

THE ROWAN TREE

O rowan tree, o rowan tree,
Thou'lt aye be dear tae me,
Entwin'd thou art wi mony ties
O hame and infancy.
Thy leaves were aye the first o spring,
Thy flow'rs the simmer's pride;
There was na sic a bonnie tree
In aw the countrie side.
O rowan tree.

How fair wert thou in simmer time,
Wi aw thy clusters white,
How rich and gay thy autumn dress,
Wi berries red and bright.
On thy fair stem were mony names,
Which now nae mair I see;
But they're engraven on my heart,
Forgot they ne'er can be.
O rowan tree.

We sat aneath thy spreading shade,
The bairnies roond thee ran,
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red,
And necklaces they strang;
My mither, O I see her still,
She smiled our sports tae see,
Wi little Jeanie on her lap,
And Jamie on her knee.
O rowan tree.

O there arose my faither's prayer
In holy evenin's calm;
How sweet was then my mither's voice
In the Martyr's psalm!
Noo aw are gane! We meet nae mair
Aneath the rowan tree,
But hallowed thochts around thee twine
O hame and infancy.
O rowan tree.

by Carolina Oliphant, Lady Nairne