

Christ Tholed Aa

Tune: *Macpherson's Rant* (CH4 88)

- 1 Nou Pilate saa a sinless man
wha tholed a fause assize;
Yet Pilate ainlie washt his hauns,
gíed in tae fause men's lees.
*Christ tholed the pain, he tholed the taunts,
he tholed them aa for me;
Syne he wis kilt bi fowk like me,
nailed tae the gallowstree.*
- 2 Yon men wha ruled the temple then
conspired tae kill our Lord;
They got the thrang o common men
tae hae Barabbas spared.
Christ tholed &c.
- 3 The sodgers med a croun o thorn
tae gíe Christ's heid a stoun;
They cried him 'King' - God's ain firstborn,
cast chuckies for his gown.
Christ tholed &c.
- 4 They drave him out tae ding him deid,
our Maister smeared wi bluid,
They pit a brod abune his heid
an hung him on the rude.
Christ tholed &c.
- 5 'Forgie them!' wis our Maister's caa,
'They ken-na whit they dae.'
The lift gaed black an cauld an raw;
he dee'd atap the brae.
*Christ tholed the cross, he tholed the pain,
he tholed it aa for me,
An on the third day raise again
that we may niver dee.*

Andrew Muirhead
(b. 1950)

King Jesus on a Cuddie

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE (irreg.)

Auld French melodie

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major, 4/4 time. The first staff contains the first two measures of the melody, with chords G, Bm7, Em, D, G above the notes. The second staff contains the next four measures, with chords Am, Em, A7, D, G, Bm7, Em, D, G above the notes. The melody is a simple, folk-like tune with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

- 1 King Jesus on a cuddie, ridin throu the toun;
The fowk got aa excitit, wavin brainches roun,
An wi a smile oor grâcious Lord wid shaw he wisnae blate,
An took the cheers an plaudits along the croud-lined gate.
- 2 King Jesus on a cuddie, ridin throu the toun;
The fowk got aa excitit, wavin brainches roun:
'Hosanna!' caa'd the kittle thrang an cried Him Dauvit's seed;
The cuddie jinked along as though he wis the great King's steed.
- 3 King Jesus on a cuddie, ridin throu the toun;
The fowk got aa excitit, wavin brainches roun:
He ganged tae dicht the Temple, cowp siller aff the brod;
He ganged tae tell the guid news, tae bring fowk close tae God.
- 4 Oh had I bin yon cuddie, hou blithe then wid I be
Tae ken that on yon day in spring the Maister's hauns steered me.
Houever blithe the cuddie, I blither still can be
Tae ken twa thoosan years frae then the Maister ey steers me.

Andrew Muirhead
(b. 1950)



Walkin the Talk

SPOHR (86.86.86)

Adaptit frae Louis Spohr (1784 - 1859)

larghetto

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 The prophet cums frae out the muirs,
frae warslin tempin sin.
"Ye'r buskit proud i lillie white,
but ethers' gets athin!" -
he teaches heich, self-richtous fowk
God's suith they winna gowk.</p> | <p>3 "The orra wouf, a stalker stark,
she's ettlan liftin lambs;
the eident herd stakes life an lim
for tae owercowp her plans."
The maister true at talks sic talk,
he ey dis walk the walk.</p> |
| <p>2 "Thon king o craft, the tousie tod
fair griens for what's no his;
aneth her wings the hen syne fends
her lauchter, sae she dis."
An honest man, at talks sic talk,
he een dis walk the walk.</p> | <p>4 "A luvie there is, nane brichter shínes
amids black sturt an strife;
it is the luvie o him at for
his friens lays down his life."
The frien tae aa at talks sic talk,
he shuir dis walk the walk.</p> |
- 5 Whan grippit, for his friens he'll prig,
"Haud me; lat them abee!"
Whan buddies nail him til a cross,
he'll pray for them, "Forgie!"
He sets his life aside at we
may walk onburdened, free.

Robin Ree
(b.1950)

Saum 22

owerset bi P. Hateley Waddell 1877, revisit 2010

MY God, my God, what for hae ye mislippent me?

Sae far ar ye frae helpin me, an the wurds o my waefu wailin!
My God, I hae skreichit the lee-lang day, bot ye mind me nane,
an the nicht forby, an nae peace for me.

Bot thou is halie, 3
 an weel faas the leal lits o Israel.
Our faithers lippent til thee;
 they lippent, an ye redd them hame.
They sícht til yersel, an wan weel awà;
 they lippent til thee, an war nane affrontit.

Bot 'am but a wurm, an nae body; 6
 a carl's sang, an a geck o the peepil.
Aa at see me lauch me by;
 they shuit wi the lip, they cave the heid:
"He lippent the Lord; lat the Lord gar him gang:
 lat the Lord redd him but, sen he's fain o him!"

Bot yerlane redd me out frae the wame; 9
 ye layed me on my mither's bosie.
On yersel wis I cuisten frae her jizzen;
 frae my mither's bouk, ye 'bin my God.

Bena far frae me, Lord, for stretts ar nar, 11
 for nane but yerlane can mak sikker:
droves o nowte ring me roun,
 stour stirks o Bashan fank me about;
they glaum abune me wi their mouths
 like a ríevan an a roaran lyoun.

'Am skailed like watir, 14
 ilk bane o me's lowse;
my hert's nae better nor wax,
 it's thowed doun laich i my breist;
my thrapple's clung as a shaird,
 an my toung's stucken til my hals;
 an ye bring me til the stour o deid.

Ay, curs forset me roun, 16
the pack ill-daers fank me about;
they drave throwe my hauns an my feet.

I may count ilk bane i my bouk
as they glaum an glowr at mysel;
they hauf my cleedin amang them,
an cast caivels ower my verra manteel.

Bot yersel, O Lord, bena far frae me: 19
haste ye tae help me, my strenth an aa.
Redd my saul atower frae the swurd,
an the lave o my life frae the grip o the grew,
Redd me, Lord, frae the lyoun's glaum;
thou hes hard me or nou frae the horns o the stots.

I maun tell o yer name til my brether ilk ane; 22
in mids o the fowk I maun lilt til thee.
Wha fear the Lord, ye sud laud him aa;
aa Jaucob's bairns, ruise him heich;
an aa Israel's friens, quauk ee afore him.
For he lichtliedna, nor grued at the dirgie o the doun-dang;
nor happit his face frae him,
bot hearkent whan he skreighed til himsel.

Frae yersel comes the souch o my sang i the gathran sae gran; 25
I sal bide my trysts afore them at fear him.
The hummle an laich sal feed an be fou;
they sal lilt til the Lord, wha leuk for himsel:
lat your herts live for aye!.

Aa neuks o the yirth sal hae min, 27
an sal turn their gate til the Lord;
ilk kin o the fowk
sal lout afore thee.
For the kinrick's the Lord's,
an maister is he mang the nâtiouns.

Ay, til himsel sal aa at's tae sleep i the yirth lout laich; 29
wha gang til stour, ilkane maun lout afore him.
An whan a body maunna bide lîvin nae mair.
syne bairns an bairns' bairns sal sair himsel;
it sal be telt o the Lord til them comin efter,
an his richtousness gart kent til the níest-born kin,
at himsel did it.

Saum 51, verses 1-17

owerset bi P. Hateley Waddell 1877, revisit 2010

Be guid til me, God, as yer leal guidness can be;
i the feck o yer rewth, dicht out my wrang:
reinge me fu weel frae my ill-din deed,
an sine me fu soun frae the sin I belang.

For my wrang I ken brawlie mysel, 3
an my sin, it's fu sikker afore me.
Til yerlane, til yerlane I din aa the skaith,
an sic ill I hae wrocht i yer een:
sae 'tis yer just i charge an doom baith,
clean-quat i the judgment ye gie.
I wis conceivit, ye ken, in sin,
an my mither in wrang boukit she:
bot truth's whit ye like weel within;
i my benmaist sel wísdom ye lerne me.

Reinge me wi hysope, an syne I s' be brow; 7
wash me, an syne I s' be brichter nor snaw:
gar me tent again gledness an glee;
the banes ye hae braken, mak liltin-free.
Hap atower yer face frae my fauts,
an aa my ill-daens dicht by;
mak a clean hert, O God, for me,
an a richt, caller spírit athin me forby.
Thring-me-na but frae yer sicht,
nor takna yer Spírit sae halie frae me;
the joye o yer salvâtion ware on me yet,
an stoop me forby wi the spírit at's fit.

Wrang-gangers syne I sal airt yer ain gate, 13
an wrang-daers aa sal win back til thee.
Redd me frae daith, O God, thou God o my ain salvâtion,
an my toung it sal lilt o yer judgment sae leal;
onsteek ye my lips, O Lord,
an my mouth yer ain praise sal tell.
For thou thinks no weel o a saicrifíce dine;
an I med th'altar reek, 'twad be nane o thine:
a birset spírit's God's saicrifíce ay;
a birset hert an a tholin breist, O God, ye will n'er leuk by!

ANENT FASTIN

frae 'A Scots Gospel' bi Jamie Stuart
cf. Mat.9.14-17 // Mk.4.18-22 // Lk.5.33-38

Aince, whan the followers o John an o the pharisees war fastin, they cam til Jesus an speired o him, 'Hoo is it that John's disciples fast, but the disciples that ye hae dinna fast?

Jesus answert, 'Can the freends o the bridegroom fast while the bridegroom is yit amang them? But the days will come whan the bridegroom is taen awa frae them; an than, in thae days, sall they fast.'

An he spak a parable tae them - 'Naeb'dy pit's a patch frae a new cloak on an auld ane. They wadna match.

An naeb'dy pits new wine intil auld wineskins; else the new wine wid rive the wineskins an be wastit, an the skins destroyed. New wine maun be teemed intil new wineskins, an baith ar than hained.'

harmony

6/8

fine

unison - accomp. ad lib.

2/2

2/2

2/2

D. C. al fine

2/2

Linkin Hame

*Jesus is my hert's fond luv,
Bans at tie us nane maun sever;
On his airm I'm linkin hame,
Wi himsel tae bide for ever.*

1 Adam's bairns wis wannert faur,
Fushionless an run tae ruin;
Jesus quat his Faither's side,
An us fauters cam a-wooin.
In the hungrie muirs he bade,
Durst a giddie craig an narrow;
Hou he loed me, nane maun tell,
Bot he's taen me for his marrow.
Jesus is my hert's fond luv, ...

2 Whan he dreed our dule an wae,
Syne the warld did lichtliefie him,
Doom, an drive him furth the toun,
Blithe o cryin, "Crucifie him!"
Him at's weals coft us our heal,
Nane be'n like til him for sorrow,
Hingin at The Hairn-Pan,
Thair he teuk me for his marrow.
Jesus is my hert's fond luv, ...

3 Wha will shed us frae his luv,
Us be'n yokit ae til ither?
An the starn begou tae faa,
An the yird dis dirl an dither,
Sauf aneth his wing we'l bide
Trustin ey in his tomorrow,
Whan baith airth an heiven will
Sing the praises o my marrow.
Jesus is my hert's fond luv, ...

Wurds an music bi Alexander Halliday
(c1850 - 1915), editit an arrangit for group
singin frae *Sacred Scotch Solos*.

(original form at <http://sacredscotchsolos.blogspot.com>)

A Spring Carrell

Tune: *Kingsfold* (CH3 220; CH4 291)

The mavis on the tapmaist brainch
Sings oot at skraich o day,
And waukens aa the mirksome warld
Til sunlicht's warmin ray.
May aa oor cauldribe herts be warmt
Wi dawin o God's love,
An may oor sangs o joy speel up
Til heiven's yett's above.

The tremmlin birk pits on its gown,
The lairick's shawin reid;
The sauchs along the burnie side
Glint fite like siller threid.
Mair bricht nor Solomon's gowden croun
The flouers o Spring-tide glow,
Like picters fae a penter's wark
Laid oot on earth ablow.

The bairnies in a fremmit lan
Wi palm-leafs in their haun
Sang, mavis-like, their sangs o love
Tae reeze the Son o man.
Fan birds and flouers and bairnies' een
Bring oot the joys o Spring
We canna but be glaid this day -
Sing praises til oor King.

Alistair Taylor

THE PATH O DULE

(inspired bi *The Duddingston Passion*)

bi Donald Smith

- Voice Yin Blissit be Christ
 Lat oor luv be wi you
 Thru your haly cross
 Oor warld is redeemit.
- Twa His heid crounit wi thorns
 His back rypit an scourit
 Judge o the leevin an the deid
 Himsel doomit tae sair daith.
- Three See the wid o the cross
 Oan whilk is foundit oor release
 Cum aa ye fowk tae wurship.
- Aa thegither Blissit be Christ
 Lat oor luv be wi you
 Thru your haly cross
 Oor warld is redeemit.
- Yin He tholes the muckle cross
 Laid oan his shouders.
- Twa Boued aneth his load
 He gaes oan an further oan
 Tae Golgotha, the field o skulls.
- Three See the straits, the aiths, an cursin
 He fooners .. an faas .. God peety him.
- Aa thegither Blissit be Christ
 Lat oor luv be wi you
 Thru your haly cross
 Oor warld is redeemit.
- Twa He graipples wi the cross aince mair.
- Yin His mither's watchin frae near-haund.
- Three He cannae gang nae further.
- Aa thegither Blissit be Christ
 Lat oor luv be wi you
 Thru your haly cross
 Oor warld is redeemit.
- Three Simon o Cyrene taks the cross.
- Yin It's pooer his hert had cheengit.
- Twa Thae haurd timmers hae becum
 His honour an his gledness.
- Aa thegither Blissit be Christ
 Lat oor luv be wi you
 Thru your haly cross
 Oor warld is redeemit.
- Yin He kin haurdly pit
 yin fit afore anither.
- Three The swait o daith
 is oan his ass-white body.
- Twa A wumman wipes his face
 Wi a cloot sae tender,
 She wad tak him in her airms.
- Aa thegither Blissit be Christ
 Lat oor luv be wi you
 Thru your haly cross
 Oor warld is redeemit.
- Yin "Daughters o Jerusalem
 greet no fur me
 but fur yersels an fur your
 bairns."
- Twa See the wid o the cross
 Oan whilk is foundit oor release
 Cum aa ye fowk tae wurship.
- Three An adore him.
- Aa thegither Blissit be Christ
 Lat oor luv be wi you
 Thru your haly cross
 Oor warld is redeemit.
-

THE SUFFERIN SERVAN

Isaiah 52.13 - 53.12

owerset bi P. Hateley Waddell 1879, revisit 2006

“Tak tent: it’s my loon sal dae wysslie an weel;
he s’ be heich an upheisit, set abuin aa.
Like’s mony war fleyed an scunnert at him -
his leuk wis sae gane as tae be scarce a man’s,
sae chnynged as tae seem no richt human -
sae sal natiouns wi bluid strinklin ward aff his faa,
an against him a wheen kings sal steek their mouth:
for what wisna telt them, they hae seen wi their een;
an sic’s th’ed n’er hard o, they think on’t eneuch.”

Wha wad hae believed it? the wittins we got!
An wha-til hes the airm o the Lord bin furth shawn?
For he raxit up an grew like a sookir,
juist as frae a rute in a birsled lan;
He’d nae bouk nor blossom til draw our ee tae’m,
nor nocht at aa loesum til mak us fu fain.
Little thocht o an slichtet, mang fowk jimply sichtet,
a man o misguidins, an hummelt bi dule,
he wis o the sort at the lave leuk awa frae;
ay, sae lichtlifed we cried him the foul.

Bot oors war the ills at he tholit,
an oors the dule he dreed;
an us jalousin him plaigit o God!
strucken, dang-doun til the deid.
Bot ’twis bi oor fauts he wis tangit;
bi oor ill-dae’n birzed an bangit:
his beatin ’twis brocht us oor weel,
an his weals at coft us oor heal.

We aa, like fe aff the hirsle hed wannert,
ilk ane turnt til gang oor ain gate;
bot on him wis brocht doon the wyte o us aa
bi the Lord on his judgement sate.
Sair wis he mittled, as hummle he boued,
an his mouth he onsteekit nane:
een’s a hog at’s bein taen til the slachtir,
or a yow at the shearers bides wheesht,
sae his mouth he onsteekit nane.

He wis grippit an doomit, led awa at their steven,
an nane gied a thocht til what faa’d him sinsyne:
for clean-by wis he sned frae the lan o the livin
for the sin o sic fowks as thirsels deser’d pine.

In his graff he wis sheuchit alang wi ill-daers,
wi the outwales an aa whan he deed;
an yet it wis aa for nae faut wis intil him,
nor nivver in's mouth wis ae wurd o a lee.

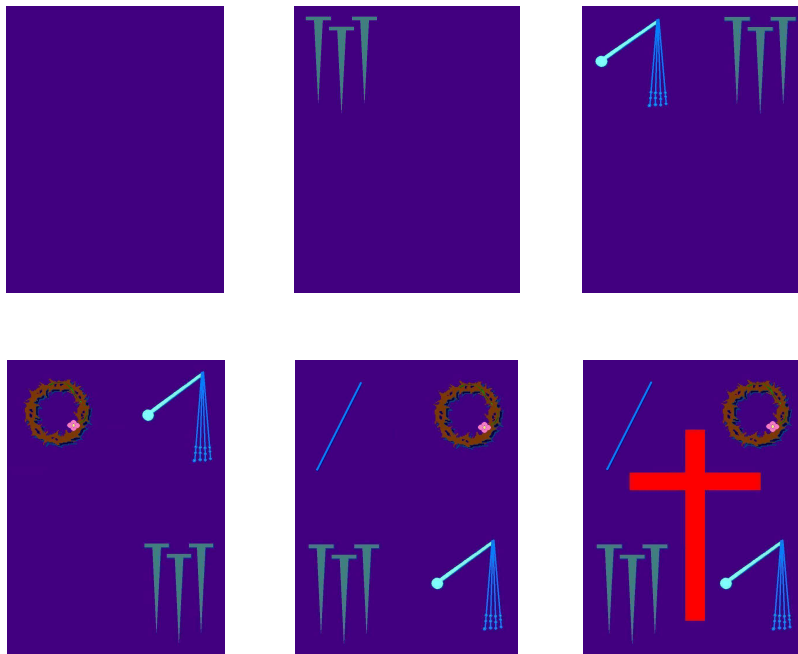
Bot, 'twis the Lord's wull at sufferin birze him.
Gin his saicrificed life dings the wyte o the lave,
his seed he sal see, livin monies the day,
an ay in his hauns the Lord's pleasur sal win.
His waefu wark by wi, it's licht he s' see than,
an aathing a man may be kennin he s' ken.

"My loon, hissel richteous, sal richtify monie,
An hissel beir their fauts an their sins.
Syne sae I sal gie him the mae for his trophie,
an he sal dale out oncountit winnins;
for he toomed out his life til the deid,
an nummert himsel wi the fautors,
bi beirin the sin o mae nor a wheen,
an staunin in for the fautors."

LENT

SYMBOL SEQUENCE

wi prayers



Yuse ilk Sunday i Lent, or adapt for Halie Ouk services, or as the threid o ae service i Lent.

Either (a) tak a large purple claith an onfauld it ower a table richt down tae the flair as the wurds ar said an syne add the five ithir symbols cut out o felt as their wurds ar said, or (b) yuse a digital projection.

Ouk ae - purpie

The sodgers ... cled him in a purpie mantille, efter whilk they made a ploy o comin up til him wi a "Hail, the King o Jews." (St. John 19.2 - Lorimer)

The warld tapsalteerie: purpie, the claith worn bi wee bit kings for their glorie, yuised tae jamph the yin born for tae be Prince o Peace an King o aa.

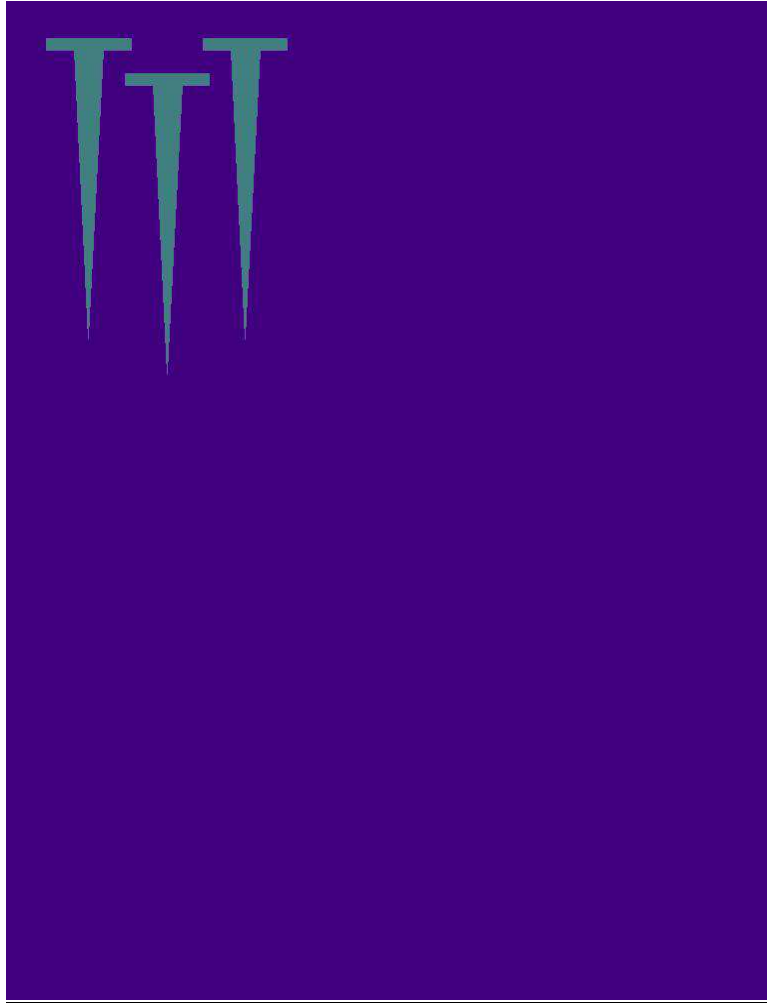


Prayer:- Lord Jesus, 'twis the Deivil shawed ye aa the kingdoms o the yird in a gliffin, an telt ye they'd be yours gin ye'd but hunker doun tae him, but ye wadna; help us tae seek the Kingdom o God first an last, for your Name's sake.

Ouk twa - three nails

Is he no the wricht, Mary's son? (St.Mark 6.3 - Lorimer)

The warld tapsalteerie: nails, at a joiner wad yuise tae bigg biel'd for fowk leevin thegither, pinnin the maker an saufer o aa til the gallows, exposed an cast oot o the bundle o life.

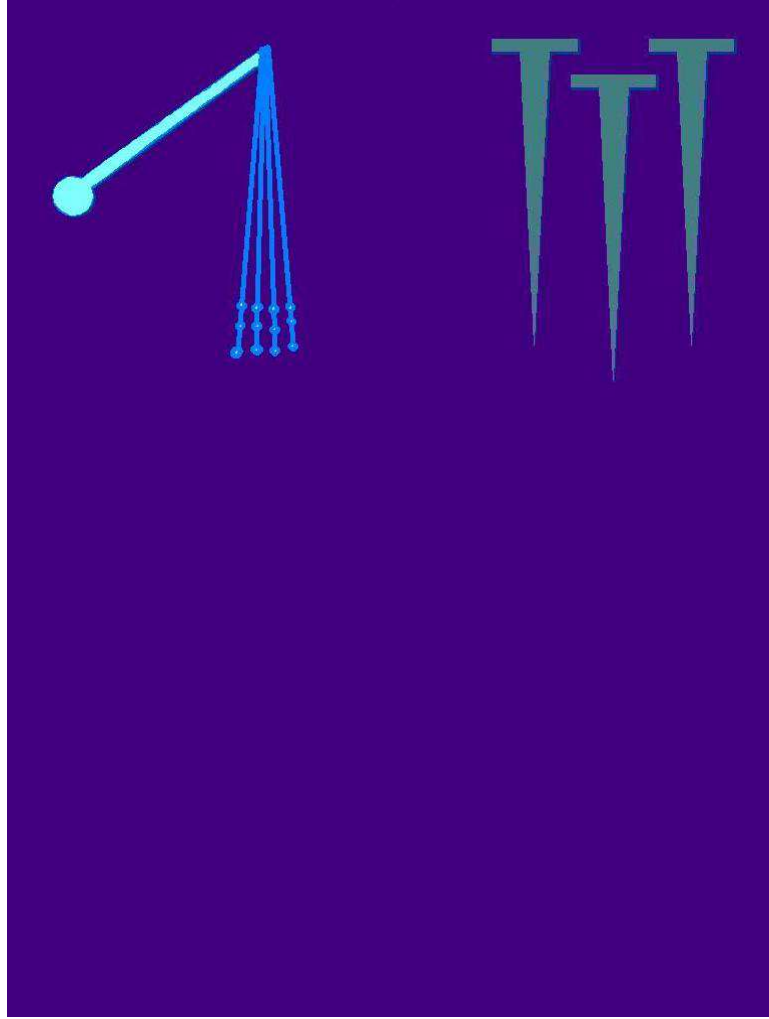


Prayer:- Lord Jesus, whan the wumman thocht ye wad hae nae trokins wi her, ye hed a crack wi her, an whan nane wad gang near the lippers, ye pat your haunds on them; shaw us the gate, for we wad gang furth til them outwith the camp, the warld's scorn an aa, an finnd ye, Lamb o God.

Ouk three - a whang o lingels

Pilate nou tuik Jesus an gart leash him. (St. John 19.1 - Lorimer)

The warld tapsalteerie: a whang, guid for drivin the beass frae God's houss an makin it apen tae aa nâtions, yuised tae mittle the true Hie Priest.



Prayer:- Lord Jesus,

*'twis bi oor fauts ye wis tangit
an bi oor ill-dae'n birzed an bangit,
bot your beatin hes brocht us oor weel
an your weals hae coft us oor heal.*

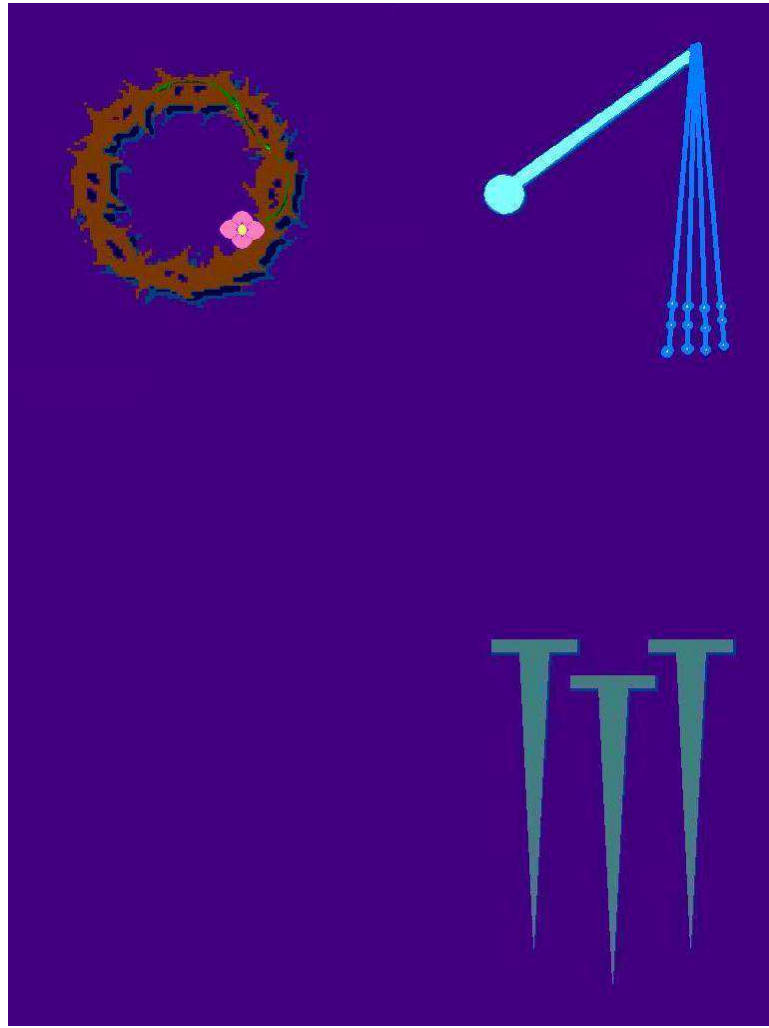
As ye prayed, "Faither, forgie them, for they kenna what they ar daein,"
pray for hiz, at we forgie as we hae bin forgien;
pray for the hail warld, an gar us pray wi ye,
for your luv's sake.

Ouk fower - a croun o thorn-rysses

The sodgers than plettit a wreathe wi thorn-rysses an pat it on his heid.

(St. John 19.2 - Lorimer)

The warld tapsalteeerie: aiblins a rose for his luv! bot they gied him the thorns o their scorn.

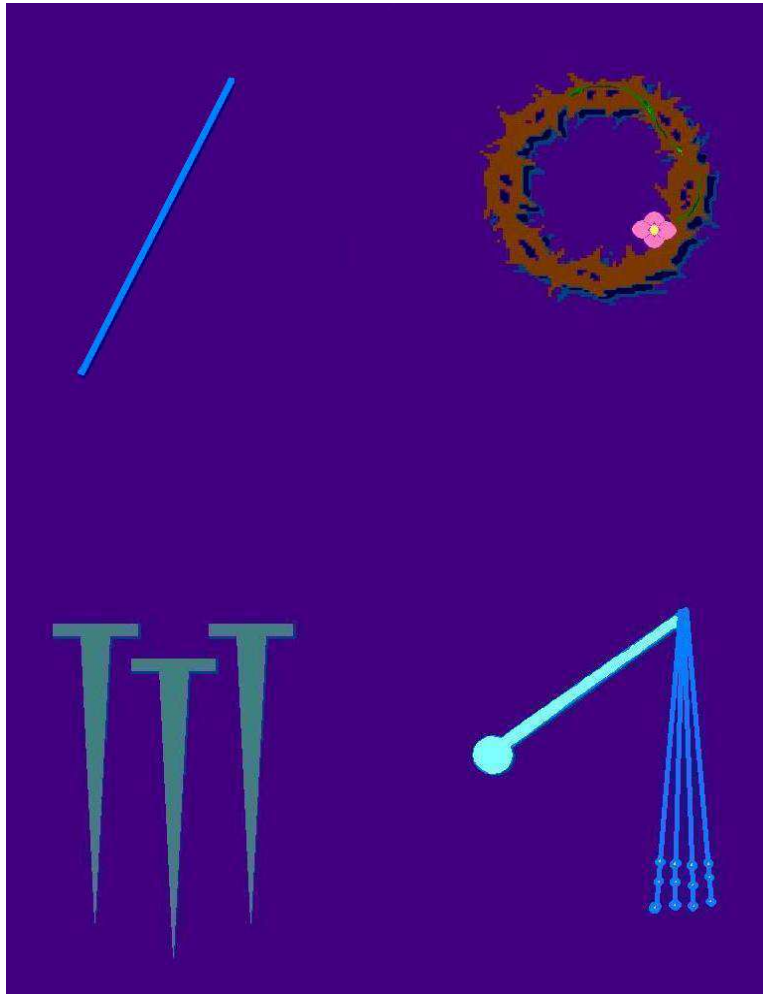


Prayer:- Lord Jesus,
what bonnie the floors, mair nor onie king's buskin!
Ower aften creation, sae bonnie an blithe, is ill yased;
learn us raither tae shout wi the seas an the rivers,
an sing wi the fousl i your praise.

Ouk five - a wand

They gaed on tae yether him ower the heid wi a wand. (St. Mark 15.19 - Lorimer)

The warld tapsalteerie: sauchs an ryss is grand for strawin unnerfit on the gate,
bot they brak ane ower the heid o the prophet fowk thocht cuidna see whan it wis
theirsels at wis blinn.



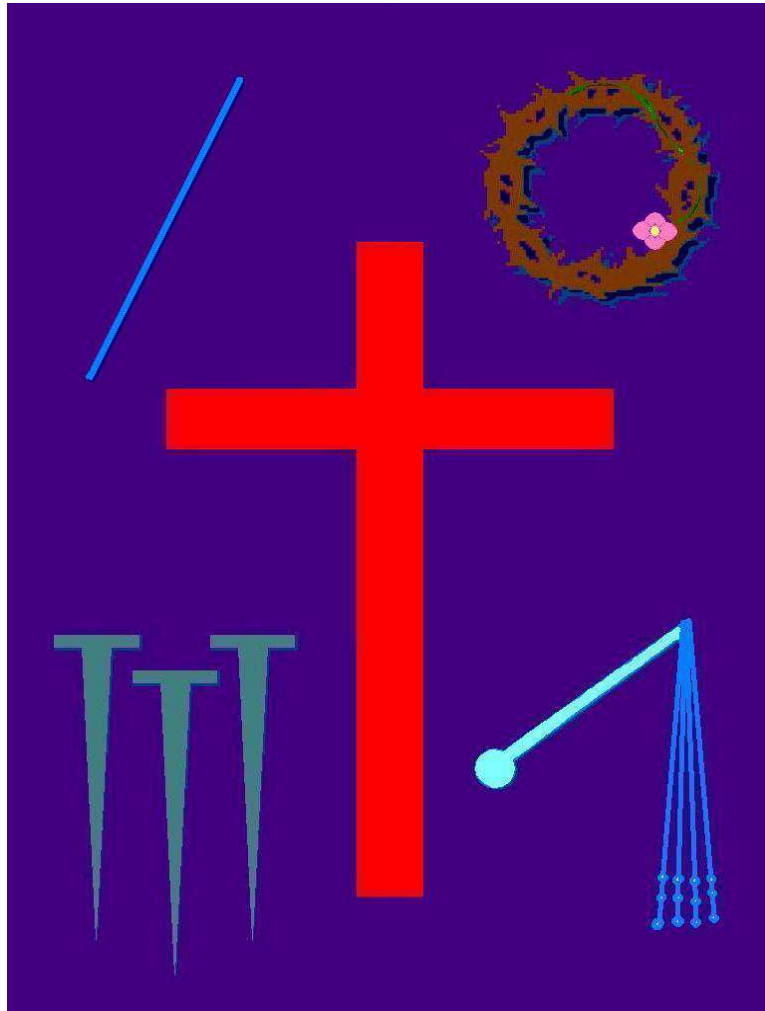
Prayer:- Lord Jesus,
Prophet like til Moses,
drawin aa tae yersel,
hail us an sauf us!

Ouk sax - a cross

They raired out, "Tak him awa, tak him awa! Tae the cross wi him! ... Sae they tuik Jesus, an he gaed furth o the toun, cairrien his cross himsel.

(St. John 19.15,17 - Lorimer)

The world tapsalteerie: the true man din awà wi as fauss.

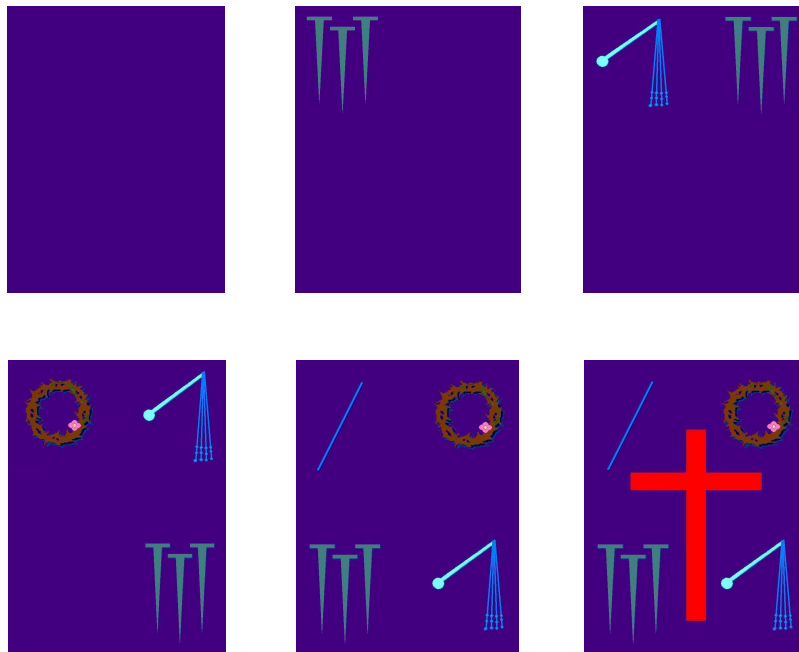


Prayer:- Lord Jesus, we ar amind tae haud efter ye an think nae mair o oorsels, but want the pith tae tak up oor cross day an dailie; gie us o your strang Spírit tae keep us traivellin i the gate o true humanity, for your glorie.

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The warld tapsalteerie: purpie, the claith worn bi wee bit kings for their glorie, yuised tae jamph the yin born for tae be Prince o Peace an King o aa.

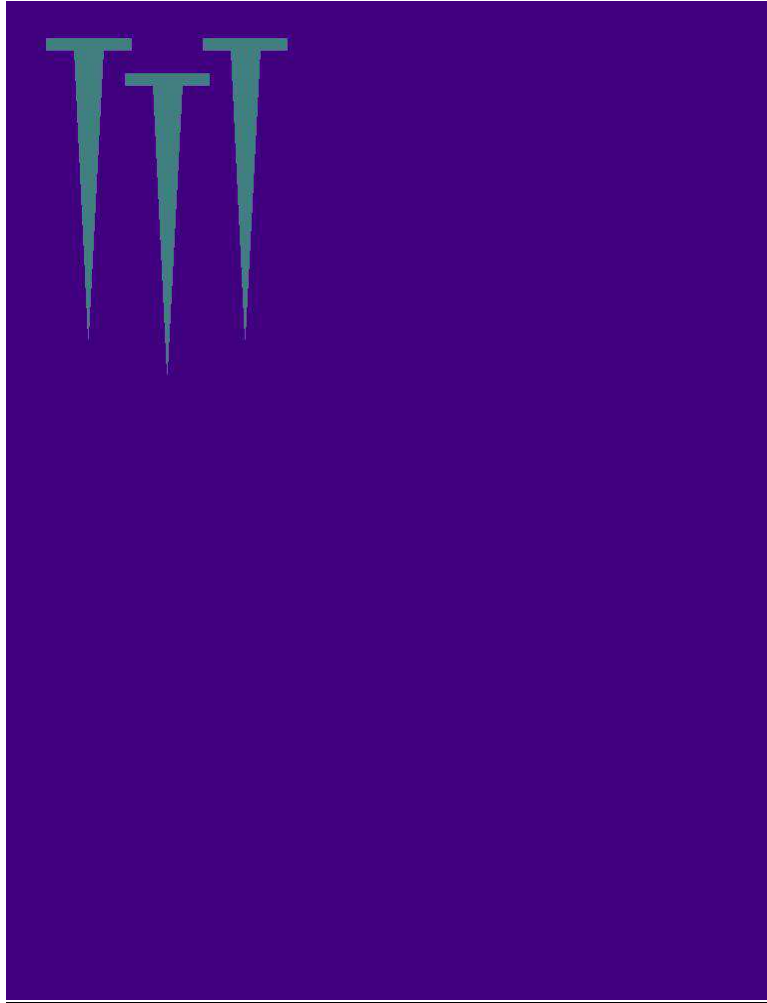


Prayer:- Lord Jesus, 'twis the Deivil shawed ye aa the kingdoms o the yird in a gliffin, an telt ye they'd be yours gin ye'd but hunker doun tae him, but ye wadna; help us tae seek the Kingdom o God first an last, for your Name's sake.

Ouk twa - three nails

Is he no the wricht, Mary's son? (St.Mark 6.3 - Lorimer)

The warld tapsalteerie: nails, at a joiner wad yuise tae bigg biel'd for fowk leevin thegither, pinnin the maker an saufer o aa til the gallows, exposed an cast oot o the bundle o life.

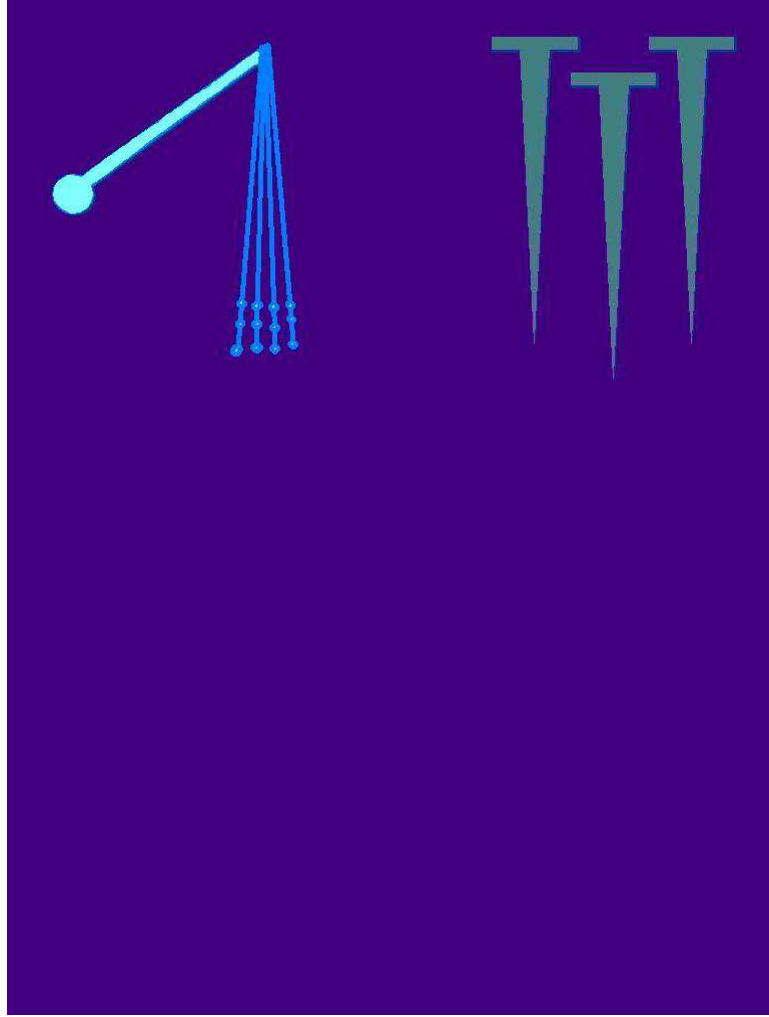


Prayer:- Lord Jesus, whan the wumman thocht ye wad hae nae trokins wi her, ye hed a crack wi her, an whan nane wad gang near the lippers, ye pat your haunds on them; shaw us the gate, for we wad gang furth til them outwith the camp, the warld's scorn an aa, an finnd ye, Lamb o God.

Ouk three - a whang o lingels

Pilate nou tuik Jesus an gart leash him. (St. John 19.1 - Lorimer)

The warld tapsalteerie: a whang, guid for drivin the beass frae God's houss an makin it apen tae aa nâtions, yuised tae mittle the true Hie Priest.



Prayer:- Lord Jesus,

*'twis bi oor fauts ye wis tangit
an bi oor ill-dae'n birzed an bangit,
bot your beatin hes brocht us oor weel
an your weals hae coft us oor heal.*

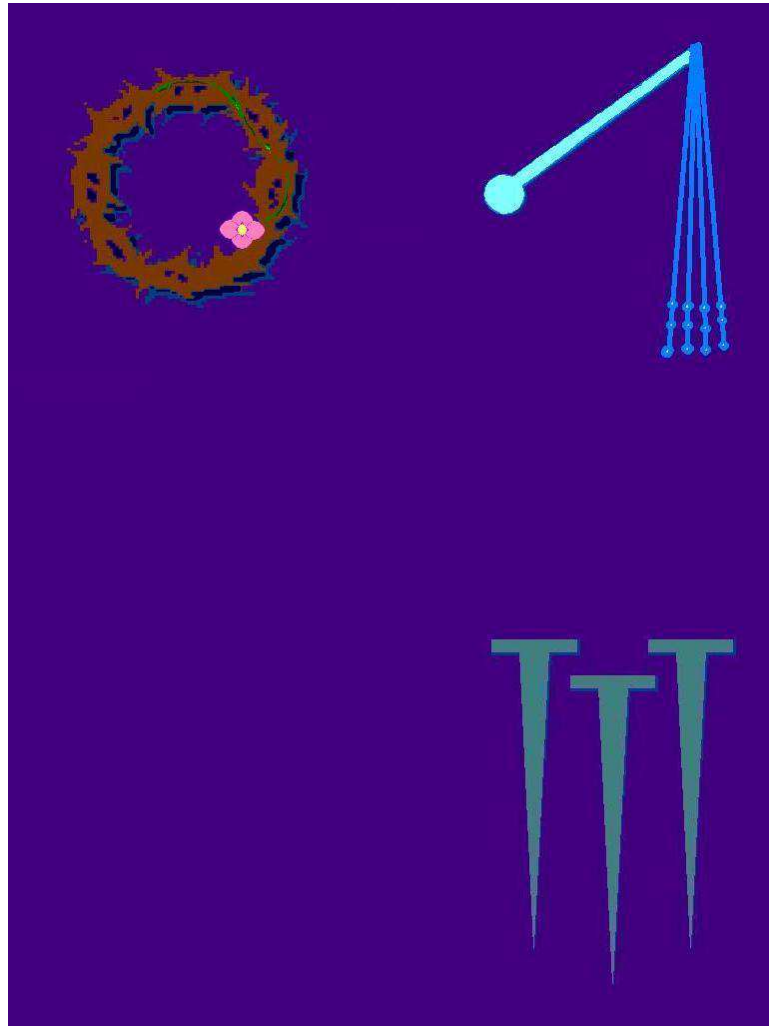
As ye prayed, "Faither, forgie them, for they kenna what they ar daein,"
pray for hiz, at we forgie as we hae bin forgien;
pray for the hail warld, an gar us pray wi ye,
for your luv's sake.

Ouk fower - a croun o thorn-rysses

The sodgers than plettit a wreathe wi thorn-rysses an pat it on his heid.

(St. John 19.2 - Lorimer)

The warld tapsalteeerie: aiblins a rose for his luv! bot they gied him the thorns o their scorn.

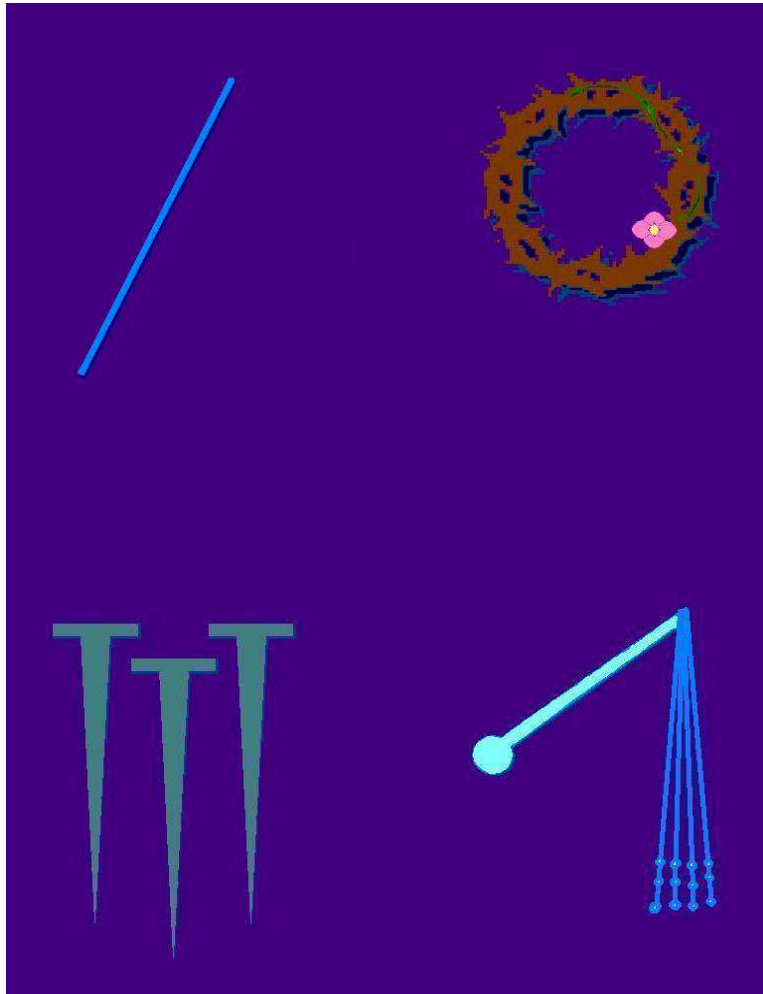


Prayer:- Lord Jesus,
what bonnie the floors, mair nor onie king's buskin!
Ower aften creation, sae bonnie an blithe, is ill yased;
learn us raither tae shout wi the seas an the rivers,
an sing wi the fowls i your praise.

Ouk five - a wand

They gaed on tae yether him ower the heid wi a wand. (St. Mark 15.19 - Lorimer)

The warld tapsalteerie: sauchs an ryss is grand for strawin unnerfit on the gate, bot they brak ane ower the heid o the prophet fowk thocht cuidna see whan it wis theirsels at wis blinn.



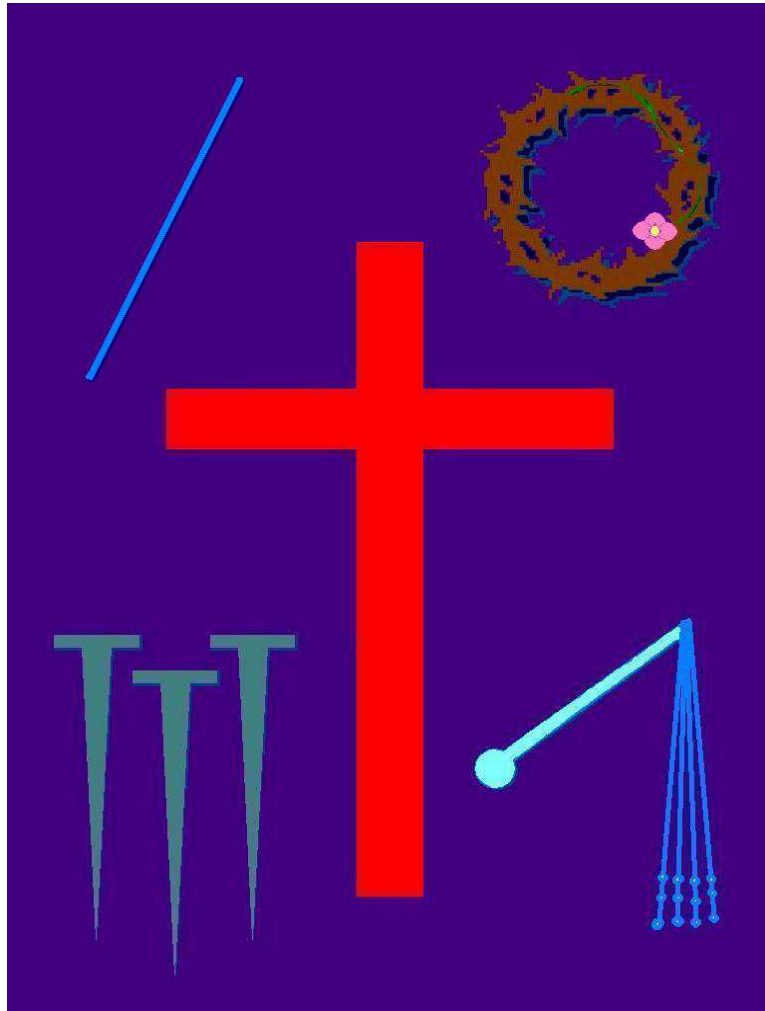
Prayer:- Lord Jesus,
Prophet like til Moses,
drawin aa tae yersel,
hail us an sauf us!

Ouk sax - a cross

They raired out, "Tak him awa, tak him awa! Tae the cross wi him! ... Sae they tuik Jesus, an he gaed furth o the toun, cairrien his cross himsel.

(St. John 19.15,17 - Lorimer)

The world tapsalteerie: the true man din awà wi as fauss.



Prayer:- Lord Jesus, we ar amind tae haud efter ye an think nae mair o oorsels, but want the pith tae tak up oor cross day an dailie; gie us o your strang Spírit tae keep us traivellin i the gate o true humanity, for your glorie.

SO SOFT SHE SINGS¹

*Mary sings by her candle's light
In the quiet night - the quiet night -*

"I wad hae gien him my lips tae kiss,
Had I been his, had I been his;
Barley breid an elder wine,
Had I been his as he is mine.

The wannerin bee it seeks the rose;
Tae the lochan's bosom the burnie goes;
The grey bird cries at evenin's faa,
'My luv, my fair een, cum awà'.²

My beluvit sal hae this hert tae braik,
Reid, reid wine an the barley cake,³
A hert tae braik, an a mou tae kiss,
Tho he be nae mine, as I am his."

*So soft she sings by her candle light
In the quiet night - the quiet night.*

Marion Angus
(1866 - 1946)

¹ First prentit i *Scottish Chapbook Vol. II no.1 Aug.1923*; syne the middle, Scots pairt wis publishit as 'Mary's Song'.

² cf. Sang o Sangs Ch.2 vv.12, 13b-14, 16a: "Flours kythe ower the yirth, the saison o bird-sang is here, the caa o the cushat is hard in our lan ... 'Up, my luv, my fair een, an cum awà. My cushiedoo, i the clift i the craig, i the recess i the rock, lat me see your face, lat me hear your voice! for swait is your voice, an bonnie your face.' ... My beluvit is mine, an I am his." That gedderie o luv poems sings o wine an kisses, an o seekin a luv wha is lost an aa.

³ "Andro ... said til him, 'Ther' a laddock here wi five bear laifs ...' Syne Jesus ... haufed them among the fowk ... the stoos o the five bear laifs left owre bi them at hed etten fu'd twal creels." (John Ch.6 vv.8-13 – Lorimer) In his scribe about Communion elements Wm. McMillan hes this: "*In early days in Sctoland it would not always be easy to get wheaten bread. ... With wheaten bread so difficult to procure, it may be taken that other forms of bread would be used. ... A parishioner of Kippen in 1684 was reported to have said that 'if the Communion had been given in winter when the bread was scarcer, there would have been more then to take grey bread than there came in summer to take wheat bread.'* The custom of 'taking what you have' did not die out for many years after that date." Aiblins gray breid cuid be o bear (barley) as weel as o rye or oats, an in the 1939-45 war sum padres juist tuik what elements they hed. McMillan tells us this an aa: "*Pardovan states that any kind may be used, but that 'wine of a red colour seemeth most suitable. ... In case of a Society of Christians should want the fruits of the vine of all sorts, I cannot [but] think that it might be supplied by some composure as like to it as could be made.'* Bread and wine were to him 'the ordinary elements to be used,' showing that he thought that situations might arise where others might be lawfully adopted." (vid. *The Worship of the Scottish Reformed Church, 1550 – 1638'* pp. 199-208). The picter o Mary is o a wumman no weel tae pass, wha'll yet keep tryst wi her lost luv.