

Greta Murray (nee Fraser)

Buckie, Banffshire on Moray Firth coast,
40 km NEast of Elgin and 100 km East of Inverness
top of the Spey (Glenfiddich, etc whisky River Valley)



Grandfather was game warden at Pluscarden Abbey, established in 1230AD near Elgin

Scottish artist on call by the Queen Mom while at Balmoral Castle to paint landscapes and gardens.

Blood relation to Sir Ashley – one of the founders of the Aberdeen School of Modern Medicine which did not practice blood-letting. QE 1 had seen her father bled to death and chose Sir Ashley as her physician though he continued to teach at Aberdeen and was on call. QE1 although she loved the new fad - “refined white sugar” from her colonies, and had missing and blackened teeth, was relatively healthy until a year before she died of “melancholy” and depression.



Youtube - Greta Murray as well as Greta Murray Daffodils

The clock was willed to the Scottish National Trust →

Daffodils (published **Aberdeen Leopard**)

A blaze o’yalla hit me
Whilst I drove tae Aiberdeen
As in the poet’s Rainbow,
M’hert leapt at the scene.

A mile o’daffies swayin
An whisperin in the win’
Aa tellin’ me that Spring had come
Wi’wild geese on the wing.

I wish tae linger wi’them,
But the rule o’road’s aye nigh;
My spirit fed, the joy was left
Tae ither passers-by.

The Crookit Widdi - *What Was and Ever Is*

The crookit widdi hieds ahin’
The purple shuther o’the Bin.

An crookit roadie skirts a’round
Gets lecht at time frae gold when bloom.

An’ crookit hoosies crouch near by,
That aince stood prood agains’the sky.

Poor crookit fowkies Noo a ‘gone
But still this crookit life moves on!

partial translation

The crooked woods hide behind
The purple shoulder of the Hill
(Heather covered Ben/hill named “Bin” was a family farm)
lecht=lit golden at times by prickly broom = “when”
hoosies=houses

Written after speaking with a sad old country lass had lamented
the loss of old homesteads
like the Lawrence’s that fell down when they emigrated.

In the Doric language - a local coastal dialect from Aberdeen to Inverness.

I now believe this might be the dialect I heard Grandma speaking
to other’s when I stayed there as a kid-
not the Gaelic.

Although that to is possible I suppose.

1745 Commemorative Clock



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