

Flans frae da haaf

Da wind flans in frae Fitful Head
Whaar dayset in a glöd
Hings ower da far haaf's wasterm rim
Reeb'd red as yatlin blöd.

An flannin in frae dat black ert,
Borne in on flans o faer
Come cauld black tochets at numb da hert
An slokk da emmers dere.

Oh Loard abön, hadd Dy grit hand
Afore da daylight dees,
Ower aa at ploo dir lonely furr
Trowe dy wind-skordet seas.

O Loard, I pray, look kindly doon
An haad Dy haand ower aa,
Till my lang-santet hert wins back
Whaar winds sall never blaa.

Whaar winds sall never blaa nae mair
Nor skies nae langer lour,
Whaar dayset laek some hamely hand
Smoores aa herts emmers ower.

Da wind flans in frae Fitful Head
Wast ower frae blatterin seas,
Bit never da lang, land lippen'd sail
Whaar licht an lippnin dees.

Laurence Graham

