

Big ferm horses.

Every Scots songwriter and his wee brother has a song about the demise of the heavy horse. This is mine, based on a childhood memory. If you ever wondered what happened to all these redundant horses, here's the answer.

Like monsters fae a dream were they,
Sae young an sma wis I.
I saw the big ferm horses pass,
Near blockin oot the sky.

And Adam Greenlaw ridin high,
Like a hero bold an true,
Took his twae horses tae the field
Doon by the burn tae ploo.

Whit heavy hoofs upon the road!
Whit fearsome snortin tae!
But Adam Greenlaw's gentle voice
Juist eased them on their way.

Noo Adam sleeps his last lang sleep,
The horses aw are gone.
The very field doon by the burn
Has aw been built upon.

An maybe Adam's horse were for
Weel-earned retirement spared;
Or maybe it's mair like their fate
Wuid be the knacker's yaird.

Ma childhood days o wonderment
Can never noo return,
Nor big ferm horses pass ma wey
Tae ploo doon by the burn.