

The URLAR

OTHER 'URLARS'

By Ewen Macpherson (Talla-Shee)



A sign post in the scenic market town of Aberfeldy, Highland Perthshire, Scotland.

In issue number 135, *The Urlar* explains that its name is the Gaelic for floor, layer, course or vein. In addition to the quarterly journal of the US Branch of the Clan Macpherson Association, where else will you find the name Urlar?

A search on Google revealed that Urlar wine is produced in Gladstone, North Island, New Zealand by the Thomson family who originally hail from Scotland. On founding the business in 2004, they chose the name Urlar for its Gaelic meaning of Earth and their desire to bring an abundance of life back to the ancient soil.

Urlar Design Flooring is based in County Donegal, Ireland and proudly

boasts that “quality doesn’t have to cost the earth”.

In County Mayo, Ireland, there is the small village of Urlaur, also referred to as Urlar, with its Dominican Abbey by the shore of Urlaur/Urlar Lake.

The Urlar is also a Blip.fm DJ where you can create your own internet radio station and listen to free music played by you and your friends.

A farm to the south west of the pretty market town of Aberfeldy in Highland Perthshire is named Urlar and through it runs the Urlar Burn. The dramatic falls and woods by the side of the burn are well known for their plants and wildlife. It was here in 1787 that Robert Burns wrote *The Birks O’Aberfeldy* (The birches of Aberfeldy).

Chorus

Bonnie lassie, will ye go
Will ye go, will ye go;

Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come, let us spread the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhang wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, meets wi' misty showers
In the birks of Aberfeldy

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.