

*The substance of the following poem is founded on “fact,” and on Telling the story to my “fisher and poet” pal, Jim Russell, he presented me with the story in verse, and since the story and poem revolves round me, “and my better half”, I feel I must include it amongst My poems. I have “tidied the metre,” in places, but the poem, Essentially,” belongs to Jim Russell.*

## *“The Auld Gadger”*

*This fishy tale is surely real,  
Aboot a freen I ken rale weel,  
His “ither hauf” a guid female  
Who turns the villain o’ this tale.*

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*The tale unfolds by Avon watter  
The exact location disnae matter  
An’ by its side, a trig wee hoose  
Whaur lives oor wull an’his guid spouse.*

---

*Noo Wull’s aye had the fishin’ bug,  
An’ ye didnae need tae”bite his lug”  
An’ ilka time there cam’ a spate  
Our Wull aye thocht that this was great.*

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*He totters aff ; like some auld juck,  
Tae nail some troot ; wi’ ony luck,  
His worms concealed in mustard tin,  
He’d got, some fermers midden in.*

---

*But tae oor tale ; wi' utmost speed.  
Or else the spate will soon recede,  
At "Cubby's Hole" oor Wull was busy,  
A' flustered, red an' in a tizzy.*

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*His line weel taigled in a "bush"  
An' words -- -- -- wad mak a maiden blush,  
But in five meenits, mair or less,  
His line is freed, he sterts afresh.*

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*The time gaes by as time it will,  
An' Wullies bag begins tae fill.  
First the ae troot ; syne the tither  
Tae lie in beauty a' thegither.*

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*Noo here's a sicht, maum be sublime,  
A' man a rod. -- -- -- a fishin' line,  
A' cares an' troubles cast aside.  
A smile thats near a hauf mile wide.*

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*The scene begets Eternal Grace  
Nor earthly grins can tak its place  
The happy, rich rewards o' life.  
Free frae a' cares, (an' flytin wife.)*

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*Too sune, the licht begins tae fade,  
An' evenin' brings its darkenin shade,  
For hame Wull mak's the shortest route  
Wi' happy hert, an; five braw troot.*

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*His dwelling reached, an'rod pit by,  
He cleans his fish, "for morning, fry,  
Bait tin on mantel shelf! Wae's me,  
The sene is set ; for villiany.*

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*His wee wife, Jean a flo'er indeed,  
Maks tea wi roasted cheese, an' breid,  
Some daffin dune ; an free o' care  
They've settled in their fireside chair.*

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*But Jeanie yet has ae mair chore,  
Before they baith retire, tae snore,  
She aye prepares, wi zeal " inborn,"  
A guid piece for her man, " the morn,"*

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*Twa slice o' breid ; wi' saumon spread,  
A currin bun some gingerbread  
" Noo whaur's his tea tin" muckle nit, "  
Her een frae left tae richt they flit.*

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*An' as her een glance left an'richt  
The mustard tin looms in her sicht,  
Containing, as he homeward speeded,  
Some hauf dizzen worms he hadna needed.*

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*Wi thochts o' love, an' cheery grin,  
She whups the lid frae mustad tin,  
As shair as fate ; I tell nae lee,  
Bangs in two spunes o' lyons tea.*

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*She then brings ben the sugar bowl,  
"Guid hertit, wee, hard workin' sowl "  
Fower spunefu in the tin she crams,  
An' on the tin the lid she rams.*

*The midnicht oors they speed away,  
The morning dauns ; a braw new day  
Nae thochts hae they o' a long lie  
But keen tae hae their mornin' fry.*

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*The breakfast by ; a kiss, a cuddle,  
Ere they begin the daily guddle,  
An' wullie aff tae Stra'ven sets,  
A happy man, wi nae regrets.*

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*An' noo, arrived in Stravem toon,  
A guid days work he's been sit doon,  
A six wheeled beauty o' a truck,  
The verra "cream o bodywork."*

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*The mornin' oors sune slip awa',  
An' hungers pangs begin tae gnaw,  
The dinner our the anvil sings,  
As "Jurdins" hammer on it rings.*

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*Wi dinner piece, and Mustard Tin  
( Wull little kens what lies within. )  
An' billy can, weel filled wi' watter,  
The alk is maisly sportin' chatter,*

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*Wi' Wull's attention a'tae'n up,  
An scarce a glance at can or cup,  
The contents stirred and left tae brew,  
The lads their sportin' talk renew.*

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*The patters' guid aroon the bench,  
Some talk o' wife, an'some o' wench,  
Wull's sawmon piece he does consume,  
Wi' wachts o tea, tae wash it doon.*

*As tae their fitba gemme they scoot,  
Wull swirls his can, te syne it oot,  
His een some queer like objects scan,  
Lyin , shrivelled, in his billy can.*

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*He fishes oot the shrivelled forms,  
Tae retrospect his reason turns,  
“Whit can they stringy objects be  
I see sae plain afore ma ee.”*

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*The penny drops ! the scene returns,  
”I’ve clean forgot tae dump ma worms,  
Or yet tae hide ma mustard tin  
Afore wee wifie Jean cam’ in.*

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*She , in the half light o the e’en ;  
The few remainin’ worms ne’er seen,  
Jist done “her usual” wi’ ma tin,  
Wi no a thocht what lay within.*

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*The tea gaed doon ; and was enjoyed,  
(the mind wi ither thochts employed,)  
Wull neer grued, nor cam tae haivin,  
Is stoot O’ hert, and strang o’ airm.*

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*Sae gentlemen or whateer ye be,  
Be wary when ye’re drinkin’ tea,  
An whit ye keep yer worms in,  
Frae wifie mind tae hide yer tin ;  
! The thing tae mind is surely that  
Yer tea, wi’ worms, will mak’ ye fat !*

*Jim Russell*

