

## Da Clearance

I can see da röfs aa taekit, an da hens aroond da door;  
Fok kerryin twartree paets hame, an rigs delled every voar.  
Aa da lums ir reekin, an I hear da happy soonds  
O peerie bairns skirlin, as dey play dem ower da toons.

I see eens sittin roond da fire, an twartree mair oot by;  
Sookin infants at da breest, an weemen gjaan ta cry.  
Da tochtfil, tried faces o dem at's lived ower lang;  
Fractious bairns feytin sleep, an sensin somethin wrang.

I hear a lood, lood knockin, an da crump o monny feet;  
Men's voices raised in anger, an da bairns start ta greet.  
I see da fok aa hirded oot afore da laandloard's men;  
An aa da bits o things dey hed, fired ower da briggy-stane.

I see da bare waas staandin, an aa da laand lie green;  
Lang syne da fire wis slokkit, an monny a year is geen.  
Noo dey aa hae equal portions o aert ta tak dir sleep.  
Tell me, wis it wirt it aa for twartree extry sheep?

*Rhoda Bulter*

<i>briggy-stane</i>	flat stone(s) before door of croft house
<i>delled</i>	dug
<i>gjaan ta cry</i>	about to give birth
<i>hirded</i>	herded (like animals)
<i>lang syne</i>	long ago
<i>slokkit</i>	extinguished
<i>taekit</i>	thatched
<i>tochtfil</i>	thinking a lot
<i>toons</i>	fields
<i>tried</i>	anxious, worried, worn
<i>twartree</i>	two or three
<i>voar</i>	spring
<i>wirt</i>	worth