

Fife.

So near and yet so far. It's only a few miles over the water, but it's another world.

O Scots songs I've composed a pile
While trauchlin through this life,
Some sensitive, some lewd an vile,
But this yin's about Fife.

“A beggar's mantle fringed wi gold”
Some sage at yin time ca'd it,
An that wis meant, or so I'm told,
Tae be some kin o plaudit.

A charmin choice for yer hame base,
I'll cede withoot resistance;
Though I've no been much about the place,
Maistly seen it fae a distance.

I see the Paps o Fife stand oot
Against the northern sky,
An though they're nice enough, nae doot,
They arenae awfy high.

At Pittenweem the boats are braw,
There's a fine chip shop in Ainster;
Ma Granny came fae Fife an aw,
But we'll no haud that against her!

Carnegie wis a son o Fife,
But he moved fast tae forsake it.
I dinnae like tae twist the knife,
But he had tae move tae make it.

And in conclusion, bear in mind
That if ye venture tae it,
Yin guid thing about Fife ye'll find:
Ye can see East Lothian fae it!