



THE FAIRY FOWK'S RADE.

WAS aye the night afore Rood-mas
Under the Rowan tree,
Dye list? I'd a tryst with a neighbour lass,
To gossip the fair wi' me. [Whist!

We had na sitten no lang time,
Under the rowan tree,
When a jingle and jangle of bells in a tangle,
Came to us owre the lea.

'Its drunken fowk ridin' the forenigh
Under the rowan tree!
We tower'd and glowered around us o'erpowered,
To see what was to see.

The rays of a moon unearthly,
Danced owre them daintily,
As singing and ringing on they came flinging
Under the rowan tree.

It was just the Fairie-folk ridin'
Under the rowan tree,
With a wheen o' the green o' the emerald sheen
Afloat in their scarfs sa free.

We cowered down low till they passed on,
Under the rowan tree,
With the sag in the tag o' each wee white nag
Whistling right merrily.

For on every tett of their lang manes,
A whistle there hung and three,
With the charm of a psalm in the far away calm,
Under the rowan tree,

They leapt like a flight o' sparrows,
O'er the rowan tree,
And chattering and flattering away they went spatter-
And nothing more did we see! [ing,

T'was aye the night afore Rood-mas,
A neighbour lassie and me,
This wonder and thunder, the rowan tree under,
Years long ago! Ah me!

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