

Random Rhymes Frae Hill O' Fare

William Mitchell
Garrack Cottage Skene

P Scrogie Ltd Observer Works Peterhead
1915

ECHT VILLAGE

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At the fit of yon hill stan's a canty wee clachan,
It's kent far an' near as the village o' Echt; ,
To speak o' a Provost nicht set folk a-lauchan',
An' yet by gweed counsel they keep a.'thing richt.

Four square tae the cross stan's an up-to-date Hotel ,
They say that its liquor's the elixir o' life;
There's whiskies an' brandies an' a' kin's o' strong ale
Obligingly served by mine host "Major Smythe."

There's Sandison's shop number 6 o' the High Street
Sells groceries an' bread tae the pub. wi' gweed will
The best o' confections an' a' ither sweet meat
Just for a few coppers consigned tae his till.

M'Kenzie's the man that can fit ye wi' leather,
What ye understan' we politely ca' boots;
An' then for gweed tweeds tae defy the caul weather
Hunter the tailor mak's gentlemen's suits.

There's motors an' cycles o' every description
Being sell't an' repaired by "Jamie Goodall"
He kens they are gweed an' invites your inspection,
When ye want a gweed cycle then gie him a call.

At the niest place o' business ye'll fin' watchie Riddle,
His watches an' clocks keep correct time o' day ;
He'll sell ye a pipe or a string tae yer fiddle,
Then gie him a ca' when ye come roun' this way.

The Post Office stan's awa' doon in Commerce Street,
Whar' Mag' superintends when her father's awa';
For prices o' coal there's an agent weel vers't wi't,
His office fae here's jist a stane throw or twa.

The Kirk o' the Clachan ye'll ken't by the steeple,
The reverent A. Souter is minister here ;
For readin' a sermon an' prayin' for the people,
His salary's some less than a thousan' a year.

The Police, the Banker, likewise the schoolmaster
Are worthies the lieges could ill want ava ;
For minus o' either nicht weel spell disaster
For learnin', for credit, an' peace o' the law.



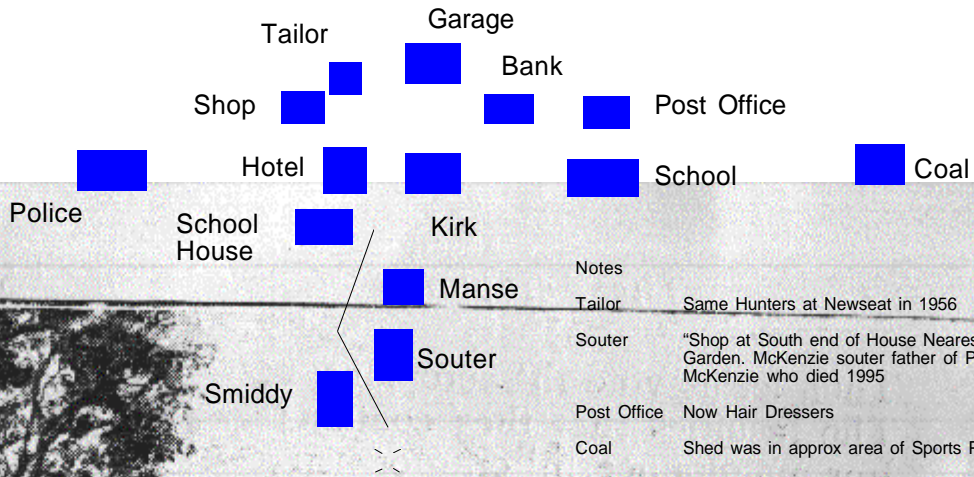
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▲ North

ECHT



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WILLIAM ADAMS FAREWELL TO SANDYHILLOCK

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My native place. my gweed aul' hame.
I now maun try an' dae without ye,
I'll tak' a homestead yet again
As soon as I get ane tae suit me;
Yer fertile soil I oft hae plood,
Ilk rig I fairly weel did till it;
But now that days are gane for good,
I quit the ploo' and Sandyhillock.

Close to the base o' Hill o' Fare,
Whose slopes I oftimes have ascended,
I claim ye as my hame nae mair,
From you for aye my steps I've wended
I trod yer heath in childhood's days
And my schooldays I weel recall it,
But folks maun go their several ways,
And mine lies far fae Sandyhillock.

Fae braes o' Echt I now maun roam
Where first I saw life's early morning,
And as the years hath come an' gone
I've hail'd the date of their returning
I now, shall hunt the mountain deer
Among the hills above Glenballoch,
I'll come again when autumn's here
To visit friends and Sandyhillock.

Though I may roam besouth the sun,
Far sundered fae my native mountain,
And drink the streams of water dun
Unlike my native crystal fountain;
By fortune fair I may return,
Unless by fate I'm deigned to fail it;
Come weal, come woe, where I sojourn,
Farewell, farewell to Sandyhillock.

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THE DREARY DEN O' SHOGGLE.

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Alang an unfrequented road
Nae aften by th' stranger trod,
The toad an' weasel's chief abode-
The dreary den o' Shoggle.

A streamlet fae the lofty Ben
Meanders throu' yon wooded glen,
An' in its course runs throu' ' the den-
The dreary den o' Shoggle.

A cottar here ae early morn,
Wha's wife awaited his return
She only fand his lifeless form
In the dreary burn o' Shoggle.

This spot at dismal midnicht hour
The haunt a' some uncanny power,
While hideous phantoms hover ower
The dreary den o' Shoggle.

Yet bonnie Jean sae blithe an' gay
An' smilin like the flowers o' May
An' happy as the lam's that play
On th' braes o' Tillyshoggle:

A heroine she here doth dwell,
Na ither place she likes sae well;
Her cottage an her garden tell
O' flowers that grow in Shoggle.

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THE BATTLE OF CULLERLIE MOOR.

(Tune, "Jamie Foyers.")

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It was in the year nineteen hundred and seven,
The camp ground at Garrack the Gordons was given
Headed by the bagpipes and beat of the drum
The gay Volunteers marched bravely along.

The lightning was vivid, the thunder was loud
As the brave Volunteers reached their camp in the mud;
The rain fell in torrents, the field was a mire,
Where this gallant troops for the night did retire.

The next day was Sunday, the weather was fine,
To the moor of Cullerlie they marched in line
Where the chaplain was ready 'mong the yellow broom
A blessing he craved while the bands played the tune.

When service was over the troops did return
All back to their camping by yon marshy burn,
Where during the evening till the bugle call
They made the time lively with games of football.

One evening near sunset the troops marched away
To the moor of Cullerlie in battle array-
Buchan and Formartine 'gainst Garioch and Mar,
It proved a disasterless, bloodless cruel war.

The powder flew thickly without any ball,
The brave Volunteers in hundreds did fall
Buchan and Formartine the victory did gain,
But left on the field many hundreds unslain.

The victors returned to their own native soil
The horrors of war they survived for a while,
But so sore were they wounded they had to succumb
On the steep hill of Mormond we now find their tomb

The commanders in charge they were all known by name,
Likewise not a few were as well known to fame;
But why this massacre there's none can conjure,
The bloodless cruel battle of Cullerlie Moor.

There's many brave soldiers still left in the land,
All ready for battle when they get command;
But this gallant regiment its warfare is o'er,
And the brave Volunteers we will see nevermore.

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Page 88 *The Barmkin or Barmakim, a hill situated between the Parishes of Echt and Midmar, on the summit of which a roughly built fort is formed of boulders encircled by two distinct trenches or embankments of the same material. This hill at one time was closely wooded to the top, but was fleeced of its plumage some twelve years ago, with the exception of a few stunted firs that now remain. -W. M.*

THE FORT O'BARMAKIN

The River Dee runs swift and clear,
And drumly runs the Don ;
Between this two broad waterways
Stands mony a Pleasant home
There's fertile glens and mountains high,
That's steep and ill to clim'
Except the mound shaped eminence,
The hill o' Barmakin.

Around the summit of this hill
A three tyre fort is laid,
Where from the warrior's bended bow
Has many a shaft been sped.
The history of this battle ground
Is quite beyond my ken;
Yet trenches are encompassed round
The top o' Barmakin.

It may have been a feudal fight
Between two chiefs of old;
Mayhap the brave M`Clinkthespear
Here trenched his clansnien bold.
Against that plundering warlike chief,
The great M`Muckledin,
Who sure enough had been subdued
By those on Barmakin.

In olden times when might was right;
When landlords made the law
Their vassals all had to submit,
They dare not say them na.
These ancient days are not erased,
Although the history's dim;
And battlefields can yet be traced
Like that o' Barmakin.

Those were the days our fathers fought
For their dear country's sake;
And to maintain her freedom they
Have held their life in stake.
Now Scotsmen leave their native shore
A livelihood to gain;
So they bid farewell to Scotland
And the braes o' Barmakin.

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DUNECHT HOUSE

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The Northern Residence of Lord And Lady Cowdray.

Dunecht's noble mansion in West Aberdeen,
Its buildings are handsome, its woodlands are green;
Between Dee and Don on a fine wooded plain
Stands this pleasant home, "Lady Cowdray's" domain
Near the base of the mountains romantic and wide
Where the green verdant valleys their slopes doth divide.
There the hawk and muirfowl doth fly to and fro
In the haunts of the white hare, the buck and the roe.
I've roamed by the side of the Forth and the Tay,
I've courted the scenes on the banks of the Spey:
But in west Aberdeenshire the curtain I'll lift
And show to admirers the charms of Dunecht.
With its fine motor drives intersected with trees
That are wantonly stirred by the frolicsome breeze,
Near the isle studded lakelets enhancing the scene
Of this ancestral mansion in west Aberdeen.

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THE BUCHAN TONGUE.

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*There's a word used doon in Buchan baith in cottage an in ha',
In Aiberdeen ye'll hear it tho' gey rarely ;
It's neither ay nor imphm, nor the negative Scotch na,
It's that word o' approbation we ca' "fairly."
Robert Watt.*

A fortnight syne I read a rhyme,
I saw't in the "Express," man,
About th' brogue that is in vogue
Ama' the Buchan race, man;
The author's name is Rab, ye ken,
Tho' Burns he equals barely;
This writer says they use the phrase
In Buchan, O ay "fairly."

We maun aloo it's "fairly" true,
They use it here an' a', man ;
An' on the green o' Aiberdeen
It's "fairly" a' their jaw, man.
But Buchan men can hardly claim
T' hae the hale rehearsal
For as a fact I tell ye that
It's "fairly" universal.

The word's in use at ilka hoose
In Foggielooan an' Fintray;
On Garioch braes we hear the phrase,
Ay, even amo' the gentry,
In Skene an' Echt it's "fairly" richt,
And common at Cullerillie;
Nae man nor maid is e'er afraid
T' use the term "fairly."

The Buchan tongue's been praised an' sung
It is aul' Scotlan's best man ;
The Southern twang's a kin' o' sang
I "fairly" it detest, man,
In Fifeshire ha' an' colliers' raw
It, tries yer patience sairly;
The 'ternal twang is "fairly" wrang,
I like the north, ay "fairly."

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THE BUCHAN TONGUE FINAL REPLY TO ROBERT WATT.

THAT rhymster keen fae Aiberdeen
Noo strikes oot "fairly" hard, man;
But fae his fire I'll nae retire,
Nae even half a yard, man.
He tak's his aim aye at my name,
Whatever be his reason;
But I 'll withstan ' his shakie han',
Sae Robbie, man, keep bleasin'.
Ay "fairly."

To me ye blare yer name declare,
What is yer silly game, man?
I've fought ye square as "Hill o' Fare,"
An' held, I think, my ain, man.
Your first harangue, the Buchan tongue,
Commenced the hale discussion;
Then crafty Rob, ye shied th' job
In a peculiar fashion.
Ay "fairly."

Tho' I assume a nom-de-plume,
I'm neither coward nor knave, man;
To satire dire ye may aspire,
But as I get I give, man.
Ye fae the point o' argument
Soon made a wide excursion;
Ye took offence at my defence
O'phrases used in Buchan.
O "fairly."

I'd ne'er commence at your expense
T' try an' pu' ye doon, man;
Sae as ye choose jist coort th' muse,
Keep peggin' nicht an' noon, man.
Select yer theme, few will complain,
In truth as few will check ye;
Ye may some day win laurels gay
To bravely decorate ye.
"Fairly" that.

Now Robbie, man, ance mair yer han,
The best o' frien's maun pairt, man;
We ne'er may meet as frien's t' greet,
But we'll nae brak' oor he'rt, man.
Yer book o' rhyme I read lang syne,
It pass't my criticisin';
Ye yet may claim poetic fame,
An' pad life's road rejoicin'.
"Fairly."