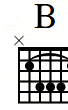
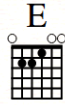
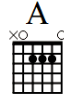
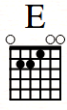
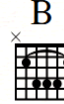
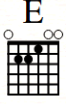


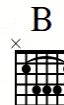
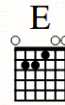
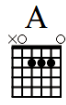
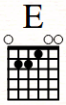
# Allan Burn



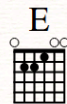
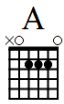
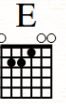
Water spills out underneath a bank where moss and bracken grows



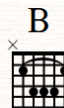
tumbles down the slope until it joins another stream below



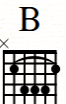
Through a canopy of grass and heather many waters run



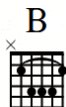
under sky at last high on the hill



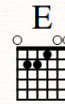
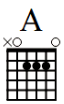
behold the Allan burn.



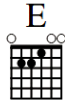
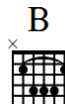
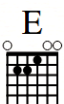
Standing on a hill and looking back



I still remember when

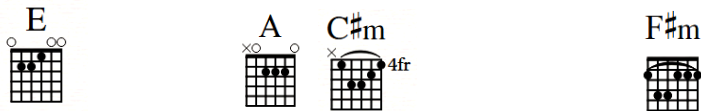


we would walk up here together



we would walk in Allan glen.

Early rising evening late or  
 picnic by the water clear  
 chase and catch through birch and rowan  
 acting less than half our years.  
 Then the day you told me you had  
 something you must say to me.  
 Talking of our lives to come you said  
 "Maybe that's not to be".  
 Then we climbed the hill in silence  
 clouds passed o'er the summer sky  
 "If I should be taken from you  
 Think of me by Allan side".



*Climbing the hill, lying amongst the flowers,*



*listening to bees humming, paradise for hours and hours*

Now the burn still runs beside me  
 gazing at the glen below.  
 Clouds across the summer sky just  
 like it was a year ago.  
 Walking down the hill I come to where we'd sit  
 under the trees.  
 From my wallet I take out  
 a photograph that we took here.  
 Trying to set the camera up  
 and running back to get in view.  
 Things that seemed like nothing then are now  
 all that I have of you.

*Climbing the hill, lying amongst the flowers,  
listening to bees humming, paradise for hours and hours*

*Climbing the hill, lying amongst the flowers,  
listening to bees humming, paradise for hours and hours and hours.....*