

Boyhood to Manhood

When first we cam' tae Glessart Brig,
 Tae oor we house sae nate an' trig,
 Oor schemes an' plans were never big,
 Tae that I'll swear ;
 For grandeur we cared no' a fig,
 An' a' was rare.

Ma faither, aye, an' mither tae,
 Wrocht awa', canty, ilka day,
 " Tae mak' en's meet" wad aften say,
 " Is a' we ettle ",
 ' Twas maistly wark an' little play,

The aftermath o' World War 1,
 Wi boyhood years but scarce begun,
 An' yet! I had my share o' fun
 An' daft like ploys;
 But vandal deeds wad always spurn
 For simple joys.

A forenin' guddlin' in the burn,
 An' snibbin' beardies got its turn,
 But herryin' nests I'd always shun,
 Or brekin' eggs;
 While "slimmin' trees was naethin' "furrin'
 Or scartit legs.

When I think back on wa's I've speiled,
 Or fitba', in Big Geordies field,
 These simple joys much joy did yield,
 Us ladies a';
 Noo, stiffened jeynts these ploys hae sealed
 It's natures law.

Apprentice turned, ma schule days by,
 The change occasioned neer a sigh,
 Fae ither pursuits then I'd try,
 Nor grieved sair;
 An' even at gien a "skirt" the eye,
 ! I've had ma share, !

When skies were riven, an' wather skailed,
 An; moistly, youthfu' sport curtailed
 I never wept, but often wailed,
 "I've lost the grup;"
 'Twas then the "fishin bug" prevailed,
 An' set me up.

Forbye, there ws the aintrim sang
 Or poem, as I gaed alang,
 Wad sowther, whiles, the odd bit stang
 That comes tae a'
 An' aye Gods grace held firm amang,
 When things got raw.

Altho' I've mabbe "topped the brae",
 As I've heard ancient wisdom say,
 Ma thochts still run on fun, an' play,
 I tell nae lee;

An' always will, I hope an' pray
Till day I dee.

Wm S McCoubrey