

## **Aikengaw.**

**Aikengall is a farm at the eastern end of the Lammermuir Hills. It was a beautiful peaceful spot, but since I composed this song, the neighbouring hills have sprouted a forest of wind turbines.**

**Carrion crows are killed without mercy by gamekeepers and shepherds. The typical Lammermuir crow-trap is a cage of wire netting which the crow can enter to feed on the carrion bait inside, but from which it cannot escape. Doom-laden symbolism to be sure, but a blink of moorland sun soon lifts the spirits.**

**The gatherin clouds o autumn grey  
Ower summer blue stravaig an stray;  
But on the hillside through it aw  
The sun blinks bricht on Aikengaw.  
Mair bricht as gems, thae hillfit days!**

**And up the cleuch the bracken broon  
Stands deein where the burn draps doon.  
Here where its cheery trickle rins,  
A pheasant skriechs oot fae the whins.  
Mair bricht as gems, thae hillfit days!**

**Then fae the muirland high abuin,  
A drap or twae o rain blows in,  
That for the meenit I'll ignore;  
But fine I ken what lies in store!  
Mair bricht as gems, thae hillfit days!**

**And in the craw-trap on the brae  
A ragged bird flaps life away,  
An waits the keeper's cruel hand.  
That feelin I can understand!  
Mair bricht as gems, thae hillfit days!**

**Though time an tide flee faster still  
Than ony hawk upon the hill,  
I still may see a time or twa,  
When sun blinks bricht on Aikengaw.  
Mair bricht as gems, thae hillfit days!**

**(Words and tune original.)**