

Mary Crosbie was born on the 9th August 1930 and died suddenly on Monday 25 October 2004. She is sadly missed by her family and friends.

Mary was a bright, talented, loving woman with a great sense of fun which can be seen through her poetry. Her faith in God is also evident.

It has been my privilege to compile this little booklet in her memory and an honour to have known her.

Marion McKie

Some Poems



By
Mary Crosbie

Katie's Ghost

There's something spooky in the hoose.
I think a spirit's running loose.
It makes the hall light jingle,
And it sets my nerves, a-tingle.
I used to feel it on the stair,
But noo I'm sure it's gone from there.

* * *

It's moving noo frae room tae room.
I feel an awfae sense o' doom.
Mum says that it's just auld Jean,
A harmless ghost, she wants a frien'.
A Ghost's no the kind o' frien' I'd hae.
I'm pakin' ma bags and movin' away.

* * *

Lastly though, you'll think I'm awfae;
I dae like the spirit in Pa's Irish coffee!

A Parody on "Where Have All The Flowers Gone"

Where has all the landscape gone?
Gone from Kirkconnel,
Gone to coal bings everywhere.
Why did it have to be?
Coals a necessity.

* * *

Where have all the coal mines gone?
Gone from Kirkconnel
Closures on every one.
Why did it have to be?
Coal's a necessity.

* * *

Where have all the miners gone?
Gone from Kirkconnel
Gone to new pits every one.
Why did it have to be?
Coal's a necessity.

* * *

Where have all the coal bings gone?
Gone from Kirkconnel
Gone to landscape every one.
Why did it have to be?
Aint coal necessary?

Mrs Beck

Her door was always open,
As was her loving heart.
Her time with us is over,
So sad to be apart.
She takes her long deserved rest,
And dwells in heaven with the blessed.

* * * * *

7 Bayonet Place

The weeds have taken over,
The grasses and the clover,
How could so small a place,
Have housed so many families?
The place now sadly seems forlorn.
Here stood the house, where I was born.
It was nothing grand you know.
Number 7, in a miner's row.

* * *

There were warm hearts, true and tender.
"Peace and Plenty", was on the fender.
A gleaming fire, was on the hearth,
And there was love, the greatest thing on Earth!

Ode to the Snowdrop

The snow has gone from the ground;
Yet she in her beauty is to be found;
The dear little brave little snowdrop.

* * *

Through earth's hard crust she's made her way.
She's come to brighten up our day.
The dear little brave little snowdrop.

* * *

So delicate, so white and frail;
Yet ne'er a winter does she fail
To make her way tho' hard the ground
And spread her beauty all around
The dear little brave little snowdrop.

* * * * *

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe (Alternative!)

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children and all on the 'broo'.
She needed some dough, to make them a roll.
But must be content with life on the 'dole'.

The Falklands (Task Force)

To islands far, far from our shores
Went a hurriedly assembled task force.
Islanders, British to their core,
Sent a plea we couldn't ignore.
As Argentina their islands tried to take,
And their British way of life to forsake;
But we cannot reconcile
How an exocet missile
Ripped a gaping hole so wide
In a gallant ships side.

* * *

There are tears that will not dry
And hearts that will forever sigh;
For though as lads they went to war
They saw sights ne'er seen before,
But it's men who have returned
Having seen their comrades burned;
And others shot to pieces by their side.
They will never cross the seas again so wide.
In the going down of the sun
Praise those who paid our debt
And in the morning lest we forget.

A Prayer

Oh God, when I die
Who shall remember me, and why?
I've done nought of world acclaim,
Nor yet lord, sullied thy name.
I'm just a cog in the master plan.
In life's race I also ran.
An extra in life's film I'd be.
Why should anyone, remember me?

* * *

Oh Lord, it matters not then,
If on Earth I am forgotten,
But to be remembered by thee
Is my hope for eternity.
Death over life awaits,
Inside thy Heavenly Gates.
Earthly life now past,
Thy countenance seen at last;
And love thy face adorning;
Yea Lord joy cometh in the morning.

My Brother

Last night I asked you to ease his pain.
Morning came and his pain was gone.
Did you come for him in the morning light?
Or did he whisper your name in the darkness of night?
It was the only way, Lord, there was no other;
To take away the pain you had to take our only brother.

* * *

Till we meet again!

* * * * *

Hame

Twas nothing grand ye ken.
Just a miner's but and ben.
But it was hame tae us a'.
There wiz the twa beds agin' the wa',
Just inside the kitchen door.
Wi' a bit o' waxcloth on the floor,
The fire gleamin' in the grate;
Nearby the scrubbed table where we ate.
At the hearth a cloutie rug,
Aye and maybe a cat or dug.

Just A Moment!

Just a moment, how oft do we hear the cry;
But who can say what a moment may
bring for you or I?
A moment may bring such happiness,
Another so much distress.

* * *

A moment may bring a lovely surprise,
Or that special look in a loved one's eyes.
So let us gather the moments as they come,
And live in them once again.
Who can say what the next one may bring.
Pleasure or Pain?

* * * * *

The new mower (Calamity)

I cut the grass today dear,
To save you time I thought.
I cut the grass today dear,
With the new mower, my first shot.
I cut the grass today dear.
I was feeling fit and able.
I cut the grass today dear,
But alas, I cut the cable.

A boy's whistle

We used to hear you whistle lad,
As you passed by our gate.
We thought sometimes it was our dad
But it was Alan from No 8.

* * *

A cheery lad, were you cocky in truth,
Breezy with the brashness of youth.
Cut off suddenly in your prime,
That bright December day.
Sadly it seemed God called the time
When you should go away.

* * *

Your whistle now no more we hear.
Though, long that we should wait.
Perhaps the angels you now cheer
Inside the heavenly gate,
May your notes ring sweet and high
In your home above the sky;
And when my time on earth is o'er
And I reach the heaven's gate,
I hope I'll be made welcome,
By the whistle of Alan from No 8.

A game of "bools" was just the thing.
Our best bool was called a "nuck".
We'd try to plunk them from the ring
Even through glaur and muck.
The rain didn't damp our spirits any,
For with a little bit of luck,
One bool could turn to many,
And we'd rub our once shiny nuck.

* * *

Many of the games are gone;
'Tis sad you will agree;
For now the children sit as one,
Eyes glued to their T.V.
Oh, to be young again and wild,
Carefree the live long day;
Playing again as a happy child,
The games we used to play.

The Games We Used To Play

"Rounders" was my favourite game
Outside the "Army Hall".
Oh, the fun we did gain;
Just with a bat and ball.
Summer days were warm and bright.
We used to play all day.
So I'll try to give an insight
On the games we used to play.

* * *

Tin cans for us became a treasure,
As stilts we made with strings.
Could modern children have such pleasure
With such simple things?
With "kick the can" and "peevers" again,
We'd play the live long day;
Unless a heavy shower of rain
washed our chalk "beds" away.

* * *

"Run Sheep Run" was a grand game;
as leader your flock you'd hide;
Then with leader of the other team,
Your cries rang far and wide.
"White! White!" the cry, then, "blue" and "red",
As you got much nearer to them;
And then when they were spied ahead,
"Run Sheep Run!" you'd scream.

Bing

Dark eyes with laughter shine,
In a face so dear to me.
A warm heart this man of mine,
With a happy personality.

* * *

In years gone by, he used to sing
"Be My Love" that old refrain.
Over fifty years since I met Bing;
His dear love I've been since then.

* * *

No matter how many years go past;
I know full well our love will last;
For until the end of life,
I'll thank the Lord I am Bing's wife.

Mother

I put these words together
While thinking of you mother.
I want to say while here on Earth
Thank you mother for my birth.
Thanks for always being near;
For always lending me an ear
In days of strife
Throughout life.
Showing faith in God above;
Always teaching by your love,
And so I pen these words to you,
To say dear mother a big thank you!

* * * * *

On her Death!

Mother's gone now; gone from our sight.
No touching hand now;
No letters to write.
How can we reach her to say that we care?
God's shown us the way now;
Just kneel down in prayer.

Rain

Rivulets of shining water
Down my window pane.
Hear the raindrops pitter patter,
Like a musical refrain.
See them in the puddles dancing,
Twirl and fall there-on;
Their ballet so entrancing
Like the Dying Swan.

* * * * *

Up the Kello

Summer days were warm and mellow,
Swimming, Diving, in the Kello;
Varied pools for young and old,
The inexperienced and the bold.
The Coal Hole, the Men's Pool,
The Picnic and the Learner Pool.
Jammy pieces and lemonade,
Like nectar in the summer shade.
Children squealing, catching fishes,
In tin cans or little dishes.
Aye, it was fun up the Kello,
When the days were long and mellow.