Clenoch

Nae wonder it’s ca’d the wee Bouch Burn - Bow burn as it zig zags doon the Windy Standard
(dear the hoors by its wee bit pools where in childhood dreams we daunndered)

Brought up in the space of the Gallowa hills
An when we go back it’s a dream fulfilled
It fills oor senses tae view frae those slopes
In those high tops, destiny, memories, hopes.
Real Gallovidians that’s what we are – I doubt if we saw the turbines for fear

Benniner – every time you climb it you grow thinner.

Sister Mary walked nine miles over the hills for her bagpipe lessons and she says she’s played the Barren Rocks of Aden and Hielan Laddie at Manthraw, at the Heid o Afton, on the hameward journey tae Moorbrock.

I’ve walked with sister Bessie from Moorbrock over to Shinnel Glen. And from Moorbrock into Glen Afton with Daddy driving sheep, when I was still at Stroanfreggan, my only school.

Sister Mary went post to the Clenoch in the 1930s. We used to talk about ‘walkers bus’ or ‘shank’s pony’. She used to call up the wee stairs at Moorbrock to me and my friends Isa and Nancy Dalziel on a Saturday morning ‘are you lassies gan tae dae hoosework or are ye gan post tae the Clenoch?’

The Clenoch shepherd’s cottage was about four miles from Moorbrock with no road to it in those days. We walked up the Greenhill through by the Stanes o Polgpe between Moorbrock and Benniner hills, and on from there with the Hog Hill on our right, and if it was a simmer day, a fox might be visible way up high sitting on a sun heated stone. Or during a storm on the left a roarin Cleugh micht jaw and jap it’s load.

Bunty Scott
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