

Auld Flame.

You meet the most unlikely people in the most unlikely places – people who went off to live their own lives half a lifetime ago, yet still retain intriguing hints of who they were. The tune to this song is based on the Irish air “Ar Eirinn ni’ neosfainn ce’ hi’”, which is said to have originated in Scotland.

**Noo, was it no the queerest thing,
Thon Setturday when I came tae sing?
I fund nae fortune there nor fame,
What I fund there was ma Auld Flame.
 And efter aw, I must admit,
 A wee spark could hae kinnl’t yet.
 But thon’s a dark an devious game,
 And I’ll juist leave it there, Auld Flame.**

**Black hair in bunches neatly partit,
Dark een wi black mascara clartit;
Thon wicked grin was aye the same.
Hoo wuid I no ken ma Auld flame?
 An efter aw, I must admit,
 A wee spark could hae kinnl’t yet.
 But thon’s a dark an devious game,
 An I’ll juist leave it there, Auld Flame.**

**Puir lassie, ye’ve suffered, an it shows.
Life’s dealt some bitter bluidy blows.
But no a yin could ever claim
He broke yer spirit yet, Auld Flame!
 An efter aw I must admit,
 A wee spark could hae kinnl’t yet
 But thon’s a dark an devious game,
 An I’ll juist leave it there, Auld Flame.**

**We baith ken I couldnae stey.
What yuis wuid that be onywey?
Sometimes I’ll mind ye here at hame,
An wish ye aw the best, Auld Flame.
 But, ach, tae hell, I must admit
 A wee spark could hae kinnl’t yet.
 But thon’s a dark an devious game,
 Sae I’ll juist leave it there, Auld Flame.**

(Words original, tune traditional.)