

The Wheesht

Wheesht! They telt me, wheesht the now, an dinnae mak a fuss
Ye dinnae spik the wiy we dae, ye'll ne'er be wan ae us

Sort thon verbs oot fae the nouns, pit them where they aught tae be
So I upon ma tongue the silence hung an the wheesht hel ontae me

They telt me that tae chainge the world wis war ne'er tae be won
through ma ain choice a smooed ma voice an let the wheesht haud oan

Gin ye cannae thole the dark an the sky abuin ye's black
Haud yer wheesht fur lang enough an The Wheesht will haud ye back

Ye hae a vyce ootwi yer gub if ye can jist believe it
There's a poyum in yer heid the now that's ayeways wantin scrievit

So scribe till aw the ink gangs dry and yer haun burns lit thon sun
There's time enough tae haud yer wheesht when aw the scrievin's done

So dinnae fash about thon snash an aw the lies they tell
Jist haud oan tae where ye're gaun an The Wheesht can haud itsel.

by Len Pennie