

Mi Mooerlond Church.

PLAY MEDIA

Ah walk op t' quiet pathway, ut leads op on toh t' mooer
A tothri hundredt yards fro' whoam, aw'st bi aloan fer sure
T' peat beneath mi feet is soft, mi 'eart is leet un free,
Th' air is freysh, mi currs aw gone, un peace is 'ere wi' me,
Ah note aw t' colours op on th'ills, purples, breawns un t' green,
Yet this cowd un bleak deserted place is still a gradely scene
T' wynt is blowin' in mi face as throo t' lung grass ah tread,
Ah glance ut Grenfilt deawn below each time ah turn mi yed,
Soh monny times ah've sin this view, mich beauty un quaint charms,
Just nestledt deawn i'th valley like a babby wrapped i' arms.

Ah catch t' fragrance o' yon wynt, un sniff th'earthy peat,
T' bracken un t' young fronded ferns, crumple bi'neath mi feet,
Un noh matter wheer ah wander, un regardless what ah see,
Ah feel t' presence of mi Lourd, He seems soh close toh me.
My God is noan t' villagers God, wheer church thi' han toh goo,
Aw dhressedt op i' Sund'y best, fert chapel ur t' Sund'y skoo'.
Ah dunnot respond toh t' chimes o' bells, ah howd mi church op 'ere,
It matthers noan t' time, nor t' day, fer ah 'ave noh priest toh fear.
Ah wander on i' solitude, wheer nature rich abeawnds,
Ah yer t' sermon o' mi God i' aw o'th country seawnds.

T' ripplin' o' yon mountain streaom, t, rustlin o' th' briar,
T' deep 'arsh croakin' o'th red grouse tohgither they'n mi choir,
Un fer a pew ah sattle deawn opon a clump o' ling,
Un fer mi congregation ah've flora, fur un wing.
Ah live mi life as ah think fit, mi principles ur strung,
Noh clergymon ne'd tell mi, ut what is reight un wrung,
No other place like this exists,it's whoam un church un joy
Ah've thrilled toh walk alung it's tracks, 'ere sin ah wer a boy,
Un 'ere ah'll roam till mi day's ur done, wheer mi 'eart ull allus sing,
It's wheer,aloan, ah meet mi God,knee deep i'th bonny ling.