

# BLETCHLEYPARK

## Home Sickness

*Written in the Doric dialect of Scots, as spoken in north-east Scotland.*

O send me a waucht<sup>1</sup> o' the life-givin' air  
That blaws ower the uplands o' Barras so bare,  
That waves the green corn, an' soochs<sup>2</sup> through the trees  
An' truly deserves the name of "a breeze".

For the win's of the Sooth hiv nae freshness ava;  
In the winter they're cauld, but they seldom bring snaw.  
It's fog when they're saft; when they bluster it's rain;  
And their sharp better edge aye cuts to the bane.

They ken nae the snaw-drifts o' Barras that line  
The fields and the hillsides for weeks at a time;  
That mak' the land fair as the clear lift<sup>3</sup> abune<sup>4</sup>,  
And sparkle like gems in the licht o' the mune.

And send me a drap fra the grassy-banked rill  
That rins past the schule frae its hame in the hill;  
That ripples an' bubbles an' splashes wi' glee  
Through the den, ower the waterfall, into the sea.

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<sup>1</sup> Quaff or draught.

<sup>2</sup> Rushes or rustles.

<sup>3</sup> Sky or air.

<sup>4</sup> Above.

For the streams hereabout hardly ken hoo to flow;  
They're sedgy and smooth, but they're muddy and slow;  
Nae soun' do they mak'; they've nae pebbles to turn;  
They lack a' the life of a Scottish hill-burn.

O sair to I miss things I affen ha'e seen  
Without ever thinkin' hoo much they could mean.  
There's bonny scenes here, but naething's the same.  
Ye maun<sup>5</sup> – oh, ye maun – send me something frae hame.

*James Wyllie, Bletchley Park 1942 - 1945*

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<sup>5</sup> Must.