

Never beaten.

Another wee song of hopeful optimism.

Whae can dodge life's ups an doons,
Or jouk the blows we're daily meetin?
Scarred by mony skelps an wounds,
I'm often bruised, but never beaten.

When storm clouds roll around ma heid,
Wi silver linins few an fleetin,
Shelterless in time o need,
I'm drookit, but I'm never beaten.

When gall an wormwood taint the tongue,
Wi nocht the bitter pill tae sweeten,
Sair though ma thrapple may be stung,
I'm boakin, but I'm never beaten.

Sae lift yer dim an dooncast ee;
Though life be grim, it's nae yuis greetin.
Sojer on, an suin ye'll see
That though ye're bruised, ye'll no be beaten!