

Holidays"

by J.K. Annand

As I gang up the Castehill
The bairns are skailin frae the schule,
Some look neat and some look tykes.
Some on fute and some on bikes,
Some are trystit by their mithers,
Ithers cleekit wi their brithers,
Some hae bags and some hae cases
But aa hae smiles upon their faces
For noo the holidays begin
And lessons for a while are dune.
It's nocht but fun and games aa day,
Nae mair wark, but lots o play
Until neist year the schule-bell caas
Them back to the maister and his tawse.