

This poem was taken from The Ardrossan Herald on 25th July, 1886.

SORN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

Peaceful and Calm on the Banks of
the Ayr,
Rural beauty developing everywhere,
Seated mid landscapes so lovely and
fair,
Stands the beautiful village of
SORN.

Every deep wooded Glen and Bonny
green Brae,
Appears richly clothed in Natures
array,
The Wild Songsters Chant and Lambs
frisk and Play,
In the pleasant surroundings of
SORN.

Thou art famous in history and ought
to be blest,
Near thy beautiful Precincts a
Prophet doth rest,
He was Born in thy Parrish and reared
on thy breast,
Historical Village of SORN.

Time has wrought munny wrinkles on
Auld Scotias' face,
Tho' in thee little changes of time
we can trace,
For some wee theeket hooses still
modestly grace,
The Auld Fashioned Village of SORN.

The Auld Kirks the same it is aye
stan' still,
Tho' you've noo got a neat and
magnificent schule,
A Smiddy Wright's Shop and a wee
Woollen Mill,
Are a' ye can boast o' in SORN.

But the Auld Folks awa' noo that
I used to ken,
And their Grandsons up and noo
muckle men,
Struggling through life and
trying to fen,
And work to get liv' in SORN.

For life is a struggle and faucht
at the best,
and here in this worl we ne'er
will get rest,
Till we gang up aboon an' sit
doon wi' the blest,
And leave a' oor sorrows in SORN.

K. Fisher.

Sorn and its surroundings.

Peaceful and calm on the Banks of the Ayr,
Rural beauty developing everywhere,
Seated mid' landscapes so lovely and fair,
Stands the beautiful village of Sorn.

Every wooded Glen + Bonny green Brae,
Appear richly clothed in Nature's array,
The Wild Songsters chant and Lambs frisk and play,
In the pleasant surroundings of Sorn.

Thou art famous in history and ought to be Blest,
Near thy beautiful precincts a Prophet doth rest,
He was born in thy parish and reared on thy breast,
Historical Village of Sorn.

Time has wrought munny wrinkles on Auld Scotia's face,
Tho' in thee little changes of time we can trace,
For some wee cheekit hooses still modestly grace,
The Auld Fashioned Village of Sorn.

The Auld Kirk's it is aye standin' still,
Tho' you've noo got a neat and magnificent Schule,
A Smiddy Wright's Shop and a wee Woollen Mill,
Ae a' ye can boast o' in Sorn.

But the Auld Folk's awa' noo that I used to ken,
And their Grandsons up and noo muckle men,
Struggling through life and trying to fen,
And work to get livin' in Sorn.

For life is a struggle and faucht at the best,
And here in this world we mair will get rest,
Till we gang up aboon and sit doon with the blest,
And leave a' oor sorrows in Sorn.

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To The Whisters

We meet once a week and sometimes more
To see who can get the highest score,
We enjoy the game and also the blether,
But it's not so nice when once makes an error.

There's Mrs. Murdoch from a new house
She couldn't care for man or mouse,
As long as she gets her game at whist
And if she was absent we sure would miss,
There's Mrs. Gibson from the same street
A nicer woman you couldn't meet,
Then further on down comes the three musketeers
There's sometimes you can hardly hear your ears,
For Agnes, Nan and Bessie tae,
They're cheery and bright and have their say.

Then there's Mrs. McConnel who sometimes sighs
And says her hand a sight for sore eyes,
And then out she comes with an ace or two
And hopes for the best like all of us do.

I cannot forget the Castle folk,
Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Dale they like a joke,
Then sometimes when our spirits are low
You hear Mrs. Ramsay say "Six hands to go."

There's Mrs. Muir senior who is a keen player
She'd take a' yer tricks and wish there were mair,
Then Mrs. Borland might say I don't think that's fair
But she'd say it as a joke and without a care.

Then there's Georgina, Mrs. Wyper and Mrs. Moorheid,
Who are a' guid freens just what all folk need,
And there's Mrs. Irving who lives at number three
She keeps us all cheery as cheery can be.

Mrs. Muir from Wheelhouse has a good wee bit walk
But usually she comes for her game and a talk,
Then good company for me is Mrs. Fell,
My nearest neighbour ye ken her well,
We go to most things down in Sorn
Although sometimes we're really quite forlorn
To come back up the road when it is late
In case there's a bogle at that mine gate.

Now that's us all except just one
And who I mean is Mrs. Thomson,
We've been at her house a time or two
And to Etta and her our thanks are due.

So now I'll end my wee bit rhyme,
Hoping we'll all have plenty time
In future weeks as in the past
Enjoy our whist whether we're first or last.

Jean Callan.

Sorn Village

1. It lies in the heart of Ayrshire
where nature blooms its best.
There's a little Country Hamlet.
Beside the Ayr it rests.
 2. I viewed it in the summertime
when nature's face is brown
I've viewed it in the winter time
when decked with frost & snow.
I've viewed it from the Hill tops
when Autumn tints were there
and I've been there in Spring time,
when the birdies charmed the air
 3. I've seen the scenic beauty
over Scotland's Haughs and haws.
I've seen the priceless Murals
Hanging round the Palace waas.
I've seen the Sun set in the West
where Rabble Burns was born
But never a picture to compare
With oor wee Village Sorn.
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