

The Turn of the Day

Marion Angus

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The Turn of the Day

Also by Marion Angus :
Sun and Candlelight
The Singin' Lass

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The Turn of the Day

by Marion Angus



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Spring

THE green corn springs
In the warmth o' the rain.
The robin pipes
On a kirk yaird stane,
A ring o' gowd's
On the neck o' the doo,
The lammie suckles at the ewe,
An' ma he'rt's fu'
As I gang ma lane
Whaur robin sings
On a kirk yaird stane.

A Breton Woman Sings

ON resurrection morning
When the Just are glorified,
We shall not dare to look at the saints
Walking side by side

Since in Our Lady's chapel
I bade my candles burn
For a kiss—a cry—a welcome,
A bonnie boat's return.

And prayed not for salvation
Nor for my spirit's food,
Only—"My man's a sinner,
Let Mary make him good."

And that on Judgement morning
When the Just are glorified,
We two may creep to her white feet,
And kneel there side by side.

A Small Thing

“ A HURT so small,”
 Say you,
“ A thread of grey
 On blue,
So slight a thing
Less than a wild rose sting
Nothing at all.”
 And yet,
When thrushes call,
 Or winds awake
And sigh—and sink—
 And fall—
Into the evening’s grey
I think—
 And think
This small heartbreak
Will wear my life away.

The Broken Brig

TWA o' us met whaur the waters spring
This ae nicht o' a',
Ane to rage and ane to sing
At onding o' the snaw.

The twain o' us wi' never a moon
In the blin-drift and the sleet,
Ane wha gaed like thistle doon,
Ane wi' silly feet.

Me wi' a he'rt o' fear and dreid
Whaur the burns was rinnin' big,
Her to gang forrit wi' lifted heid
First ower the broken brig.

The twain o' us by the reid fire flame
Oot o' the mirk and snaw—
Oh wha' is this that lands me hame
This ae nicht o' a' ?

A tinker wife wi' a dreepin' plaid
The candle stalks atween,
A whey-faced wife wi' a dreepin' plaid
And *twa sichtless e'en*.

The Lissome Leddy

I H'ARD a lissome leddy
Ower a blue hill heid
On a fine day, a fair day,
Spin a fairy threid.

Like saft water rinnin'
Naith faem white as meal
Was the sough o' the spinnin'
O' that fairy wheel.

Like a licht in a shady
Birk wood green,
Was the lissome leddy
Wi' her flick'rin' e'en.

A lad wadna wed her,
She likit him weel ;
Noo she weaves oot her sorro'
On a fairy wheel.

In the wild wood shady
Ower a blue hill heid,
Hark tae the lissome leddy
Spinnin' at her threid.

The Doors of Sleep

JENNY come ower the hill,
Ye hae broke yer troth lang syne
An' ta'en yer hand frae mine,
But nichts are warm and still.

White as a flo'er in May
Gang glimmerin' by my bed—
White flo'er sae sune tae fade
At early dawnin' day.

Come by the doors o' sleep,
Whaur ne'er a word sall fa'
O' the ring ye gi'ed awa,
The tryst ye failed tae keep ;
When nichts are clear and still,
Jenny—come ower the hill.

The Stranger

Oh, wha cam' doon the Dye Water
Yestreen, nae tryst to keep,
Wi' e'en maist like a bairnie's e'en
New waukened frae her sleep ?

Thro' a cauld moss rins Dye Water,
Whaur the grey peewit cries,
Yestreen it ran a gowden burn,
Frae Hills o' Paradise.

A wild rose bloomed by Dye Water
Amang the thorny bent
To glimmer in her hands yestreen,
Like cup o' Sacrament.

She turned aboot Dye Water,
The road she cam' she gaed ;
I h'ard the flittin' o' her feet,
The stirrin' o' her plaid.

Joan the Maid

JOAN, Joan, the bonnie maid,
She rinses claes in the cauld mill-lade,
Strong i' the airm and straucht i' the thigh,
To kirn and weave and herd the kye,
By day on the croft by the waterside ;
But, come the nicht and I hear her ride.

On a milk white horse in siller shoon,
She rides to Embro', Embro' toon
Amang the reid-coats ower the muir,
Wi' her gowden hair and her he'rt sae pure

Up to the yett o' the castle wa'
Whaur bolts and bars afore her fa',
Wi' step sae licht and cheek sae reid
Tae lay a croon on a prince's heid.

Oh gin they tak frae ye yer sword
And bind yer breist wi' a hempen cord,
Frae the fiery whin and the flamin' sark
Yer soul wull moont like a liltin' lark ;
Joan, o' the croft by the waterside—
What ails me that I hear ye ride ?

The Lane Kirkyaird

THE lane kirkyaird
Kens nayther buss nor tree
But bonnie gouden whin
Glintin' tae the sea,
An' grey heid-stanes
O' the auld kith an' kin
Are weet wi' the spindrift thin.

Ower the lane kirkyaird
Suld a flame licht hie
An' the hindmaist trumpet's blast
Gang soondin' ower the sea,
Wi' " roose ye—roose ye,
Auld kith an' kin,
Sleepin' sae lang amang the whin."

Then saft wad she maen
Yon saut-moued sea
" The auld kith an' kin
They hae lang won free,
Far abune the whin
An' the spindrift thin
An' the cauld fine smell o' the whin."

Lost Things

SHE borrowed roses' sweetness,
The birch and aspen tree
Lent her their grace, and little hills
Some magic glamourie.

But since that summer morning
On which I woke to weep,
The rose has claimed her loveliness,
The hills her beauty keep.

While high among the uplands
Or down the forest path
I long for her lost foolishness
Her quick impatient wrath.

The Tinker's Road

THE broon burn's speerin',
Frettin' a' the wye,
" What gars ye gang,
Auld Tinker's Road,
Whaur there's naither fouk nor kye,

" Kirk nor croft nor mill,
A' thing lane and still ? "
But it's aye " Haud on "
Wi' the Tinker's Road
Fur the far side o' the hill.

Stannin' stanes gloomin',
Grim an' straucht an' dour—
" An unco place for a Tinker's Road
On sic a ghaist-rid moor ! "

Ghaist or witch or de'il,
Stanes o' dule an' ill,
It's aye " Hing in "
Wi' the Tinker's Road
Fur the far side o' the hill.

The black thorn's maenin',
" O rauch winds, let me be !
Atween ye a'
Ye've brak ma he'rt,
An' syne I canna dee ! "

Weerin' til a threid,
Smooored wi' mosses reid,
The soople road wins ower the tap
An' tak's nor tent nor heed.

The muir-cock's crawin',
" I ken a dowie bed
Far ben in a nameless glen
Wi' lady breckan spread."

Whaur dreepin' watters fill
The bonnie green mools intil,
The Tinker's Road maun sough awa'
At the far side o' the hill.

The Seaward Toon

Gin ye hadna barred yer painted door
Fur dreid o' the dreepin' mists,
Ye nicht hae h'ard the news gang by
That blaws as the wind lists.

Better hae spun wi' a gowden threid
By the grey ash o' the peat,
Than woven yer sorra's weary web,
Cauld as a shroodin' sheet,

Moornin' aye for the seaward toon,
Lapt roond wi' the hungry wave,
Wi' ilka ruint stane a wound,
An ilka yaird a grave.

Gin ye hadna steekit sae fast yer door
Wi' heid and he'rt fu' hie,
A lily bud for a fair breist-knot
An' a sprig o' the rosemarie,

Ower the bent, an' ower the bent
Ayont the blawing sand,
Yer fit wad hae fint a seaward toon
Ne'er biggit by mortal hand,

Wi' a glimmer an' lowe fae shinin' panes,
An' the stir o' eident feet,
A'thing hapt in a droosy air
That's naither cauld nor heat.

Gin ye hadna steekit yer painted door
Ere the licht o' day was dune,
Ye nicht hae h'ard the Host gang by
Ower this braw Seaward Toon.

Patrick

YE lads and ye lasses
That rins thro' the toon,
Hear ye aucht o' Auld Patrick
Wha mends the fouk's shoon ?
Mendin' auld shoon,
Tinkerin' at shoon,
Grey o' the mornin'
Till evenin' reid ;
An' the robin sings saft
In the green glen-heid.

Ye gentle an' simple
That walks in the wynd,
Wi' Patrick be hamely,
Wi' Patrick be kind.
Doon the lang wynd,
At the fit o' the wynd,
Grim wi' sorrow
And grey wi' greed . . .
An' there's gowd on the broom
In the green glen-heid.

I'll gang nivver mair
At morn, nicht or noon,
Lily-licht fitted
On dancin' shoon,
On elfin shoon,
On fairy shoon,
Whaur the rose burns bricht
An' the berry burns reid,
Tae the he'rt o' the warld
Into the green glen-heid.

The lads and the lasses
That rins ower the toon
Cares nocht for Auld Patrick
Wha mends the fouk's shoon.

Puir auld shoon,
Weerin' dune !
Grim wi' sorrow
An grey wi' greed . . .
He was my ain luv
In the green glen-heid.



Penchrise

I SHALL be grave and old,
I shall be cold and wise,
When I forget the moorland
Lifting to Penchrise ;
The lovely, ancient moorland
Beneath the dappled skies.

There every trembling willow
Can show a silver crest
To the bright crystal water
Streaming from the west.
And Joy, the Gypsy, found me there
And clasped me to her breast.

We tracked the green Catrail
Winding like a snake,
Where bluebells lisp and flutter
And solemn thistles quake,
For fear the buried hill-men
Should hear them and awake.

Wind kissed the heather,
Sun smote the pine,
They brewed the cup together,
Lusty, strong and fine ;
And Joy, the mad Gypsy,
She's drunk the honey wine.

Sleek, silken creatures
Were peering through the leaves
(Oh, the darlings, the sly eyes,
Robbers, murderers, thieves !)
In and out the meshes
That Chance, their mother, weaves.

Deep was the thicket
Where the strange gods stirred
The flame of the world
To a magic chord,
In the pure high singing
Of the hidden bird.

I shall grow grave and old,
I may grow cold and wise,
Even now in distant dream
The moorland faints and dies ;
The lovely, ancient moorland
Lifting to Penchrise,

Where cold crystal waters
Come streaming from the west,
And Joy, the wild Gypsy,
In tattered beauty dressed,
Has found some other lover
To gather to her breast.

At Candlemas

LANG syne at Candlemas
At first cam o' the mune,
I, a bit lassie,
Hame-gaun fae the toon,
Fell in wi' a stranger
Frail as ony reed,
Wi' a green mantle
Hapt about her heid.

Haste, I wad haste me,
The whinny road along,
Whinny, crookit road
Whaur the grey ghaists gang.
Wi' her een fu' o' spells,
Her broo runkled sair,
She micht weel be the witch
O' the Braid Hill o' Fare.

Here cams Candlemas,
A wan deein' mune,
Eh ! bit I'm weary.
Cauldrife wis the toon !

Yon's a blythe bairnie
Soople as a reed,
Rinnin' wi' a hankey
Tied about her heid,
Hastin', hastin',
Limber-licht fit,
Doon the crookit road
Whaur the grey moths flit.

Quo' she, " Ye'r sma'-bookit,
Yer broo's runkled sair,
Er' ye the auld witch
O' the Braid Hill o' Fare ? "

Most Sad is Sleep

IN summer-time
Most sad is sleep,
When hawthorns still
Their blossoms keep ;
So thin sleep's veil is,
Faint and rare,
Scarcely a dream
Can shelter there.

Only dim thoughts
Of sunny squares
Marigold fields
And Country Fairs,
Of missing now
In every place,
The present comfort
Of your face.

In summer-time
Just at daybreak
How blessèd it
Would be to wake

In a fine world
Of towns and trees,
Marigold fields
And sunny seas,
Where flying rains
The blossoms kiss,
But yet a different
World from this !

Because beyond
The marigold,

Where little hills
Great woods enfold,
I run to push
The boughs apart
And fall a-weeping
On your heart.

Dream-Magic

THE larch-tree's a lady
With long green sleeves,
Swinging in the meadow
Where she weaves and weaves
Silken soft coverlets
Spun with gold seams.
Sleep and you'll dream there
The dream of all the dreams.

The burn she's a gypsy,
She runs through the glen,
She twists like an adder,
She flits like a wren,
Dancing to a very
Curious, ancient tune
Learnt from a brown elf
At the full moon.

That very same elfin thing,
Crouching in the leaves,
Taught the dream-magic
To Lady Greensleeves.

The Fiddler

A FINE player was he . . .
'Twas the heather at my knee,
The Lang Hill o' Fare
An' a reid rose-tree,
A bonnie dryin' green,
Wind fae aff the braes,
Liftin' and shiftin'
The clear-bleached claes.

Syne he played again . . .
'Twas dreep, dreep o' rain,
A bairn at the breist
An' a warm hearth-stane,
Fire o' the peat,
Scones o' barley meal
An' the whirr, whirr, whirr,
O' a spinnin'-wheel.

Bit aye, wae's me !
The hindmaist tune he made . . .
'Twas juist a dune wife
Greetin' in her plaid,
Winds o' a' the years,
Naked wa's atween,
And heather creep, creepin'
Ower the bonnie dryin' green.

Alas! Poor Queen

SHE was skilled in music and the dance
And the old arts of love
At the court of the poisoned rose
And the perfumed glove,
And gave her beautiful hand
To the pale Dauphin
A triple crown to win—
And she loved little dogs
 And parrots
 And red-legged partridges
And the golden fishes of the Duc de Guise
And a pigeon with a blue ruff
She had from Monsieur d'Elbœuf.

Master John Knox was no friend to her ;
She spoke him soft and kind,
Her honeyed words were Satan's lure
The unwary soul to bind.
“ Good sir, doth a lissome shape
And a comely face
Offend your God His Grace
Whose Wisdom maketh these
Golden fishes of the Duc de Guise ? ”

She rode through Liddesdale with a song ;
“ Ye streams sae wondrous strang,
Oh, mak' me a wrack as I come back
But spare me as I gang.”
While a hill-bird cried and cried
Like a spirit lost
By the grey storm-wind tost.

Consider the way she had to go,
Think of the hungry snare,
The net she herself had woven,
Aware or unaware,

Of the dancing feet grown still,
The blinded eyes.—
Queens should be cold and wise,
And she loved little things,

Parrots

And red-legged partridges
And the golden fishes of the Duc de Guise
And the pigeon with the blue ruff
She had from Monsieur d'Elbœuf.

The Ghost

THE wind that brings
The twilight in
Is musky-scented,
Faint and thin,
When light as dew
On tender herb
A footstep falls
Across the kerb.

Into the street
The children pack,
With, "Here's the pedlar-
Man come back !
The pedlar with
The red balloons
And flutes that play
The dancing tunes."

The wind that brings
The twilight home
Is frailer than
The drifted foam,
When light as vapour
On a glass
The footstep falls
Upon the grass.

O Mary, loose
Your cloudy wrap !
The gate is shut,
No timorous tap
Comes on the empty
Window-pane,
To wake your life
To joy again.

“ The old wife broods
Beside the fire.
No grief has she,
And no desire.
With puckered lips
And crooked smile
She mutters to
Herself the while.

“ A year, or two—
Or maybe three—
And I the pedlar-
Man shall be,
And I the baby
Soft and white
That Mary cries for
In the night,
And I the wind
So faint and thin,
The wind that blows
The twilight in.”

By Candle-Light

MARY FORBÈS weaves in the candle-light
When the straw is stacked in the barn.
Round and about her fingers slim
She twists the fleecy yarn—
 The candle-light—the candle-light—
And the shadows on the floor
And the wrinkled leaves of the rowan-bush
 A-rustling beyond the door.

“ Now, what is't you think on,
My yellow-haired lad,
With your fiddle upon your knee ? ”
“ On the days when I counted the lambs,
 mother,
By the bonnie green links o' Dee.”—
 The candle-light—the candle-light—
And a wind that sparks the peat
And a sleety rain, on the window-pane,
 Like the patter o' birdies' feet.

“ Come play me ' Whaur Gowdie rins,' my son,
Or a reel with a heartsome tune.”
But he minds how he danced at the Castleton
In the long clear gloamings o' June—
 The candle-light—the candle-light—
And the lass with the tawny shoon,
That danced with him at the Castleton
 In the silver shine of the moon.

Mary Forbès weaves in the candle-light ;
Her fiddler plays in the gloom.
The dowiest airs in all the world
Trail round and about the room,

And Mary blesses the candle-light—
The witchin', watchin' flame—
The eerie night and the candle-light
That keeps her bairn at hame.

The Drove Road

It's a dark hill-track over grey Culblean,
Though light on the rocks may glisten,
The lonest road that ever was seen,
But the old folks say—if you listen—

You may hear the tread and the march of the
dead
(The young folks know the story),
Of the wild hill-men that came out of the glen,
Fierce for battle and glory.

And they tell how at dawning on dark Culblean
You may hear the slogan ringing
Where clansmen and foe in the moss below
Sleep sound—to the brown burn's singing.

I hear no tread of the wild hill-men
Nor slogan at dawning pealing,
Only the tune of the brown burn's croon
And a breeze on the bracken stealing.

I wish I were hearing Wat Gordon cry
On his collie "Jock," as the herd goes by
On the lonesome track above dark Culblean—
The blithest days are the days that have been.

The laugh and the cry
And the blue eye's glisten—
Never more, never more, and the years go by,
Yet . . . listen !

Remembrance Day

SOME one was singing
Up a twisty stair,
A fragment of a song,
One sweet, spring day,
When twelve o'clock was ringing,
Through the sunny square :

*" There was a lad baith frank and free,
Cam' doon the bonnie banks o' Dee
Wi' tartan plaid and buckled shoon,
An' he'll come nae mair to oor toon."*

*" He dwells within a far countree,
Where great ones do him courtesie,
They've gi'en tae him a golden croon,
An' he'll come nae mair to oor toon."*

No one is singing
Up the twisty stair.
Quiet as a sacrament
The November day.
Can't you hear it swinging,
The little ghostly air?—
Hear it sadly stray
Through the misty square,
In and out a doorway,
Up a twisty stair :
*" Tartan plaid and buckled shoon,
He'll come nae mair to oor toon."*

The Fox's Skin

WHEN the wark's a' dune and the world's a' still,
And whaups are swoopin' across the hill,
And mither stands cryin', "Bairns, come ben,"
It's the time for the Hame o' the Pictish Men.

A sorrowfu' wind gaes up and doon,
An' me my lane in the licht o' the moon,
Gaitherin' a bunch o' the floorin' whin,
Wi' my auld fur collar hapt roond ma chin.

A star is shining on Morven Glen—
It shines on the Hame o' the Pictish Men.
Hither and yont their dust is blown.
But there's ane o' them keekin' ahint yon stone.

His queer auld face is wrinkled and riven,
Like a raggedy leaf, sae drookit and driven.
There's nocht to be feared at his ancient ways,
For this is a' that iver he says :

"The same auld wind at its weary cry :
The blin'-faced moon in the misty sky ;
A thousand years o' clood and flame,
An' a' thing's the same an' aye the same—
The lass is the same in the fox's skin,
Gaitherin' the bloom o' the floorin' whin."

Treasure Trove

Do you mind rinnin' barefit
In the soft, summer mist,
Liltin' and linkin' on the steep hill-heids ?
In below your tartan shawl, your hand wad aye
twist
Your bonnie green beads.

Do you mind traivellin', traivellin'
Ower and ower the braes,
Reistlin' the heather, and keekin' 'naith the weeds,
Seekin' and greetin' in the cauld weet days
For yer tint green beads ?

Whist ! Dinna roose him,
The auld sleepin' man—
Steek the door ; the mune-licht's on the lone hill-
heids—
Wee elfin craturs is delvin' in the sand,
They canna' miss the glimmer
O' yer auld green beads.

Here they come, the wee folk,
Speedin' fast and fleet—
There's a queer, low lauchin' on the grey hill-
heids—
An' the bricht drops, glancin', following at their
feet—
It's green, green beads—
The last ye'll ever see o' yer bonnie green beads.

The Graceless Loon

As I gaed east by Tarland toun
I heard a singin' neath the mune :
A lass sang in a milk-white goon
 Aneath a ha'thorn-tree.
The sma' green trees bowed doon til her ;
The blooms they made a croon til her ;
I was a graceless loon til her,
 She frooned and scorned at me.

As I gaed east thro' Tarland toun
There came an auld wife, bent and dune,
Speirin' at me to sit me doon
 In her wee hoose up the Wynd
And wile awa' the nicht wi' her,
The weary candle-licht wi' her ;
A bairn's een was a sicht til her,
 An' auld folks' he'rts is kind.

Fu' mony a year o' sun and rain,
An' I'm for Tarland toun again,
Wi' drift upon a cauld hearth-stane
 An' a wind gaen thro' the Wynd.
Oh, lass, tho' a' yer sangs be dune,
Ower leafless thorn aye hangs the mune ;
Turn ye unto yer graceless loon
 Gin ye've grown auld and kind.

The Bridge

SHE loves not this dark street of stone,
Nor loves she windows high ;
She loves the wind's wild trumpet blown
Across the moorland sky,
And the three wild cherry trees at Little In-
vereye.

She for herself a bridge has weft,
All wan and silvery ;
She for herself a road has cleft
To take her soundlessly
To the three tall cherry trees growing up so
high.

With slender hands a branch she breaks
Between the moor and sky ;
Of blossoms white a crown she makes,
On her pale hair to lie,
From the tallest wild cherry tree at Little
Invereye.

She for herself a bridge has weft
Of strands of memory ;
She for herself a road has cleft
To take her soundlessly
To the green, green waters that flow by
Invereye.

Her slender hands she smoothes and laves
In floods of ivory ;
Her slender feet beneath the waves
Move pale and shadowy
In the green, green waters that flow so sweetly
by.

Could I her feet in fetters hold
 Behind those windows high,
Her mocking heart so light and cold
 Would pass me heedless by,
 Haunting the green waters at Little Invereye,
 Where three tall cherry trees are growing up
 so high.

The Turn of the Day

UNDER the cauld, green grass
I hear the waukenin' burn.
The day's at the turn—
Oh, winter, dinna pass !

Your snaw was white for a bride,
Your winds were merriage wine.
Love is fine, fine,
But it doesna bide.

The saft, warm April rain
An' the clear June day,
An' floors o' the May—
I'll see them a' my lane.

Under the cauld, green grass,
Wee waukenin', wanderin' burn,
Sing your ain sang.
The day's at the turn,
But simmer's lang, lang.

The Lilt

JEAN GORDON is weaving a' her lane
Twinin' the threid wi' a thocht o' her ain,
Hearin' the tune o' the bairns at play
That they're singin' amang them ilka day ;
And saftly, saftly, ower the hill
Comes the sma, sma rain.

Aye, she minds o' a simmer's night
Afore the waning o' the licht—
Bairnies chantin' in Lover's lane
The sang that comes ower an' ower again,
And a young lass stealin' awa' to the hill,
In the sma, sma rain.

Oh ! lass, your lips were flamin' reid,
An' cauld, mist drops lay on yer' heid,
Ye didna gaither yon rose yer' lane
And yer he'rt was singin' a sang o' its ain,
As ye slippit hameward, ower the hill,
In the sma, sma rain.

Jean Gordon, she minds as she sits her lane
O' a' the years that's bye and gane,
And naething gi'en and a' thing ta'en
But yon nicht o' nichts on the smooery hill
In the sma, sma rain—
And the bairns are singin' at their play
The lilt that they're liltin' ilka day—

Loneliness

GREEN were the bents to-day,
Clear shone the skies above,
But many a mile away
Are the bents I love.

The wind and waves they sang
All the sweet day long,
But never above them rang
The dearest song.

The long shore glistened fair,
All laid with silver fine,
But no footprint was there
Along with mine.

The wild thyme's purple-grey
Was soft as crooning dove
Where I sighed my heart away
For the bents I love.

Mary's Song

I WAD ha'e gi'en him my lips tae kiss,
Had I been his, had I been his ;
Barley breid and elder wine,
Had I been his as he is mine.

The wanderin' bee it seeks the rose ;
Tae the lochan's bosom the burnie goes ;
The grey bird cries at evenin's fa',
" My luve, my fair one, come awa'."

My beloved sall ha'e this he'rt tae break,
Reid, reid wine and the barley cake,
A he'rt tae break, and a mou' tae kiss,
Tho' he be nae mine, as I am his.

Curios

LITTLE old shops in Queer Street,
Where nobody buys or sells—
Cupid might find his bow in one,
Or Harlequin his bells.

Come Pan, and rummage for your pipes,
Reddened and rimed with rust,
Sweet ladies all your fans and shoes
Are tumbled into dust.

Here are keepsakes—beads as blue
As sunny Southern Seas,
And silver keys to turn the locks
On—Memories.

Little old shops in Queer Street,
By some called Sorrow Lane,
Where all the leaves of Summers gone
Whisper to the rain.

The Blue Jacket

WHEN there comes a flower to the stingless nettle,
To the hazel bushes, bees,
I think I can see my little sister
Rocking herself by the hazel trees.

Rocking her arms for very pleasure
That every leaf so sweet can smell,
And that she has on her the warm blue jacket
Of mine, she liked so well.

Oh to win near you, little sister !
To hear your soft lips say—
“ I'll never tak' up wi' lads or lovers,
But a baby I maun hae.

“ A baby in a cradle rocking,
Like a nut, in a hazel shell,
And a new blue jacket, like this o' Annie's,
It sets me aye sae well.”





