

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 maur) 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 guage
About Barlae.

Its clear the fishin' maun be guid in baith the Ken and Deugh,
An' that the honest Glenkens cheels can aye yet troots enough;
An' that the salmon up on the rocks can still contrive to spi..
When there is sic a rowth o'rain decending at the Shiel.

I wonder if thae canty men, when rain stops ootside work,
By times draw oot a diagram o' a nice wee handy ark,
Or if they in the simmer time, to shun a watery tomb,
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 Shiel will be born wi' web-feet,
An if in days that are to come we'll fin' them in the brook,
Competin' in a marathon among the geese an' deucks!
Nae wonder, then, if Shiel craws croose ootowre Knockgray next door,
An casts a pitying e'er upon the gentle dew at Torr,
Nae wonder if he gradually despair hens
For amphibious fowls are needed at that spot in the Glenkens!

J.G.H.