

The Courier.

This is a hymn of praise to the weekly newspaper of my own small corner of this Land of the High Endeavour, but I'd guess that local newspapers are probably much the same everywhere. Burns buffs might recognise the tune of the "Courier" as a speeded-up version of the slow air used for one of his much-loved songs.

O aw the papers you could use
Tae read about the latest news,
Tae educate, shock, and amuse,
I'll no go past the Courier.

Fae Innerweek tae Fisherraw,
Fae Dirleton up tae Lammerlaw,
If it has happened here ataw,
Ye'll find it in the Courier.

There's adverts for wee pairt-time jobs,
For gairden huts an fencin stobs,
And antique beds wi real brass knobs,
Ye'll find them in the Courier.

There's notices for public meetins,
For concerts, fetes, and exhibeetions,
Debt disclaimers, birthday greetins,
Ye'll find them in the Courier.

The Births an Deaths will let ye read
About whae's been born and whae is deid.
Since folk hae partners noo instead,
There's nae marriages in the Courier.

There's readers letters o great weight
Fae folk that cannae punctuate,
That's worked theirsels intae a state,
An written tae the Courier.

When Council Tax is far ower steep,
Or noisy youths disturb their sleep;
When dugshite in the street's knee-deep,
They write in tae the Courier.

The Courts Page tells o local crime:
Puir sowels fined for the umpteenth time;
Drug dealers crawlin fae the slime,
Ye'll find them in the Courier.

A case o fraud, a case o chorin,
A drunk that at the cops wis roarin,
Some clown that kicked his neebor's door in,
Ye'll find them in the Courier.

Fae every village and every toon
Wee bits o news are written doon,
Ye need but fart, an fairly soon
Ye'll find it's in the Courier.

The doins o the Scouts an Cubs,
An Rotary an Probus clubs;
The guff that spouts fae cooncilors' gubs,
Ye'll find it in the Courier.

Rugby results fae different schools,
An sponsored swims in swimmin pools;
Photies o fitba, gowff, an bools,
Ye'll find them in the Courier.

These photographs are worth a word;
Tae girn ower much wuid be absurd,
But sometimes they're a wee bit blurred,
When printed in the Courier.

Long has it stood in bold defence
O journalistic excellence,
And even noo an then made sense –
But that's no like the Courier!

Long may it flourish strong and able!
Long may it mingle fact and fable!
An grace the Friday breakfast table;
Let's hear it for the Courier!