

Elphinstane's Salute tae Druon

Sheena Blackhall

Mary Anne Alburger

Slow and stately, freely

The cas - tle o the Lairds o Druon Kens tales o siege, o loss, o luv,
 There, hawks wing free over keesh - lin tree That aince war teth - ered on the glove.
 The Past's braid tree doon - drap - pit leaves Rich loas, that yoams a - roon this place
 The plei - sunt pol - i - cies o Druon... A sanc - tua - ry o green an grace.

The castle o the Lairds o Druon
 Kens tales o siege, o loss, o luv,
 There, hawks wing free over keeshlin tree
 That aince war tethered on the glove.

Like fairy castles in a beuk
 Yestreen hides at the forest's core
 An akka's flicht... a swordsman's thrust
 The breengin o a whited boar.

An lichtly, lichtly doon the stair
 The sweesh o Lady Margaret's lace,
 A lowly shepherd's dother, born
 Her dowry wis her bonnie face.

Hard East, hard East, the Mither Kirk,
 O Aiberdeen stams stunch an braw
 There in Druon's aisle, the Irvine lies
 Fa bravely focht at Reid Hanlaw.

The Dee runs siccar in the Sooth
 A shield, sud ill wins iver blaw,
 Its watters deep like ramparts steep
 Wad keep the warlike Kerths awa.

An green an leafy sits the West
 Glashwore, Hare's Wid, Queen Mary's Well,
 Far on the bloody Hill o Fare
 At Corrichie, prood Huntly fell.

For thrice ten thoosan nichts o stans
 Druon's neekor on the Norlan lans
 Wizened in witcherie an tiow
 Cullerlie's eildritch circle staans.

Druon's steeny waas are stoot an heich
 Luik doon, frae battlewent an luor,
 Are Covenantin sodjers there,
 Coan tae reive an spilzie Druon?

The Past's braid tree doon-drap-pit leaves
 Rich loas, that yoams aroon this place
 The pleisunt policies o Druon.....
 A sanctuary o green an grace.