



The Tattler



**THE 2023
JACK HUME
HEATHER & THISTLE
POETRY COMPETITION
SUPPLEMENT**

On the following pages are the entries in the 2023 Jack Hume, Heather and Thistle Poetry Competition.

We were delighted to have received eight entries for this year’s competition which was won by Jim Alexander of the Burns Club of Atlanta for “Epistle To My Grandson”. Mark Ferguson, RBANA VP received the Trophy from RBANA President, Paul Kennedy on behalf of Jim at the Gala Dinner on May 6 in Calgary.

Jim was elated to have won the competition and was looking forward to telling his grandson, Andrew the good news. Jim reported that a week before, Andrew had been visiting for lunch and had spied a copy of the poem on the kitchen table. After reading it, he asked Jim “Papa, did you make this?” to which Jim replied “Yes, I did”. Jim went on to tell his grandson about Robert Burns, the Burns Club of Atlanta, RBANA and the Jack Hume Poetry Competition. As a result of the success of “their” poem, Jim hopes that Andrew will get an interest in poetry along with his love for baseball and chess. Perhaps we have the 2043 Hume Poetry Competition winner already identified!



Jim Alexander accepts the Hume Trophy from RBANA Vice President Mark Ferguson at the June 7 meeting of the BCOA

Our sincerest congratulations to Jim (and his Grandson, Andrew) on a fine and worthy winning work of art, which we know you will enjoy reading. We also extend our congratulations to Ronnie O’Byrne from Halton Peel Burns Club, for securing second place for his entry “An Auld Fashioned Poet” and joint third with “How Close?”.

Two other entries secured a joint third place, “On Spring” by Colin Harris and “Luck” by Ashoke Dasgupta both from the Winnipeg Robert Burns Club.

Our thanks also go to this year’s judges, Marc Sherland, Willie Gibson and Jim McLaughlin with a special note of thanks to Henry Cairney. We look forward to another great Poetry Competition in 2024 and encourage you to get your minds composing some potential winning entries!

Mark Ferguson
RBANA Vice President
and
Hume Competition Coordinator



Epistle to My Grandson

Young Andrew, mind ye to your books
Fulfil your education;
'Tis na the end, but firstling look
Of a life-long dedication.

An open mind's a precious jewel,
'Tis oft and rightly lauded.
Be curious but, be no man's fool,
Ye'll be richly rewarded.

Midst a' life's troubles, a' its strife,
Tak up this obligation-
What strength ye need in storms of life
Ye'll find in moderation.

Strong factions left and factions right
Will tempt and seek to lure ye.
Let moderation be your might,
The righteous path ye'll then see.

Tho' De'il may rain down mickle ill,
Clasp Kin to heart, love Country.
Keep faith, and trust in God's good will,
Fortune will share her plenty.

With virtue, truth, and mother wit,
Well-armed frae dool ye'll fend.
Let love, laugh, song, ovr'flow your kit
A bounteous life ye'll tend.

© Jim Alexander, Burns Club of Atlanta June 2023



An Auld-Fashioned Poet

A'm an auld-fashioned poet, I like things that rhyme,
An' playing' wae words that meter in time,
A'm no' intae Haikus or poems frae Horace,
I like standard habbie an' sangs wae a chorus.

I like the odd pint in glass-paneled snugs,
Cracked whisky mirrors, ripped chairs an' auld dug,
Whare Guinness is served, no' they vodkas an' peach,
An' the urinal puddles roond a'body's feet.

I like pubs wi' stools an' weird flavoured crisps,
Pork scratching's, scotch eggs or pie, beans an' chips,
Whare flairs are a' stained wi' the spillage o' ales,
An' the carpets a' worn where the dug wags its tail.

I like tae debate an' argue opinions
On politics, fitba, an' screwed up religions,
Where ower the glass rim new conspiracies swirl
On Covid an' vaccines or Stormy hushed birls.

So just like the lad wha skelped them alang
Wi' a cog o' gude swats and an auld Scottish sang,
Jist gie me a pint an' a poem tae care
I'll be contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair.

© Ronnie O'Byrne, Halton Peel Burns Club June 2023



Luck

“Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered,”
Said th’ legendary bard Shakespeare;
However that kin be, bad luck needn’t be feared
For it is soon found tae disappear.

We kin hae ill luck and our luck may change,
And vice versa -- fortune swings this way an’ that.
Permanent ill luck wad be strange
E’en if oor paths ur crossit by black cats.

Our lives ur chains o’ chances,
Our fate depends often on the throw o’ th’ dice!
We can ainly deserve fortune’s glances;
Come whit kin, we must pay th’ price!

Effort alone can’t win honour an’ wealth
Poverty ‘n’ humiliation can’t just be avoided;
Honour ‘n’ gear kin be won by stealth
And we kin fin’ oor lives by poverty invadit.

When “the stars align” oor fate is lucky
But endeavour is useless wi’ stars unpropitious,
So when yur road seems awfu’ muddy
Tae be ruthless wi’ yourself is injudicious.

Fortune, luck, fate, destiny, God an’ chance
Are but words for a force that supersedes oor efforts
Tae get oor lives wi’ purpose an’ direction tae advance
So remember: we don’t aye get oor just deserts!

© Ashoke Dasgupta, Winnipeg Robert Burns Club June 2023

When Spring Returns

When Spring returns, wi’ gentle breeze
And buds adorn the trees wi’ ease
The world awakens fae its sleep
And nature’s secrets stairt tae seep

The birds sing oot wi’ joyful sound
And blooms emerge fae the ground
The grasses sway in playful glee
As rabbits hop and dance wi’ glee

The sun shines bricht, the air is mild
And all aroond, a feeling wild
Of hope and promise fills the air
As life awakens everywhere

Oh, Spring, you are a wondrous thing
With all the joy and love you bring
Your gentle touch renews the earth
And fills oor hearts wi’ endless mirth

So let us cherish ilka day
That Spring brings forth in its ain way
For soon enough, it will be gaen
And we’ll await tis sweet return.

© Colin Harris, Winnipeg Robert Burns Club June 2023



How Close?

One efternuin while gaithert roond that hole ayont the last,
A rumour spread that made us chiels raise oor empty glass,
A cannie frien' had punched his shot tae shield it frae the wind,
His hookin' draw had spun his baw and rattled aff the pin
richt in the hole that day.

Maist folk were weel impressed tae hear he'd done it at the fifth,
This hole now lost tae new design was kent as bloody tough,
When north winds blaw, the best o' men wad hit a piercing iron,
He'd used his wid tae ease the strain for he felt that he wis gaspin'
fur a drink that day.

As all aroond filled their glass wae cheers! tae toast their host,
The rattlin' squad began tae brag o' aces *they* had scored,
Some telt o' tales oan windswept links wae glistenin' brick hard greens,
Ithers spack o' cuts an' draws an' manufactured swings
in howlin' gales that day.

Tae the side an' listening keen sat an aulder member,
The lowest round he'd ever scored was still well ower a hunner,
He played the gowf like tiddly winks, nudgin' doon a close,
A scruffy drive, twa five irons, a pitch an' several putts
"as long as it steys dry" he'd say

A wag then leaned wae mischief nudge an' stared him in the face,
How close hae you been ower the years frae getting in an ace?
Jock just sighed an' spat it oot, the lads went in a fix.
The nearest Jock had ever been was cawed a "fxxkin' Six!"

© Ronnie O'Byrne, Halton Peel Burns Club June 2023



On Spring

Oh, spring! thou art a fàilte sight,
A time of joy and sweet delight,
When Nature wakes fae Winter's kip,
And in her arms, her bairns keep.

The fields are green, the flowers bloom,
The bees they hum a merry tune,
The birds sing out a cheerful lay,
And all around, is bricht and gay.

The lambkin frisks upon the lea,
The farmer turns the fresh-turned soil,
And in the air, the sweet perfume
Of blossoms, tells of Spring's full bloom.

Oh, Spring! thou bringest joy and light,
And fill oor hearts wi' pure delight,
We welcome thee with open arms,
And sing thy praises, loud and strong.

For thou dost bring us hope anew,
And all oor dreams and wishes true,
We thank thee for thy bounteous grace,
And bless thee for thy smiling face.

Oh, Spring! thou art a precious gem,
And we will cherish thee forevermore,
For in thy bosom, a' guid things lie,
And all oor hopes and dreams, we kin rely.

© Colin Harris, Winnipeg Robert Burns Club June 2023



On a Microwaved Clottie Dumpling

Received your Recipe by mail, it really is a stunner,
A Clottie Dumplin' in a flash, it maks me stop an' wunner.
What if a' things were done this way, our moil o'ercome by break o' day?
Our leisure time wid then become, a *Laissez faire* or great ho-hum.

But oh! The scent that greets my neb, when Clottie's in the "waver",
The magic steam that's waftin oot, maks me rant an' claver!
A 'Cornucopia' of tempting sights, comes forth to fill oor rumblin' kytes,
A slice or twa, wad be my wish, tae fill my mou', like aumus dish!

So here's tae 'Tech-no-logy flair, whar punching keys are a' the rage,
I'll sit me down in my big chair, enjoying the benefits o' age.
Wi' hours ahead at hame I'll stay, tae read the Bard an' Piobroch play,
While Robots toil wi' hand an' footie, I'll microwave another Clottie!

© Jack Jackson, Halton Peel Burns Club

Some translations provided by the author:

Moil = tasks

Neb = nose

"waver" = microwave

Claver = to talk nonsense

Kytes = stomachs

Mou = mouth

Aumus = alms (collections for the poor)

Bard = Burns!



Ode To Robert Burns

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
I love Burns.
So should you.

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