

THE AUL' EXILED HERD'S REQUEST

O let my aul' banes turn to dust  
In my native hills an' fells  
Amang my freens, amang the just  
That lie in my lo'ed Kells,

Whaur siller-shakers aye grow lang  
Wi' feth'ry heids sae saft  
An' laverock heavenwards sings his sang  
In the great mysterious laft.

O bonnie is the Bennan tap  
As the sun draps owre its crest  
Wi' the pleasant wheeple o' the whaup  
Is Nature at her best.

I think o' herds lang gane before  
An' those I yet dae ken  
Frae Stranfasket, Clenrie an' Largmore  
To Millyea's muckle ben.

Tho' no' sae able noo to speel  
Or steg thro' squelchin' bogs,  
I still dae ca' close into heel  
My twa wise, anxious dogs.

My clicky-stick, wi' carved horn heid,  
In Garroch glen did grow,  
Still serves me weel in time o' need  
To grup a black-faced yowe.

But here's to every cronie herd  
Wha buchts sheep in Glenkens,  
Whaur mosshags, muirs an' dour hills gird  
An' still his march-dyke men's.

Then bury me in the Kells kirkyaird  
Whaur each stane its story tells  
An' every yin is his ain laird  
In my dear, native Kells.