

Fiere

If ye went tae the tapmost hill, Fiere,
Whaur we used tae clamb as girls,
Ye'd see the snow the day, Fiere,
Settling on the hills.

You'd mind o' anither day, mibbe,
We ran doon the hill in the snow,
Sliding and singing oor way tae the foot,
Lassies laughing thegither - how braw.

The years slipping awa; oot in the weather.

And noo we're suddenly auld, Fiere,
Oor friendship's ne'er been weary.
We've aye seen the wurld differently.
Whaur would I hae been weyoot my jo,

My fiere, my fiercy, my dearie O?

Oor hair might be silver noo,
Oor walk a wee bit doddery,
But we've had a whirl and a blast, girl,
Thru' the cauld blast winter, thru spring, summer.

O'er a lifetime, my fiere, my bonnie lassie,
I'd defend you - you, me; blithe and blatter,
Here we gang doon the hill, nae matter,
past the bracken, bothy, bonny braes, barley.

Oot by the roaring Sea, still havin a blether.

We who loved sincerely; we who loved sae fiercely.
The snow ne'er looked sae barrie,
Nor the winter trees sae pretty.
C'mon, c'mon my dearie

- tak my hand, my fiere!

Poetry - Jackie Kay
Music – Esther Swift