

TAM I THE KIRK
by Violet Jacob

O Jean, my Jean, when the bell caas the congregation
Owre valley and hill wi the ding frae its iron mou,
When a body's thochts is set on his ain salvation,
Mine's set on you.

There's a reid rose lies on the Buik o the Word afore ye
That was growin brow on its bush at the keek o day,
But the lad that pu'd yon flower in the mornin's glory,
He canna pray.

He canna pray; but there's nane in the kirk will heed him
Whar he sits sae still his lane at the side o the waa,
For nane but the reid rose kens what my lassie gied him -
It and us twa!

He canna sing for the sang that his ain hert raises,
He canna see for the mist that's afore his een,
And a voice drouns the hale o the psalms an the paraphrases,
Cryin 'Jean! Jean! Jean!'