

“AS FOR ME, the altar is weat wi my life's-bluid else; the hour for my wagang is ny-haund. I hae kempit i the glorious kemp; I hae run the race tae the end; I hae keepit troth. An nou there is bidin me the croun o the richteous, whilk the Lord, the juist juidge, will rax me on the Gryte Day, an no me alane, but aa them forbye at hes greined for his kythin.”

(2 Timothy 4.6-8 - Lorimer)

A SCOTS PARAPHRASE¹

My hert it is weary an waitin,
For my wagang I'm ready an aa,
Like the birdie at hears i the dawin
The voice o the South, "Cum awà!"
I hae fouchen the fecht byous bonny,
I hae run i the race o the juist,
An ey tae the end o the contest
I hae keepit my tryst an my trust!

Frae nou aa the mirk is ahint me;
Afore me it's glorie I see,
An the croun o the hummle an halie
The Lord hes bin keepin for me.
My dochter, my son! ar ee faithfu?
Ar ee rinnin the race at I ran?
Ar ee keepin your ee on the Sauviour,
Our fríend, our ey leal fallow man?

For heich in his halieness waitin,
The Lord hes a croun for tae gie
Tae ilka pair sair-fittit rinner
At cums aa forfouchten like me;
Aa them at hes greined for his kythin,
Luikin up frae the sturt an the stour,
Sal see the juist Juidge in his beauty
Whan the clash o the contest is ower!

William Wye Smith

(1827-1917)



¹ Editit i licht o the Greek - original at <http://www.archive.org/stream/poemsofwilliamwy00smituoft#page/n209/mode/2up/search/A+Scotch+Paraphrase>

John said:
***“Ane starker nor me is comin ...
An he will baptíze ye wi the Halie Spírit an fire.”***
(Luke 3.16 - Lorimer)

Jesus said:
***“I am come tae cast fire owre the yird,
an oh, gin it wis kennelt else!”***
(Luke 12.49 - Lorimer)

THE CAMPFIRE

It is wi the Kingdom o God as wi a lass at maks a campfire at gloamin. She gethers dry leaves an ither kennlin an pits a match tae them. Syne she piles the sticks roun an roun on their ends, bigger an bigger, bot i the mirk she can see neither low nor reek. She dis nae mair. Belyve, o a suddentie a flame lowps up, syne anither an anither ontill a livelie leam raxes up intill the lift. See’n it, aakin fowk gethers roun, an sic a ceilidh hae they!



“The Son o Man hes een come tae seek an sauf what is tint.”

(Luke 19.10 - Lorimer)

THE COURSE CRATUR

The Lord gaed wi a croud o men
 Throwe Jericho the bonnie;
Twas ill the Son o Man to ken
 Mang sons o men sae monie:

The wee bit son o man Zachay
 To see the Maister seekit;
He speilt a fig-tree, bauld an shy,
 An sae his shortness eikit.

But as he thocht to see his back,
 Roun turnt the hail face til 'im,
Up luikit straucht, an til 'im spak -
 His hert gaed like to kill 'im.

“Come doun, Zacchay; bestir yersel;
 This nicht I want a ludgin.”
Like a ripe aipple 'maist he fell,
 Nor needit onie nudgin.

But up amang the unco guid
 There rase a murmurin winner:
“This is a deemis want o heed,
 The man's a special sinner!”

Up spak Zacchay, his hert ableeze:
 “Hauf mine, the puir, Lord, hae it;
Gin ocht I've taen bi onie lees,
 Fowerfauld again I pay it!”

Than Jesus said, “This is a man!
 His houss, I'm here to save it;
He's ane o Abraham's ain clan,
 An siclike has behavit!

I cam the lost to seek an win.” -
 Zacchay was ane he wantit:
Til onie at wad lea their sin
 His grace he niver scantit.



George MacDonald
(1824 - 1905)

“Luv your faes, an be kind tae them at ill-wills ye.”
(Luke 6.27 - Lorimer)

THE LYON AN THE MOUS
- a bairn rhyme -

This is the tale o a brave wee mous -
Lang may his whiskers twitch!
He bade in a forest, or a jungle mair like,
i the bank o a dried-up ditch.

Yae day he heard a soun, my bairns,
while foragin his lane,
an the soun wis sumthing like a snarl,
an sumthing like a mane.

Syne peerin throwe the unnergrowth
a dreadfu sicht he saw -
a michtie muckle lyon wi
a horrid swollen paw.

“I’m shair, guid sir, ye winna want
tae hear a mousie pesterin,
bot while yon thorn is in yer fit,
the wound ’ll ey be festerin.

“I’m no that big, bot my teeth is strang;
for shair I c’d pou hit.
Syne natur wull dae aa the lave,
an ye’ll sune can yaise yer fit.

“Nou, whan I pou, I warnish ye,
ye’ll mebbe feel it sore.
Bot I’ll no be feart an ye feel ye hiv
tae gie a wee bit roar.”

Twa-three year gaed by; our mous
Hed grown owre auld tae run
Whan ae day a gryte paw cam down,
an pinnt him til the grun.

Ye can pictur his surprise, my bairns,
Whan he heard a deep voice say,
*“Why, bless my soul! You are the mouse
That saved my life one day.*

*“So fear not for your life, dear mouse;
It’s not about to end,
For you have met a lion who
is proud to call you friend.”*

“Ach, it’s rail nice,” the mouss reponed,
“tae meet ye yince again.
Sae here’s a wee idea at
keeps rinnin throue ma brain:

“Gin beass, the likes o you an me,
wad tak mair thocht fur ithers,
whiles I think (I ken it’s daft)
we c’d aa be brithers.”



Alistair Haldane

"Him at hes ben forgien little kythes little luve."

(Luke 7.47b - Lorimer)

THE MAISTER, THE PHARISEE, AN THE WUMMAN.

Sir Símon wis a muckle man
Baith i the kirk an toon,
An bade up i the muckle houss
Near til the citie's boun.

He did the honours o the place,
An thocht he did them weel;
His denner an his supper spreids
War líbral an genteel.

Fan onie ane cam in the gate
Wi siller or wi fame,
The Provost wisna lang afore
He hed them tae his hame.

An sae fan him o Galilee
Wis seen upò the street,
The muckle man resolvit straucht
Tae gíe him an invíte.

"We'll hae him up the morn's nicht,"
Said he tae his guídwife;
"Fa kens fat he'll turn out tae be?
Sic chances arna rife.

"Fan I gyang doun the toun the day
I'll tryst tae meet him here
Some pious cronies o our kirk;
We'll size him up, my dear."

The prophet cam without demur,
Wi twal as peer's himsel;
The flunkies turned their noses up,
An whisked the swalla-tail.

An ane cam in wi dragglit claes,
Wi mair than dragglit saul;
She 'd kent ower weel the citie's howffs,
An taen the deevil's toll.

Ae day she hard proud Símon's guest;
He spak til her her leen,
An kenlit in her fousome hert
A low at med it clean.

An niver, fan she hed the chance,
Cud she keep fae his sicht;
An that wis fou she creepit in
Tae Símon's houss that nicht.

Aneth her tattert shawl wis scent
Tae bathe his blissit feet,
But mair cam fae her gratefu een,
For she begood tae greet.

She lowsed her lang an toozlit hair
Tae dicht the draps at fell,
She kissed his feet for verra joy
At she'd won out o hell.



Nicolas Poussin (1594-1665)

But Símon thochtna muckle o't,
An scouled aa ower his face:
"Gin this man war fat peepill say
He'd shoo her fae the place."

The prophet fine cud read his thocht
An dippit him upon't,
An gart his host lay doun his speen
File he gíed him this dunt:-

"Twa men war ower the lugs in debt,
Ane hunners, an ane mair;
The creditor forgyae them baith:
Whilk hed maist thanks tae ware?"

"The man at awed the maist?"
"Ye'r richt. Nou hearken ye tae me:
This lass, fae luv, hes sweetlie dín
Fat ye refeesed tae dee.

"Ye warn aiven cívil, Sir;
Nae watter for my feet,
Nae ointment for my weary heid,
Nor kiss o walcome meet.

"But she's gíen aa, an wi her hert,
Because she kent her debt,
An fa it wis at blot it out,
An shawed the richtous gate.

"*She*'s dín the honours o the hous
An nae the laird an host;
For luv will ey dee mair than pelf,
An wintin pride or boast.

"Gin ye but kent hou much ye aw
At God hes scorit out,
Ye widna winner at this lass,
But raither fallow suit.

"Guíd-bye, my wumman. Gyang in peace,
Ye'v loed an trustit me;
Yer luv an faith hiv med ye hale,
An heiven's in front o ye."

George Abel (1856 - 1916)
(editit for the Scots Lang. in Worship Gp. 2010)

“Atweill, I tell ye, gin ye cheingena aathegither an become like bairns, ye winna e’er win intil the Kíngdom o Heiven.”

(Mat. 18.3 - Lorimer)

The stories o Jesus arna aa about what he did juist the yince, but about hou he ey wis. This tale bi William Thomson minds this.

THE MAISTER AN THE BAIRNS¹

The Maister sat in a wee cot-house -
’twis tae Jordan’s waiters near -
An the fisher fowk crusht an croudit roun
The Maister’s wurd for tae hear.

An e’en the bairns frae the near-haun wynds
Wis mixin in wi the thrang -
Laddies an lassies, wi scuddie feet,
Jinkin the croud amang.

An ane o the Twal at the Maister’s side
Rase up an cried fell loud:
“Come, come, bairns, this is nae place for you;
Rin awà hame out the croud.”

But the Maister said, as they turnt awà:
“Lat the bairnies come tae me!”
An he gaihert thaim roun him whaur he sat,
An liftit ane up on his knee.

Ay, he gaihert thaim roun him whaur he sat,
An strakit their curlie hair;
An he said tae the wunnerin fisher fowk
At croudit aroun him thair:

“Sen’na the weans awà frae me,
But raither this lesson lairn,
At nane will win in at heiven’s yett
At isna as plain as a bairn!”

An him at wis born our kith an kin
Tho the Prince o the Far ’n Awà,
Gaihert the wee anes intil his airms,
An blisst thaim ane an aa.

¹ editit

“Thou sal luve the Lord thy God wi aa thy hairt an aa thy saul an aa thy pith an aa thy mind, an thy neibour as thy sel.’ ‘Weill answert!’ go Jesus”

(Luke 10.27 - Lorimer)

“Luve your faes, an be kind tae them at ill-wills ye.”

(Luke 6.27 - Lorimer)

WHA'S MY NEIBOUR?

Doun frae Jerus'lem a traveller teuk

The laich road to Jericho:

It had an ill name an monie a cruik;

Hou it was lang an unco!

Out cam the rubbers, an fell o' the man,

An knockit him o' the heid,

Teuk aa whauron they couth lay their haun,

An left him nakit for deid.

By cam a mínister o the kirk:

“A sair mischanter!” he cried;

“Wha kens whaur the villains may lirk!

I s' haud to the ither side!”

By cam an elder o the kirk;

Like a young horse he shied:

“Fegs! here's a bonnie mornin's wark!”

An he spangt to the ither side.

By cam ane gaed to the wrang kirk;

Douce he trottit alang.

“Puir bodie!” he cried, an wi a yerk

Aff o his cuddie he sprang.

He ran to the body, an turnt it ower:

“There's life I the man!” he cried.

He wasna ane to staun an glower,

Nor hand to the ither side!

He doctort his ouns, an heised him then

To the back o the beastie douce;

An he heeld him on til, twa wearie men,

They wan to the hauf-vey houss.

He tent him aa nicht, an the morn did say,
“Landlord, lat-him-na lack;
Here’s twa merks¹! - onie mair outlay,
I’ll saddle’t as I come back.”

Sae tak til ye, neibours; read aricht the wurd;
It’s a portion o God’s ain spell!
“Wha is my neibour?” speirna the Lord,
But, “Am I a neibour?” yoursel.

George MacDonald
(1824 - 1905)



¹ ed. efter Lorimer; ‘aachteen pence’ MacDonald

***“The King will say til them on his richt haund, ‘Come your waas,’ ...
Than will he say til them on his cair haund, ‘Awà wi ye out o my sicht!’”***

(Matthew 25. 34,41 - Lorimer)

***“There is a muckle howe stelled atweesh an ye,
tae hender aa gaein an comin frae the tae place til the tither”***

(Luke 16. 26 - Lorimer)

THIS SIDE AN THAT

The rich man sat in his faither’s seat -
Purpie an linen, an aa thing fine!
The puir man lay at his yett, i the street -
Sairs an tatters, an wearie pyne!

To the rich man’s table ilk daintie comes;
Monie a morsel gaed frae’t, or fell;
The puir man fain wud hae dined on the crumbs,
But whether he got them I canna tell.

Servans proud, saft-fittit an stout
Staun bi the rich man’s curtained doors;
Maisterless dowgs at rin about
Cam to the puir man an slaikit his sores.

The rich man díed an they laired him gran -
I the linen sae fine the remains did wrap;
But the angels tuik up the beggar man,
An layit him doun in Abraham’s lap.

The guid upo this side; the ill upo that -
Sic was the rich man’s waesome faa!
But his brithers they eat, an they drink, an they chat,
An carena a strae for their Faither’s haa!

The trowth’s the trowth, think what ye will;
An some they kenna what they wad be at;
But the beggar man thought he did no that ill,
Wi the dowgs o’ this side, an the angels o’ that!

George MacDonald
(1824 - 1905)



***“Luik til the birds i the lift:
they saw nane, they shear nane,
they getherna nae grain intil barns;
an yit your heivenlie Faither gíes them their mait.”***
(Matthew 6.26 - Lorimer)

Gin we maun learn ae truith frae the fowls i the lift, hou no anither? A makar scríeved this:

The lang dreich sermon reached an en,
In bogs o doctrine founert deep,
An in the wee kirk in the glen
The doverin buddies woke frae sleep;
An syne: *“Let us unite in praise!”*
They warstled throwe a paraphrase.

The text, frae *“Lamentations”* waled,
Hed bin a screed devoid o hope:
Life wis a vale o tears, we failed
Tae fin our peth an cuid but grope
In daurkness. Faith an Truith war dwinin –
An yit, outby the sun wis shinin.

The wee kirk skaled, an frae the gloom
Fowk steppit intil the gledsum licht.
The mavis whistled in the broom,
The laverocks soared up out o sicht,
An heich abune the sunnie braes
They sang: *“Lat us unite i praise!”*

‘Auld Lights’
W. D. COCKER
(1882 – 1970)

Syne here’s a tune at joins our music wi the lilt o the laverock.



‘The Lark in the Clear Air’ Irish trad.

***“Faither in heiven, ...
foregíe us the wrangs we hae wrocht,
as we hae forgíen the wranges we hae dree’d”***
(Matthew 6.9,12 - Lorimer)

“TWEED”
- a bairn rhyme -

They’d din awà wi sheep at Heich Glenheid,
An let the grazin til a neibour ferm,
An sae the guidman said, “We hae nae need
O collie dugs. I wish the beast nae herm;
We’ll gíe Tweed in a present tae Jock Broon,
Wha keeps the licensed grocer’s shop in toun.

“Jock Broon hed ey the notion o the dug –
Ay, he’s my wife’s guid-brither, honest man.”
Tweed hears aa this an cocks an anxious lug,
“The deil be in’t! Is that tae be the plan?
We’ve cum til’t nou! I’ve no tae be consultit.
Faith! e’en a collie dug can feel insultit!”

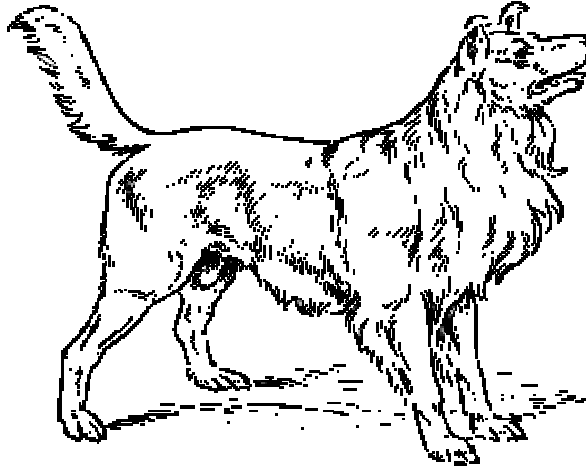
But sae it wis. They yokit the machine
An hurled him tae the station doun the glen.
A lang train jurney neist. Wi steekit een
He lay ablò the seat, an mused on men,
Their littleness, ingratitude an follies,
Their sma considèration for their collies.

The bairnies grat whan Tweed wis taen awà;
Tweed wad hae grutten gin a dug cuid greet;
In reekie, smeeke touns nae hill-wins blaw,
Nor is there gress tae row in lang an sweet,
Nae rabbit-tracks tae fallow mang the cairns;
He missed aa that, an oh! he missed the bairns.

They war but human, but he loed them weel –
His maister tae, tho he hed serred him sair.
Jock Broon wis kindlie, but Tweed cuidna feel
At hame in streets at kent nae caller air.
Tae tak the rod, first chance, he thocht nae shame;
Aince aff the leash, he snuffed the airt for hame.

An hou he did it, dugs alane wad ken,
The feck o echtie mile sum wey he fared,
Til wabbit, draiglet, stervin, up the glen
He limped, an keekit roun the auld stack-yaird.
He gíed a wee bit bark – apologetic.
The bairns ran out; it wis a sicht pathetic.

The weans raised shouts o joy, "It's Tweed; it's Tweed!"
His maister cam – oh! wad he unnerstaun?
Ay, for he said, "Guid lad!" an clapped his heid.
Tweed loupit on him than, an licked his haun.



Oh men, puir men, sae aft at ither's lugs,
Learn tae forgie, juist hauf sae weel as dug.

W. D. COCKER
(1882 – 1970)

"The Lord is my herd, nae want sal faa me" (Ps.23.1 - Hatley Waddell)

TWA DUGS



It's the Sabbath, the Kirk haein skailed. On the rod hame a lang back Galloway fermer, dacent in his best blacks, hes fur cumpany on his wauk his young grandson, a steerin lad wha hes tholed no sae bad a langish sermon. An exposeetion o just the first verse o the Twantiethird Psaum: 'God as Shepherd,' 'People as His Flock' - weel wirkit scholarlie wurds, bit a shade dreich fur a ten year auld!

Proud, sauin his dignity tho bi tryin no tae shaw aval affection in public, grandfather gravelie listened tae livelie crack frae the curious callant. "Granpa, granpa, gin God, like the minster says - gin God is a hird like uncle Angus, he shairlie wid need a dug or twa about the plece!" A when chin scartin as granpa thocht on his reply: "Aye, son, I jalouse at he wid; twa oniewey - collies, I'm shair - quick, smert, perjink."

A wee hush; "Thir names, granpa? Wid it be Glen? Lassie? Fly? Mibbe, mibbe yin wid be cried Whisky, like uncle Donald's! A rullin elder, 'Godlie an circumspek', the wyss auld man wis bein drevin intil an oncomfortable, no-suited-tae-the-Sabbath kind o irreverence. His thochtie reply, sagacious an luvin, cam, fur aa that, efter bit a gliff. "Aye, son, they wid hae names richt eneuch, the baith o thaim. Maist like tae dug wid be cried 'Guidness' an tither 'Mercy.' Huad yer wheesht, nou; ma lugs is fair dingin wi yer speir, speir, speirin!"



Bill Macmillan

"HALLELUYA!
Sing ye til the Lord a new sang;
His praise in the thrang o the saunts."
(Ps. 149.1 - Hately Waddell)

TAE SING LIKE A LINTIE

Whit mair i the wârld
Cuid a body desire
Than tae sing like a lintie
An be in a choir?
Be it tenor or bass
Contralto, soprana
Harmonics for aa
Soondin hosanna
Nae maitter the sang
Bummed oot in accord
As lang as the note
Is praisin the Lord
Sae haud tae yer praise
Chânt oot the line
Introit an anthem
Sweeter than wine
Ring true, than, the vocals
Sherpen the voice
Tap notes an law yins
'Let the people rejoice!'
Whit mair i the wârld
Cuid a body desire
Than tae sing like a lintie
An be in a choir?



Bill Macmillan