

General Monk And The Dyers

Note: At the time this was written Jim Patrick was Deacon of the Dyer Craft and Managing Director of Blue Square Design. It was also at a time when Scotland's football team coach was Bertie Voigt

The year was 1650 and King Charles had lost his place
In fact, he'd lost his head as well - a damnable disgrace;
The angry Scots had waved their fists and called Cromwell a knave.
So he sent his Model Army north to teach them to behave.

Dundee was the country's pride and had a wall all round
Which meant that everyone inside thought they'd be safe and sound.
Scotland's wealth from far and wide was brought into the city
And in return each owner was given an official-looking chitty.
It read: 'Our fees are reasonable, just sixpence in the pound
And that's quite fair because our safe is hidden under ground.
You'll see us put your gold and jewels safely in our vault
but if they're nicked by Englishmen we can't be held at fault
When you've given us your loot you'd better keep it quiet
For if the secret was revealed it might well cause a riot.'
But tongues will wag no matter what and the whispers quickly told
Of Eldorado on the Tay whose streets were paved with gold.

At Dunbar south of Edinburgh Monk was having lunch;
He'd won against a Scottish side, a sorry-looking bunch.
Their German coach had got the bullet - literally in his case
An English forward's quick snap shot had caught him in the face.
"Berti's had it" cried the Scots 'we know it's time to yield'
So they all packed up their flags and pipes end toddled off the field,
Monk heard about the treasure trove and said "I'll teach the Scots;
I'll sack Dundee and earn myself the biggest of jackpots."
So when Monk and his men arrived on tour 'twas a sad day for Dundee
He'd already played and won one match and his points total was three.

The Nine Trades gathered in the Howff to settle on a plan
The Dyers' Deacon Jim decreed: 'We must use every man.
Put all the Craftsmen on the walls to make a lot of noise
And where we're short of numbers we can use apprentice boys.
Each Craft should have a different flag to show we're one of nine
The Dyers need something very apt - a nice blue square design!
With all the flags and all the noise he'll think were rather plucky
And maybe he'll turn and go away if we're very lucky."

But before the plans had been agreed and the orders ratified
A fearsome yelling split the air and the West Port opened wide.
A scruffy-looking mob rushed out to charge the English guns.
"Oh look!" cried the assembled Crafts, 'there go the Hilltown Huns
In less time than it takes to tell the Huns were decimated
And the Craftsmen standing on the walls became quite agitated.

Another win!' cried General Monk's' and I've still got other tricks.
That's played two, won two now my points have added up to six!"

The blue squares waved defiantly-. "Sod off" cried beacon Patrick
"You've, maybe, won two out of. two but you won't make it a hat-trick.
But brave words never won a fight, loud though the boaster calls
And Monk's reply came not in words but in great big cannon balls.
They roared in down the Overgate and knocked down the Deacon's house.
The General) shouted out with glee: 'Take that, you big girl's blouse!"
The cannons spoke for hours and hours, creating a fearful din
Then the city's walls came tumbling down and Monk's men all rushed in.

What followed then grieves me to tell, it wasn't very nice
The English tumbled all the girls and some were diddled twice.
'Please spare me, gentle London lad,' one of the maidens cried'
but it didn't do her any good as the Englishman replied
"Oi don't come from London town, Oi come from one small village
Oi'm just learning how to rape, but Oi don't know how to pillage."

The Crafts were forced to stand and watch as the English had their fun
They burned the shops and houses and the Lockit Books one by one.
Then horror followed horror as the treasure was finally found
And loaded on to 60 ships Monk said were London bound.
A furious Deacon Patrick quickly summoned all his Dyers.
Were maybe the last among the Nine but they can't say were not tryers.
First they've gone and chopped the head off Scotland's favourite king
And now this general has arrived and stolen all our bling.
We'll not be going out this week on our usual Saturday binges
Instead we'll turn ourselves into a Dundee troop of Ninjas."

They used their dyeing skills to blacken ail their clothes
And then they blackened every face - ears and eyes and nose
Every Dyer volunteered there were 60 altogether
And each one slipped aboard a ship, protected the weather.
Down to the bilge each Ninja crept, a dagger in his hand
And each one made a fair-sized hole, as beacon Jim had planned.
They slipped ashore as morning broke and the ships got under way
And they watched as Dundee's gold and jewels sailed slowly down the Tay.
Excitement mounted as they saw each ship turn upside down.

And they cheered aloud as, one by one they watched the English drown.
Sixty ships and 60 loads of treasure to this day
Are hidden somewhere 'neath the water of the River Tay.
And that's -⁷ fact - for everyone knows historians can't be liars
But this is the first time credit's gone to the real heroes - The Dyers.

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Mains Castle Dundee.
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