

“Elegy to a Morris minor 1000”

*Seven years ago, by the Grace of God,
The wife an’ I, we took the road,
Tae holiday in the Emerald Isle,
And I tae record every mile.*

*We had acquired a Morris Minor,
“Mang wee caurs ne’er was made a finer
I’ll swear this by the stawrs above
It has remained my only love.*

*When I recall the sights I’ve seen,
An’ a’ the places we hae been
The counties through which we hae shuffled,”
* “God rest the banes o’ auld Lord Nuffield.”*

*(*The founder of Morris Motors ltd)*

*We first essayed, an’ at first hand,
Tae scoor the face o’ auld Scotland
Had we no’ had this guid wee cawr
We’d sure no’ gotten very fawr.*

*When’e’er we’ twa three days tae spare,
When’e’er the weather, coorse or rare,
*Wee Charlie “took us, fast or slow, *(My nickname for my car.)
Maist a’ where we inclined tae go.*

*Frae Berwick, in the very south,
A' the wey up tae Lossiemouth,
Thro' ilka shire we made our way,
At nicht we'd Bed an breakfast stay.*

*Up the West Highland roads we'd venture,
Nor yet neglect auld Scotias centre
Thro' Stirling toon, and fair auld Perth
As braw places as on Gods earth.*

*Then on oor next break you'd hae fond us
Up in the braw wee Glens o' Angus,
Thro Glenesk, lethnot, Clova, rovin,
Thro Brechin, Forfar, Montrose movin.*

*An' whiles we had the urge tae stay,
In the howes o' Bonnie "Galloway "
Our curiosity made us aspire
Tae tour about the Mull o' Kintyre.*

*The Border country has appeal,
Its beauty almost not quite real,
Whether in Summer's mantle green,
Or Autumn's russet gold its seen.*

*Delayin' sae lang a turn in Fife,
" The biggest mistake o' oor life,"
St Andrews, Anstruther, an' Crail,
Tae charm could surely never fail.*

*The immortal Walter Scott has said,
"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,"
The proof is there on every hand,
Ilk true Scot hoves his native land.*

*An' so, lang's the Gude Lord wills,
We'll rove 'mang Scotias vales an' hills
Her roads and byways we'll explore
A veritable treasure store.*

*An' noo this fact I'll state quite fairly
'Twas a' by grace o' " trusty Charlie "
That we'd the chance tae be observant ;
"Well done ! Thou good and trusty servant.*

*In later years, ma guid aul' freen,
We've roamed the Emerald Isle, sae green,
Baith North an South, an East and West,
I scarce can say "which" I like best.*

*In Donegal I've been richt merry,
Wi' joy I've toured in County Kerry,
In Galways brow wee lanes I've wandered,
And In Avoca's vale I've pondered.*

*"Wee Morris," you've been proved " a clinker "
Yours truly made a traikin tinker,
You've been a gran' wee pal tae me,
" I'll lo'e ye, till the day I dee.*

Wm S McCoubrey