

The desperate cry.

Scotland is full of musicians, especially young musicians, of almost superhuman talent, but Scots song is either ignored, or sung by those to whom Scots dialect is pretty much an alien tongue.

**Oor Scots tradition, so ye say,
Rude, rosy health enjoys.
It's juist the kin o stuff tae play
Tae be yin o the boys!
 But whae will heed the desperate cry,
 "How long o Lord, how long!"?
 Whae fickle fashion will defy,
 An sing a guid Scots song?**

**Alas, ma friends, ye've sadly erred,
Ye're blind, deif, an complacent.
For Scots song noo is hardly heard,
An doon tae deith has hastened.**

**If tae some folk club ye repair,
An sit doon in the middle,
Ye'll find fifteen fanatics there,
Each sawin at a fiddle.**

**Or else ye'll find the sorry pass
In cosy howffs an bars,
Where bluegrass boys descend en masse
Wi banjos an guitars.**

**When young folk gaiter tae explore
Their so-called Celtic roots,
For 'oors they'll tootle, wheep, an bore
Wi whistles, pipes, an flutes.**

**As in a race they'll up the pace
Wi furious frantic finger;
But ye'll find green men fae outer space
Afore ye'll find a singer!**

**Sae keep yer gaiterins in yer pubs,
Yer ceilidhs an yer sessions.
I yaisually come hame fae yer clubs
In the deepest o depressions.**

**The Deevil take musicians aw,
An waste their reeds an strings!
Deil blast them aw that strum an blaw,
But spare the boy that sings!**

(Words and tune original.)