

Tae A Fitba' (To a Football) by Ian Rae

Fair fa' your honest sonsie face Wee baw as you, they a' gie' chase
And when they score they a' embrace Like great big Jessies
As tho it's worthy o' a goal O' Lionel Messi's

The crowd hae come frae miles aroon' A' heading tae the fitba' groon'
An' filled the whole sky wi' the soon' O' horn and rattle
They're a' prepared noo up and doon To face the battle

We watch as 'roon' the pitch they fly Falling doon like deid men die
"Penalty!" the crowd a' cry But that's rejected
An' soon it ends an' half gae hame Wi' face dejected

But withoot you, wee baw I say They would'nae hae a chance tae play
Whit would they do each Seterday? Wind rain or sun
Oh may we aye hae the baws to say "We owe you one"

Fair fall your honest healthy face Wee ball, as you, they all give chase
And when they score they all embrace Like great big Jessies
As though it's worthy of a goal Of Lionel Messi's

The crowd have come from miles around All heading to the football ground
And filled the whole sky with the sound Of horn and rattle
They're all prepared now up and down To face the battle

We watch as around the pitch they fly Falling down like dead men die
"Penalty!" the crowd all cry But that's rejected
And soon it ends and half go home With face dejected

But without you, wee ball I say They wouldn't have a chance to play
What would they do each Saturday? Wind rain or sun
Oh may we always have the balls to say "We owe you one"

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