

Lochnagar

by Mary Munro

Scoored an riven, rocks o' the Auld Age;
Lochnagar glowers fan Winter wins rage.
Fyles, a saft time, a "wither gaur"
Fan the sun glints aff deep carries o' snaw.

Win sougns an sighs roon the bare, rocky tap,
Wi the keckle o' grouse an greet o' the whaup.
The Tap o' the World, as near God as ye'll be,
Hill upon hill, reachin richt tae the sea.

Eternal the rocks far the eagle taks wing;
The peaty-broon burn aye seems tae sing,
As it birls doon the brae tae the Loch's dark deeps,
Or ower the Glassalt, the fite water-foam leaps.

Mountain an meer o' heather-het grun,
Warm an sweet-smellin in long Simmer sun.
Nae matter fit weather, or time o' the year,
Tae me, Lochnagar, eternally dear.