

Rainfall in 1917; Torr 46.48; Knockgray 47.70; Shiel 68.47.

The folk upbye in the Glenkens maun gye conceited feel,  
When'er they meditate upon the records made at Shiel,  
An' Torr may lay upon the shelf his wee bit waterin can,  
While even Knockgray maun be content to be an  
"Also Ran!"

We've haen oor share (an mair) o' rain this guid  
while by doon here,  
But it has only been a shoo'er compared wi' Shiel  
last year,  
An' weel the Shiel maintains its fame, it maun rain  
every day,

~~and~~ that they dinna start a gaage  
about Barlae.

It's clear the fishin' maun be guid in baith the  
Ken and Deugh,  
an' that the honest Glenkens chills can aye yet  
troots enough;

an' that the salmon up the rocks can still  
contrive to spee

When there is sic a rowth o' rain descending  
at the Shiel

I wonder if thae canty men, when rain stops  
outside work,

By times draw oot a diagram o' a nice wee  
handy ark,

Or if they in the simmer time, to shun a  
watery toak,

gang oot an' wi' a life-belt girt teach the  
guid wives to soom!

An whiles I wonder to my-sel' (it is a quaint conceit)

If by an by the weans at Skiel will be born  
wi' web-feet,

an if in days that are to come we'll fin' them  
in the brook

Competin' in a marathom among the geese an' deuks!

Nae wonder, then, if Skiel craws croose ootowre  
Knockgray next door,

An casts a pitying e'e upon the gentle dew  
at Torr,

nae wonder if he gradually appears in o' his haes

For amphibious fowls are needed at that  
spot in the glenkens!

J. G. H.

