

LIFTING SONG

i.m Rev Norman MacSween

God's mercy envelopes the world
in the most miraculous ways

as Scalpay fishermen in their boats
within the stillness of a bay

sing a line while casting
till awesome night is swayed

by lilt and lift of psalmody,
Kilmarnock, Stornoway,

the sweep of the One Hundred
as MacSween and Cunningham give praise

buttoned in their oilskin suits
on deck of *Virgin, Industry,*

while drawing shoals within their nets,
sifting silver from each wave

till at night's end, the lighthouse
flashes like a gutter's blade

gleaming to grant forgiveness
for all the slaughter of their trade.