

Isles of Shetland

To fight for King and country, left me love and left me home
To join the bright eyed boys in blue I volunteered to go
But up to icy Shetland, I was told I'd have to go
They called it a 'nine - month' stint boys but that was years ago

Away to the Isles Of Shetland, for country and for King
Away to the ice and driving snow, In the land of the 'Simmer Dim'

From Sullom Voe to Bressay, where wild birds sang their tunes
To Sumburgh where at night we dreamed we could reach and touch the moon
Though Unst and Yell and Fitful Head were glorious to view
Their sea - scarred rocks were gravestones for many a plane and crew

Was from Lerwick's ice cold waters that fishing boats set sail
To join Norwegian fishing fleets waiting in the bay
But unlike other fishing boats with their fish packed tight in ice
These little boats held soldier lads as they sailed into the night

Norwegian lads seemed fearless, but were never heard to boast
As in years gone by, proud Vikings sailed home to Norway's coast
But now their land was occupied and pillaged by the 'Hun'
So to cut 'Huns' throat each gallant boat was bravely steered for home

If you listen through the blizzard, you can hear the deathly din
They're high above the island lads and death is what they bring
So rub the torment from your eyes for you'll not sleep tonight
And pray that you survive to see the early morning light

So drink your beer and think a while of wife and kids at home
But don't dream of tomorrows for tomorrows never come
For during Shetlands icy nights that never seem to cease
I'll dream that you were by my side and that'll bring me peace

And when the smell of battle finally disappears
When war planes fly no more across our silent seas
When all is done and war is won and we're together once again
Peace will have returned once more to the land of the simmer dim