

**THE FIELD BY THE LIRK O THE HILL**  
by Violet Jacob

Daytime and nicht,  
Sun, wind and rain;  
The lang, cauld licht  
O the spring months again.  
The yaird's aa weed,  
And the fairm's aa still -  
Wha'll sow the seed  
In the field by the lirk o the hill?

lirk - fold, irregularity

Prood maun ye lie,  
Prood did ye gang;  
Auld, auld am I,  
But O! life's lang!  
Ghaists in the air,  
Whaups cryin shrill,  
And you nae mair  
In the field by the lirk o the hill -  
Aye, bairn, nae mair, nae mair,  
In the field by the lirk o the hill!

whaups - curlews