

November Martimas Winter Term



The winter 'Farming Fee-ing' day So important in a farm hand's life When hired by a farmer for a full year He'd have wage and home for his wife.



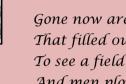
Remembering, when just a wee lassie The Term fun day in Kirrie Square Spending a ha'penny at the Muckley At the stalls all erected there.

Farmers and farm workers would appear And if on terms they did agree To stay and work there for a year It was soon all sealed by taking a Fee.



Walking in wi'my Gran and Grandy To me it was a real holiday Toddling hame tired but happy Clutching toys at the close of day.

Married men lived in cottar hooses For perks they got milk and meal Many renewed their yearly contract When a'body got on rale weel.



Gone now are those simple joys That filled our hearts with delight To see a field of horses now And men ploughing - a lovely sight.

For man and horse became a team As they kept turning o'er the soil Bonding together - perfect dream That nothing could ever spoil.



Fields of stooks drying in the sunshine High stacks built up in farm yards Are some things you no longer see now *Yet was real fodder to the Bard.*

Single men lived in a bothy there And were age mair ready for a flit Moving at the spring May term Just to spread their wings a bit.



Life no doubt is much easier now The old Term dates met their fate But I'm glad that I was born back then Such Happy Memories they still create.



