

Summer Weather



The Year will soon be two thirds in, And we've a got a roasted skin; For weeks we sweltered in the heat, A shower o' rain wad hae bin a treat.



We are getting back tae normal noo, As cloudy skies cover up the blue; Wi' drizzly rain the plants survive, And towerin' weeds stretch tae the skies.



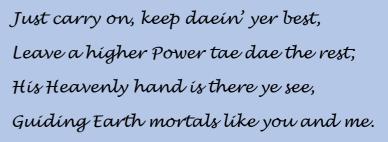
But drizzles forecast failed tae arrive, Gairdan plants struggled tae survive; But to gie them watter - twas goodbye, For even the loch was gaein dry.



As we gae frae ae thing tae another, It's best we canna control the weather; It'll change when the nicht time comes, So there's nae need tae bite yer thumbs.



I canna recall the like ye see, Through a' my years up tae Ninety-three; We had hot spells 'dinna get me wrang', But no sae intensive nor sae lang.





By Eila Webster

