**TOBERMORY**

 **by Arthur Gordon**

I sit wi ma cronny in the local Inn,

 Both drinking fine Scots ale,

 I think of what I wish to say,

 In the way of ma wee tale.

 We sit and talk at a quiet table,

 I drew my breath to tell this story,

 It’s about some Scots neighbours of mine,

Who live on the Isle of Mull, near Tobermory.

 Hamish and Rosie are crofters,

 They live on an isolated farm,

 They keep sheep and some cows,

 In winter, Rosie spins the wool into yarn.

 They met at a local ceilidh,

 As to marriage they did nay dally,

 After courtship they were engaged,

 Soon the banns were read and they would marry.

 They dressed for the occasion,

 And arrived at the kirk by horse and carriage,

 The kirk in Tobermory was at the bottom of a glen,

 It was a fine day for the start of a marriage.

 They were married by the local vicar,

 An ancient stone Methodist kirk,

 All the local island folks attended,

 Guests dressed in tartan kilts complete with sporran and dirk.

Rosie wore a long white wedding dress,

 She was a beautiful bride,

 Hamish walked her down the aisle,

 With love in his eyes, full of pride.

 Their croft was on steep hilly land,

 Built into the side of a brae,

 In spring they are very busy,

 Harvesting winter barley and hay.

 They keep sheep on the hills above the farm,

 Scotch black face, a healthy flock,

 They are hardy ewes, once a year they have lambs,

 Good thoroughbred farming stock.

 In the cold of winter and bitter wind,

 By the hearth sits wee Rosie,

 Hamish working on the farm,

 Rosie knitting, keeping warm and cosy.

Outside the crows squawk as they feed in grass,

 A family of sparrows live in the eaves,

 Their chicks growing fast in the nest,

The nest warm, made of moss and dried leaves.

 Now in time they had a bonny bairn,

 Shona had short soft auburn hair,

 She was always smiling to her parents from her pram,

 Her skin was quite pale and fair.

 In later life she was courted by Alistair,

 He was born on the Isle of Iona,

 Alistair was also a crofter,

 Soon he made a bride of wee Shona.

 They moved away to the mainland,

 And bought a farm on the banks of Loch Awe in Argyle,

 They work hard to build up their farm,

 Shona is a bonnie lassie with a lovely smile.

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