

## DA EXILE

O foo I wiss I wis hame again  
Noo da voar is anonder wye,  
Ta fin da smell fae da oppen grund,  
An waak trow da green girse near da pund  
Whin I geng ta flit da kye.

O foo I wiss at I could sit  
Closs be da broo o da banks,  
Waatch da black-keppit maas paekin doon trow da ebb,  
An peerie birds fleein wi buss i dir neb,  
See da blowga flooers up trow da stanks.

An I wiss I could see da sun geng doon  
In a rid glüd ower da Kame,  
An waatch da blue reek risin higher  
Whin da neebor fok set up dir fire.  
O my, foo I wiss I wis hame.

*Rhoda Bulter*

### ***Wirds an phrases:***

banks	cliffs
blowga	marsh marigolds
broo	edge
buss	dried grass, straw
ebb	foreshore
flit	move to fresh pasture
foo I wiss	how I wish
glüd	glow
Kame	hill on Foula
neebor fok	neighbours
stanks	ditches