

A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

J. C. MILNE.

LOCH A'AN.

(A Verse Catalogue or Guide)

GLEN EINICH, Glen Derry,
Glen More and Glen Dee!
And a' in atween
There's ferlies to see.

The Lairig, gey throwder!
It couldna be waur.
Carn Toul, wi' its corrie,
Kenspeckle owre Mar.

Glen Geusachan, green!
The Garchory, wow!
Braeriach, od man,
A gey lang knowe!

Loch Etchachan, middlin'!
Loch Einich, a sicht!
And wee Lochan Buidhe
Nae marra for hicht!

Cairn Gorm, gey siccar!
Macdhui, a' hump!
Loch A'an, doon yonner,
The stang o' the trump!

THE PATRIOT.

F'ECHE for Britain? Hoot awa!
For Bonnie Scotland? Imph, man, na!
For Lochnagar? Wi' clook and claw!

COIRE AN DUBH LOCHAN.

BEERY me owre on Beinn a' Bhuird!
Doon at the boddom o' yon roch quarry hole,
Glacier-howkit fin a'thing in snaw wis smored,
For I couldna thole,

Na, I couldna thole to be faur the angels sings,
Me that has scuttert wi' granite and hedder for biel',
And kent the spang o' the golden eagle's wings!
Hap me up weel,

But nae owre weel, for ilka noo 'n 'an
I wid like to be wi' the ongyauns and the steer,
Wind on Dubh Lochan, thunder owre Ben A'an,
And the reid hull deer.

LOCHNAGAR.

Och ay! Och hon!
A gey clim' yon!
And jist fin I
Wis thinkin' te masel'
"Gin aince up by
The glory and the spell
O' God's haill Heaven sklentint' doon
Owre a' the hulls a hunner-faul' o' licht,"
Sure as death!
Cut ma breath!
A muckle Hielan' mist cam' roon,
And Lochnagar gaed swirlin' oot o' sicht.

LOCH A'AN.

O FAUR's Loch A'an ?
 Loch A'an,
 My man ?

*Awa' owre yonner, ayont the sicht,
 Faur golden eagle and ptarmigan licht.*

Will I ken Loch A'an ?
 Loch A'an,
 My man ?

*Dark as fear in darkness smored!
 Bricht like the blade o' archangel's sword!*

Will I tell Loch A'an
 O' you,
 My man ?

*O' a young man, yonner, gey lang sene,
 Comin' doon Beinn Mheadhoin to the Shelter Stane!*

GEY!

GEY hulls ?
 A gey sicht!
 Gey heich ?
 A gey hicht!

Gey straucht ?
 Gey stey!
 A gey speel ?
 Ay—gey!

MACDHUI.

As I gaed up Macdhui
To see what I could see,
Deil tak' yer Hielan' hedder!
It fairly thraws wi' me!

As I gaed up Macdhui,
Says I, " My man, fut neist!
There's naething here but granite gear,
And a whazzlin' in ma breist."

As I gaed up Macdhui
I lookit east and west
To see the bonnie Hielan's,
But a' I sa' wis mist!

O fare-ye-weel, Macdhui!
I leave ye te yer lane,
A maist unceevil hullick
O' hedder, mist, and stane!

MIST.

A' UP Glen Muick,
Gweed govie dick,
Mist—dreepin', thick!

On Lochnagar,
And a' owre Mar,
'Twis mebbe waur!

Mist—thick and weet!
'Twis sair te see't!
The Deil gang wi't!

O me! O midder!
Faur sorra idder
Sic Hielan' widder!

MAR.

WEEL, man,
Been far ?
Fie na!
Jist Mar.

Fut like ?
A' knowe!
Muckle sheep ?
Gey fyowe.

Nowt, mebbe ?
Na, deer—
A' horns!
Gweed be here!

Bits o' craps ?
Feint a grain!
Owre weet ?
There's nae sayin'!

Mony folk ?
Gweed kens!
Pucklies, mebbe,
In the glens.

Nae folk!
Nae gear!
Ay man,
A gey steer!

AWA' TE THE HULLS!

Awa' te the Hulls!

Fae the scutter o' bairns and byeucks, for fut could be waur!
Fin the thocht burns bricht in yer hert, like Bethlehem's star,
O' awa' up yonner and owre the Forest o' Mar
Te the reid granite Hulls.

Awa' te the Hulls!

Fae the fashious steer o' folk, and the hard stane street,
Te faur the contours gang swingin' up te mair than fower
thoosan' feet,
And a Nor'lan' win' comes owre them strummin' aul'-farran
sangs that are sweet
On the reid granite Hulls.

Awa' te the Hulls!

Fae the raivel an' snorl o' things, and yer ain sma' sel',
Te faur ptarmigan reist on rocks that æons can spell,
Faur there's muckle te wile ye te thochts ye can only tell
Te the reid granite Hulls!

“ CAW! Caw! Caw! ”

Said a strappin' young crow

As he dabbit his nib in a lochan,

“ The water's a' richt

For sic a like hicht,

But it's nae like the water o' Buchan! ”