

Maid in Scotland

Long years ago when first she came
To Scotland where she made her home
In Helen's town, there she did daunter
Though soon she got the urge to wander
O'er hills and glens to islands far
She brought to Scots her smiles from Baar

She charmed us with her kindly way
And taught us card games how to play
On holidays she drove the car
We travelled near, oft-times afar
Laughing, eating, walking, talking
At sunsets, seascapes, awestruck, gawking

Gairloch, Jura, Ullapool to Lewis
Down through Harris on to the Uists
Golden sands, a lonely seagull cry
Sheep staring, curious, as we go by
And o'er to Barra, gem of the Atlantic
Boules on our beach, alone, fantastic

Primrose millions, pale gold in green
Hide, nooks n' crannies, seldom seen
To our beach cows come to sunbath, nude!
Cavorting bold and oh so rude!
Ears twitching, tails at flies a-flicking
Our own guide collie, hands a-licking

Up, up! From Barra's beach we fly
Up, up! Until we reach the sky
Skim turquoise waves and machair greens
Blue skies, no rain, stupendous scenes
Freeze framed by Stef with artful lens
Myriad colours captured, photo-gems

Throb through gloom to Oban's shore
As dying West Sun sinks now lower
In mystic darkness drift down South
As wistful smiles play round her mouth
Memories safe stored inside her head
Though now behind, yet still ahead

With kindly heart she freely gives
With loving strength each day she lives
Thoughtful, cheerful, full of fun
It is the way she gets things done
All who know her, both here and there
Smile back now at her playful stare

All Scotia rise! Raise glass in hand
And music too! Strike up the Band
Our Toast?
How could we have another?

**Pia Stocker-Hagmann,
Maid in Scotland.**