

Braw lassies,

Noo is a sair time. We sense the darkenin, the dimmin o it aw, the shimmer shiver o the warld but we hae luv an strength in oor hairts, haunds an minds.

Gaither courage frae those whae stride oor memories, whae bleeze like comets- Janie Allen, Rosa Luxemburg, Rosa Parks, Greta Thunberg.
Such wimmen wi fierce longin. An aw those ghaists o ithers wha held stainch agin the warld's brutality. Remember thaim

Let's weave a plaid o thir mettle an bind it tight. Haud thegither fir we've mighty wark tae tackle.

We see the sparrows dwinnlin, the salmon trapped in cages smored wi blooms o algae. We feel paiterns breakin, air chokin, saltings shiftin. Times we fear it's oer muckle.

Wimmen hae aye made a difference. We gainstuid Faslane, witness at Dargavel. We ken joy, the oceans sing tae us, Summer dances an the braw land is oors. But noo feres, we mun stend up, gaither mind an body tae speak oot.

When the high-heid yins grab an lie, we mun haud folk tae accoont. As ice melts an watters rise, it's time tae mak demand

So kittle up bonnie quines. Oor mooths are fo o muisic, oor hairts burst wi pleisur, oor feet birl an reel. We scribe, pent, an perform. Mither mune hauds us in hir thrawl.

Lat us harness hir siller' fir we've wark tae dae!

Finola Scott