

## 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 until yer graceless loon  
     Gin ye've grown auld and kind.

MARION ANGUS.

*loon*, lad.  
*speirin'*, asking.

*wile*, pass.

## 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 sweethearts seek the simmer's moon;  
 Oh, I hae gaen wha wadna gie,  
 For it s'all live when I maun dee.

MARION ANGUS.

*soughin'*, sighing.

## THE LILT.

JEAN GORDON is weavin' 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 nicht  
 Afore the wanin' 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 gaiter yon rose yer lane,  
 An' 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 smoory hill  
       In the sma', sma' rain—  
 And the bairns are singin' at their play  
 The lilt that they're liltin' ilka day.

MARION ANGUS.

*slippit*, went quietly. *smoory*, a drizzling mist.