

# *“A Lament for Avon water”*

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*Oh Avon; fu' frae bank tae brae,  
The scene fills me with blank dismay,  
Broon swirlin' spates, tak' aff yer way  
Return nae mair;  
Douce fishers a' kneel doon an' pray  
An' dae yer share.*

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*Thou weather dark, some pity show,  
For three hale months a' in a row  
Ye've washed the earth here doon below  
Ye ill - willed deevil;  
Some ither airt your gifts bestow  
An' be mair ceevil.*

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*The speckled trout bemoan their fate,  
Ilk " ither day a ragin' spate  
If this gangs on, at sic a rate  
Theyll' soom awa  
Tae somewhere whaur the watter's quate,  
Then teams will fa' .*

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*The ragin' streams as on they've sped  
Hae sae washed oot the river bed  
An' cleaned oot ilka spawning' redd  
Ah'. wai's ma he'rt;  
Guid summer fishing' hopes hae fled  
O' this I'm scairt.*

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*We bonnie troot, ma hert is sair,  
Tae think ma flees ye'll see nae mair,  
If ye're a' washed awa I'm shair  
Your want I'll rue;*

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*Guid fishers a' by ills beset,  
Will fume an'sweer, an' rave, an' fret,  
An' sell their rods- - - - wi much regret  
An' syne bewail  
The finest pleasure man can get,  
Noo, - - - - - no a tail.*

*(William S Mc Coubrey )*

