

THE ROWAN TREE

When crowned thet maple is with snow,
An' Christmas bells are merry,
I'll let ye hev her, Jack—thet's so!
Be sure yer good tew Cherry!"

THE ROWAN TREE.*

O WHEN the bonnie moon is fair,
An' clear the loch like siller spread,
An' heather-sweet the gloamin' air,
An' like a star thy flaxen head,
Why dost thou, Mary, make thy maen,
An' lean thy white brow on thy knee?
Why drop thy tears on heath an' stane,
Beneath the wavin' rowan tree?

There was a time when up the brae
Thy foot, licht as the roebuck's, sprang;
Thy bonnie een ne'er turned away,
Thy voice a gleesome welcome rang.
Thy lily hands why dost thou wring,
Nor turn to smile an' gaze on me,
When straight as lavrock's skyward wing
I seek the wavin' rowan tree?

There was a time thy leaf-soft cheek
Against the brown o' mine was laid;
From 'neath thy lily-lids did break
Sic love-licht looks, the mirky shade
O' nicht-fa', creepin' up the glen,
Did pause, as if 'twere fain to flee

*Mountain ash.