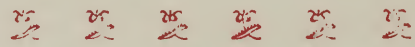
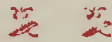
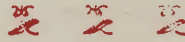


THE SINGIN' LASS

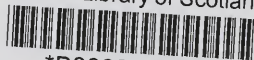


MARION ANGUS



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The Great East

The Singin' Lass

The Singin' Lass

by Marion Angus

Marion Angus

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The Wee Sma' Glen

THE water dreeped frae stane tae stane,
The wild rose bloomed and dee'd its lane,
But lip to praise it there was nane,
Till Mary cam' to the Wee Sma' Glen.

It wasna when she pu'ed the briar
Nor lauched to see the rowans' fire,
But when her e'en grew saft and weet
At sights ower fair and soonds ower sweet,

The whisper gaed frae hill to hill,
The very herps o' Heaven grew still ;
God minded on the Wee Sma' Glen,
And kenned it wasna wrocht in vain.

The Ghaist

Tho' dear ye be an' kind
My hert ye ne'er sall bind,
Like drift o' rain on moorland stane or leaf
 upon the wind
Sae in yir ain my hand has lain—
Tho' dear ye be an' kind.

Tae me ye're but a ghaist.
Him that I lo'e the best
Can haunt at will the glen or hill or in his
 green grave rest.
For guid or ill, he hauds me still ;
'Tis ye, that be the ghaist.

Heart-Free

SIN' noo we twa maun twine
Wi' nae mair troth tae keep
My hert wins oot o' the kist,
Whaur ye lockit it doon sae deep.

My lauch to the laverock gangs,
My grief's fur the hunted hare,
A licht fitstep to the dance,
A kiss at ilka fair.

Here's shoon fur wanton Meg
That ne'er hed hoose nor hame ;
A gowden ring fur a nameless lass,
To licht her o' her shame.

The lievin' sall hae my breid,
The corp' my lily-floo'ers,
Some gangrel's bairn the sang o' my lips
I suld hae gi'en to yours.

Winter-Time

MONDAY, at the gloamin',
I saw a reid reid lowe,
Whaur tinker fouk wull ne'er set fit,
Far ben in the ghaisty howe ;
And yon that gaed ahint me
Was nae sheda o' my ain.
It's eerie fa' the nichts
Aifter Marti'mas is gane.

Twa e'en as bleck as howlets,
A week past Marti'mas,
Glowered ower the new-lit can'els
Frae oot the luikin'-glass ;
And Three cam' creepin' doon the loan
On Thursday in the mirk,
Whase shoon was wrocht in yon far toon
That ne'er had Cross nor kirk.

I hard the elfin pipers
Sae witchin', sweet an' sma'
On Sabbath wi' the warld asleep ;
They wiled my hert awa'.
They stilled the soughin' o' the burn—
O, tae a lanesome lass
There's eerie freits on ilka road,
When bye is Marti'mas.

Hogmanay

WHa knocks at my door this Hogmanay?
A cannie young lassie, limber and gay.
Lips o' mine, e'en o' mine—
Come ben, come ben tho' ye're deid lang syne.

Whaur ha'e ye tint yir Sabbath shoon?
The fiddles is tuned and a' the toon
Is kissin' and courtin' and dancin'-fey
Tae the screich o' the reels on Hogmanay.

When the stars blaw oot an' the mune grauws wan,
It's ower the hills wi' a bonny young man
Whaur the floo'er o' love springs thorny an' sweet—
And tho' an auld wife maun awhilie greet
Ye'll aye gang limber an' licht an' free—
Canny bit lassie that aince wis me.

Ann Gilchrist

As I gae by the Bleedie Burn
Whaur's nayther leaf nor tree,
Lat me nae hear Ann Gilchrist's feet
Nor sicht her evil e'e.

As I gaed by the Bleedie Burn
'Tae the witches' howff I cam'—
Ann Gilchrist's in among the whin
Seekin' a wandert lamb.

She's ta'en it frae the thorny buss,
Syne thro' the moss and fern
She's croonin' it and cuddlin' it
As gin it were a bairn.

An' I wuss the whins wis nae sae shairp
Nor the muckle moss sae weet,
For wha wull gie Ann Gilchrist fire
'Tae warm her clay-cauld feet?

Welcome

AULD man frae the glens come ben,
Lass wi' the raggit shoon—
I rowed a bairn in my airms yestreen
Till the wanin' o' the moon.

In a dream o' the nicht it cam'
Like a lamb to the howe o' the hill,
I crooned it ower wi' a cradlin' sang
Till its weary cry was still.

My hert was a warm reid lowe
For the wee cauld han's and feet:
Was ever a dream sae fair as yon,
Gaed ever a nicht sae fleet?

Auld man frae the glens come ben,
Ye're wae as a hameless wean;
Lass wi' the raggit shoon,
Yir e'en's yon bairn's e'en.

The Eerie Hoose

SAYS she :—It is an eerie place
This hoose I ca' ma hame
Wi' wa's baith stooter than the hills,
An' frailer than the faem.

Says she :—It is an eerie hoose
Wi' chaumers braid and blue,
Whaur I gang wi' a fearsome step,
A han' afore ma mou'.

Sin' thir's ae word gain I suld speak—
Hoo saft so e'er it fa'—
Wad gar its very stoops to rock,
Syne melt like simmer snaw.

Says she :—It is an eerie hoose,
Clear lichted wast an' east,
Whaur I gang wi' twa shakin' airms
Close gruppit to ma breist.

Sin, thir's ae steekit door whase latch,
Gin I tuk thocht to lift,
The corner-stanes wad slip awa'
Like weeds in winter's drift.

Says she :—'Twad be a dowie hoose
An' weary lang the day
Wis thir nae door I daurna try,
Nae word I daurna say.

The Can'el

SHE's ta'en her can'el frae the boord
 Wi' hands baith slim an' sma',
A gowden rose it bloomed and floo' red
 An' flamed atween us twa.

She's pluckt ma hert frae oot ma breist
 Wi' hands as white as faem,
She's pluckt ma hert oot o' ma breist
 An' warmed it at the flame.

Syne, when the can'el flickered laigh
 Wi' her twa hands she's ta'en
Ma hert, and at the dawnin' grey
 Gi'en it me back agen.

Invitation

LAD, come kiss me
Whaur the twa burns rin.
Am I no' sweet as honey,
Wild as gouden whin,

Slim as the rowan,
Lips like berries reid,
Fey as siller mune-floo'er
That sprang frae fairy seed ?

Luve, come clasp me
Whaur the twa burns rin,—
A' but the white soul o' me
That ye can never win.

This Woman

GIN I bring her beads o' amber
For her neck sae fair,
Bright as burnin' gowd
Or the sunlight in her hair,
She mocks me wi' a fancy
For a siller willow wand,
Twisted like a croon
In her slim broun hand.

On some droosy nicht in simmer
Comes a tinker caird,
Creepin' like a thief
Thro' the lang green yaird ;
Syne its meal for him and can'els
An' honey frae the bee,
Wi' the glimmer o' a tear
In her young saft e'e.

Noo the bloom is on the hawthorn
Whaur the clear burn rowes,
My ewes and lambs thegether
Amang my ain knowes ;
But no' at fa' o' gloamin'
Will she tread the rashes weet,
The water rins ower cauld
For her sma' white feet.

Hed I been fause and fickle,
A' thing frae her ta'en,
Hed the lass been aye the loser
An' mysel' the lad to gain,
Gin I cried on her she'd follow,
Blew the wind frae winter's airt,
An' the water roarin' hie
As her ain fond hert.

Jean Cam'bell

BLIN' Jean Cam'bell
To the kirk gaed
Lauchin' tae hersel'
In her auld green plaid.

She hard the leaf reistlin'
Cauld amang snaw,
Ae bird cheepin'
'Tween a water an' a wa'.

She hard fouk rinnin',
Soondless thir shoon,
Deid hands straikin',
Puin' at her goon.

Wi' "Haste Jeanie Cam'bell,
The berry blooms sweet,
Young lads is singin'
Castin' at the peat!

"Are ye for the gloamin'
Munelicht an' dew,
Blythe Jeanie Cam'bell
In yir plaid sae new?"

As blin' Jean Cam'bell
To the kirk gaed
Lauchin' tae hersel'
In her auld green plaid.

The Singin' Lass

O LUCKY penny a mile ayont the mill
I lifted frae the mosses o' the moor,
Auld, an' bent and twisted, I tint ye in the hoor
That the stranger lass cam' singin' ower the hill.

My luv sits in her bien hoose sae modest as a floo'er,
A lily floo'er that's growin' in the shade,
The wind that blows her can'el blows through a ragged
plaid ;
The singin' lass gangs lauchin' by the door.

My luv she sleeps sae quait 'neath the munelicht's milky
beams,
White and sweet on linen sheets, till dawn comes to
the east.

O lucky penny that's swingin' on the breist
O' the singin' lass wha's liltin' thro' my dreams !

Moonlight Meeting

THE Hill by the Lochan
A' gowd and green,
She's luiket at the Lochan
An' gin she wis a queen.

“Lochan, Lochan,
Tethered to yir bed,
Canna' rax yir cauld feet
Ower ma green plaid.”

“Whist,” says the Lochan,
“The moon's auld e'en
Sa' ye creepin' doon
To ma airms yestreen.
Siller wis yir gowd then,
Washen in dew ;
Sleepit ye or waukit ye
The hale nicht thro'?”

“Tho' laigh,” says the Lochan,
“An' lane is my bed,
An' I canna rax ma cauld feet
Ower yir green plaid.”

Winds of the World

I HEARD my name at gloamin' late,
I heard it cried sae clear and sma',
But ere my fit was at the yett
The wind had blawn the soond awa'.

A rose o' love grew at my door,
I happit it frae frost and snaw ;
A sough o' wind cam' ower the moor,
The wind has blawn the rose awa'.

Nae cry to hear, nae floo'er to fa' ;
Noo blaw the wind frae ony airt
The thocht o' them it ne'er can blaw
Frae the warm sheilin' o' my hairt.

A Traveller

Gin ye're oot on unkent roads yir lane
Wi' ne'er a freend ye can ca' yir ain
By field or dyke or naked quarry,
Wearied feet on the shairp whin stane.

Gin ye greet at the mune's blin' face o' deith
Glimmerin' ower the wan snaw-wreath,
An' curse the wind for an auld grey founmart
Teerin' yir hairt wi' her hungry teeth,

May ye meet a lad by a thorny tree
Wha'll cry yir name, as he cried on me
Ower the faded plaid about his shou'der,
"God gang wi' ye, Mary McPhee!"

Syne ye maun bless the mune's frail horn,
The unkent roads that yir feet hev torn,
The wind, an' a' puir traivellin' cratur,
For the sake o' the lad by the wintry thorn.

Huntlie Hill

WHEN I am deid an' gane
An' ye suld crave me still
Gae seek me in a bonnie birk
Grouin' on Huntlie Hill.

Clasp my sweet body slim
Syne lie an' tak' your ease,
My droosy kisses on yir hair,
Yir heid upon my knees.

Yon's but a pipin' bird
Gangs moontin' ower the plain
Or but the liltin' hert o' me
Ye never socht tae gain.

Farrer an farrer yet,
Aye soarin' as she sings,
Wi' glint o' rain upon her breist,
Wi' sunlight in her wings.

Sae turn ye tae yir sleep,
Yir heid upon my knee,
Anaith the droosy kisses
O' yir bonnie birkin tree.

Arrival

OH, three came to my darkened house
By woodlands black and bare,
Who broke my bread and drank my wine,
When leaves were green and fair.

And two came at the dusky hour,
When winter twilight ends,
To knock with soft familiar touch
Of long invited friends.

But never did my darkened house
To light and glory spring,
Till One threw open wide the door,
Unbidden like a King.

Evening Walk

A MOCKING bird, the plover,
To draw me to the bent,
And round, and round and over,
Crying "Content," "Content";

With none there but the witches—
Mad Heather, Whinney Thorn—
Striding both dykes and ditches
To girn at yellow corn;

And running moonlight races,
The Children of the Tide
From sunlit rosy places
Come home unsatisfied.

Among Thorns

STARVING field, so poor and thin
Barley would not grow therein ;
Sower sowed the seed in vain,
Thorns sprang up and choked the grain.

Now the sun unsheathes his sword,
Poppies spring to meet their lord,
Proud, outrageous, and bold.
Marigold on marigold

Lights her clear courageous star
Till the thorns outnumbered are.
Come, ye thankful, come and bless
Miracle of barrenness.
Starving soil, so poor and thin
Barley would not grow therein.

Cambus Woods

WHEN nearer hills had shed their snow
And summer's flutes began to blow,
You gathered Orchis flowers that grow
 In Cambus Woods,

Where every footpath green and deep
Awaits a lover long asleep
Some unforgotten tryst to keep.

My dear acquaintance, tho' your eyes
Have learnt the paths of Paradise,
And how Elysium outvies
 Fair Cambus Woods,

Come when the hills to Beauty break
And tender flowers of Orchis wake,
Sudden, sweet, swift excursion make
 To Cambus Woods.

Of Sorrowful Things

SWING of the wild blue-bell
 With her sweet beauty lost,
Brittle and grey as a shell,
 Sorrowful dancing ghost.

Empty nest of the wren
 Flung to the frosty briar ;
Drip and spit of the rain
 On the ash of a tinker's fire.

Footsteps passing the gate,
 Passing into the wild—
Things that trouble me yet
 As they troubled me when a child.

Dawn and Twilight

SHE will not wear her silver gown for me
Whose vagrant journey ends at candlelight,
So gracious is her secret courtesy
Toward one who comes so late in sorry plight—

This was the constant thought I had of her,
With darkness falling, mist upon the height,
A trifling wind, of leaves a distant stir—
Oh such a night as any other night!

She would not put a single jewel on
So sweet and cunning was her courtesy—
And she had risen up before the dawn
And dressed herself in Immortality.

Anemones

ANEMONES, they say, are out
By sheltered woodland streams,
With budding branches all about
Where Spring-time sunshine gleams ;

Such are the haunts they love; but I
With swift remembrance see
Anemones beneath a sky
Of cold austerity—

Pale flowers too faint for winds so chill
And with too fair a name—
That day I lingered on a hill
For one who never came.



X

