Crab-grained, haary,  
a lamp o the watter  
glutherin amang stanes  
an sea-growth, iron-eery,  
shell-shocked an waashed oot.

No a penny ti ma name,  
a jumble sale jecket,  
handsome in stubble,  
no heavy-heidit, jist  
young an dishaunted.

Afore, on bairntime holidays  
at ma aunt’s fairm in Aiberlour,  
A wrung oot sodden melodies  
throu a barn-cloistered pianny,  
damp keys unlockin ma sang.

Bak ti Fife, a sick-hoose  
jurmummlin ma speerit,  
the tuin hirplin, faain ahent  
lik the furst myndin o a rain kiss,  
o the parental pouer o trees.

Thrawn lik runes apon pelt,  
spellboond, elf-shot,  
a blind Zen musician,  
forleetin that haund,  
baund an laund are wan.

Lergae Law, Lundie,  
Leven, Lundin Links,  
Lower Lergae, Lergae,  
Leven, Lundin Links.