

Sweetness.

“Sair fyailed, hinny, sair fyailed noo”, as the old Northumbrian song says. As for this song, I’ve a nagging feeling that I’ve put it to the tune of something else, but I can’t think what.

Weel can I taste the salty tang
O years mixed through wi mony a pang
O sorrow here an anger there,
But sweetness noo I taste nae mair.
 An bitterness sets ma teeth on edge,
 As through soor memories I dredge;
 Dismissal here, betrayal there,
 But sweetness noo I taste nae mair.

Strong spice I savour on the tongue
O life lived wi its songs weel sung,
An triumphs here and pleasures there,
But sweetness noo I taste nae mair.
 Ah, sweetness, meltin in the mooth;
 Ye came an went along wi youth.
 A whisper here a soft smile there –
 That sweetness noo I taste nae mair.