Nurse Murphy’s Retiral Presentation, 1969.

Some 16 years have come and gaen,

Since Nurse came tae oor Bonny Glen.

She soon endeared herself to all,

Aye glad to answer Duty’s call.

Though roads were slippy, rough or muddy,

Our gallant Nurse was always ready,

Nae matter what the pain or trouble,

She aye came flying at the double.

An ankle sprained, a bealin’ finger,

Or hand entangled in the wringer,

She never failed to come in haste,

And kent the treatment that was best.

Her healin’ balm and embrocation,

Have earned our rich appreciation.

When skirlin’ bairns first see the licht,

Nurse Murphy’s there tae see them richt.

When old folk near their journey’s end,

She’s sympathetic, very kind.

In summer’s heat or winter’s cold,

She aye maintained a heart of gold.

Her territory far and wide,

She gaily took it in her stride.

Efficient, prudent, cheery, pally,

Frae High Glenshee to Brig o’ Cally.

By G. Rodger, the Glenner.

Auld Scots Words

Of Scots words I ken quite a few,

And if you like I’ll tell them noo.

Working under stress was “trauchle”,

An old worn shoe was ca’ed a “bauchle”.

A “divot” was the name for clod,

A fox was often ca’ed the “tod”.

The name for earth or soil was “yird”,

The name for bat was “bankie-bird”.

A coo withoot a horn was “hummelled”,

And if you fell, they said “ye tummelled”.

The word for cattle/beasts was “nowt”,

A youthful stallion was a “cowt”.

The old Scots word for cough was “hoast”,

A “bogle” was a Scottish ghost!

A shirt was often called a “sark”,

And “mirk” was aye the word for dark.

A blow or knock was known as “dunt”,

The stalk of a cabbage was a “runt”.

A “maukin” was the name for hare,

A “gliff” was the old word for scare.

The auld Scots word for bowls was “bools”,

Instead of graves they said the “mools”.

The name they had for yawn was “gant”,

A speech impediment a “mant”.

A flame was often called a “lowe”,

A brush was “besom” or a “cowe”.

The word they had for comb was “caim”,

Your tummy was a “kite” or “wame”.

A reel of thread way aye a “pirn”,

To weep would be to “greet” or “girn”.

They aye said “daur” instead of dare,

A “glower” the word they had for stare.

The old Scots word for hear was “hark”,

A “lav rock” was the gay skylark.

When folk were tired they felt “forfochen”,

The word for quenching thirst was “slochen”.

A drunkard was a “drooth” or “boozer”,

A travelling stallion was a “cooser”.

The old Scots word for trust was “lippen”,

A baby’s napkin was a “hippen”.

A Scottish midwife was a “howdie”,

The mole was often termed “mowdie”.

A “ratton” was their name for rat,

And “baudrons” was a pussy cat.

Directions were described as “airts”,

And playing cards were known as “cartes”.

A sheep enclosure was a “fank”,

Likewise a ditch was called a “stank”.

Folk feeling sad would be “gey dowie”,

A little barrel was a “bowie”.

“Auld Nick” was how they styled the Devil,

A porridge pot-stick was a “theevil”.

To fondle tenderly was “cuddlin”,

And catching troots by hand was “guddlin”.

Colic in horses was a “teenge”,

For scouring pots, wives used a “reenge”.

For puff or pant the word was “pech”,

The vulgar name for flea was “flech”.

The shafts o’ carts were aye c’aed “trams”,

Knee-belts of course were “nicky tams”.

A wee stack was a “hut” or “fandy”,

Licentious conduct – “houghmagandie”.

To “flype” was turn outside in,

And “widdershins” was ‘gainst the sun’.

Green level meadow-lands were “haughs”,

The supple willow wands were “saughs”.

And “gumption” meant plain common sense.

“Aise” was the old Scots name for ashes,

The word for troublesome was “fashious”.

A cattleman was styled “the purler”,

A piece of bedroomware “the durler”.

A brisk young chap would be a “birkie”,

A “bubbly-jock” was a male turkey.

The blacksmith’s shop was aye “the smiddy”,

Dirty, ragged bairns were “duddie”.

A small amount was “tic” or “wheen”,

Christina’s name was cut to “Teen”.

The curlews were described as “whaups”,

And brose-bowls made o’ wood were “caups”.

“Girss” was the ancient word for grass,

A “cuddy” was the humble ass.

I’ve reached the end o’ my lang tether,

I hope that you’ve enjoyed my blether!

To readers that have come thus far,

I’ll say, “Ta, ta”, and “Au revoir”.

Geordy Rodgers.

N.B. Christy, the gardener at Balmyle, used to use the word “mashantater” to describe a bad smell – this came from “mechant odeur”.

Harvest Memories.

The clatt’rin binder cut the crop,

Drawn by three Clydesdales fine;

The sheaves were then picked up by hand,

And stooked in bonnie line.

We set the bosses in a raw,

And stethelled them wi’ broom,

A yaird or twa atween each “foond”,

Tae gie ye plenty room.

Twa cairts brocht loads in time aboot,

Frae field tae favim-toon;

Tae see the stuff a’ safely in,

The wish of every loon.

The wish o’ ilka honest lad,

That wrocht wi’ horse and ploos,

Tae see a weel-filled cornyaird,

For feedin’ sheep and coos.

When biggin’ ye were on your knees,

Layin’ sheaves doon, ring on ring;

Ye packed in dry sheaves next the boss,

Tae gie the gangs a “hing”.

An interesting job it was,

And fairly pleasant work,

Especially if the cairter-lad,

Kent hoo tae yaise a fork.

But if he was a clumsy chield,

His forking skill inferior,

Ye had to keep a sharp lookout,

As he’d jag your posterior!

Up in these glens we’ve heavy rains,

And lightening, gales and thunder;

The stacks maun a’ be weel secured,

Or they’d be torn asunder.

The praps in richt, the rapes tied ticht,

O’er thike on slopin’ sheaves;

A bonnie sicht, a stave built richt,

And clippit roond the eaves.

The harvest hame, “the steam mull” came,

Tae hae a muckle thrash,

The fairmers bein’ a hard-up lot,

Aye in the need o’ cash!

Some grain weighed up tae gang awa’,

The loft was then filled fu’,

The new thrashed strae was bunched up ticht,

An’ biggit in a “soo”.

When stacks wore doon, fell near the green,

We set up sma’ wire nettin’,

It helped tae hinder rats and mice,

And keep them frae escapin’.

A neebor’s dog was welcome then,

It kent tae be a “ratter”,

And if the rats lurked doon deep holes,

We drooked them oot wi’ water!

G.A. Rodgers, the Glenner,

Croft of Dairsie.