

'Gaen Hame'

[Words in the doric composed by John Henderson on 9th November, 2005]



Ma hame is i' Stirlin'.

Fain I'd there be.

**Its castell thit stauns oan tap o' its hull,
I'm wearyin' aince mair tae see.**

An aa tae the Ochils,

**Faar Wallace aye shaws his richt,
Tae gaird a' o' his ain folks thit he lo'ed,
Noo ristin' awa oot o' sicht.**

**Syne i' lythe nook ablo castell an' heuch,
The gairden caa'd Snowdon bides quait.
Sleepin' 'neth granite thit's nait screevit oan,
There's kin tae wham I'd tak thankfu' a gate.**

Syne climin' upwuth slawlik ,

Tho' wae I micht be,

**I'd mairvel aince mair tae the sights faur oot sooth-east
O' feedles an' fowks Bruce set free.**



**Ma heid fu' o' myndin',
Richardson kin fa steed leal.
Their bleed they gied me throw Grunny aneth,
Aye saff doon there bein Snowdon's chiel.**

**Bit a' life flees oan aneth hull an' heuch,
File Snowdon's rist-gairden bides quait,
Fordlin' guid mem'ries the liks maks me gled,
Tae tak tent o' ma ain fa shaw'd me the stracht gate.**

Tae tak tent o' kin fa shaw'd stracht gate.

Remembering:-

My Great Grandma, Janet (Richardson) Kerr (1855-1925) of Hightae, Lochmaben



Sole surviving child of John Richardson (1818-1883) - 'Portioner' and Proprietor of land in the barony of Lochmaben granted to his forefathers by the crown in the 14th Century as reward for their being loyal companions of Sir William Wallace and King Robert I [The Bruce] in their struggles against the usurpers, Edward I and II of England.

and

Remembering:-

My Grandparents, John Henderson (1885-1944) and Jessie (Kerr) Henderson (1886-1965) - Fourth of ten children born to the above Janet (Richardson) Kerr between 1880 and 1895 at Coachman's Lodge, Old Polmaise, Bannockburn on the site of the rout of the English on 24th June, 1314.



'Going Home'

[Words composed by John Henderson on 9th November, 2005]



**My home is in Stirling.
Oh, to there be!
Its castle that stands on top of its hill,
I'm wearying once more to see.**

**As well to the Ochils,
Where Wallace still shows his right
To guard so proudly the Scots he sore loved,
Now resting away out of sight.**

**Then rev'rently visit 'neath castle and crag,
The gardens called Snowdon that hath
Marked by firm granite and lettering fine
Lairs of my kin to whose sides I'd find path**



**Then climbing up slowly,
Though sad I might be,
I'd gaze once more at sights there south-east
Of fields and the folks Bruce set free.**

**My thoughts blest when recalling,
Lochmabens Richardsons' brave,
Whose blood was passed on to me from my Gran,
Now peaceful in that Snowdon grave.**



**But life roars on beneath castle and crag,
While calm Snowdon belies all past wrath,
Storing fond memories of the kind that draw me
To pay tribute to those who showed me the straight path.**

Bless all of them who walked that path.

