

The Diving Board.

This is a song of pure sentimentality – a song of vanished youth. Although we referred to a particular rock formation on the shore at Longniddry as “The Divin Board”, there had been no actual board there since before the Second World War. One summer we cemented in a bracket and got a plank. At the end of the summer, one Wullie Crease came and sawed it up for firewood.

In years o carefree youth, on lazy days o summer heat,
The Divin Board doon at the shore wis where we aw wuid meet.
An mony magic memories in ma mind’s ee are stored,
O aw the fun an games we had, doon at the Divin Board.

Along the rocks we’d chase aboot, an dance wi merry din;
An some wuid lowp, an some wuid dive, an some eased gently in.
While ithers grippit fae ahint, as protests were ignored,
Got short shrift for their hesitatin on the Divin Board.

There’s some could swim clean ower the bay, or sae they wuid allege,
While ithers did the duggie-paddle three fit fae the edge.
Some wi back-flips an swallow-dives intae the water soared;
Wi belly-flops some bruised their baws beneath the Divin Board.

Youth winnae stay, suin comes the day sic things aside are laid,
An I’ve no swum at the Divin Board for mony a long decade.
An coontless are the tides since then that ower the sands hae poured,
Tae rise around the rocks where yince we had the Divin Board.

Auld comrades scattered far an wide, through choice or else through need.
A few flew high, maist juist got by – God help ais, some are deid!
And only in an idle `oor, in daydreams is restored
A blink that tells o oor lost sels doon at the Divin Board.