

## Whae will keep me safe an soond.

“... the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.”

Whae will keep me safe an soond  
Fae the dangers aw around,  
An fae the blows that hurt an wound?  
Whae will watch ower me?

What will be the tempest's bield?  
What ma shair an certain shield;  
A barricade that winnae yield?  
What will shelter me?

Whae or what can cradle me,  
An soothin soonds o solace gie  
Tae haud me fae despondency?  
What can comfort me?

Ma freend, while on this earth ye're stuck,  
Fae what fate in yer face may chuck  
There's nuthin guairds ye but guid luck,  
Or so it seems tae me.

It's Lady Luck that picks the winner,  
An Lady Luck that damns the sinner.  
Be shair nae sympathy lies in her,  
That I can guarantee!