

THE GUID AULD DAYS

Sodden raincoats, wrinkled suits,
Black umbrellas, wellie boots;
Flannel trousers held in place
Wi' safety pins, juist in case!

Woollen jumpers, ironed shirts,
Fair Isle jerseys, tartan skirts;
Skippet bunnets menfolk wear
Tae cover up their thinnin' hair.

Women's monthly sewing bees,
Swillin' tea at Kirk soirees,
Margarine on sodie scones,
Currant buns as dry as bones.

Teenage parties, Postman's Knock
And The Grand Old Duke Of York,
Soggy trifle, aipple pie;
Neckin' lassies on the fly.

Sunday morning discipline,
Kilt and sporrans, squeaky shin,
Bellows organ wheezing hymns,
Pedaled by arthritic limbs.

Sunday dinners, saying grace,
Roast beef served on cheenie plates,
Mither's warnin': "Tak mair care
Wi' ma precious silverware."

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Noo, whit's still left I micht be missin'
If I curtail this reminiscin'?

