

Title: The binding of Clyde on the Firth by Glenmore Hasterling's half brother  
By: Ronald Eldridge 2001

I heard in a distance, a shout, from beyond the treeline and down the path it came.  
"Be ware Be ware' the toll is chime-a-ling 'sang the matron so fair"  
"Be ware Be ware" was the voice of the wandering Innen on the Spring Airs

I had not heard the saying, nor ever met the Sire, but 'twas in me to greet him.  
"Nor does he come' going home from afar'  
'But ere he is pierced through the heart by the right knightly heir"

I knew not of the Loc'ner nor lands he speaketh of.  
"The tree in the Loc' that's 'eld him so far  
'Was once a man till Glenmore' sprewed his hide to the door"

The story was an old one he was singing out.  
"Air he was bound' and "Air he will stay' for all to see 'em everyday  
and Hasterling having said his say "as been seen no more"

But 'tis strange that in all he'd said I'd heard before, but this new.  
"e come a ridin' from afar or so his story goes  
'twas a man 'o means, from you may hear, a dowry so some say  
a brides good father gave it to 'em, for marryin' ol his lass"

An now I knew, I had to meet this songster.  
"but 'twas a sad and stormy night when he did see er in her best  
longing fer meat to fill er bone, and longing for drink to meddle her test  
she drank him under the table some say  
if you'd ev'r seen her in her day you'd know it weren't a lie"

Gathering my fare I sat forth to make an acquaintance.  
"so she could drink and rut with the best an her no more than a fly  
a speck that lost her gent by test and dowry as it goes"

But his tale continues as I prepare to upon him appear.  
"narent an ounce of fat on bone, nor tit upon her chest, but she can drink  
'oh how she drinks and how she failed his test"

And as I approached, I could see, twas a man a spread, a tied to a tree.  
"she did em in so he walked out' an with dowry and a song  
till Glenmore spread em amongst the trees, forever more, or for better or for worse  
forever long."