



Ode to Neil (eau de nil)

*Nae silly wizard's wand, we feel,
Had e'er the magic airt o' Neil,
When wi' a wave his hand he strums
Across guitar strings, aye, an' hums
The first notes clear o' soulful sang,
Then voices lyric there amang
The thrang o' sounding fiddles, O.*

*His chorded genius fills the stave,
All lines an' spaces to him slave,
His rhythm underpins our noise
An' bass lines walk tae gi'e us poise;
In a' the keys he capers deftly,
Sings Burns adroitly, Dylan leftly,
An' R.L.S. he muses, O.*



All shots courtesy of Doug

*Advis'ry counsel he'll dispense
Wi' humour and wi' common sense.
He'll sift through tunes frae near an' far,
But tak' ye care if none reach par,
For he's kened tae hurl them i' the drink
Tae find the sort that doesn't sink,
A' tae find a guid ane, O.*

*For a' his stringed-keyed augmentations
We gi'e our thanks wi' salutations,
Stagecraft shewn where'er we've found him,
Caref'ly taught tae ithers 'round him
Skill'd performance now aboundin',
We hope for mair o' the fine wark soundin',
Three hearty cheers for Neil, O.*

*Matt Robertson
(wi' apologies tae a couple o' the great bards)*

