

The pound.

I was a bit taken aback the other day to find myself paying £4.50 for a pint of Guinness. It seems almost unbelievable to think that I can remember when you could have got 45 pints of heavy for that!

I fund a coin. Wis that no guid?
I picked it up, it wis a quid.
It must hae been ma lucky day!
(A rare event, I'd hae tae say.)

And as I picked it up, I thought
Hoo noo it isnae worth a lot.
Indeed, tae me it still seems strange
Tae think a pound is juist loose change.

At yin time, no aw that remote,
That coin wuid hae been a note
That daily wuid hae done the roonds
Wi shillins, ha'pennies, an half-croons.

Wi tanners then we taxed oor wits;
Wi ten bob notes an thrupny bits.
Aye then, I dinnae need remindin,
A quid wuid hae been worth the findin!

The poignant youthfu memory jags
O how two bob wuid buy ten fags;
Or if ye're thinkin o the bevvy,
A quid wuid buy ten pints o heavy.

Though nooadays it seems absurd,
At seeventeen I took ma burd
Oot tae the pictures (dinnae mock it)
Wi juist ten shillins in ma pocket.

I'd see her back hame on the bus,
An pey the fares for baith o us;
An a poke o chips tae end the day wi
Still left a puckle chainge tae play wi.

It isnae difficult tae tell
The pound's a shaddae o itsel!
Bold British symbol though it be,
It barely buys a cup o tea!

An whether I vaise the pound or euro
'S aw yin tae me, but this I'm sure o:
For aw the pound I fund can buy,
I micht as weel hae let it lie!