, displayin',
Thro' coortin' days wi' neer a falter
Eventually met at the alter.*

*Noo safely wed, their lives complete,
Wi' hoose set up, baith trig an' neat,
Tho' gey lean times, but laced wi' joy
Their first wee wean was born, a boy.*

*The laddie thrave, they called him John
Then Jessie, their eldest lass, was born,
Oor lives a' pairt o' Gods ain plan
Anither lassie, Mary Ann.*

*In following years, by fates decree,
A deep friendship, twixt Alan and me
Developed, thats held firm an'true,
O' Alans kind there are but few.*

*This fact I'll pen wi' little swither,
We've aye been pack an' thick thegither,
We've had oor share o' worldly dunts
Yet ne'er wi' ither took the strunts.*

*Noo Alans Jeans been laid "At Rest"
God, in his wisdom kens whits best,
We tak it hard nor can descry
The reason for it, how, and why.*

*But Alan lad, ye ken its true
Ma hert was sair an' bled for you
Oor lives had somehoo gane aglee
I fand the saut teams blin' ma ee.*

*I ken ould pal, what youve come through,
My sympathies, and love, tae you,
My Jean an' I felt jist the same,
When oor "Wee chook " was beckoned "hame."*

*Yet still, when a' is said an' done
Daith comes tae a' baith auld an' young
For a' oor happy times we're glad,
Faith will keep us frae beein ower sad.*

*Oor dear departed yins, I ken
Was never wish tae see us spen'
Or few remainin' years in mopin
Or backward lookin', forward gropin',
But living out owr earthly span
Wi' cheer an' love greet fellow man
As far as lies within our power
To cheer our friends in needful hour.*

*Tae you , auld pal, I have expressed.
Ma inward thoughts ; may you be blest,
May Fortune, kindly, a' your days,
Guide you in all your words, and ways
An' may we traivel baith as ane
Till a' oor traivellin days are done.*

Wm S McCoubrey