

Tattie shaws.

On 15th August 2021 I gave up the lease of a piece of garden ground I'd cultivated for over forty years.

There's twa-three heaps o tattie shaws
left where ma tatties grew in raws.
It feels gey strange for me tae ken
I'll no growe tatties here again.
Fae toil an labour noo I'm spared
– I've gien the grund back tae the Laird.

But though fae hard work noo I'm freed,
I'll miss the interest that it gied,
an since I've laid aside ma spade,
I'll miss the money that I made.
But on this truth ye may depend,
“Aw guid things must come tae an end.”

For fine we ken it's nature's way
that strength will fail an flesh decay.
In folk that yince were youths an maids,
gumption dwindles, beauty fades,
and even heroes fightin-fit
must in the hinder end submit.

As for masel, o coorse I grieve
that this braw gairden I must leave.
I ken though as I turn away,
there's plenty ither things tae dae,
and I'll no let masel forget
that though I'm auld, I'm no deid yet!