Reminiscence By the Poet Fui Snowflake.

We've had our little time at three score and ten.
Stirring fire and pupils sitiosat nearest and our thoughts are
of the glee's.

What times we spend together recalling days and
years.
Old friendships are forever never fading with the
years.

Where Couriers are o' Curnaghairn
Sweeps up from below.
The Magpie o' Dolloway's.Berthed
in By New.

Where Shepherds up Simple
life unsave Character and
Roots (there's maritae.
cherished them tackety
Boats.)

In the Glenrens folk
pleasure in the spirit to
live, where neighbours help
their friends, and Wild Life to
live.

The Heritage Centre draws
tourists in there's quite a
Collection of All goods and things
Photographs & Wee goods, And curls and
pictures Not & even A C Radge And?
First a wee bit hill village
And o' what it means
Reminding us daily of family
and friends,
lore tales, and old legends
are still handed down.
And the field folk still gather
for Carpharion dancing June.

The Museum now claimed
every mind. No one thought
it was a way of life long gone by.

Never seed the hill farmers built
the Ruins grow from the Ruins
the Auld Cock Crown, the
Young men learned.
Some said kids sprung
up the Ken.

Never seed the cows and gear
they had. So dear.
And learning at a Mother's
Knee. And family's Circled
Room for tea.

A local folk. Now Content
And thirst was seen
where'er we went.
Of course, we love the towns
and grills.
But also true life stories
at the Carpharion Grills.