

BURNS NIGHT

As summer ends and we enter the fall,
we all rush along to the Chalmers Hall.
The clocks turn back, and winter's in sight,
when Fridays become our favourite night,
promising hours of pure delight.

The dancing's underway once more,
and people can't wait to take to the floor
to enjoy a reel blend of jigs and rants,
pick up our heels with puffs and pants,
then strathspey with grace and elegance.

As the women enter they give a quick peer,
to see if the men have returned this year.
We can dance together, of course. but then
it's really exciting just now and again
to look over and see a line of 'real men'.

We've men of many shapes and sizes,
ladies' choices and booby prizes,
tall and short, thin and stout,
some full of confidence, some full of doubt,
but none we'd want to do without.

We've Harry, a founder member here,
who danced 'down under' for many a year.
A vigorous dancer, he tired them out too,
'till one night in Sydney a voice
filtered through,
"with, is yon man a dancer or a kangaroo?"

There's Lawson who's really accident prone.
He's no really safe to be left out alone
If his heid's no in stitches, his fingers are plastered,
you'd think that by now he would really have mastered
the tools o' his trade, the silly old fellow!

Whenever we hear "that was great, give us more",
we know that Allan Macleod's on the floor.
It's completely obvious at first glance,
he really does enjoy the dance
and would encore all his favourites, given the chance!

We've Iain and Bryan, who play in Bands
An' wi' box and fiddle travel the land,
playing for weddings, ceilidhs and balls,
in posh hotels and wee village halls.

But whenever they find their Friday nights free,
we enjoy the pleasure of their company.
Peter, Tony and Alastair are three of the few
who have joined us over the last year or two,
but last year, no' without some trepidation,
Tony accepted an invitation to dance in his first public demonstration.

Some, like Duncan, have joined the throng
who all enjoy an evening of song,
so, as well as dancing, they now all belong
to choirs in the Ferry and here in Linlithgow,
except Donald, who sings wi' that posh lot in Glasgow!

We sometimes have a bit of trouble
distinguishing between our doubles,
We've David who's big, David who's small,
John who's short, John who's tall.
Allan who's hair is really quite braw,
Allan who's no got much hair left at a'.
Colin, who birls us, whenever he can,
and Colin, a much more sedate gentleman.

Graham works really hard to enhance our evenings,
with programmes of music and dance.
Thom's calling sessions have not long begun,
but he's sounding more confident with every one,
and when April comes and we close up shop,
John C. just goes off to prepare for Scotch Hop.

One man, alas, doesn't dance anymore,
but his name must surely be brought to the fore.
Wallace Lockhart, who's wee advert started it all,
twenty- five years ago this fall,
when we all rushed along to the Chalmers Hall,
and Friday's became our favourite night,
all promising hours of pure delight!

by Heather A Knox January, 2005