

JIM

Impassive Gods offered little cheer
On da blashy dreet o a day
Whan Jim o' Scarpa steered his laundin craft
Trow a shiggle o shap intae Normandy
Beneath a dirty sky o battleship grey.

Trow spoots o waater staundin tae da heevins
Wi da whump o shalls,
His tin-boat stappit wi a miserable platoon
Rumbled trow da swel,
Tryin tae swally der faer
In a vaam o diesel an spewins
Tinkin lang fur der heim
An da reassurance o a midder,
Wi nauthin tae gladden da hert
Bit a sook o a damp fag,
While dreidin da dunt
O da saund grundin da boddam
An da hellish moment o a day
Dat wis nauthin bit grim,
For boys tae be slippit ashore...
An Jim.

If Allied High Command
Eftir scrutinisin wadder reports
On da run-up ta da invasion
Maybe swiddered,
Hedd dey tow tae consult Jim o' Scarpa
Wha in his time hedd shippit enyoch lambs
He coulda telt dem on a day laek dis
No tae lippen
Muckle idder.