Noo ye ken.

After we've come to terms with our elders' feet of clay, and the loss of the certainties of childhood and youth, maybe we're more open to less obvious "truths."

Dae ye mind back in yer youth, Hoo different was lees an truth? Innocent though you were then, Noo ye ken, noo ye ken.

D'ye mind hoo faither's word was law? He was sae strict an strong an aw. Innocent though you were then, Noo ye ken, noo ye ken.

D'ye mind yer mother's gentle touch? Hoo heaven's angels must be such? Innocent though you were then, Noo ye ken, noo ye ken.

The Queen doon sooth, an God in heaven; British fair play, an decent livin. Innocent though you were then, Noo ye ken, noo ye ken.

An then the pals that stood thegither, An vowed as yin life's storms tae weather. Innocent ye still were then, But noo ye ken, noo ye ken.

Thon girl ye swore for you was made, Whaes sweet fond smile wuid never fade. Innocent; aye, even then. But noo ye ken, noo ye ken.

But as for truth, it still surprises,
An comes in mony strange disguises.
An what ye huvnae learnt since then,
Some day ye'll ken, some day ye'll ken.

(Words and tune original.)