

Awa Tae The Fishin

Aye, there ye staun
in gansey, ileskins an boots,
ma wee laddie – a man noo, Ah maun trow.
A ready tae jine yer faither at the fishin,
an ye cannae wait – Ah see it in yer een.
Proud? Aye Ah'm proud o ye, son;
but afeard? Aye Ah'm afeard.
Ah'll no tell ye that though.
The same as Ah dinnae tell yer faither
o the dread that taks a haud o ma hert,
ilka time the boats gang oot.
An Ah'll no tell ye o the sleepless nichts,
listenin tae the roar o the eastlin win
an the skelp o rain on the windaes,
willin the storm tae pass an the boats
tae win hame safe.
Naw, Ah'll no spik o ony o that.
Like ma mither, an hers,
an generations o mithers, wives an sweetherts,
Ah'll send ye aff wi' cheery smile,
welcome ye hame wi a guid meal,
an breathe again; until the next time.