

A REMEMBRANCE DAY

Ould Willie
proppit up on his pillows
ston blind
wi cataracts
wan o da last still livin
'at fowt i' da trenches
or could cleem ta mind
da nineteen hunder gale
or a Dutch Bom
duntin trow da soond.

Fur whan it cam tae da stories
der wis non wi a greater gift,
yaeh, he could mind hailin solans
'at took a haddock line –
ae meenit on da boddam
an da nixt wan i' da lift,

So I asked im ae day aboot da war,
which he related
laek neem, rank an number;
A gunner,
wi da heavy artillery.
fowt at maust o da campaigns
Ypres, da Somme, an Paschendale.

An dat wis dat
as I sat dere laek a blockeet on amp
wi prunkit lugs
waitin fur da tale tae end all tales
as he stops ta supp some Sweethert Stoot
and says,
'yaeh boy, I mind a Dutchman
staundin i' da Gaerdie burn
drinkin oot o his clug!'

dan he gie a gaff
wipeit a weepy cataract
da veesitin oor wis ower
he lay back an neebit aff,
an dat wis da last time we spak.

Noo I tink o ould Willie's war
Lest we forget,
an mony a poor sowel
'at wid redder a don
just dat.