

## THE DEN

Yin afternin I took a walk, frae Beith doon tae the Den,  
Tw'as there I spent some happy days, but it's many years since then,  
The place it's maist deserted noo, there's jist a hoose or twa,  
The Office and the store are doon, an they hinna left a raw.

I daunert up the road a wee, an stood an luckit roon,  
I couldne see a soul about, nor could I here a soon,  
An O' the den is gey sair chinged, frae the den that I hae seen,  
When the pits were gaun, and the Wee Flit Baun, an a Senior Fitba team.

The hoose that Jeck built's stinnin yet, but noo it is the Co.,  
The wee shop that Allen kept is doon long, long ago,  
The big Lawn's gone an the Cobbler's Shop, and Granny Walkers Work,  
An the Wee Skill Raw it's doon in aw, that stood fornent the Kirk.

The Auld Hoose is stinnin yet, we kent it best by Pug's,  
But there's no a buddy rinnin noo, wi bottles or wi jugs,  
For noo it's lost the licence, and there's no a drop ave,  
Though miny a bottle has been selt, thro' the wee hole in the Wa.

Up on the Knowe at last I climed, and stood an luckit roon,  
On the Meadow-Heid, the Maulside, and the dear auld Boolin Green,  
Then I turned roon the ither way, an see the same auld schill,  
But there's no a wain gaun tae it noo, an aw the place is still.

When we were callans at the schill, an got oor holidays,  
We ran about the heather moss, or up roon Rabbi's Braes.  
An in Bumbo we'd hae a dook, or up some bing wid scim,  
Then hungry we wid hurry hame, an doon Cullhill Wid ran.

They happy days, have gaun lang syne, we'er no see young ye ken,  
When past oor saxtieth milestone, we'er nearin journey's end,  
An noo am feelin kinda stiff, bit I was scoople then,  
When I played Fitba on the Ba'Alley, wae the callants O the Den.

Of the Old Folk I remeber, like the houses, now all gone,  
With their weird and wonderous nicknames, still their memory lingers on,  
There was Stulty Bell and Fish Kate, Laddelty and Lum,  
The Cobbler, The Butcher, The Sailor and Pug Young.

There was Tam the warmer CooCoo, Pluffy Deans, and Tam the Baker,  
Auld Courie and the Bummer, now all Gone to their Maker  
And as I stand at the Corner, as I do now and then,  
It makes me very proud to say, I was born in the DEN.

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