

Burns Nicht 2021 (wi apologies tae Clement Clarke
Moore) by Irene McFarlane

Twis a month efter Christmas an aa through the
hoose, No a craiter wis steerin, no the wee, sleekit
moose. The neeps wis aa stored i the waa press wi
care, An the haggis an tatties forby, they were there.

The bairnies aa bienly asleep in their baid
While veesions o Burns Nicht daunced in their
haid. An Maw, fair forfochen, masel richt
disjaskit, A herty Burns Supper wis aa that we'd
askit.

But a scunnersome beastie cried COVID 19
Had fair pit a stap tae that makeles een.
Whan oot on the girse there cam sic a steer,
A lowpt frae ma baid tae see whit wis the
beir.

A peered through the winnock tae see whit wis
there, An A cuidnae believe whit A glisked in the air.
A lift fu o fowk frae the poems o Burns
That cam tae ma winnock, ilk ane takkin turns.

First smooled Holy Willie, wi his nicht cap an
caunle, In a claurty auld goon ye'd no wish tae
haunle. Jist then, Willie Wastle gaed by wi his

wife; The ugsome-maist craiter A'd seen in ma life!

Neist ain A saw wis Shanter Fairm's Tam,
Swippert on Meg tae the winnock he cam But a
puckle o witches fair pit oan a skelp Nannie
claucht Maggie's tail! Oo! she lat oot a yelp!

Neist fowk A glisked, as they cam by thegither
Aa Burns's lassies, his faither and mither.
There wis Handsome Nell and Jenny Fair,
Mary, Eliza, an a gey when mair.

There wis Agnes he looed - he cried her Clarinda.
(Read "Ae Fond Kiss", fir it's there that ye'll
find'er.) Ahint aa thon lassies cam his wife, Bonnie
Jean, Wi mair bairns aside her than ivver A've seen!

Why they were there A fairly did
wunner! A needit ma baid, an this wis a
scunner!

A threw up the winnock, gollert "Why're ye aa
here? It's a richt auld stramash! Tell me whit is
the beir?"

"Acause o yon COVID!" cried Burns' wife, Jean.
There's no a Burns Supper this year tae be
seen! In January maist year we're aa gey
thrang, Fir ye'll fin us in ilka poem or sang.

But aa we kin dae's fleet aboot i the
air, Twa meter apairt, if no even mair!
As weel's thon, we're hungert! It fair maks ye
weep! No een a minschie o haggis or neep!"
"A see hoo ye're raivelt, but A've jist hid a thocht.
We've a waa press that's stappit wi food that we
bocht. Jist bide there a wee!" In a glisk A wis back Wi
Burns Supper goodies rowed up in a pack.

A haundit it oot an they aa gied a cheer.
"A guid Burns Nicht tae aa, an we'll see yees neist year!"