

“Dedicated to the Avon Angling Club”  
 “ When Fishers Meet”

When fisherman, wi unco chatter,  
 Pursue their course up Avon watter,  
 Each wi’ his ain wee private dream,  
 Hoo best tae fish the gurgling stream,  
 There was a’ loon, frae Motherwell,  
 His name I ken, but winna tell,  
 Had risen that morn at bre’k o’ day,  
 Tae Glessart Brig had made his way  
 A stretch he’d never fished before  
 But weel supplied wi’ gear, and lore.

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 It was a morn in early May.  
 When birds sang sweet and life was gay,  
 And I in tune, wi’ rod and line  
 Essayed in fishin’ craft tae jine,  
 And met the lad I’ve spoken off,  
 Weel spoken man; seemed quite a toff.  
 We wandered on, enjoyin the scene,  
 The river searched wi’ probin’ een,  
 And as we went I often guessed  
 What he had seen; what he had missed.

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 That hour o’ morn, “twixt eight and nine,  
 Maybe by chance, maybe design,  
 As faur’s my rovin eye made oot  
 There was nae sign o’ risin’troot.  
 But noo the goin’ was getting rough  
 Wi’ banks, an’ stanes, an’ trees, “twas tough.  
 My fisher freen essayed tae stop  
 An fish back doon, an’ tackle up  
 While I my onward way pursued,  
 Scrambling along, with strength renewed.

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 Anither Quarter mile or so,  
 Made me decide tae hae a go,  
 But search the water as I might,  
 Nae dimpling rise appeared in sight.

Some evidence that fish are there  
Saves mony a yin frae black despair  
But whatna flee tae offer noo,  
Has puzzled me, an quite a few.  
But noo experience tak's a han'  
An' bolsters up the inner man,  
Nae movement on the top maun show  
The fish are feedin' doon below.

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But in the absence o' a hatch.  
Its "Hobsons choice," nae flee tae match.  
The "Merch Broons" seasons getting by,  
Some ither flee I'd staun tae try.  
A week before I'd had a session,  
A proper "daft flee" tying mission  
Instead o'pleasing troot, I'll tell  
I'd tyed some flees tae please masel,  
Gaudy creations! I must own  
(Line missing )

But never venture, never gain  
An' I'll neer mak mistakes again.

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My tail flees wing frae greenie ta'en  
A spare quill body, ribbed wi'green,  
Nylon, finched from a Christmas tree.  
Wad catch, perchance, some fishes e'e.  
T wa turns o' hackle, brilliant blue,  
Wad send troot mad, or gar them grue.  
What will I use for my first dropper  
Is it a nymph, or a grasshopper  
What will it look like when its wet  
Maybe the most alluring yet,  
A teal and Red goes on the bob  
The troot micht think it just the job.

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Sae drawn oot 6 yairds o'line,  
The rough, an tail, were solely mine,  
I cast, my flees oot owre the rough,  
Hopin' my choice was guid enough.  
Some score o' casts, twas amply proved.  
Their theme was "we shall not be moved,"  
I've always held to the opinion,

That in their watery dominion.  
Whawr troot hae maistly, their ain way  
A' movin' wee things are their prey.  
We'll gie the flees, perchance, a rest  
Some ither scheme we'll put to test.

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When wadin' thro some shallow watter,  
I'd seen some stanes wi moss like matter  
Adherin' firmly tae their sides,  
Perhaps some fishy foot it hides,  
Sae pooin aff a haunfu' noo,  
The stringy mass I sifted thro;  
Some queer like beasties were revealed,  
Frae maist o' human eyes concealed.  
But fishers are a cunning lot  
And troot deception long hae saught,  
And in the absence o' some flees  
Hae tyed sma' nymphs, the fish tae please.

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Id never tyed a nymph, as such,  
But still, it didna maiter much,  
For in ma flee box gey weel worn,  
Were flees, the teeth o troot had torn,  
Beyond redemption as a flee  
As nymph micht catch a fishes ee.  
Wi' this in mind I picked oot twa,  
"The method", simply sink an' draw.

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I'd scarcely reached the ripples end,  
My rod took on a wondrous bend,  
As fine a pull as one might wish,  
And I was "in" a heavy fish !  
In May the troot are fit an' strong,  
My tackle light, the battle long,  
I've aye disdained tae lug a net,  
If "at the daith" the troot gaes free  
I'ts worth a sportin' chance, tae me.

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Wi ' carefu' playin', in a bit  
I grassed him, wi' the side o' fit  
And ere the 'oor was fully oot  
Beside him lay fower mair braw troot,  
I homeward sped " fu o' masel,"  
An' met the loon frae Motherwell,  
His manner it was sad an' blum  
When tae ma shout, "goes it, chum,"  
Theres damn the troot 'll be tae'n the day.

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