

## **The sun o late summer.**

Run-of-the-mill observations during a walk in the East Lothian countryside.

The sun o late summer a pleasant sicht yields  
ower the green an the yellae o Lothian's fields.  
An sae happy the man whae can view close at hand  
the sun o late summer ower Lothian's land.

Ye'll see by the path aw along the field's edge  
the hips an the haws turnin rid in the hedge,  
an wide acres o stibble ower-by meet yer een,  
aw smooth an clean-cut where the combine has been.

The croodlin o cushies fae the wuid ye may hear,  
an a flurry as paitricks flee as ye come near.  
Ah, but then ye'll see fade as ye walk on yer way  
the bricht late summer sunlight ahint clouds o grey.

The sun o late summer, hoo quickly it's past,  
for the sun o late summer's never likely tae last;  
an the fitstep o Autumn her comin betrays.  
Food for thought for a man in his ain autumn days!