

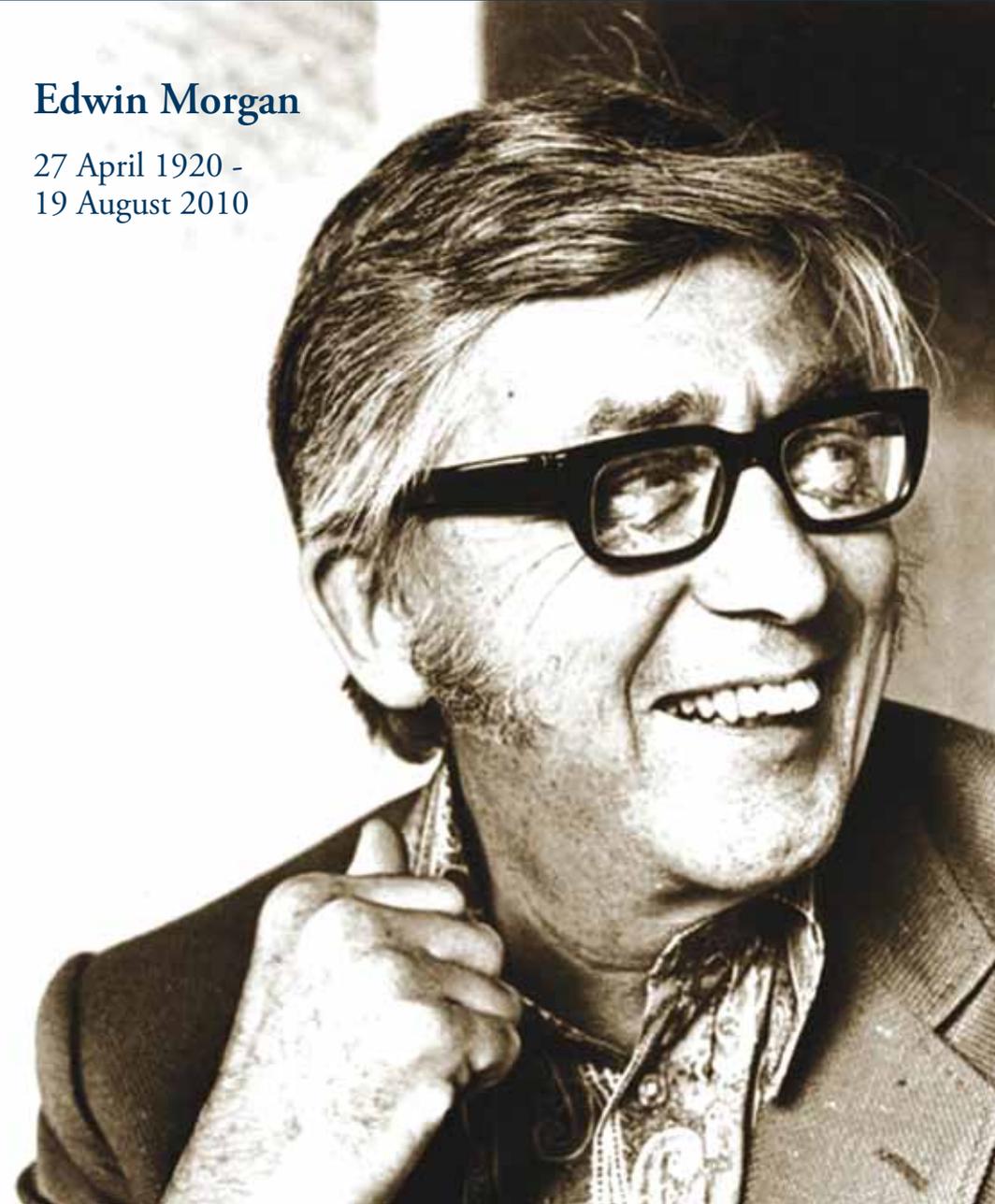


## The Coin

We brushed the dirt off, held it to the light.  
The obverse showed us *Scotland*, and the head  
of a red deer; the antler-glint had fled  
but the fine cut could still be felt. All right:  
we turned it over, read easily *One Pound*,  
but then the shock of Latin, like a gloss,  
*Respublica Scotorum*, sent across  
such ages as we guessed but never found  
at the worn edge where once the date had been  
and where as many fingers had gripped hard  
as hopes their silent race had lost or gained.  
The marshy scurf crept up to our machine,  
sucked at our boots. Yet nothing seemed ill-starred.  
And least of all the realm the coin contained.

## Edwin Morgan

27 April 1920 -  
19 August 2010



## *Words and Music*

**John Butt**

Farewell to Stromness (Maxwell Davis)

**Stuart MacQuarrie**

Welcome

**James McGonigal**

Reading: 'Slow Song' (Y. Pankratov)

**Christina Whyte**

Song: 'Here There and Everywhere' (Lennon & McCartney)  
accompanied by Frikki Walker

**Jackie Kay**

Reading: 'From a City Balcony'

**Hamish Whyte**

Reading: 'Love'

**George Reid**

Address

**Tommy Smith**

Reading and improvisation: 'Wolf'

**Liz Lochhead**

Reading: 'Cinquevalli'

**David Kinloch**

Reading: 'Strawberries'

**Robyn Marsack**

Address

**Choir**

Song: 'Is There for Honest Poverty' (Burns)

**Strawberry Fields**

(Lennon & McCartney)

**'Is There for Honest Poverty'**  
(A Man's a Man for a' That')

Is there for honest poverty  
That hings his head, an' a' that;  
The coward slave-we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that!  
For a' that, an' a' that.  
Our toils obscure an' a' that,  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;  
A man's a man for a' that:  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;  
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that:  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
His ribband, star, an' a' that:  
The man o' independent mind  
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;  
But an honest man's abon his might,  
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Their dignities an' a' that;  
The pith o' sense, an' pride o',  
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
(As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
It's coming yet for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.