



CHRISTMAS CAROL

Twas a cauld cauld, nicht i the back o the year;
The snaw lay deep, and the starns shone clear;
And Mary kent that her time was near,
As she cam to Bethlehem.
When Joseph saw the toun sae thrang,
Quo he: 'I houp I bena wrang,
But I'm thinkin we'll find a place ere lang;'
But there wasna nae room for them.

She quo, quo she: 'O Joseph loon,
Rale tired am I, and wad fain lie doun.
Is there no a bed i the hail o the toun?
For farrer I canna gae.'
At the ale-houss door she keekit ben,
But there was sic a steer o fremmyit men,
She thocht til hirsel: 'I dinna ken
What me an my man can dae.'

And syne she spak: 'We'll hae to lie
I the byre this nicht amang the kye
And the cattle beass, for a body maun try
To thole what needs maun be.'
And there amang the strae and the corn,
While the owsen mooed, her bairnie was born.
O, wasna that a maist joyous morn
For sinners like you and me?

For the bairn that was born that nicht i the staa
Cam doon frae Heiven to tak awà
Oor fecklessness, and bring us aa
Safe hame in the hender-en.
Lord, at this Yule-tide send us licht,
Hae mercy on us and herd us richt.
For the sake o the bairnie born that nicht,
O, mak us better men!

Alexander Gray
(1882 - 1968)