

# Ballad: Ellen McJones Aberdeen

They gathered around PATTISON CORBY TORBAY, And played him some tunes in the traditional way. They started with jigs, then to reels they did switch, But PATTISON's mood did not improve one bit.

"This is torture," he cried, "not a joyous refrain! Oh, cease your wild playing, it's hurting my brain!" But CLONGLOCKETTY swore by the thistle so sharp, He'd not cease his playing till dawn lit the harp.

And so through the night, till the early morn broke, The Highlands resounded with pibroch and smoke. The birds and the creatures were stirred from their sleep, Wondering why such a din the glen did keep.

ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN stood by McCLAN, Her heart all aflame for the piper man. "Oh, ANGUS," she whispered, "your music's divine, It calls to my soul with a voice that's benign!"

The piper, enchanted by ELLEN's fair speech, Decided right then the Sassenach to teach That the music of Scotland's both hearty and deep, Capable of waking those long in their sleep.

With dawn rising pink over hillside and stream, PATTISON CORBY admitted his scheme: "I see now," he said, with remorse in his eyes, "The pipes sing of Scotland's clear skies and her cries."

He packed up his gear, and he left on the morn, His sports and his sneers at the pipes now forlorn. He'd learnt that the music, so wild and so strong, Was the heartbeat of Scotland, vibrant and long.

And CLONGLOCKETTY, with his ELLEN so fair, Continued to play with nary a care. For their love and the pipes in the Highlands did blend, A melody sweet that would never

end.

The moral, dear reader, is clear to discern: Respect for tradition one must always earn.  
For the music of Scotland, with all its might, Binds the heart of its people, in joy and in  
plight.

