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CLUB SONG

“ WHERE THE HIGH-ROAD ENDS.”

O some for recreation cross the Channel like a fish;
To fly the broad Atlantic is another's dearest wish;
The road hog takes his pleasure with a cloud of dust behind;
But give me the locomotion of the good old-fashion'd kind.

CHORUS—

Tramping o'er the heather,
That's the sport for me!
Where the track winds upward
By the boulder and the scree.
Then come my brave hobnailers
You're the surest friends
When we've got to take Shank's Naggie
Where the High-road ends.

The secrets o' the mountains are for those upon the hike,
Though some can climb Ben Nevis on a screechy motor bike;
They'd rush the gates o' Heaven just to shock the angels there,
But I'll stick to golden slippers when I climb the Golden Stair.

Though once upon the family tree they say we used to leap,
We've left our tails behind us like the fabled nurs'ry sheep;
But soon when all are flying and dependent on the hub,
There'll still be Johnny Walker and the Cairngorm Club.

O, Hills o' Caledonia, may you be ever free
From fiendish record-breakers as they scorch from sea to sea;
When roadways twine among you and invade your calm retreat,
Still keep a patch o' moorland for those ancient things called feet.

MARY AGNES SKAKLE.