

Musings from a “Renegade Scottish Fiddler(1)”

from a visit to the Valley of the Moon.

By Keith W. Dunn

A silent, blanketing tide of fog flows through pungent redwood forests,
The echoes of bird calls mix with the ancient musical language of the Scots
The rhythmic sounds of reels, marches, jigs and strathspeys as well as old Scots Airs
float through sylvan stands of ancient mist-catchers....and the dweller’s heart.
Come, kick up your feet and dance under the heavenward thrust of these mammoth trees.
Ready your bow and shoulder your fiddle.
Feel the spiraling fire of those ancient tunes as it escapes from within the soul that
harbors the seed.
See the brightly burning embers of smiles erupting upon spruce boxes
and

*(2)Hale be your heart,
Hale be your fiddle,
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle
To cheer you thro’ the weary widdle
O’ wardly cares*

(1) Alasdair Fraser

(2) Robert Burns