

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

Before some sudden sunrise, when
We trysted 'neath the rowan tree.

There was a time when, as I played
Wi' thy lang locks o' snooded gold,
Thy sma', saft fingers fondly stayed
Clasped on my plaidie's rugged fold;
There was, my Mary, once a day
Ilk hour—a honey-laden bee—
Slipped on the scented air away
From us beneath the rowan tree.

Now, Mary, when the moon is high,
Or when the gloamin's saft return,
I glide wi' thee the muirland by,
I seek wi' thee the glimmerin' burn;
I touch thy locks, thy lips I press,
Yet fast flow down thy tears for me,
E'en while thy white cheek I caress
Beneath the wavin' rowan tree.

An' is thy heart, my Mary, sair?
Tear-droukit a' thy locks o' gold?
An' paled thy roses red an' rare,
For me beneath the kirkyard mold?
O Mary, sair is heart o' mine,
For that* thy blue een canna see
My spirit keep fond tryst wi' thine,
Beneath the wavin' rowan tree!

Oh, tears are saut an' love is long,
An' dear love's sorrow for the dead;

* *For that*—because.