

Belhelvie

A fine Octobers morning fan the season's slawin doon
Jim Calder and his youngest mak their wye tae Ellon toon
Auld Aberdeen ahin them, and the weather lookin' fair
Their lorry teen along the road, they were nearly half way there.

A traction rig they hid in tow, a new fairm ilka day
Wee belts and wheels and muckle graft, threshed barley fae the strae
It was roon about Belhelvie at the burn O Millden brig
They stopped tae tak on watter tae mak the steam tae drive the rig

Noo Calders loon though few in years was a bricht and canny cheel
And he noticed that a pin gaed louse drapt fae the drivin' wheel
He lookit doon an roon about tae see far it had gin
And he went back far they'd jist came fae tae find the missin' pin

Auld Calder he sat on the rig and waited fir his boy
It was there he spied an engine comin' fae the either way
So puttin' on a bit o steam the driving wheel gings roon
And he draas his engine tae the side tae mak a bit mare room

But Calder though he tried he couldnae gett the engine stopped
And the forewheel it tean up the dyke and was heading o'er the top
Noo seeing this the loon runs up the road and gead a shout
"Yer nearly o'er the dyke, Ye best jump aff afor she coups"

But Calder didna hear him and by a means or anither
He opened up mair steam and tumbled aff the brig a' the gather
The rig fell fae the affa hicht and landed on his breest
And we a crack it broke his bones and pinned him underneath

Noo faan the loon comes in aboot and sees him in this state
He braces an prepares himsel' tae try in shift the weight
But Calder reaches oot his haan and halts the loons endeavor
He pulls him in aboot and says "Neen o us live forever"

The young loon faas onto his knees, just far his faither lay
Auld Calder took his final breath an then he passed away
He was a richt hard-warkin cheil, naebdy he'd deen ill tae
An tragic was his passin o in Belhelvie that day

<https://petecoutts.bandcamp.com/releases>