

The blow that wounded me.

We never can tell what secret hurts lie behind even the sunniest of smiles.

For aw the bitter stounds that sting,
There are nae scars tae see.
It wis a subtle sly-like thing,
The blow that wounded me.

It gave nae gashes rid an wide,
An caused nae bluid tae flee.
'Twas easy thus its herm tae hide,
The blow that wounded me.

The pyson festerin within
Is hidden fae the ee.
Its hurt lies deep aneath the skin,
The blow that wounded me.

It wis a swift unlooked-for thrust
Dealt oot wi perverse glee,
An fae a hand I held in trust,
The blow that wounded me.

It wisnae fatal on that day,
Nor is it like tae be;
But aw life long it nips away,
The blow that wounded me.