## Sun & Candlelight

Marion Angus



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by Marion Angus

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#### Courtin'

LUIK ye, ma pretty, then luik ye, Ye s'all hae baith yaird an' bield, Aipple an' curran' busses, Bees in the clover field.

An' she sang till hersel',
She sang till hersel',
As she steppit ower the door:
"There was a lad that in the green
Spied a bonnie reid floo'er."

But luik ye, ma pretty, luik ye, Gin ye're naither fond nor true, Awa' through the warld an' tak yer chance O' a better man tae lo'e.

An' she sang till hersel',
She sang till hersel',
As she keeked in the gless sae clear:
"But whiles he thocht 'twas ower bonnie a rose
For a lad like him to wear."

But luik ye, ma pretty, luik ye,
For a' sae sweet ye sing,
Cum nae tae me when yer bloom is ower,
Cravin' for boord and ring.

An' she sang till hersel',
She sang till hersel',
As she lay in the cruik o' his airm:
"But the lad he s'all pu' his bonnie reid rose
Gin he haud it safe frae hairm."

## The Wife

Ma son brings hame his bride At gloamin', saft wi' dew; She boo's her comely heid, Wi' a kiss for ma mou'.

Lift, lift, ma hert,
As bird upon the wing!
Ma son wi' his bride
Is prooder nor a king.

She strauchtens up hersel',
Tall as a lily floo'er—
Herk to the bairnie's han'
Chap, chappin' at the door.

Lauch, lauch, ma hert!
Afore the winter sna'
Ma son, sae prood o' ane,
Wull syne be prood o' twa.

Noo sit ye by the fire,
By the warm hearthstane;
Turn ye yer face tae mine,
Dochter o' ma ane!

But it's no' the flickerin' flame That blin's me whaur I sit; Cauld am I an' blin', Cauld frae heid tae fit.

Oh, better ye had deid, A happy lauchin' wean, Ma son, your comely bride Hes the grey gled's e'en.

## Waater o' Dye

Waater o' Dye, whaur ye rin clear I hear the cry—sae aft I hear— O' ane wha lauched and lo'ed and sinned And noo gangs sheda'less as wind.

Wi' her I traivel, straucht an' sure, To the grey clachan yont the muir, Hapt in the breckan and the whin, Whaur dwalt the forbears o' my kin.

She gars me seek on Wirran's hill The fern that sains the hert frae ill; She p'ints whaur noddin' foxgloves stan' Wi' heids a' turned tae elfinlan'; Syne queer auld-farrand tunes we'll sing Amang the heather and the ling.

Waater o' Dye, whaur ye rin still On me she warks her auncient will; What I hae niver kent, I ken— The feel o' babes, the luve o' men.

The sea-gaun bird forebodes me grief, I moorn at sicht o' fa'in' leaf; Intil the clood I luik, bricht-e'ed, For wings o' Deith abune ma heid.

An' aye she hauds me for her ain, Flesh o' her flesh, bane o' her bane—Some lang-deid wumman o' my kin—Waater o' Dye, hoo still ye rin.

## Singin' Waater

Singin' waater, rin oot o' the mist
An' doon by the moorland bare;
The lass that lies in your siller kist
S'all keep her body fair.
Ye rowed me ower and rowed me ower,
Sweet o' the smellin' pine,
Till ma e'en was bricht as the marshy floo'er,
Ma feet like the linen fine;
An' twas a' tae pleesure a licht luve,
A licht luve o' mine.

Singin' waater, rin oot o' the sna',
Syne doon by the breckan green;
Oh, wad ye bit tak ma grief awa'
An' mak ma hert clean;
In yer glimmerin' fa' or yer dancin' lift
Ma tanglet threids untwine,
An' smoor amang the windy drift
The thochts I fain wad tyne;
It's a' for the sake o' a leal luve,
A leal luve o' mine.

#### World's Love

"What gaed ye oot tae seek, my bonnie, By the wanin' mornin' moon?"

"I gaed to seek the fairy howe Whaur I danced in fairy shoon."

"Ye cast your shoon fae ye, my bonnie, Ye waded ower the ford."

"I heard my name cried on the hill An' kent my true luve's word."

"What gae ye oot tae seek, my bonnie, This hoor sae cauld and mirk?"

"A green, green grave whaur thistles wave Near by Saint Mary's Kirk."

"And is there nocht wull roose my bonnie Sleepin' sae deep an' soun'?"

"O gin my bairn greet in the nicht There's nane s'all haud me doon."

## The Sang

The auld fouks praised his glancin' e'en, Tae ilka bairn he was a frien', A likelier lad ye wadna see, Bit—he was nae the lad fur me.

He brocht me troots frae lochans clear, A skep o' bees, a skin o' deer; There's nane s'uld tak' wha canna gie, An' he was nae the lad fur me.

He luiket aince, he luiket lang, He pit his hert-brak in a sang; He heard the soondin' o' the sea, An' a wis bye wi' him an' me.

The tune gaed soughin' thro' the air, The shepherds sang't at Lammas fair, It ran ower a' the braes o' Dee, The bonnie sang he made fur me.

Sae lang 'twill last as mithers croon And sweetherts seek the simmer's moon; Oh, I hae gaen wha wadna gie, For it s'all live when I maun dee.

#### The Prood Lass

The simmer's gaen, Yon angry loorin' clood Wull droon the warld in rain; The sea-gaun birds are cryin' lang and lood.

Gang ye yer lane Up bye the green hill stair, An' seek ma door nae mair—

Nor late, nor sune,
Wi' promise in yer e'en
Tae tak' frae me ma croon,
Croon o' a lass whae a' for luve has gi'en.
Oor courtin's dune;
Gin winter wauk the tree,
Syne I'll keep tryst wi' ye.

Gang ony airt;
Ye're mine, ma lad, ye're mine,
Close faulded in ma hert.
Till a' the lan's lie naith the sauty brine,
We s'all nae pairt.
But on yon green hill stair,
Wi' mortal fit—nae mair!

#### Barbara

At mornin's furst cock-craw
I hae won frae the land o' Dreid,
Sair fur the sicht o' ye, Barbara—
The glint o' your gowden heid.

Yestreen wi' an elfin shaft, A wee sma arra' o' stane, I hae stricken your breist sae white and saft And cleft your hert in twain.

Hae ye seen a wild rose fa'
While yet its leaves was reid?
Sae hae I seen ye, Barbara,
In the land o' dreams and Dreid.

Cum rinnin' the green hills doon, Linkin' your hand wi' mine, And weer the bonnie braided goon And the beads o' coral fine!

As aince in the Spring o' the year, The sweet Spring, Barbara!— Robin, singin' sae lood and clear Amang the blossoms' sna'—

Ere I socht an elfin dairt
In the lands o' dream and Dreid
Or ye had won my ain luve's hert
Wi' a lift o' your gowden heid.

#### Wee Jock Todd

The King cam' drivin' through the toon,
Slae and stately through the toon;
He bo'ed tae left, he bo'ed tae richt,
An' we bo'ed back as weel we micht;
But wee Jock Todd he couldna bide,
He was daft tae be doon at the waterside;
Sae he up an' waved his fishin' rod—
Och, wee Jock Todd!

But in the quaiet hoor o' dreams,
The lang street streekit wi' pale moonbeams,
Wee Jock Todd cam' ridin' doon,
Slae an' solemn through the toon.
He bo'ed tae left, he bo'ed tae richt
(It maun ha'e been a bonnie sicht)
An' the King cam' runnin'—he couldna bide—
He was mad tae be doon at the waterside;
Sae he up wi' his rod and gaed a nod
Tae wee Jock Todd.

### Jealousy

The new mune sma' an' slim,

The win'-blawn leaf on the pane;
I micht hae gotten sleep
But for they eerie twain.

For she wis like a leaf,
Blawn oot o' the windy morn,
Wi' her wan new mune o' a face,
Amang the stookit corn.

Waes me! I turned ma heid Frae her tear-begrutten e'en; Sae clear they were as the burn Whaur it rins ower mosses green.

She s'uld hae hed the plaid,
Pit bye in the kist lang syne,
But for her yalla hair,
Her fit ower slicht and fine.

The wee reid hungerry mou',
It s'uld hae hed bite and sup,
But I hae seen the bee
Ower aft at the rose's cup.

My skin is broun as a toad, E'en hae I shairp's a shrew, Ma hert is bleck an' coorse, Coorse thro' an thro'. For better ye wad hae fared, Ma bonnie young barefit quean, Hedna the lad I lo'e Cum whistlin' ower the green.

I lies awauk wi' the mune, Wi' the wind-blawn leaf on the pane; I micht hae gotten sleep, But for yon eerie twain.

#### The Blue Boat

A LADDIE his lane frae morn till nicht— But I wad be hame by can'el-licht. Siller eneuch hid I tae spare, For a wee blue boat frae the Mairket Fair.

I bocht a brooch wi' a siller pin, A kerchief for tyin' anaith ma chin; A' the lave o' the money went Tae the fortune wife in the gipsy tent.

The Corbie Burn's ayont the Dee— Wi' cauld white lips it girned at me; The witch frae oot o' the ha'thorn luikt, Wi' a' her ten black fingers crookt.

The fouk that bides in the Deid Man's Cairn They chittered, chittered amang the fern: "Here cam's the maid that hadna' a groat Tae buy a wee laddie a wee blue boat."

Ma brooch lies deep in the Corbie Linn, Ma kerchief I gi'ed tae the thornie whin. O, Laddie alane frae morn till nicht, I daurna' face the can'el-licht.

#### The Wild Lass

Hameward ye're traivellin'
In the saft hill rain,
The day lang by
That ye wearied o' the glen;
Nae ring upon yer han',
Nae iss upon yer mou'—
Quaiet noo.

There's fiddlers an' dancin'
An' steps gaun by the doors,
Bit nane o' them s'all fret ye
In the lang nicht 'oors.
O, Peace cum on the wind,
Peace fa' wi' the dew,
Quaiet noo.

Cauld was the lift abune ye, The road baith rough and steep, Nae farrer s'all ye wander Nor greet yersel tae sleep, Ma ain wild lass, Ma bonnie hurtit do'o— Quaiet, quaiet noo.

## "In the Streets Thereof"

MIRK at the oot ga'un;
Fog and the frosty rime,
Can'el brunt tae a threid
This lang, lang time.

Peace at the oot ga'un;
A' things by wi' an' dune
Wark and steer; the clatter o' feet,
Liltin' bairns' tune.

Lichtsome ga'un in,

The bairns at their auld play
Linkit han's in the gowden street,
Tae "Gaitherin' Nuts in May."

## Memory

The howlet cries on Cloch-na-ben, The nicht fa's dark wi' rain; I weary o' your becks an' boos, Grim Shedda' o' ma ain.

The mune wins clear o' driftin' clood, Clear licht frae hill tae sea; I'm wanderin' by a singin' burn In bonnier company.



#### The Tree

Happy walking it is when Laughing girls go up the glen; Grasses nodding, bluebells shy, They were wishing they were I, And one ancient thorny tree It was watching, watching me.

Weary walking is it when Sighing girls go down the glen; Lonely cloud in evening sky Was not lonelier than I, Yet the strange and solemn tree Still was watching, watching me.

Could I find some hidden bay Many and many a mile away, On the wet and salty strand When the wind blows from the land There would rise a hoary tree, Always watching, watching me.

## The Silver City

YONDER she sits beside the tranquil Dee, Kindly yet cold, respectable and wise, Sharp-tongued though civil, with wide-open eyes, Dreaming of hills, yet urgent for the sea; And still and on, she has her vanity, Wears her grey mantle with a certain grace, While sometimes there are roses on her face To sweeten too austere simplicity.

She never taught her children fairy lore, Yet they must go a-seeking crocks of gold Afar throughout the earth; And when their treasure in her lap they pour, Her hands upon her knee do primly fold; She smiles complacent that she gave them birth.

#### The Mourners

They carried her to the little kirk Through the autumn day—
The little kirk among the trees.
Sombre, sad and ill at ease
I heard the mourners say:
"She was once a fine lass;
All flesh is as grass.
We go down, every one,
In sorrow when our day is done."

When they came to the little kirk Very old and grey, Fair shone the elder-trees, Elm and oak and mulberries, In beauty magical Robed for the festival Of this their dying day. And still I heard them say: "We go down, every one, In sorrow when our day is done."

## Withy Wands

Up in the waste and eerie lands Where I went, after withy wands, Old Wind came through a bourtree hedge, Crept down along the water's edge; There lay so whist I fairly knew How loud heart beat and grasses grew.

The world turned grey like smoky glass, To let the queer wayfarers pass, On tufty track, in murky air, Not seen, nor heard, yet everywhere; And feathers soft. Old Wind and I, We held our breath till they were by.

At time for shining sun to rise, Looking through windows in the skies, I saw a house not built with hands, Till birds awoke the eerie lands, And down along the reedy sands Old Wind went waving withy wands.

## Cowslips Soon Will Dance

Cowslips soon will dance in rings Above the brimming dew; Nesting birds will preen their wings And learn their tender notes anew.

Bees among the whin will flit Ere April's moon is old, And all the dusty roads be lit With little lamps of starry gold.

The blade will quicken in the sod,
The white moth in her cell,
For winds blow from the south, and God
Is watching over Israel.

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## The Captive

If spirit is to body
As music to the song,
Your soul should be a seraph,
Bright-eyed and swift and strong.
But oh, it is a captive!
A bird shut in a cage,
Beating with broken feathers
In sorrow and in rage.

## Heritage

When the rugged moor's my comrade And the barren hills my friends, When I take delight in the winds of night And ghostly twilight ends,

The ancient folk are waking.
They beat on my heart and brain;
From a handful of dust comes wanderers' lust
For traffic with wind and rain.

Their eyes are watching when I watch The way that the wild deer went, I hear their cry where the thin reeds sigh On wastes of the naked bent.

Lost and gone and forgotten,
Old tracks by the bracken sown,
Mystical rites by the cold star lights
On an altar shaped from a stone.

But the moor shall be my comrade
And the hills my friends shall be,
Till life's last snow falls chill and slow
On hill and moor and tree.

## Change

THERE came an unsought guest,
And down the wind she blew
A joy, a hope, a jest—
A song or two.

While mournful hearts had we, Lamenting overmuch On many a face to see Her gentle touch.

For some there are obey
Her will with great content,
Abide her yea and nay
With sweet assent—

The stars, the hills, the seas And all the water springs, Pale flowers of the may And fleeting, wingèd things.

#### Winter

Down by the water-meadows All on a winter's noon, There was a naked thorn-bush Sang a mournful rune; She told the reeds a story Of memories and sighs, Of the robber bees' carousal And the waft of butterflies.

All in a winter's gloaming
Down by the shingly shore,
There were two ancient sailormen
Outside a tavern door,
Complaining to each other
With lamentable lips
For the great dead captains,
And the old Sailing Ships.

#### Trees

Crooked grey village,
I loved every stone of you,
Friends of my youth, and the
Kin of my own in you;
Sorrowful-wise
The folk look in my eyes,
Their words are but wounds
Now, I'm stepping alone in you.

Glen up beyond there,
I know every fold of you,
Blossom of heather,
Broom of the gold in you;
The wild birds' long cry,
The hill waters' sigh
Are sadder than tears
For the fine days of old in you.

Wood of the birches,
The pretty shy trees in you,
Silver and grey, with the
Kind little breeze of you,
All the length of the day
There is nothing they say
But what I would hear
In the peace of you—peace of you.

#### Cotton Grasses

Where seldom footstep passes
By the lone lochan's edge,
Foam-white above the sedge,
I hear the cotton grasses—

Whispering, whispering, whispering, Now summer days are long, The burden of a song Too sorrowful for singing;

Of joyful tears unwept, Of tenderness unwist, Of lovers' lips unkissed And promised trysts unkept.

Where seldom footstep passes, So bleak the heath and bare, In a cold scentless air The whispering cotton grasses.











