

October Tattie Holidays

We piled intae the bogie
wi' oor piecies and set aff
Tae the yearly tattie gaithering
For a fortnicht we were Staff.
The gaffer he marked aff the bits
The strip we had tae gaither;
As the digger passed, we a' tore in
Hopin' for a chance tae blether.
The first day or twa it was 'teuch'
we were hippit and backs were sair;
But aince we got intae oor stride
we didna ache nae mair.
The tattie gaitherin' it was fun
especially at piecie time;
Wi paper and pencil, sittin' on a creel
On a' the fowk I'd pen a line.
For as I got tae ken them a'
the wirds jist seemed tae fit;
Even the verse on the fermer
I'm shair I made a hit.



He wanted tae get a copy
Alang wi' a' the rest;
when packed up for the season
So I must hae passed the test!
But there's nae tattie gaitherin' noo
Wi' machines the job gets done;
Noo this is just the Autumn break
when fowk jet aff tae the sun.
Aye life has changed in many ways
compared to the days of yore;
It was plain and simple back then
happiness near oor ain front door.
But living in the fast lane noo
There's nae chance tae unwind;
Rushin' on frae morn tae nicht
tae nature's beauty folk are blind.
It's in the name of progress
And modern ways have great appeal;
But naething beats sweet memories made
While sittin' on my tattie creel.



By Eila Webster October 2015.