

Some Logiealmond Folk in music and poetry

(Compiled for a Rural Competition in the 1990s)

In 1363 the widowed Margaret of Logie became Queen of Scotland when she married David II. The marriage was controversial and did not last. Margaret was thought to be very extravagant and parliament pressed successfully for a divorce. She never accepted the divorce and spent the remaining six years of her life appealing against it.

Here is the **Ballad of Margaret of Logie**, written in the 1970s by **Mabel Adam** (Holy Corner, Chapelhill), one of our members.

The Ballad of Margaret of Logie

Margaret looked down from the castle walls
Her e'en were fu' of tears.
My lord is buried by Almond stream
And my hert is fu' of fears.

Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu' dream,
I saw my son bereft
Of home and lands and heritage;
Wi' doul my hert is cleft.

The King paced in St. Andrew's Hall,
"Bring me that lady fair
Who dwells in Logy's ancient tower;
For her my hert is sair.

Her hair is long, her e'en are bright;
She's quiet as any dove.
O bring her on her milk-white steed
And she shall be my love."

King David took Margaret for his bride;
Wi' jewels he has decked her.
She's gi'en her son great gifts o' land
And castles rich and fair.

“O send this wicked woman away,
Divorce your greedy Queen!
He’s ta’en his Parliament’s advice
Though the tears are in his e’en.

O Logy land sae fair and green
And ne’er will they forget
The lady who was Scotland’s Queen –
King David’s Margaret.

*(Sung by Norma Lindsay, Easter Cairnies Farm, accompanied by
Irene McLean, Drummachar Farm)*

In 1645 the pest or plague reached Perth and soon spread to the surrounding countryside. The effect was terrible and whole families and even whole villages were wiped out. Our next ballad is the famous tale of **Bessie Bell and Mary Gray** who tried to escape the plague by moving to an isolated spot on the banks of the Almond. But the story is told that a young man brought them provisions from the town and the disease came too.

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray

O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray
They were twa bonnie lasses
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes

They theekit it o'er wi' rashes green
They theekit it o'er wi' heather
But the pest cam' frae the borough's toun
And slew them baith thegither

They thocht to lie in Methven kirkyard
Amang their noble kin
But they maun lie in Dronach-haugh
An' beik fornent the sin

(Jessie Cameron, Murrayfield Farm)



Photograph: Ken Bruce Perthshire Advertiser May 2021

In the early years of the last century the gardener at Logie House was **James Duff**. He wrote a large number of poems and a few songs, one of which became famous. Here is The Lassie with the Yellow Coatie and we hope that you will join in the chorus.

The Lassie with the Yellow Coatie

Lassie wi' the yellow coatie,
Will ye wad a moorland Jockie?
Lassie wi' the yellow coatie,
Will ye busk and gang wi' me?

I hae meal and milk in plenty,
I hae kale and cakes fu' dentie,
I've a but and ben fu' gentie,
But I want a wife like thee.

Tho my mailin be but sma',
Little gowd hae I tae shaw,
I've a hairt without a flaw,
And I'll gie it all tae thee.

With my lassie and my doggie,
Oe'r the braes and through the boggie ,
Nane on airth was aye sae jaunty,
Or sae blithe as we will be.

Haste ye lassie tae my bosom,
While the roses are in blossom,
Time is precious, dinna lose it,
Flo'ers will fade and so will ye.

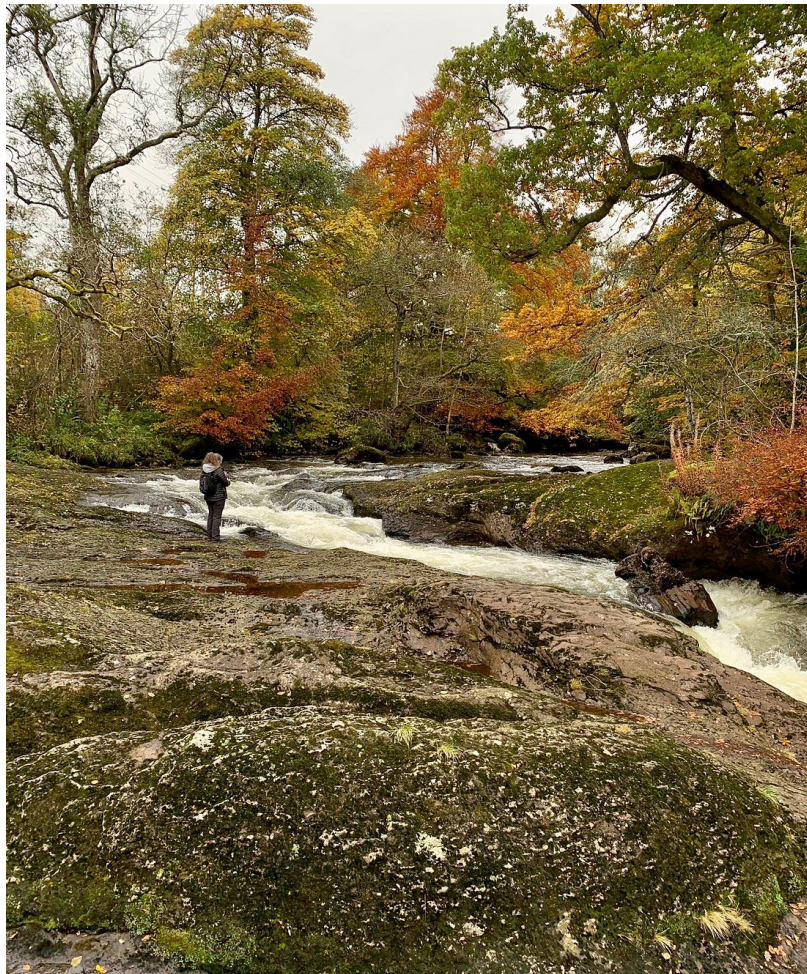
The fine Perth poet, **William Soutar** wrote about two Logiealmond characters.

Fisher Luck.

Hae ye no heard o' Sandy Caird
Wha was a whin-stane napper?
He yank't a trout frae Buchanty Spout,
And wasna it a whapper!

For twenty year, or maybe mair,
In dry or drubbly weather,
He tried for trout at Buchanty spout
But never taen anither.

(Janie Mackintosh, Logie Lodge)



The second poem we have by **William Soutar** is;

Daddy Docherty

Haud richt on to Logiealmond
Gin ye hinna see
The sicht af Daddy Docherty
Jiggin ovr the green.

Dictin af the daisy taps;
Sterin up the stour;
Wha wud ken auld Docherty
Was a' but ninety-fow'r?

Clip-cloup, skip and a loup
Feerie wi' the feet;
By heck! There's name like Docherty;
Yon's the way to dae it!

(Mamie MacGregor, Shannoch Farm)



William Soutar 1898-1943. Aged 24 in 1922.
Photograph BBC

We began with a ballad about the family of one of the early lairds of Logiealmond, and our penultimate piece celebrates the present laird. It is the march, **The Earl of Mansfield**.

(Played on the pipes by Sylvia Baird, The Smiddy, Chapelhill)

The last poem is by Mrs Murray and presents timeless sentiments.

The Hand of Friendship.

Haud oot the hand o' friendship.
 I'll clasp it tight wi' mine.
 We'll be guid friends whate'er befa'
 For sake o' Auld Lang Syne.

Forget the petty quarrel then
 That mar oor social life
 And cultivate the qualities
 That put an end to strife.

When neebors are bowed down wi' care
 Lets lend a helping hand.
 Just let them ken that we are there
 And that we understand.

For we must mid we're brithers a'
 Whate'er our life 'n station
 And keep oor friendship firm and true
 In happy sweet relation

The brotherhood o' nations wide
 I think dependent be
 An what the hand of friendship means
 Tae folk like you and' me.

(Isobel Aitchison, Kindrum Park Farm)