

ELPHINSTANE'S SALUTE TAE DRUM
With English translations of key words

The castle o the Lairds o Drum
Kens tales o siege, o loss, o luv;
There hawks wing free ower reeshlin trees
That aince war tethered on the gluv.

Like fairy castle in a buik,
Yestreen bides at the forest's core:
The arra's flicht, the swordsman's thrust,
The terror o the hunted boar.

An lichtlie, lichtlie, doon the stair,
The sweesh o Lady Mergit's lace —
A dowie shepherd's dother born,
Her dowrie wis her bonnie face.

Hard East, hard East, the Mither Kirk
O Aiberdeen stauns stinch an braw.
There, in Drum's Aisle, the Irvine lies
Fa bravely focht at reid Harlaw.

The Dee runs siccar in the Sooth —
A shield sud ill wins ivver blaw;
Its wafters deep, like ramparts steep,
Wad haud the warlike Keiths awa.

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

For thrice ten thoosan nichts o stars
Drum's neebor on the Norlan lans,
Wizened bi witcherie an time,
Cullerlie's eldritch circle stauns.

Drum's steenie waas are stoot an heich.
Look doon, frae battlement an lum —
Are Covenantin sodjers there
Comin tae reive an spulzie Drum?

The Past's braid tree doon draps its leaves
Rich loam, that yoams aroon this place,
The pleisunt policies o Drum
A sanctuary o green an grace.

*knows, of love
over rustling
once, glove*

*book
yesterday evening
arrow's flight*

*lightly, down
swish, Lady Margaret
lowly, daughter
was*

*Mother Church
stands straight and fine
(Alexander XI, d. 1687)
who, fought, red*

*safe, South
should, ever blow
waters
would keep, away*

*to
wood
bloody
proud*

*thousand nights of
neighbor, Northern
shriveled by
sinister, stands*

*stony walls, stout and high
down, from, and chimney
Covenanter soldiers
to raid and plunder*

*broad, down drops
soil, roams around
pleasant approaches
of green and grace*