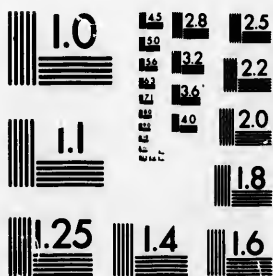


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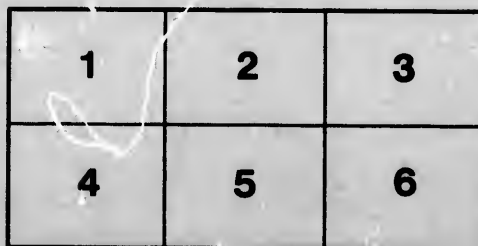
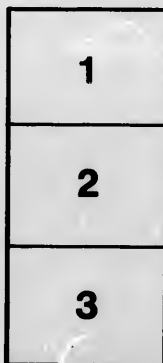
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KIRK FOLK



BY R.S.G.A.

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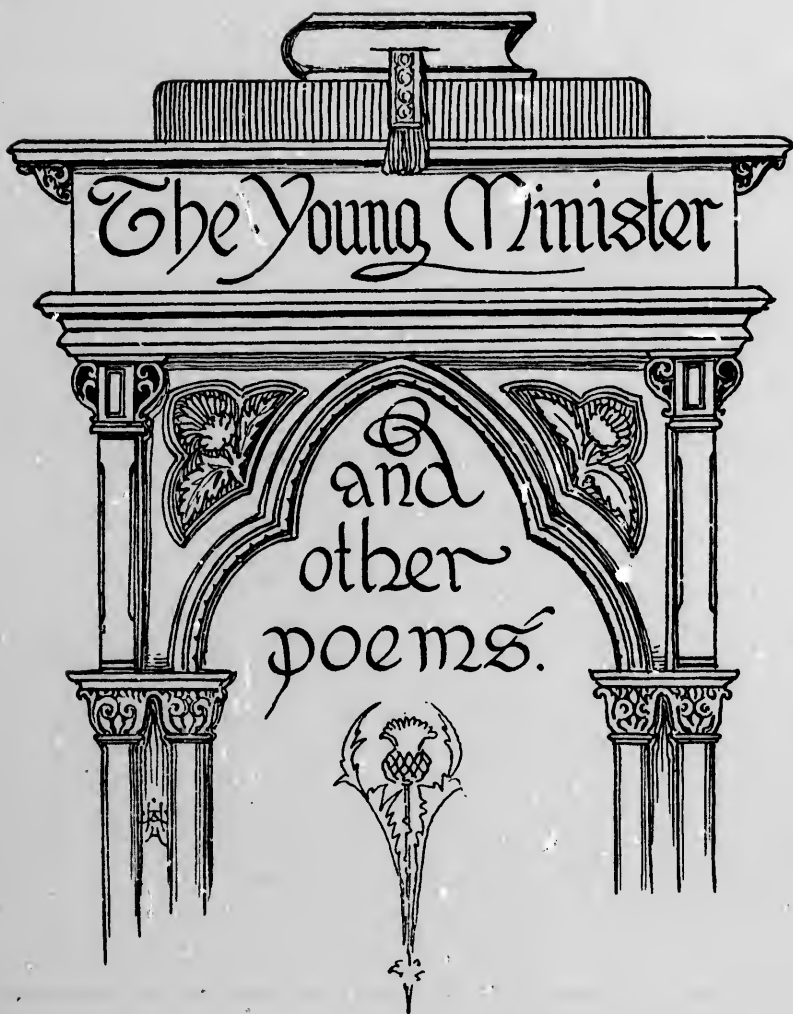
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KIRK FOLK





The Young Minister

and
other
poems.

The young minister



T'ES jist a bit callan' o' twenty,
And bran' new oot frae the collidge ;
But they tell me wha ken that he's gleg
wi' the pen,
And his heid's fu' o' book-lear and
knowledge.
And O but he's graun', graun',
And O but he's deep, deep,
Tho' I canna complain, for I never knew
ane
That cud send me sae sune to sleep.

T'ES the nattiest man i' the parish,
There's no anither sae braw',
Wi' his bonnie surtou' o' the bluey-black hue,
And his roond aboot collar and a'.
And O but he's sry, sry,
And O but he's sweet, sweet,
Wi' "how-d'ye-do?" and "good morning
to you,"
When he passes ye oot i' the street.





E'S a wise-luikin' chiel i' the poopit,
For he's no sic an ill-faurit loon ;
And the specs on his nose gie a look
o repose,
When they've riggit him up i' the goon.
And O but he's graun', graun',
And O but he's braw, braw,

He has sicna a poo'er he can daud oot the stour,
Owre the buikboard and choir and a'.

HE'S the gleggest bit laddie at preachin',
Wi' his stars and the rummlin' spheres,
There's no ane cud hear it and ever grow wearit,
We're aften a' me'tit to tears.
And O but he's glib, glib,
And O but he's canty, canty,
If ca'd on to speak either Latin or Greek
He'd just spiel owre yer Shakespir and Danty !

HE'S mebbe a wee bit conceitit,
Tho' I winna jist say that's a failin' ;
And he's apt to forget there's the den-
ner to het,
Eh? What! Is the ither kirk scalin'?
O! O! but he's dreich, dreich!
O! O! but he's lang, lang !
If he disna stop preachin,' we'll sune
stop our fleechin',
I wish he'd gae aff the fang.



♪ The Precentor.



E'RE fairly deaved on Sawbaths noo,
Oor vera lugs are sair ;
They've got the kist o' whustles in,
Wi' some new-fangled player,
Whaur Tammas Lowrie set the tune
For fifty years and mair.

A DOUR and thrawnlike man was
Tam,
Wi' lungs o' brass and airn ;
A massy pow wi' lyart locks,
Like some auld chieftain's cairn ;
And somewhaur ben, tho' sneckit
up,
The hert o' a wee bairn.

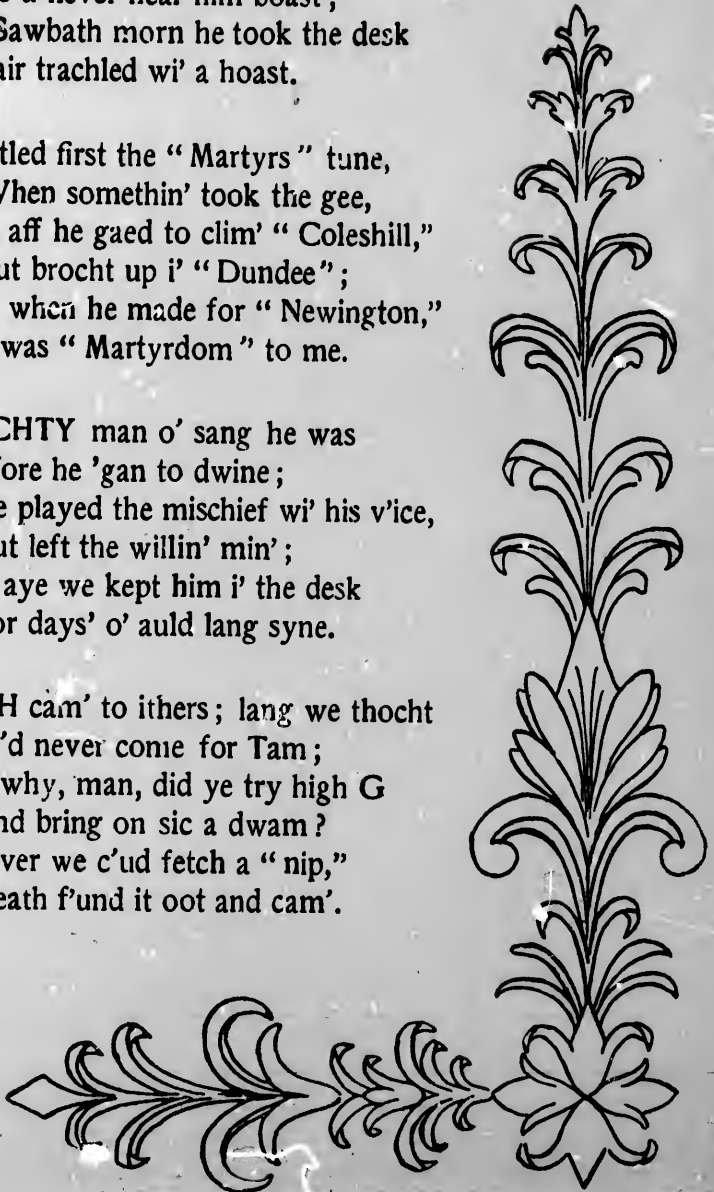
A WILFU' man maun hae his w'y,
Tam never cared a haet,
He picked his tunes and sang them
thro'
At his ain shachlin' gait ;
"Wi' speerit!" cried the meenister,
But Tammas took "Retreat."

WOO sicna pride has aye its fa',
As Tam f'und till his cost ;
And frae that waefu' day o' shame
Ye'd never hear him boast ;
Ae Sawbath morn he took the desk
Sair trachled wi' a hoast.

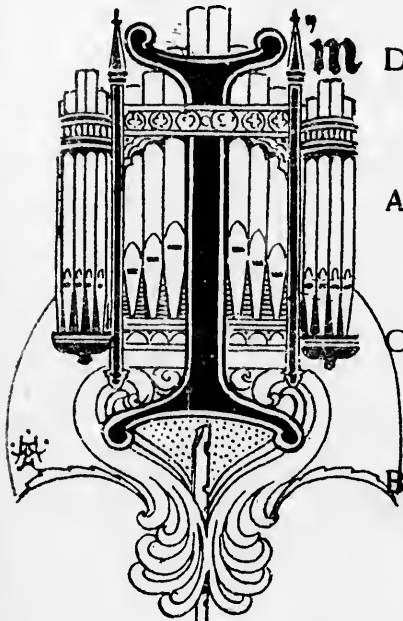
HE ettled first the " Martyrs " tune,
When somethin' took the gee,
And aff he gaed to clim' " Coleshill,"
But brocht up i' " Dundee " ;
And when he made for " Newington,"
'Twas " Martyrdom " to me.

AMICHTY man o' sang he was
Afore he 'gan to dwine ;
Time played the mischief wi' his v'ice,
But left the willin' min' ;
And aye we kept him i' the desk
For days' o' auld lang syne.

DEATH cam' to ithers ; lang we thocht
He'd never come for Tam ;
Oh, why, man, did ye try high G
And bring on sic a dwam ?
Or ever we c'ud fetch a " nip,"
Death f'und it oot and cam'.



The ORGANIST



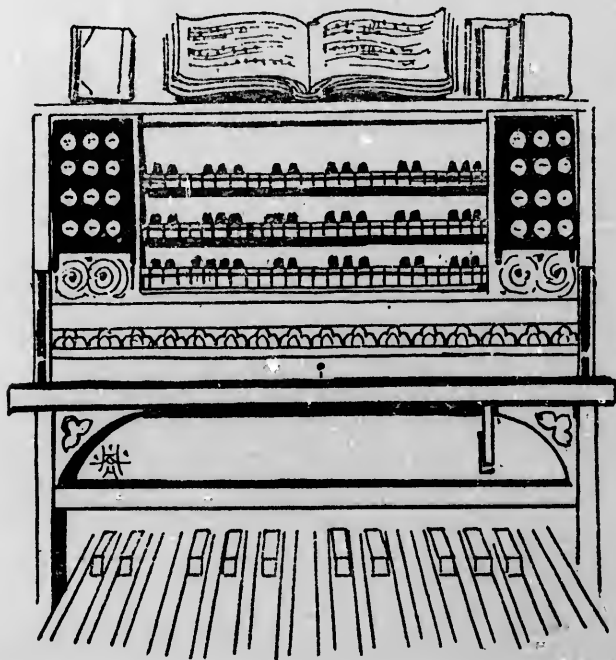
TDOWIE and wae for the Sawbaths are
 sad noo,
 And weary the kirk-road by what it
 has been,
 And the soon' o' the bell ne'er mak's
 my hert glad noo,
 Sin' they worship the Lord wi' that
 pumpin'-machine.
 Oh, sair did we plead at the deith o'
 Tam Lowrie,
 They'd thole wi' the auld fowk wha
 held it a sin;
 But the younkers were wud and they
 cared na a cowry,
 They bocht them an organ and
 biggit it in.

THEY hadna a player, but seekers cam' heapin',
 And Sawbaths were tint in a graun' playin' match;
 An orra ane sairly his worship was keepin'—
 The lave had an eye to the wale o' the batch.
 Ah, brawly I min' when we croodit the preachin',
 But sweer i' thae days are the younkers to come;
 Noo gie them their fill o' this blawin' and screechin';
 The kirk 'll be techt as the heid o' a drum.

THE feck o' the men were for wee Robin Pirrett,
 A douce, canny chiel and a son o' the manse;
 He's a wee auld and crabbit, and twice he's been mairret,
 But wae's the pur body, he hadna a chance;
 For the lassies a' plumpit for Donal McEwen,
 As ilka ane hopit to tak' him in tow—
 A bonnie bit birkie, aye smirkin' and booin',
 Wi' a heidfu' o' hair like a stack in a lowe.

THERE'S nae peace ava noo for Donal's aye dirlin',
 He's at it afore I can win to the laft;
 He vows that our herts are uplift by the skirlin'—
 There's times I jalouse that the creatur' is daft.
 Oh I lo'ed the auld Psawls as they lilted them slowly,
 But the gait that they're sung noo wud onythin' cow;
 And after the Blessin' the silence seemed holy,
 Noo he gars us a' flee wi' that rowdy-dow-dow.

FLK ane has his nest that some ither will harry,
 And mine was the kirk wi' its sough o' the Past;
 It's gane, and there's nocht but the mind o't to carry
 Whaur the deid are foregathered, forgotten at last.
 Sair, sair, is my hert noo my life's at the gloamin',
 As a stranger I sit in the kirk o' my freen's;
 But I dream o' the sang that I'll hear at my homin',
 In the land o' the leal whaur they need nae machines.



The Beadle.



E ne'er saw sic a solemn chiel
As oor respectit beadle ;
Hech, sirs ! ye'd think he wasna weel,
A face as lang 's a fiddle,
When, climin' up the poopit stairs,
He tak's the buiks o' Sunday ;
Ne'er fash ; if it is lang the day,
It'll be as broad o' Monday.

WHEN, cockit up, he sits his lane
Fornest the vestry door,
The laddies daur na gie a cheep,
Their faithers daur na snore
He glowers sae glum ; ye'd think the chiel
The pink o' a' decorum ;
Just wait the morn, and see him leg
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

AND gin he staun's ahint the "plate,"
Wi' luiks o' soor dejection,
There's never ane daur gang that gate
And no put in "collection."
They ken the body is na blate
To spier if trade is dwinin' ;
But nane e'er kent the loon himsel'
To gie the plate a linin'.

TIS w'y is law about the kirk
He kens as weel as ony;
And gin ye daur to meddle him
A birsy man is Johnnie.
The wind may blaw or het or cauld,
And folk be blithe or sober,
He'll damp the fires the end o' March,
And licht them in October.

DE needna sniff aroon' the kirk,
As if it wantit airin';
Gin Johnnie sees ye trying that,
My word! ye'll get your fairin'.
He tell't the meenister himsel',
Wha ca'd it "foul" to gall 'im,
"It has a maist releegious feel,
And smells uncommon solemn."

FOR beadle's a by-or'-nar' chiel,
Whatever w'y ye tak' him;
The poo'ers abune micht change his wull,
But nane on earth 'il mak' him;
Tho' ilka time he gangs his gate
We vow we'll mak' him rue it,
But juist as sure's he tries 't again
We girn and let him do it.

AUG - 5 1965



THE END

