

Silver haired auld sages.

When we were young and starting out on a career, it was easy to be overawed by the old guard. It has been pointed out to me that there's more than a hint of 'Ode to joy' in the tune.

Ah, the silver haired auld sages,
Easy in their expertise;
Steady as the Rock of Ages,
Whae could question men like these?

Calm commanders, founts o knowledge,
Lords o creation, nuthin less;
Nae university or college
Could bestow what they possess.

"Sages" I'd naively caw them;
Suin enough, though, I could tell
They werenae quite the way I saw them,
But juist mortals like masel.

Oh, thae silver haired auld sages,
Sly dissemblers yin an aw!
Which o them were worth their wages?
Maybe nane o them ataw!

Artful dodgers, bold deceivers,
Cool chameleons every yin!
I look back on thae high achievers
And I cannae help but grin.

Aw thon silver haired auld sages
Smoke an mirrors wielded well;
An when I reached the latter stages
I could dae the same masel.