

A Lay of 'Tibbie Shields'

'John Currie'

Come listen friends to me awhile
A story I will tell
About a band of fishermen
And what to them befel.

A Father and a Family,
Of five brave looking chills,
All took a trip to Scotias land,
(As far as Tibbie Shields.

A mighty man the Father was,
Of fifty years or more,
A powerful, pleasant well built chap,
Of stones weight near a score.

His eldest bairn to manhood grown,
Was neither big nor sma,
And looked as like a farmer chiel,
As any eie I saw.

The second was a stout made lad,
In no ways very big,
and he'd lair lately to the law,
I saw it by his wig.

The third son was a slender man,
An supple as an eel,
and they called him th' maister, of
The rod, the line, the reel.

The fourth lad was a funny chap,
For even on the shine,
and him they dubbed the Editor,
Of the Anglers Magazine.

The fifth wean he was Benjamin,
The last though not the least,
For kinder lad you never saw,
Nor with man love in's breast.

The auld man caid him Doctor
His brothers cockles fill,
For good attention he gave them
Whenever they were ill.

They gang'd their gate by Moffat sweet,
That bonnie little place,
A prettier little country toon,
On earth you could not trace.

The farmer he was looking round,
And soon found "Bucclough Arms",
And gently says to Father John,
A gill. Sine hath its charms.

No time to lose they hurried in,
Like bees into a hive,
For fourteen miles more they'd to do,
By walking or to drive.

To walk the farmer could not sect,
He said he was so tired,
And Father he got little peace,
Until the horse was hired.

The Maister and the other three,
On walking they were keen,
So they at once made up their minds
To walk as far's Loch Skene.

Away they went quick out of sight,
Like sheep broke from the tether,
But O! dear me, they little knew,
The hardships they'd to weather.

They climbed the hills on hands + knees,
And hobbled over the ditches,
And whiles a sliding down the braes,
They sairly ript their breeches.

They doffed their coats + tossed their vests,
And pocketed their kees,
And just as near's a tucker feared,
The Maister had tauld lees.

But Maister he kept hounding on,
Before the other three,
The lawyer whiles fast losing ground,
And singing, O, dear me!!

At lang and length the loch appears,
Wi ecstacy they say,
and whan they cam into the edge
They drank it nearly dry.

The Father and the other son,
Went riding round the caid,
And now'd it was the prettiest side,
That ever they had throwd.

They sat and talked the gither,
Loll'd quietly at their ease,
And thought they had the best ot,
Say what the others please.

For Jehu drove them gently,
And brought them without fail,
And to the minute set them down,
In front of Grey Mares tail.

Wi longing looks they waited there
The keas near filled their een,
For fear the boys had gone to bathe,
And a' got drowned in Skene.

At lang and length th' Doctor comes,
A while before the rest,
An tauld an awfu leen yarn,
About a great hawk's nest.

The Editor next comes in sight,
Then comes the Maister clinking,
The lawyer he's left far behind,
Poor bairn look how he's lumping.

Gay pleased they were to see the trap,
Mair pleased to see Baks Bill,
And not an inch would they go on
Until they had a fill.

The Editor soon got his drink,
The Maister he'd his pot,
The other three they hey some milk,
And Father stood the lot.

So soon as they'd their whistles wet,
Their spirits rose a wee
For there among the mighty hills,
St Mary's could they see.

Then they got to their journey's end,
They found a homely bield,
And Ellen bade them welcome, to
The house of Tibbie Shields.

So gaily the next morning, they
Went all up with the lark,
And rods and lines together put
All ready for a start.

The breakfast over soon off they went,
In hopes of doing well,
And you never heard such bouncing,
About the biggest reel.

Their father felt a little tired
So quickly took a stretch,
But towards the afternoon, ay, man!
Of the auld house made a sketch.

The Doctor had had luck that day,
In fact na luck awa,
With all his ingenuity,
His catch was only twa.

The Farmer next came slipping home,
Lang in his reel made search,
But first a fish he found therein
Saw twa - three little perch.

The Lawyer next came after him,
And said he'd done gey well,
And bade his father take a peep
At what was in his reel.

So father donned his spectacles,
"Sure man they're unco sma'
Neel I dinna ken Su, hoo it was,
The big ones got awa."

The Maister he did best that day,
In fact he did it grand
He filled his basket to the lid,
As full as it could cram.

A great big fish was in his han,
And over its weight he bounces,
"Look, father, look at that grand fish,
Mair than a pun two ounces."

"But where is Peter? Father cries
I'm feared he's in a fix
Na fear of him the Maister says,
As long's his reel plays click."

There's no mistake that Peter fished
And never did so well
Not once in all his life had he
Come home with such a reel.

When he gives over he counts his fish
He wadna bind nor tether
From henceforth now and evermore
His hat would wear the feather.

Alas, good Peter little thought
That night he'd come to grief,
And never for a moment dreamed
Of such a thing's a thief.

The lighsome heart he comes along,
Around a neck of lan
When to his consternation
He spied a muckle swan.

The black legged deil soon smelt his fish
Quick after him it hobbled
Soon knocked him down, and cooped his reel
And every fish it gobbled.

The depprate grip he got a stick
An on it hard did flail,
But not an inch would it retreat,
So he took off leg bail.

He took the road as fast he could
Alangot it he did scoor,
But not an inch of him was seen
No, not an inch for stoor.

Ellen stood gaging out the door
When he came first in sight,
And cries the rest out fast to come
For Peter's got a fright.

His father hastened to the porch,
"Poor chiel - he's running weel
Little he thought what Peter felt
The swan was at his heels."

The breathless haste he clears the gate
Quick in the house he ran,
Crying, "Father! Father! Father!"
"Oh! Father mind the swan."

The Doctor quick got hard his pulse
"Man, ye'll be better
The swan has only knocked you over,
We a grat flap o' its wing."

At this the Lawyer picked his ears
A gran case o' assault
"Ye do says Peter and I'll swear
That it was in the fault."

"Na Na the Maister would not ha'it
You let the swan alone
There's not a doubt but what you've been
A peckin' it with stanes."

The week got over with heavy hearts
They had to take their ways
All off again to Manchester
To porridge and auld claes.

Ellen that morning that they left
On them heeked blessings weel
And hoped they'd sure come back again
To deal auld Tibbie Shields.

"Copy 201"



O. Father Father and the house

DESIGNED AND PRESENTED BY G. W. BAXTER

Thomas Harber.

Col John I. Mawson.

Robt Mann. E. S. Simpson David Reid.

Dr Henry Simpson. Rev. Hannan M.A.

F. J. Faraday F. L. S.



Chas Estcourt. F. L. S.

Abel Heywood Junr.

Rev^d W. White.

George S. Woodley.

- Annual Dinner. -

The third Annual dinner of our Association was held on the evening of the 4th of January 1881 at the Albion Hotel, presided over by Col. Mawson the much respected head of our Society supported by the Vice Presidents Messrs E. G. Simpson and David Reid, in the respective chairs.

This gathering like its predecessors was a success, the "dish of meat prepared for us Anglers" was excellent. And the intellectual feast that followed was also the best of its kind. No exhibits of tackle or fish were shown on this occasion, the stewards wisely remembering the experiences of past years.

Our "Guests" were The Mayor (Warraman Baxter) (Old Kerwood) James Crossley Pres^d of the Chesham Society - Prof. Williamson. Edwin Haugh Francis Francis of the "Field" Messrs De Jong, Merrill Hodall and many others.

Francis Francis Esq. proposed the toast "The M. C. A." James Crossley Esq. replied for our Guests. Amongst the most notable matters of the evening's enjoyment was a capital rendering of the "Three Social Huntsmen" but in this case the three comprised the whole of the Society's Members; as far as they have distinguished themselves by fishing. The song was written by our Hon. Sec. Abel Heywood J^r and most excellently sung by his friend Mr. Rawson. We say was written - would we could say, and is in this volume, but all the editor's influence has been of no avail to overcome the natural modesty of the author. The original song "Our President brother" written by Geo. Davies and sung by Mr. E. G. Simpson is to be found in the present volume on page 33 also the song composed & sung by Mr. J. C. Norris "Our old friend John" - see page 61 of volume 2 - It is not easy to do justice to these most excellent contributions, breathing as they do the genuine feelings of friendship and the true camaraderie of the Campfire Angler.

Lastly the illustrated menu card (see preceding page) speaks for itself. It is the labor of love of our much esteemed friend Mr. W. G. Baxter to whom we are greatly beholden for the same.

COUNCILS.

Fourth Council, elected, 1880.

Col. John J. Lawson President	
C. S. Simpson; David Reid vice presidents -	
Burn Robert	Harker Thomas
Esteourt Charles J. C.S.	Tanner Henry M.A.
Faraday J. J. F.L.S.	White W. Rev ^d
Woolley G. S. Treasurer	Heywood A. Hon. Sec ^y

The Annual Meeting of the Association for 1881 was held on the night of the February meeting as is the custom, when the usual routine business was proceeded with. The Honorary Secretary read an exhaustive report of the Society's progress for the years 1880 and 1881 which was printed and is in circulation. The said report records a series of successes and pleasures in the past, and the forecast for the future is equally pleasant. The election followed.

Fifth-Council, elected 1881.

Col. John J. Lawson President	
David Reid. Chas. Esteourt F.L.S. vice presidents	
Burn Robert	Tanner Henry M.A.
Harker Thomas	Sumner George Rev ^d M.A.
Simpson C. S.	Shoates Joseph
Woolley G. S. Treasurer.	Heywood Abel Hon Sec ^y

SONNET

"In memoriam H.L. Rolfe"

The chair is vacant in the Studio,
 The sketch reclines upon the easel now,
 The busy fingers and the thoughtful brow
 Rest in the grave. No more shall tale of ours,
 Reach that sympathetic heart now laid low,
 But ever so prompt its love of love to give,
 His gentle words and kindly deeds will live
 In many hearts, with thankfulness aglow
 With pleasant memories. His warmest friends,
 They who shar'd his love, and knew him best,
 Who knew he never shone for selfish ends,
 Whose pure intent could bear the closest test,
 Must feel a loss hard to make amends,
 None in the thought a good man found his rest.



The Torrent's Winter Song.

Suggested by a walk up the Dingle at Carreg.

January 1880.

From Lyrics of Don-y-beat.

I go! I go! I go!
 And melt the snow -
 I leap from rock to rock,
 With tremulous shock,
 Into the vale below -

I flow! I flow! I flow!
 Under frozen snow,
 And round the moss-green stones
 In low dulcet tones
 Sing to the vale below -

I foam! I dash! I go!
 On the heavy snow,
 Calling out a gleam,
 A glittering gleam
 Down on the vale below -

And as I leap or flow,
 On the sparkling snow,
 I hang my lark-like
 In melodious chatter,
 Above the vale below -

George Davies