

Dedication to my late dear friend, Robbie Murray,  
and to the now deserted cottage where he was born.

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My heart with pleasure always fills  
When trucking o'er the heather-hills.

Alas, - a sadness struck me, when  
High up, beyond the Forrest Glen  
A dear deserted hallowed spot  
Had vanished, like a passing thought.

Dear Robbie Murray's kith and kin  
Were born and gerarded safe within.

Never again I'll knock this door,  
Or tread the flagstones on the floor.

I've drunk the cup o' kindness sweet  
When all this family was complete,

Wi' brow- o'cakes and Stilton cheese  
Before the plantin' o' the trees.

The fiddle strains have died away  
That Robbie Murray used to play.

The coohee crack and rhyming skills  
Are scattered o'er the Dunfermline hills.

I've still a shepherd's crook to show  
That Robbie fashioned long ago,

A master piece of wondrous art,  
A gift I'll treasure in my heart.

I'll miss this cottage, - truth to tell,  
I'll miss the friends I loved so well,

The sinking sands have sunk for me  
Till time unveils eternity.

Allan Ramsay