

THE WILD GEESE
by Violet Jacob

Tell me fit was on yer road, ye roarin Norlan Wind,
As you've cam blawin frae the land that's never frae my mind?
My feet they traivel England, but I'm deein for the north.
My man, I saw the siller tides rin up the Firth o Forth.

And, Wind, I kent them weel eneuch, and fine they fa and rise,
Fain I'd feel the creepin mists on yonder shore that lies,
Fit saw ye as ye passed them by, fit saw ye on the way?
My man, I rocked the rovin gulls that sail abinn the Tay.

But saw ye naethin, leein Wind, afore ye cam tae Fife?
There's muckle lyin yont the Tay means mair tae me nor life.
My man, I swept the Angus braes ye hinna trod for years.
O Wind, forgie a hameless loon that canna see for tears!

And far abinn the Angus straths I saw the wild geese flee,
A lang, lang skein o beatin wings, their heids towards the sea,
And aye their cryin voices trailed ahint them on the air -
O Wind, hae mercy, haud yer wheesht, for I darna listen mair!