

Sae quick the seasons pass us by

This is a song about a walk in the month of May near the East Lothian village of Athelstaneford. It observes how quickly time passes.

Ae mornin in the month o Mey,
no far fae where I bide,
fae Elshinford I made ma wey
through Lothian's countryside.
White hawthorn bloomed at every hand,
yellae whins upon the hill,
and ileseed rape swept ower the land,
the fields wi gold tae fill.

And every tree wis fresh an green,
while in each tattie field
along each raw wee shaws were seen
that early crops wuid yield.
Green barley near a fit in hicht
in fertile acres grew,
an gently swayed in the mornin licht
under skies o bonny blue.

Aye, summer seems no far away,
an then, afore ye ken,
ye'll wake up tae an autumn day
when winter looms again.
Sae quick the seasons pass us by
in oor fine East Lothian hame;
an life itsel, I'll no deny,
flees by juist much the same.