

Port Erroll Mission Hall

They say the Earl of Erroll gave, down by the northern sea,
A humble hall to fisherfolk, for worship and to meet.
No one knows the year it rose, the record's lost in time,
But on a map it did appear in eighteen-fifty nine,

A fire was lit to keep folks warm through winter's howling call,
The Earl himself ensured the glow that warmed the mission hall.
No cards were played, but dominoes would clatter through the night,
These village folks found company beneath the candlelight.

Chorus

By The Ladies Bridge on Harbour Street, it tilts against the breeze,
Its crooked wall has braved the years beside the northern seas,
A door upon its gable end, where sea winds rise and fall—
Its crooked wall, yet standing proud, Port Erroll Mission Hall.

In the early 1900's came, the Templars good and true,
To speak of sober living and the better path to choose.
Then children's songs at eventide through several summers long,
Evangelists and missionaries who taught them right from wrong.

But darker tales are whispered low, when tempests took their pay,
Georgina laid the sailors out where silent bodies lay.
The children raced by hurried steps, their eyes too wide with fright,
For ghosts, they said, still lingered there beneath the lantern light.

Chorus

A neighbour known to like a dram, left the Killie's glow behind,
He'd stretch his hand to find the wall, for it was his trusted guide.
He'd trace the hall's odd-angled side, and backward steps took four,
From mission hall to where he lived, he found his own front door.

Then engines hummed and whistles blew through forty happy years,
The model trains of the mission hall brought smiles and boyish cheers.
For 40 years and even more, their tiny towns enthralled,
Till the whistles blew their last farewell, within the Mission Hall.

Now plans are drawn and hopes are high to raise its heart anew,
A heritage of the fisher folk, and the wider village too.
Their photos, charts, and memories shall grace the crooked wall,
And Cruden's tale will live again within that mission hall.

Bridge

From prayers to play, from death to dream, its walls have heard it all,
The sea still whispers stories round Port Erroll Mission Hall.
And although the sands of time shall run, and the tides of time may roll—
Yet still it stands, a beacon bright, Port Erroll's heart and soul.

Final Chorus

By The Ladies Bridge on Harbour Street, it tilts against the breeze,
Its crooked wall has braved the years beside the northern seas,
A door upon its gable end, where sea winds rise and fall—
Its crooked wall, yet standing proud, Port Erroll Mission Hall.

Outro

So here's to those who built and dreamed beneath its humble eaves,
To every laugh and tear it's known, to all the hearts that grieve.
Though time may shift and seasons fade, its spirit shall not fall—
Forever in Port Erroll's heart, the little Mission Hall.