

AT THE END O THE EAR

Tune: Ye Banks an Braes (CH4 718)

The parks are clad wi stibbles broon
Or blackint wi the burnt strae;
The winter wheat an barley glint -
A thocht o Spring in cauldrieffe day.
Bare stans the early turnin tree,
The later eens in glory gran -
Bedizent wi their crammassie
In splendour like tae Solomon.

The combine's cleant an stowt awa,
The coort an steadin ready lie
For beasts tae bide fin wins are snell
An wite for lyther days forby.
Outside the swallow's lang awa,
The kye for girss are caain sair;
In hoose an haa the fairmer's wife
Lays on the peat an cries for mair.

God's hairst-time disna ken the drift
An change o season passin by:
His bairns are aye in need o love;
He never rests wha hears their cry.
In Spring, the nicht o Calvary,
The morn o Him wha rase again;
Bit Winter brings the Christmas bairn,
The licht an joy o Bethlehem.

Joyce P. Collie
(1929 – 2011)

HAMEOWER WIRDS

Tune: Irish (CH3 294 / CH4 473)

The hameower wirds rug at the hert
An mind us o langsyne;
The owercome o a weel-loued sang
Brings sun-licht back tae mine.

The herd-loon waled a bonny lilt
Fae clarsach's singin string;
The derkness liftit fae the sowl
O Saul, the new-crowned King.

The Maister at the Cana foy
Jyned in the lichtsme steir,
An aefauld joy the lee-lang nicht
Speeled up til heivin's fleer.

The hertnin soun o trump an pipe
Fae burgh, haugh an ben,
Spreids ower the lan frae eyn tae eyn
Wi byous loud, 'Amen!'

Alistair Taylor

THE WIRD

Tune: St. Andrew(CH3 211 / CH4 509)

Throu the haar o life's first mornin
In the snorl an mineer,
Cam the Wird o lown an comfort
Soondin oot baith loud an clear.

Fae the roch an steeny ootlans
Cam the Baptist, licht in's face,
Bringin wirds o howp an promise
O Messiah's savin grace.

In the Galilean forenicht,
Staunin on the daurknin hull
Jesus waled the hameower wurdies
Spikkin o His Faither's wull.

In our warld o clash an Babel
The wee smaa voice seems hine awa,
But aefauld wirds will aye ging upward
Til the yett o Heivin's haa.

Alistair Taylor