

“A Fishy Tale”;

*Of anglers deeds, the tales are many,
Of fishes views, there’s scarcely any,
Sae in this wee tale I’ve set oot
Tae chronicle the lives o’ troot.*

*In a quiet stream, quite near Kentucky,
There swam a troot wha’d been gey lucky
Escapin’ minnin, grub, an’ worm,
Offered by anglers each in turn.*

*This troot because it had been “gifted”,
Successully had all lures resisted
An’ noo, grown tae “prodeegious size”
Resolved tae pit the wee yins wise.*

*Set up a school for a’ sma’ fry
Tae mak them cunning, wary, sly,
Suspicious o’ a’ food they see
An’ so nae “early daith” tae dee.*

*Its classes were gey weel attended,
The troot their former rash weys mended,
Noo “eddicated” troot ha’e learned
Wi’ their future tae be concerned.*

*Sae every flee is weel inspected
Tae see if gut can be detected
Un - natural, one must suppose,
A flee wi' gut growin' oot its nose.*

*A worm, on twa three hooks impaled
As past their nose its aften trailed
Their teacher has them learned, ye see
Tae quietly turn the 'ither ee.*

*An when a spate is " rinnin aff "
It gi'es them mony a he'rty laff
Tae see the lures that spin thro streams
"They fishers think we're daft, it seems".*

*Next day, when they attend their classes
"They tell their teacher" men are asses
Nae minnin' ere could soom sae quick,
"They'll hae tae try some ither trick".*

*A "thing" cam' Birlin' thro the stream
The deid spit o' a submarine,
They shairly think oor heids are boss,
! A minnin, daen its Stirlin' Moss.*

*An' noo anither class has formed,
Tae tell hoo fishers are adorned,
Wi' jaikets coloured broon an' green,
"they're no sae sair in fishes een".*

*There's some come twa three times a week,
An whup us till we're "gey near seek "
Especially yin, (frae, Aivertoon),
Splashin' an'rummelin' up an'doon.*

*His chance o' foolin' us is slim,
We're near on noddin' terms wi him,
Anither squad, (frae East Kilbride),
They gan us soom awa an'hide.*

*On Sundays they come by the dizzin,
An' torment us till we're fairly "fizzin",
An orra loon frae aboot Newmains,
He gans us hide below the stanes.*

*Frae Ayrshire tae an' even frae Stirlin',
They "furriners" set oor minds a'birlin,
Whit wey can they no fish at hame
An' leave puir Avon troot alane.*

*Still! Octobers near at haun,
We'll, maybe jist get peace tae spaun,
"Guid Sakes", oor reason must be failin',
The devils will be efter grayling,*

*Aye! Avon troot ken a' they lads
An pit up wi' theer jinks an' fads
Secure in their "superior knowledge"
Acquired, attendin' "fishes College".*

(Wm S McCoubrey)