

BENNACHIE.

BY CHARLES MURRAY.

There's Tap o' Noth, The Buck, Ben Newe,
Lonach, Benrinnes, Lochnagar,
Mount Keen, an' mony a Carn I trow
That's smored in mist ayont Braemar.
Bauld Ben Muich Dhui towers, until
Ben Nevis looms the laird o' a' ;
But Bennachie ! Faith, yon's the hill
Rugs at the hairt when ye're awa' !

Schiehallion—ay, I 've heard the namé—
Ben More, Ben Lomond, Arthur's Seat,
An' a' the ither hills o' hame,
Wi' lochans-leamin' at their feet ;
But set me doon by Gadie side,
Or where the Glenton lies by Don—
The muir-cock an' the whaup for guide
Up Bennachie I'm rivin' on !

Syne on the Mither Tap sae far
Win'-cairdit clouds drift by abeen,
An' wast ower Keig stands Callievar
Wi' a' the warl' to me, atween.
There's braver mountains ower the sea,
An' fairer haughs I've kent, but still
The Vale o' Alford ! Bennachie !
Yon is the Howe, an' this the Hill !

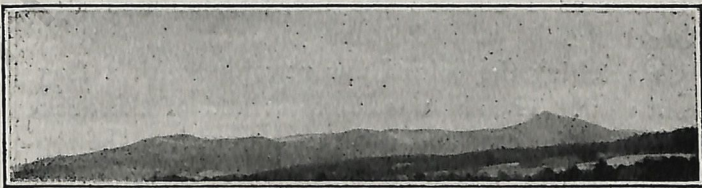


Photo by

G. Cruickshank.

BENNACHIE FROM KEMNAY.