Da Mirrie Dancers

We guid oot tae da back green
Wi wir jackets, glivs an toories on,
Wir breath visible idda cowld air
As we lookit up at da sky.
Da winter hömin wis thwartit
Be da green, ridd an purple glows
Flickerin ower da height o it,
A stunnin licht show tae rival
Ony you wid see at a gig.
We wir entranced be da beauty o it,
Da phosphorescence abön wir heids
Cheerin da cowld o dis nicht.
I saa de een twinklin wi tears,
Da joy at du wis finally seen
Dis phenomenon, da nordern skies
Dancin fir wis. Du took some picters
But no mony, fir du waantit
Tae live idda moment while we haed it.

by Hannah Nicholson