

NATURE'S MUSIC SCHOOL

Hark the Tenor and the Dos mor
Like a thund'ring billows' roar
As it breaks in spume and spendrift
On a rugged, rocky shore.

Then like tumbling "Falls of water,"
Breakers on a sandy beach;
Making Vriplings and Taorluaths
For beyond a mortal's reach.

Like a flock of wee birds singing,
Or the humming of the bees,
Gentle sighings of the South wind
Or a southing in the trees.

Go and get a pen and note-book,
Write it down at once, today;
See that your wee children learn it,
And do keep it safe always.

Sweetly sounds the fairy chanter
'Neath the twinkling of the stars
Whilst the frisky notes come faster
Syne in tender crooning bars.

When the fairy Muse is near us
Listen then, to what she plays,
For the Varying strains of Music
Have so many skilful ways.

See ye do it, straight and quickly,
But with ne'er th'least delay;
For the Muse will, like the fairies,
Vanish at the break of day.

J. D. R. Watt

⊛ Technical names given to a "cluster" or "group"
of notes termed "BEATS" by Pipers.

CAMP FIRE IN THE NORTH

The moon is flooding the hillside
Wi' rays o' silvery licht,
An' doon below in the valley
Are gypsies camp'd for the night.

When saftly oot o' the shadows,
On the still air gently floats
Sweet strains o' fairy music,
Handed doon frae the wee sma' folk

An aged crone attendin' the fire,
Is crooning an' muttering low,
Her rhymes and incantations
Gleaned from the long ago.

And then, the pipe reed changes
Its dreary wistfu' tchune,
It ca's them a' tae spring an dance
Beneath the risen moon.

A group o' men in the firelicht,
Their visages no' very nice;
Are playing wi' cairds an' counters;
Smoking cutties an' rattlin' dice.

Skirts a-swirling, padding feet,
The auldest bluid is stirred
As thro' the flurry an' the hoochin
The rousing tune is heard.

Some bairnies are under the pine trees,
Wha joke and haver an' laugh;
Trying to play games in the darkness,
And constantly chatter and chaff.

Then aince mair thro' the shadows,
Sweet piobaireachd music fa's;
At the magic of its melody
The entranced hearers pause.

Till syne the drowsy slumber sang
Bids a' tae seek their rest;
As each one woos their pillow
By sleep they are caressed.

J. R. R. Watt