

Da Magic Stane

1 When I wis at da beach at Skaw
What did I fin?
Da perfect stane for skimmin,
Roond an flat an thin.
I bent doon an I baled him.
I raelly didna ken
Hoo far he'd geng, but I wis sure
He wis a magic stane.

10 He sat ida glöd o da settin sun
Tinkin lang for hame
Sae he braced himsel for da hidmist jimp
Back up ta Unst agen.
Foo many miles he traivelled
I trully dunna ken,
Bit A'im sure you will agree wi me
He wis a magic stane.

9 Sae back he göd an launched himsel
Fae dere ta Papa Stour.
He wis bön ta aa da islands noo
An hit only took a ooer!

8 He flew laek a bird ta Vaila
An ower laand ta Muckle Röe.
He wis vexed he wis missed oot Vementry
An he kent dat widna dö,

7 Nort he cam ta Trondra
An Burra (Aest an Wast)
Dan shot oot ower ta Foula
Raelly raelly fast.

2 He jamp fae Unst ta Fetlar
Dan zig-zagged back ta Yell.
He sprang fae dere ta Skerries
An as far as I can tell

3 His nixt stop wis at Whaalsa -
Hit's caid 'Da Boannie Isle',
Sae boannie at he stayed dere
An restit him a while.

4 Dan sooth he hopped ta Bressa,
Fae Bressa onta Noss -
I mebbe soodna coont dat,
Da islands lies sae closs.

5 He skippit on ta Mousa
An gaddered up his strent

6 For da giant jimp ta Fair Isle.
He nearly göd his lenti!

