

The Fenwick Poetry Competition.

Last week, ye a' recited Burns,  
Wi a' the classes takin' turns.  
Nervous laughs, yer stomach churns  
wi' butterflies.  
But, how fantastic! Whit a show!  
Whit a surprise!

Ye stood before yer Dads and Mums,  
Sittin' comfy oan their bums,  
Stuffin' shortbread in their tums,  
and Irn Bru.  
While ye a' performed yer songs an' poems,  
Baith strang an' true.

The boys stood up an' gave a toast  
tae the lassies, whom they love the most.  
The lassies, they then gave a roastin'  
in return.  
An' pit their gasses tae a peep.  
Their cheeks did burn.

The hale school, P1 tae P7;  
Frae ages five through tae eleven,  
Sang a song as if frae Heaven ...  
"Auld Lang Syne"

Ah've ne'er heard sic great rendition,  
Sweet an' fine.

A mornin, fu o' sang an' clatter.  
Singin', dancin', pipes, an' patter.  
Performances truly a matter  
o' perfection.  
Ah couldnae help but listen oan  
Wi' sic affection.

Then yer teacher, Mrs Ross.  
She's aye smilin'. Never cross.  
A lovely friend - and P7's boss,  
Asked me a question :  
"Wid ye come back and hear the weans  
An' choose the best yin."

So here I am, ah'm back again.  
Tae hear mair verse an' sweet refrain.  
Ah'm gladly here without complain.  
Tae listen keenly.  
Tae rowdy lines of great disdain  
..... or spok'n serenely.

So, stand up tall, an' dae yer best  
Lift up yer heid. Puff oot yer chest  
Raise up yer voice, we'll be impressed

Wi a' yer rhymin'.

Poetic words, and rhythm lines,

An' perfect timin'.

An' if perchance, ye fluff a line.

Dinnae fret, y'er da'in fine .

Just tak a breath an tak yer time,

An' ye'll get thru it.

The stage is YOURS - no' theirs or mine.

Y'er credit to it.

Recite yer poems, strang and loud.

Or soft and gentle. That's allowed.

Mak a' yer teachers really proud.

Wi a' yer talent.

Ye Fenwick bonnie lassies a',

An' boys sae gallant.

- "Rabbie" Borland.