

At St Edinburgh's Quiz and Friendship evening in January we had readings from 3 members.

The first Read by Christine Craig

Up in the morning early

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure its winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure its winter fairly.

My heart's in the Highlands

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove
The hills of the Highlands forever I love

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go

THE GAPS

Written and Read By Kathleen Hardie

That he's tubby and not tall
doesn't worry me at all,
for he's the jewel of my life, my darling Keith.
He oozes charm from every pore,
which makes me rather sore
that I cannot stand the gaps between his teeth.

As he'll readily admit
this doesn't bother him a bit.
These tooth-gaps are the key to his career.
He's celebrated everywhere
as whistler extraordinaire.
But to me it does lack cultural veneer.

He will pucker up and throb
like a kettle on the hob,
he'll do canary, thrush and blackbird, as well
as arias in falsetto
from Faust to Rigoletto
and all the Overture from William Tell.

I must make a move, for sure,
for my plight cannot endure.
I shall take him to my dentist down in Leith.
He'll beam a perfect wedding smile
when he leads me down the aisle
without those awful gaps between his teeth.

Well. He's just been on the phone,
I'm to stay at home alone -
not walking down the aisle with my love, Keith.
He's informed me fair and square
that he'll be longer there,
for he cherishes the gaps between his teeth.

Anna Gordon

The book that I read from was Ross-shire Reflections
an anthology of writings from Ross-shire
ISBN 978-0-9554876-7-5
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The poems that I read
Musical Trees by Janet MacDonald
Emancipation by Terry Williams

