

“Them Times”

*There's whiles when I be sittin' here
The past comes back to me,
I mind the time we spied the plums
On Kate an' John's ould tree.*

*“Be quick”, says Jim, “The house is quiet
It's maybe they're away.”
So one by one we climbed the tree
Without a word to say.*

*Then, from the door that opened wide
Leapt Kate with angry frown,
Her broom she brandished as she called
“I'll get yous commin' down.”*

*Then helter-skelter fled the lads
With clash of earth and stone,
An' there was me, the only lass
Fanked in a branch my lone!*

*The more I was a hurtin' sore
I daren't as much as sigh,
So close the angry woman come
But hush! she passed me by.*

*Then kind old John was on the spot
An' as she closed the door
His hands come up an' lifted me
An' I was down onst more.*

*“Keep on the road wee girl' says he
“Beware of them boys' plan
Now here's a penny for yourself
Come on, howl out yer han'.”*

*Aye memories bring both smiles and tears
As it must always be —
Of them that sought the plums that day
There's no one left, but me.*

SARAH SAVAGE