

## **Craig Herbertson**

### **"The Fish"**

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The Laird John Clerk wis a belted knight  
His keeper cam frae Penicuik  
My brother wis just a fisherman  
Frae Northfield farm in Edinbra

The Laird John Clerk held a fine estate  
Bonnie fields and bright waters  
His deer and game were sae widely famed  
The talk o' a' the poachers

His keeper was a canny man  
Guid guardian fir his masters'  
On the salmon run wi his dog and gun  
A dei'l fir the slaughter

My brother Keith wis a gallous lad  
And dearly loved the poaching  
Wi his rod and reel he gang aft to steal  
A fish frae Clerkie's waters

In the deep o night, in pale moonlight  
My brother watched the waters  
Oe'r the croaking frogs came the bark o dogs  
And the keeper there behind them

It's under moon and ower muir  
Frae Northfield farm tae Penicuik  
Wi his belt and knife he'd tae run fir his life  
To dodge auld Clerkie's keeper

A' through the night he ran and hid  
But the keeper could'na catch him  
And he lost his gear by the ruined weir  
His rod an a' his tackle

But in the light he saw a fish  
A salmon in low water  
Wi nae rod and reel just a guddlers feel  
He threw her frae the water

And it's ower hills and far awa  
Frae Penicuik through Duddingston

Wi a heart so blithe fir tae run fir his life  
To dodge auld Clerkie's keeper

The lady Nairn had a canny cook  
A chancer for a bargain  
And he boucht the fish for auld Clerkie's dish  
And nane tae be the wiser

Auld John Clerk, he got his fish  
His keeper got the tackle  
The cook got mair than a gillie's share  
But my brother got the better

Rod and reel, field and stream  
Mair midges ower the water  
Let others seek where the salmon leap  
My brother wis a fisherman

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