Reminiscences by the Peat Fire Flames.

We’ve had our little time at three score years and ten
Stroanfreggan pupils still at heart – our thoughts are of the glens
What times we spend together recalling joys and tears
Old friendships are forever, never fading with the years.

Where Cairnsmore o Carsphairn sweeps up frae Polsue
The magic o Galloway’s breathed in by few
Where shepherds in simple life wove character and roots
There’s mair tae be cherished than tackety boots.

In the Glenkens folks pleasure is the spirit to give
Where neighbour helps neighbour and wild life to live

The Heritage Centre draws tourists in
There’s quite a collection o auld goons an things
Photos an wee clogs and furs and what not – even a cradle

Juist a wee bit hill village but o what it means
Remindin us daily o family an friens
Where tales an auld legends are still handed doon
An the glen folk still gether for Carsphairn Show in June.

The museum goons claimed every mind
As we thocht o a wey o life lang syne.

Never heed the hill hrds buits
Think o how folk grow fae the rots
The auld cock craws -the young yin learns
Some guid lads sprang frae up the Ken.

Never heed the goons an gear
Think o motherin airms sae dear
An learnin at a mother’s knee
An families circlin roon fur tea.

Lang ago folk wove content
An thrift was seen were e’er we went
Of course we love the goons and frills
But also true life stories amang the Carsphairn hills.
The men o the moss hags.

Bunty Scott Aug – Dec 1997