



Speerit o Shetlan

Monies da poor nicht o wadder
A'm been blyde o dat comfortin blink o licht.
A sentinel gaurdin some hidden shaald.
Da brack o waater ower brokken teeth,
ready ta glaep you doon i da jaws o daeth.

Da wan dat I mind wi da maist affection
is da Bressa licht oot dere apo da point.
Dat blyde ta see hit's glöd apo da horizon
as I kerried me bottle o gaddered sunshine
aa da wey fae da Sooth Shetlan's, hameward
ta brchten a lang winter, dere at da aedge o da
Wird.

Keenin a waarm welcome waited fur me
under da magic lift o da Nordern Lichts.

Ur waatchin da licht pass da port side
on by lodberries, tunnels an hoidy holes
whaur mony a barrel o rum avoided da excise man
makkin oot da Sooth Mooth o Lerook harbour.
A taer i da ee, as I mak fur da back watters
an aa da unkan ports o da Wird. Fur aa dat,
I wid aye tak da guid wisses o freends an faimily
an taste da waarmth o a dram apo my lips, o da
Speerit o Shetlan.