

PENTECOST

His pairtin wird tae them wis, 'Bide ye tryste';
Belyve they socht the weil-loed upper room
Wi aa its waesum memories o Christ
The nicht afore men drave him tae the tomb.

Foregethert wi accord they bade in prayer:
They mindit, though they didna unnerstaun
Sum wirds he spak, that he wad aye be thair
As near tae them as their ain fit or haun.

They mindit hou he lowned the win at sea
The time they speired, 'wis he tae lat them droun?'
An hou wi Jeames an John he wadna gree
Fan they'd hae brunt wi fire the fremit toun.

A suddent blast gaes rummlin roun the houss,
Win reemishes an shaks the verra waas,
Fae airt oonseen the lowpin fire braks loose
An flambeau sets on lika heid it faas.

Upo them comes, wi force o win an flame
The Halie Ghaist wi tokens o his micht;
In ilka toung wi pour they preach God's Name,
An set ableeze the age-auld mirk wi licht.

Ivo Macnaughton Clark
(1883 -1950)

PENTECOSTE'EN PRAYERS

SIMON "PETER"

Abba, Faither, at is Lord o true prophets, whan Elisha gae up the stair til his chaumer an prayed, he breathed on the lad, wha syne apent his een an lived; breathe on us gaihert here at we an aa may see an live i the strenth o your Spírit.

JOHN

Langan for the Forspeaker, Faither, yon Halie Spírit at Jesus hecht ye wad send tae teach us aathing an mind us o aa at he said til us, we bide patient tae hear the souch o the win, the splash o the ey papplin watter, the white dou's cooin, tae be begotten of new til your glore.

JEAMES son o Zebedee

Faither at med the lichts o heiven, speak like the rummle o thunner at I may hear, send your licht like til fire-flaucht at I may see, for at the sound o your voice, at the glent o your een, me, I wad gang een til whaur the sun sets bluid reid, for your luv's sake.

ANDRO

Faither, Jesus said til us fower, "Cum awà efter me, an I s' mak ye men-fishers;" I wad lea the wee watters o the loch, sail norrard owre the bundless seas tae fremit strans, an thair be bringin grannies an gallants an Greeks an ithers forby til brakfast wi you; bot I maunna embark gin your pour gangsna wi me. Oh for your fallowin win!

PHILIP

Faither, in whase houss they haud it hairtie wi feastin an music an dauncin, the prophet Joel sais at our dauchters will prophecíe; I wad hae my lassies lilt afore you wi the dauchters o the Samaritans an the quínes o the south whan ye pour out your Spírit on aa lívin.

JUDAH "TAMMAS"

Gin them three's for the north an the south an the wast, syne I doutna I'm for the aist, Lord; lat your Spírit gie confirmàtion.

BARTHOLOMEW

Guid shepherd, gie us rael life - ay, an rowth, an mair, o it!

MATTHEW

Lord o líbertie, Moses saa the buss brenn an be nane the waur, led the fowk tae freedom, an screived the wurd's o justice; lat us aa low sae as i the ten times seiven leids an mair o the fowks o the yird they may be learned the justice at Jesus taucht, an gang throu the watters wi him intil the Kingdom o Heiven.

JEAMES son o Alphaeus

God o faithfu Abraham, wha keipitna back his son an heir, whan we wis at spipper an the saur of the uillie gaed out-throu the houss, we wis learned at the storie o our sister's bonielike ack wad ey be tauld whaursumiver the guid news is preached; pour out your Spírit at frae ilka faimilie i the hail warld sic deeds o luv rise up afore you as incense.

SIMON the leal Jew

Marana tha!

JUDAH son o Jeames

Cum, Lord!

MATTHÍAS

Halie, halie, halie is God the Lord, the Aamichtie, him at is and at wis an at is tae cum!

SAUM 104, verses 1a, 24-34, 35b

(adaptit frae the owersettin bi P. Hatelý Waddell, 1877)

Blithe-bid the Lord, O my saul!
Halleluya, halleluya, halleluya!

O hou monie-fauld, Lord, ar yer warks!
i sic wyssheid ye wrocht them aa;
the yirth, o yer outcum it's fou.

**Yonner the michtie sea sae braid as she raxes awà,
whar the wurblers row ayont countin,
livin creaturs, the gryte wi the smaa.**

Thair boats, they can airt their gate;
Leviathan's sel ye hae shupen
til play himsel ben i the spate.

Blithe-bid the Lord, O my saul!
Halleluya, halleluya, halleluya!

Ilk ane, they aa lippen til ye,
at bi saison ye gie them their mait:

**What ye gie them, they harl thegither;
yer loof ye braid brawlie out,
they'r plenished fu weel wi guid.**

Ye but hap yer face, they'r dang davert;
ye steek aff their breath, they can blaw nae mair,
an hame they gang syne til their stour.

**Yer ain breath ye send but, they'r wrocht again syne,
an the face o the yird ye mak ower.**

Blithe-bid the Lord, O my saul!
Halleluya, halleluya, halleluya!

Gree til the Lord ivver mair;
the Lord be fu fain in his warks!
wha leuks on the lan an it dinnles;
wha but lichts on the heichts an they reek.

I sal sing til the Lord while I líve;
I sal lilt til my God sae lang's I last avà.
My thocht on himsel, may it please him weel,
for i the Lord I am blithe an aa.

Blithe-bid the Lord, O my saul!
Halleluya, halleluya, halleluya!

WIN AT BLAWS

Win at blaws the simmer plaid
Ower the hie hill's shouthers laid,
Green wi gers, an reid wi heather -
Welcome wi yer sowl-like weather!
Monie a win there has bin sent
Out aneth the firmament -
Ilka ane its storie has;
Ilka ane begud an was;
Ilka ane fell quaiet an mute
Whan its angel wark was out:
First gaed ane out throwe the mirk
Whan the Makar gan to wirk;
Ower it gaed an ower the sea,
An the warl begud to be.¹
Monie ane hes come an gane
Sin the time there was but ane:
Ane was grit an strang, an rent
Rocks an muntains as it went
Afore the Lord, his trumpeter,
Rowstin syne the lug o's seer;²
Ane was like a steppin soun
I the mulberry taps abune -
Them the Lord's ain steps did swing,
Walkin on afore his king;³

¹ Genesis Ch.1 vv.1-2

² Exodus Ch.19 v.16 - Ch.20 v.21; II Kings Ch.19 v.11a

³ II Samuel Ch.5 v.24

Ane lay doun like scoldit pup
At his feet, an gatna up -
Whan the wurd the Maister spak
Drave the wull-cat billows back;⁴
Ane gaed frae his lips, an dang
Til the yird the sodger thrang;⁵
Ane comes frae his hert to mine
Ilka day to mak it fine.
Breath o God, eh! come an blaw
Frae my hert ilk haar awa;⁶
Wauk me up an mak me strang
Fill my hert wi monie a sang
Frae my lips again to stert,
Fillin sails o monie a hert,
Blawin thaim ower seas dividin
Til the ainlie place to bide in.

George Macdonald
(1824 - 1905)

⁴ Mark Ch.4 vv.37-39

⁵ Matthew Ch.28 vv.2-4

⁶ John Ch.20 vv.20b-22