

## Hawick Express

## March



***Hawick Express:*** The idea for this came when on a research trip to a number of Border newspaper offices looking for writing in local dialect. A huge rugby player heaved himself up the narrow stairs of one of them (the *Eskdale and Liddesdale Advertiser*) to announce to the editorial staff changes in the team's line-up for that weekend in the broadest Border tongue and realising, to my delight, that I had only the vaguest idea of what he was actually saying. The Border towns are marked by their fierce local patriotism, celebrated in this verse from *The Border Queen* by James Thomson:

Where Slitrig dances doon the glen  
 To join the Teviot waters,  
 There dwell auld Hawick's honest men,  
 And Hawick's bright-eyed daughters,  
 And weel we lo'e the guid auld toon,  
 Ilk nuik frae end to end on't,  
 She aye has kept the causa croon,  
 And ever independent.

*Chorus—*

What tho' her lads are wild a wee,  
 And ill to keep in order,  
 'Mang ither toons she bears the gree,  
 The Queen o' a' the Border.

(*Hawick in Song and Poetry*, Hawick Callants Club: Hawick 1990, p.17)