

THE SMOKY SMIRR O RAIN by George Campbell Hay

A misty mornin doon the shore wi a hushed and caller air,
and ne'er a breath frae East or West tae sway the rashes there,
a sweet, sweet scent frae Laggan's birks gaed breathin on its ain,
their branches hingin beaded in the smoky smirr o rain.

caller cool

smirr fine rain

The hills aroond were silent wi the mist along the braes.
The woods were derk and quiet wi dewy, glintin sprays.
The thrushes didna raise for me, as I gaed by alane,
but a wee, wae cheep at passin in the smoky smirr o rain.

Rock and stane lay glisterin on aw the heichs abune.
Cool and kind and whisperin it drifted gently doon,
till hill and howe were rowed in it, and land and sea were gane.
Aw was still and saft and silent in the smoky smirr o rain.

heichs heights

howe hollow