

Mirrie Dancers in me heid

Wan braally dark night in October,

I spied da Northern Lights,

Mirrie Dancers up abon da hill,

Green an pink an purple

Movin lik silent fingers

Playin da sky lik a Shetlan fiddler

Playin a silent reel.

I bade stock still lik a statue,

Me heid yockit back

I watched fir hours

Till me feet wir cold lik ice

Me haands lik frozen lollies

Whin I geed hame tae me bed

An shut me een

I cud see da dancers in me heid.

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Age 7 (7-9 category)