

## Dave Coutts Poem

Dave wanted this offering to be in the hands of the Club historian, and so of course it automatically finds its way onto the history website. Dave says: "I wrote this for *The Reply on behalf of the Players* on the Burns night when we started that again (2018). Someone once asked for it. Can't remember who".

### The Reply on Behalf of the Players

In the heart of Edinburgh, off the beaten track;  
You'll find a surprise, there's no doubt of that.  
Down Belford Rd, you may slip and slide;  
But a gem awaits you, it can no longer hide.

What it lacks in décor, it makes up for in patter;  
You'll always find Andy Forrest, looking for a natter.  
Squash courts aplenty, you'll hear boom after boom;  
But forget about your lob shot, leave that in the changing room!

Juniors with promise, develop so quick;  
Overtaking their elders, until they get a chick.  
When beer pulls you in, your squash becomes a hack;  
Drop shots a distant memory, Lindy will testify to that!

We have many a team in the East of Scotland leagues,  
And every year....one of them succeeds.  
Last year it was a squad, known as 'The Chuffs';  
But their bar bill on derby day, left the 2s in a huff!

With thistles and rackets emblazoned on our chest;  
Champions of Scotland, we are truly the best!  
The club legends are forever, scribed on the wall;  
Balfour and Boughton, the greatest of them all.

Out to the tennis, you'll see some remarkable stuff;  
Under arm serves, grown women in a huff!  
There is one superstar, in Euan Bell;  
But he never plays, so we settle for Craig Do-el!



For those getting older, they give racketball a try;  
Just don't book Les Pratt's court, otherwise he may cry.  
There's Octogenarians, still keeping fit;  
It's amazing what you can do, with a couple of new hips!

A new sport arrived, with a roof for the rain;  
As an army of Padelistas, descended from Spain.  
JJ will tell you, there's no sport like it;  
We can't disagree, it has been a smash hit.

Tennis players struggle to get used to the wall;  
And continue trying to play top spin on the ball;  
Squash players can't get it over the net;  
And complain about the cold; the wind, and the wet.

The Spaniards have shown how it's supposed to be done;  
And right enough, their way looks a lot more fun.  
There are still some who want to throw in the towel;  
Normally those part-nering, Alan McHoul!

But if flexing your muscles is the order of the day;  
Then expect to feel inadequate, next to Brian Suddaby.  
A man in his 80s, who can bench a hundr'd K;  
Then drink the bar dry, of his beloved IPA!

Speaking of the bar, you'll be waiting a while;  
As the Chuckle Brothers stand there, with a glaekit smile.  
A famous club toasty? You must be joking;  
The pair of them are on Facebook, giving some lass a poking!

Now that karaoke's and lock-ins, are a thing of the past;  
You'll find Chris & Glyn in Fingers, giving their vocals a blast!  
Scotty'll still show you his favourite naked game;  
Especially after downing a bucket-full of champagne!

Well after all that, I'm sure you'll agree;  
There's really no place, like ESC.  
So please stand up and raise a glass;  
Tae the Edinburgh Sports Club, it's truly first class.

