

## HIELAN' HAVERS.

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### HAVERS!

As I gaed doon by dark Loch A'an,  
I thocht I sa'—but havers man!  
'Twas jist a wisp o' grey mist blawn!

As I cam roon yon corrie wa'  
I thocht I heard—but havers na!  
'Twas jist the on-ding o' the snaw!

As I gaed owre the Derry Glen,  
'Twas aye I lookit but and ben,  
For, havers man, ye nivver ken!

### FERLA MOR.

HINE awa up yonner  
Fin owre the corrie wa'  
Muckle mists gang swirlin'—  
Slaw, deid slaw,  
Ferla Mor, the Grey Man,  
Hear his fit fa'!

Havers, a' havers!  
Like the kelpie in Loch A'an!  
A' Hielan' havers!  
Like the kist on Carn Ban,  
Or the crock o' gold near Derry  
Nae mortal nivver fan!

Meggins! On Macdhui  
I hear a fit fa'!  
Ferla Mor, the Grey Man!  
Deil his queet thraw!  
Gin I were owre Glen Lui  
The Black Brig brak in twa!

## FERLIES.

Gin I were you, my bonnie quine,  
For yon Reid Hulls I widna pine,

Faur Ferla Mor, the lang Grey Man,  
Bodach Lamh-dearg wi' bleed-reid han',

And Domhnall Mor and Cailleach Bheur,  
And mony a fearsome ferlie mair,

Wid gar ye wish ye'd nivver yet  
Owre yon Black Brig set feint a fit!

## CAILLEACH BHEUR.

Meggins alive and Gweed be here!  
Fut sorra cou'd be waur  
Than trampin' owre yon hedder hulls  
Nae kennin faur ye are  
For muckle swirlin' Hielan' mists  
That hap the hail o' Mar!

Meggins alive and Gweed be here!  
Fut's yon I'm hearin' noo?  
The Cailleach! Dyod, she's comin'  
Owre little Sgoran Dubh!  
I doot I ken she's comin'  
By the swite upon ma broo!

Meggins alive and Gweed be here!  
She's comin' close ahin!  
The Bodach brak her besom!  
Dyod, faur's ma second win' ?  
O for doon Glen Geusachan,  
And loupin owre the Linn!

Meggins alive and Gweed be here!  
I hinna breath nae mair!  
Deil tak' yon hielan' haver!  
The black Deil kaim her hair!  
She's gotten baith ma queetikins!  
Yon aul' witch, Cailleach Bheur!



## DEE.

THERE'S fyles fin I got foun'ert  
 Wi' fut's ca'd Joggraphie,  
 And fyles I wished, like elfin folk,  
 I'd wings te flap and flee.

Noo by the gweed Lord Hairry  
 Ae Fiersday it befell  
 'Mang ither things twa little wings  
 Cam sprootin' fae masel.

And awa oot owre by Culter  
 And Banchory an' a'  
 And past Aboyne and Dinnet  
 I gaed flappin like a craw.

Ballater, Balmoral,  
 And Braemar I left ahin,  
 And in a tither meenit  
 I wis wappin owre the Linn.

Syne up Glen Lui Water  
 My wings they fair did flee  
 Past Carn a Mhaim and Carn Toul  
 Ah—there's the Wells o' Dee!

I wis lichtin on Braeriach  
 Fin ma shooder got a shog!  
 And, loshtie me, I wauken'd  
 Wi' the wife at ma lug!

## THE LAIRIG.

FIN God made Buchan flat and gweed,  
 He'd nowt and corn in His heid.

And fin He gart yon Hiellan's growe,  
 He'd hiellan' ongauns in His pow.

But fin He laid the Lairig doon,  
 Dyod, fa kens fut wis in His croon!

## WATER KELPIE.

CANNY doon	Swift and swuppert,
Te dark Loch A'an,	Quick and swack,
Siller bridle	Noo he's on
In his han'!	The kelpie's back!

“ Kelpie, kelpie,	Haud 'im siccar!
Come te me!	Haud 'im sair!
A ferlie here	Nae sic horse
For you te see! ”	In Aikey Fair!

“ Kelpie, kelpie,	Nae sic horse
Come awa!	In a' the lan'!
A bonnier plaik	Havers! Hielan'
Ye nivver sa'! ”	Havers, man!

Yonner, look!	Hielan' havers?
Och ay! Och hon!	Deil the bit!
Noo the siller	Look, the siller
Bridle's on!	Bridle yet,

Hingin' owre  
 At Tomintoul!  
 Hielan' havers?  
 Bless ma sow!

## LOCHNAGAR.

GOD bless Buchan braid and gweed!  
 And God bless me, I've muckle need!  
 For, man, I've connacht a' ma queet,  
 And blister't baith ma fairmin' feet!  
 O gin I wer awa fae here,  
 And hirplin blithely up the Meer!  
 Gin I wer aince, gin't please Thysel',  
 A hantle nearer Bodychell,  
 Lord, gie yon Hielan' Hulls a glower!  
 And ca the haill clamjamfrie owre!  
 Till yon twa taps on Lochnagar  
 Tak' rowein doon the braes o' Mar!