

Haurd by Avalon



Poetry from the English tradition put into Lowland Scots by Gavin Falconer

Happy the Lab'rer

*Happy the lab'rer in his Sunday clothes!
In light-drab coat, smart waistcoat, well-
darn'd hose,
And hat upon his head, to church he goes;
As oft, with conscious pride, he downward
throws
A glance upon the ample cabbage rose
That, stuck in button-hole, regales his nose,

He envies not the gayest London beaux.

In church he takes his seat among the rows,

Pays to the place the reverence he owes,
Likes best the prayers whose meaning least
he knows,
Lists to the sermon in a softening doze,
And rouses joyous at the welcome close.*

Jane Austen (1775—1817)

Blyth is the Darger

Blyth is the darger in his Sabbath claes!
Wi fauchie coat, prink weskit, rantert
taes,
An hat on heid, it's tae the kirk he gaes;
He aft, wi conscious pride, a sklent
assays,
Dounleukin on the muckle plettit straes
That's buskit his tap button-hole for
days,
No thinkin on thae Lunnon louns'
bouquets.
He taks his seat amang his freends an
faes,
An offers in thon haly steid his ruise,
Likes best the prayers, tho orra wirds
bumbaze,
Hearkens the sermon in a saftenin daze,
An blythsome wauks tae feel again
sun's rays.

Alchemy

*Because of the light of the moon,
Silver is found on the moor;
And because of the light of the sun,
There is gold on the walls of the poor.*

*Because of the light of the stars,
Planets are found in the stream;
And because of the light of your eyes
There is love in the depths of my dream.*

Francis Carlin (1881—1945)

Quintessence

Acause o the licht o the muin
Siller is fund on the muir;
An acause o the licht o the sun,
The'r gowd on the waws o the puir.

Acause o the licht o the starns,
Warlds is fund in the stream;
An acause o the licht o yer ee
The'r luve in the howe o ma dream.

Through a Glass Darkly

*What we, when face to face we see
The Father of our souls, shall be,
John tells us, doth not yet appear;
Ah! did he tell what we are here!*

*A mind for thoughts to pass into,
A heart for loves to travel through,
Five senses to detect things near,
Is this the whole that we are here?*

*Rules baffle instincts — instinct rules,
Wise men are bad — and good are fools,
Facts evil — wishes vain appear,
We cannot go, why are we here?*

*O may we for assurance's sake,
Some arbitrary judgement take,
And wilfully pronounce it clear,
For this or that 'tis we are here?*

*Or is it right, and will it do,
To pace the sad confusion through,
And say: — It doth not yet appear,
What we shall be, what we are here?*

*Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive;*

*Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.*

*My child, we still must think, when we
That ampler life together see,
Some true result will yet appear
Of what we are, together, here.*

Arthur Hugh Clough (1819—61)

Mirk Throu a Keekin-Gless

Whit we, whan breest tae breest we see
The Faither o oor sauls, will be,
John tells us, isna nominate;
We ken-na whit or whan oor fate.

Inginie for thoct tae pass intil;
A hert for luvvers' fain guidwill;
Five senses deprehends things near:
Is this the hale that we ar here?

Wand stymies natur — natur's wuid,
Wice men is ill — an fuils the guid,
Howps pauchtie seems, tho aye sae dear;
We canna ken forwhy we'r here.

Och grant that for persuasion's cause
Some solemn juidgment hap-nap faws
That we can at the last declere
For whit plain ettle we ar here.

Or is it richt, whit recks it nou,
Tae trail the black confusion throu
An say: — It isna nominate
Whit we will be, an whit oor fate?

An yit, in fouth o thoct an deed,
The hert aye still owegangs the heid;
But whit we howp we maun believe,
An whit is gien us blyth receive;

Maun yit believe, for aye we've socht
That, in a warld o faurder raucht,
Whit here wi aefauld hert's begoud
Micht be perfurnisht as it soud.

Bit bairn, we aye maun think, us twa:
Whan life perpetual comes tae daw,
Some true result will yit compear
O whit we ar, thegither, here.

The Visionary

*Silent is the house: all are laid asleep:
One alone looks out o'er the snow-wreaths
deep,
Watching every cloud, dreading every
breeze
That whirls the wildering drift, and bends
the groaning trees.*

*Cheerful is the hearth, soft the matted
floor;
Not one shivering gust creeps through pane
or door;
The little lamp burns straight, its rays
shoot strong and far:
I trim it well, to be the wanderer's guiding-
star.*

*Frown, my haughty sire! chide, my angry
dame;
Set your slaves to spy; threaten me with
shame:
But neither sire nor dame, nor prying serf
shall know,
What angel nightly tracks that waste of
frozen snow.*

*What I love shall come like visitant of air,

Safe in secret power from lurking human
snare;
Who loves me, no word of mine shall e'er
betray,
Though for faith unstained my life must
forfeit pay.*

*Burn, then, little lamp; glimmer straight
and clear —
Hush! a rustling wing stirs, methinks, the
air:
He for whom I wait, thus ever comes to me;

Strange Power! I trust thy might; trust thou
my constancy.*

Emily Brontë (1818—48)

The Spaelass

Seelent is the hoose: aw is laid asleep:
Ane her lane leuks oot ower the snaw-
wreaths deep,
Tentin ilka clud, dreidin ilka souch

That dings the whummlin drift, an
bends the grankin beuch.

Blythsome is the ingle, saft the strae an
ess;
No ae bluffert knidges throu door or
gless;
The wee bit laump burns straucht, its
leam shuits strang an braid:
A airt it weel, tae be the starnless
wanderer's aid.

Glunch, ma pauchtie sire! Flyte, ma
angry dame;
Set yer sclavies speein; thraiten me wi
shame:
But naither sire nor dame, nor snowkin
thrill will knaw,
Whit angel nichtlins traipses thon waste
o lappert snaw.

Whit A loue will come like veesitant o
air,
Shuir in dernit pouer frae lourin human
snare;
Nae wird o mines will iver gie up the
ane A loue,
Tho for faith unsustained ma life be
unlaw due.

Burn, than, wee bit laump; skimmer
straucht an clear —
Wheesht! A reeslin weeng, A'm
thinkin, steers the air:
Thusgate him A wait on aye will come
tae me;
Orra pouer! A trust yer maucht; ma
constancy trust ye.

A Birthday

*My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me.*

*Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.*

Christina Rossetti (1830—1894)

A Birthday

Ma hert is like a pleepin bird
That's bield is in a wattert shuit;
Ma hert is like an aiple tree
That's beuchs is laden sair wi fruit;
Ma hert is like a lustert shell
That's lappert bi a weel-faured sea;
Ma hert is blyther faur nor thir,
Acause ma jo is come tae me.

Plant me a stage o alasant;
Gie it a skyre an purpie mien;
Busk it wi dous an garnets rare,
An pownies wi a hunder een;
Wi gowd an siller muscadels,
Wi blads an siller fleurs-de-lys;
Acause the birthday o ma life
Is come, ma jo is come tae me.

Ambulances

*Closed like confessionals, they thread
Loud noons of cities, giving back
None of the glances they absorb.
Light glossy grey, arms on a plaque,
They come to rest at any kerb:
All streets in time are visited.*

*Then children strewn on steps or road,
Or women coming from the shops
Past smells of different dinners, see
A wild white face that overtops
Red stretcher-blankets momentarily
As it is carried in and stowed,*

*And sense the solving emptiness
That lies just under all we do,
And for a second get it whole,
So permanent and blank and true.
The fastened doors recede. Poor soul,
They whisper at their own distress;*

*For borne away in deadened air
May go the sudden shut of loss
Round something nearly at an end,
And what cohered in it across
The years, the unique random blend
Of families and fashions, there*

*At last begin to loosen. Far
From the exchange of love to lie
Unreachable inside a room
The traffic parts to let go by
Brings closer what is left to come,
And dulls to distance all we are.*

Philip Larkin (1922—85)

Ambulances

Steekit confessionals, thay sklent
Lood nuins o ceeties, giein back
Nane o the scances thay ingest.
Licht glaizie gray, airms on a plaque,
At causey's side thay come tae rest:
Aw streets in time will draw thair tent.

Weans sperfelt ower the road an staps,
An wifies gaun thair messages
By waffs o neebours' kail, owerleuks
The bluidless faces, effigies
Hauf obumbrate in stretcher-neuks,
Keekin feart-fauch ootower the haps,

An senses sinderin emptiness
Inunder brastle's wecht, an hou
Juist for a seicont life's devaul
Is evendoun an blank an true.
The sneekit doors withdraws. *Puir saul,*
Thay whitter in unquietness;

For cairtit aff in deident air
Gangs aft the suddent shut o loss
Roond something near the hinnerend,
An awthing hauden in't across
The years, the maikless luck's-heid blend
O flesh an bluid an fashions, thare

At last begins tae lowse itsel.
Dwyned o aw howp o luve or mirth
Thay cooch lockfast intil a staw.
The traffic pairts tae caw thaim furth,
Brings nearer whit's afore us aw,
An dulls tae dowfness aw we tell.

At a Bridal

*WHEN you paced forth, to wait maternity,
A dream of other offspring held my mind,
Compounded of us twain as Love designed;
Rare forms, that corporate now will never
be!*

*Should I, too, wed as slave to Mode's
decree,
And each thus found apart, of false desire,
A stolid line, whom no high aims will fire
As had fired ours could ever have mingled
we;*

*And, grieved that lives so matched should
miscompose,
Each mourn the double waste; and
question dare
To the Great Dame whence incarnation
flows,
Why those high-purposed children never
were:
What will she answer? That she does not
care
If the race all such sovereign types
unknowns.*

Thomas Hardy (1840—1928)

At a Brithal

Whan furth ye gaed tae bide maternity,
A dream o bairns ungotten fixed ma
thocht,
Wraiths knittit frae us twa in fainness
claucht;
A clan that corporate nou will niver be.

If A thirl masel forby tae mode's
decreet,
An ilkane plants apairt, o dowf desire,
A race o tumshies nae heich ettles' fire
Coud licht like oors, tho niver yit we
see't;

An, stung that weirdit lifes coud
miscompone
Baith murns the dooble dounset; daurs
tae speir
At thon Gret Dame that heids oor
carnate loan
Forwhy the unfurmed regents isna here:

Whit will she answer? That she'll shed
nae tear
Tho world's end the tide o bluid
postpone.

Her Voice

THE wild bee reels from bough to bough

*With his furry coat and his gauzy wing.
Now in a lily-cup, and now
Setting a jacinth bell a-swing,
In his wandering;
Sit closer love: it was here I trow
I made that vow,*

*Swore that two lives should be like one
As long as the sea-gull loved the sea,
As long as the sunflower sought the sun, —*

*It shall be, I said, for eternity
'Twixt you and me!
Dear friend, those times are over and done,
Love's web is spun.*

*Look upward where the poplar trees
Sway and sway in the summer air,
Here in the valley never a breeze
Scatters the thistledown, but there
Great winds blow fair
From the mighty murmuring mystical seas,
And the wave-lashed leas.*

Look upward where the white gull screams,

*What does it see that we do not see?
Is that a star? or the lamp that gleams
On some outward voyaging argosy, —
Ah! can it be
We have lived our lives in a land of
dreams!
How sad it seems.*

*Sweet, there is nothing left to say
But this, that love is never lost,
Keen winter stabs the breasts of May
Whose crimson roses burst his frost,
Ships tempest-tossed
Will find a harbour in some bay,
And so we may.*

*And there is nothing left to do
But to kiss once again, and part,
Nay, there is nothing we should rue,*

Her Vyce

THE bummler reels frae beuch tae
beuch

Wi his foggy clead an his gauzy wing.
Nou in a lily-flouer, his souch
Will whid the hyacinth bell aswing,
A silly thing;
Come ben inower, luve: here, in a feuch
While sweet ye leuch,

A hecht twa lifes soud be like ane
Sae lang's the sea-maw loued the sea,
An the sunflouer didna seek the muin,
—

It will be, A said, for eternity
Wi you an me!
Ma jo, thae times is past an duin,
Luve's wab is thin.

Leuk upwith whaur the poplar trees
Swags an sweys in the simmer air,
Here in the glen the'r niver a breeze
Wad waff the thistle-tap, but thare
Gret winds blaws fair
Frae athort the black an gowsty seas,
An the droukit leas.

Leuk upwith whaur the white maw
tuims

Its hert for something we canna see.
Is thon a starn? Or the laump that leams
On some furthwart-viagin argosy, —
Och! can it be
We hae wared oor lifes in a laund o
dreams!
Murnfu it seems.

The'r nocht tae say forby this thing
The truth that luve is niver lost,
Tho winter stob the breests o spring
That's crimson roses birst his frost
Ships tempest-tossed
Will find a ludge new sails tae hing
We winna loss't.

An nocht remeins tae dae e'en nou
But pree again thae lips an pairt.
The'r nocht ava that we soud rue.

*I have my beauty, — you your Art,
Nay, do not start,
One world was not enough for two
Like me and you.*

Oscar Wilde (1854—1900)

A hae ma beauty, — you yer Airt,
Na, dinna stairt,
Ae lift haedna starns enew
For me an you.

***If The Past Year Were Offered Me
Again***

*If the past year were offered me again,
And choice of good and ill before me set
Would I accept the pleasure with the pain
Or dare to wish that we had never met?
Ah! could I bear those happy hours to
miss
When love began, unthought of and
unspoke
That summer day when by a sudden kiss
We knew each other's secret and awoke?

Ah no! not even to escape the pain,
Debate and anguish that I underwent
Flying from thee and my own self in vain
With trouble wasted, till my strength all
spent
I knew at last that thou or love or fate
Had conquered and repentance was too
late.*

Augusta, Lady Gregory (1852—1932)

**Gin Fernyear's Wares Wis Buskit Up
Like New**

Gin fernyear's wares wis buskit up like
new,
The wale o luck an wanweird setten furth
Wad A devoid the ane that gart me grue
Or lap in airms the greetin wi the mirth?
Coud hert's bluid thole the sauntit oors
tae miss
Whan luve begoud, unspoken an unthocht

The still, het day whan wi a breingin kiss
Tae wauken tent twa dernit howps wis
brocht?
Niver, no e'en tae pit frae mynd the hell
O whit A dree'd o flytin an o pain
In fruster fleein frae thee an masel,
Ma darg a midden, till ma strenth
owergane
A kent at last that baunds predestinate
Helt fast, an aw forthinkin wis ower late.

Immortality

*Foil'd by our fellow-men, depress'd,
outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And, Patience! in another life, we say
The world shall be thrust down, and we up-
borne.*

*And will not, then, the immortal armies
scorn
The world's poor, routed leavings? or will
they,
Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?*

*No, no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,*

*From strength to strength advancing —
only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.*

Matthew Arnold (1822—88)

Undaithliness

Habbelt bi fallae-men, cuist doun,
ootworn,
We flicht the warld an lat it hae its day,
An, *Pautience! in anither life*, we say
*The warld dounthrunng will be, its
bairns upborne.*

An winna, than, undaithly airmies scorn
The warld's puir, dauntit ootwale? Or
can thay
That foondert mid the stour o bleizin
day
Uphaud the ferventness o hieven's
morn?

Niver! The bringin virr o life can be
Upliftit frae the muilts, but no
owergane;
An him that stuid his grund in temporal
wae,

Frae strenth tae strenth advancin —
only he,
His saul weel-knit, his fechts won, *him
his lane*,
Speels, an that scantlins, life's ayebidin
brae.

My Last Duchess

Ferrara

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,

*Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's
hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.*

*Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured
countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest
glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts
by
the curtain I have drawn for you, but I)*

*And seemed they would ask me, if they
durst,
How such a glance came there; so not the
first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that
spot
Of joy into the Duchess's cheek: perhaps*

*Frà Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle
laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint*

Must never hope to reproduce the faint

*Half flush that dies along her throat": such
stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause
enough
For calling up that spot of you. She had*

*A heart — how shall I say? — too soon
made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er*

*She looked on, and her looks went
everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,*

Ma Duchess Umwhile

Ferrara

Ma duchess umwhile's pent on thonder
waw,
Aye leukin vieve an tae the fore. A caw
Thon darg a wunner, nou: Frà Pandolf's
haunds
Wrocht eydent for a day, an thare she
staunds.

Ay, sit ye doun an leuk at her. A said
"Frà Pandolf" wilfully, for niver redd
Ootlins lik you thon picturt contenance,

The depth an passion o its inwart
glance.
But tae masel thay turnt (the'r nane but
me
Pous back the hingin A hae drawn for
ye)

An haed the leuk o speirin, if thay durst,

Hou sicna sklent cam thare; ye'r no the
first

Tae turn an frain me. Schir, it wisna aye
Her guidman's sicht its lane that cried
thon fey
An flichterin rose intae her lyre:
Perhaps

Frà Pandolf said "Ma leddy's kirtle
haps

In mirk her perfit shackle," or "Nae
brush

Coud e'er depent as vieve the infant
blush

That steals along her hause syne dees":
his souch

Wis pleisance-born, she thocht, an
cause eneuch

For cryin furth thon rose. Ower suin
made fain,

A'm thinkin, wis the hert she cried her
ain

Ower easy left imprent; awthing she
saw,

The sindry airts she leukit, she loued
aw.

It wis aw ane tae her! Ma hert's desire,

*The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool*

*Broke in the orchard for her, the white
 mule*
*She rode with round the terrace — all and
 each*
*Would draw from her alike the approving
 speech,*
*Or blush, at least. She thanked men —
 good! but thanked*
*Somehow — I know not how — as if she
 ranked*
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name

With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame

This sort of trifling? Even had you skill

*In speech — (which I have not) — to make
 your will*
*Quite clear to such a one, and say, "Just
 this*
*Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss
 Or there exceed the mark" — and if she let*

Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set

*her wits to yours, forsooth, and made
 excuse*
*— E'en then would be some stooping; and
 I chuse*
*Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no
 doubt*
*Whene'er I passed her; but who passed
 without*
*Much the same smile? This grew; I gave
 commands;*
*Then all smiles stopped together. There she
 stands*
*As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll
 meet*
the company below, then. I repeat

*The Count your master's known
 munificence*
Is ample warrant that no just pretence

Of mine for dowry will be disallowed
Though his fair daughter's self, as I

The bleize o dayligaun in wastlin fire,
 The beuch o cherries that some bringin
 smirn
 Brak in the arbour for her, the white
 girran
 She rade wi roond the terrace — near
 ilkane
 Wad draw frae her alike the leefu rane

 Or blush, at laist. The men she thankit
 — guid!
 But thankit thaim as war true feelin hid,

 As war ma line's nine hunder year o
 fame
 An equal giftie. Wha wad stoop tae
 blame
 This kin o trump'rie? E'en gin ye haed
 skeel
 In wirds — (that A'm athoot) — tae
 bring tae heel
 The ungrate debetrix, an say "Juist this

 Or that in you is uggsome; here ye miss
 Or thare debord the merk" — e'en gin
 she lat
 Hersel be doctried sae, nor man'fest
 pat
 Her wits gin yours, atweel, pretendit
 than
 A raison — that war stoopin; an A can

 For nae Christian stoop. Schir, she
 smued, nae dout
 Whan A gaed by, but wha wad gang
 athoot
 An equal smue? This grewed; A gied
 commaunds;
 Syne aw smues dwyned thegither.
 Thare she staunds,
 Aye leukin vieve. Ye'r sittin stieve. A'd
 fain
 Gang doun an hailse the troop ablo.
 Again,
 The Coont yer maister's weel-kent
 walth an mense
 Gies siccar warrandice nae juist
 pretence
 O mine for tochar will be disalloued
 Tho his bairn's bonny sel, as A avoued

avowed

*At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune,
though,*

*Taming a sea horse, thought a rarity,
Which claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for
me!*

At stairtin, is ma ettle. Lat the pair
O us descend. But notice Neptune thare,

Dauntin a sea-horse, thocht a rarity,
That Claus o Innsbruck cuist in bronze
for me!

Robert Browning (1812—99)

My Wife

*Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight,
The great artificer
Made my mate.*

*Honour, anger, valour, fire;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench or evil stir,
The mighty master
Gave to her.*

*Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free
The august father
Gave to me.*

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850—90)

Ma Guidwife

Stedfast, hanty, vieve an true,
Wi een o gowd an brammle-dew,
Steel-true an blad-straucht,
The bricht starns' lapidar
Made ma aucht.

Mense an speerit, smeddum, wecht;
A luve nae seyin coud forfecht,
Daith smuir or ill-will teend,
The prince preclare
Ma luver's gien.

Bield an bed-marrae, dominie,
A convoy throu mortality,
Hert-hale an saul-free
The croun illuster
Gied tae me.

Near Avalon

*A ship with shields before the sun,
Six maidens round the mast,
A red-gold crown on every one,
A green gown on the last.*

*The fluttering green banners there
Are wrought with ladies' heads most fair,
And a portraiture of Guenevere
The middle of each sail doth bear.*

*A ship with sails before the wind,
And round the helm six knights,
Their heaumes are on, whereby, half blind,
They pass by many sights.*

*The tatter'd scarlet banners there
Right soon will leave the spear-heads bare.
Those six knights sorrowfully bear
In all their heaumes some yellow hair.*

William Morris (1834—96)

Haurd by Avalon

A ship wi shields afore the daw,
Sax maidens roond the mast,
A reid-gowd croun on ane an aw,
A green gown on the last.

The flichterin green bratachs thare
Is wrocht wi leddies' heids; thay beir
Depent on ilka sail fou fair
A portraitur o Guenevere.

A ship wi sails afore the wind,
About its helm sax knichts,
Wi ventils doun, an sae, hauf blind,
Thay owerpass fouth o sights.

The flitterie scarlet bratachs' steer
Or lang will lea the trenchers bare.
Sax knichts wi dowie herts will beir
In aw thair casques some yellae hair.

October

*O hushed October morning mild,
Thy leaves have ripened to the fall;
To-morrow's wind, if it be wild,*

*Should waste them all.
The crows above the forest call;
To-morrow they may form and go.
O hushed October morning mild,
Begin the hours of this day slow,
Make the day seem to us less brief.
Hearts not averse to being beguiled,
Beguile us in the way you know;
Release one leaf at break of day;
At noon release another leaf;
One from our trees, one far away;
Retard the sun with gentle mist;
Enchant the land with amethyst.
Slow, slow!
For the grapes' sake, if they were all,
Whose leaves already are burnt with frost,
Whose clustered fruit must else be lost —
For the grapes' sake along the wall.*

Robert Frost (1874—1963)

October

Och lown October daw come roond,
Thy blads haes ripit tae the faw;
Themorn's fell wind will whid thaim
doun,
An waste thaim aw.
Tho huidies ower the firth yit caw,
Themorn thay'r like tae scrowe an gae.
Och lown October daw come roond,
Begin the oors o this day thrae,
Gar the day seem tae us less brief.
Saft herts aye leal tae simmer's croun,
Lat temperance time's mairch owergae;
Demit a blad at day's first daw;
At nuintid lowse anither leaf;
Ane frae oor treen, ane hine awa;
Uphaud the sun wi sober mist;
Enchairm the laund wi amatist.
Thrae, thrae!
For the grapes' sake, if thay war aw,
That's blads is sprittelt black wi frost,
Sae that thair sweetness binna lost —
For the grapes' sake along the waw.

Perplexed Music

Affectionately inscribed to EJ

Experience, like a pale musician, holds

*A dulcimer of patience in his hand,
Whence harmonies, we cannot understand,*

*Of God; will in his worlds, the strain
unfolds*

In sad-perplexed minors: deathly colds

Fall on us while we hear, and countermand

*Our sanguine heart back from the
fancyland
With nightingales in visionary worlds.*

*We murmur 'Where is any certain tune
Or measured music in such notes as
these?'*

*But angels, leaning from the golden seat,
Are not so minded their fine ear hath won*

*The issue of completed cadences,
And, smiling down the stars, they whisper
— SWEET.*

Elizabeth Barret Browning (1806—61)

Throuther Muisic

Affectuous dedicate tae EJ

Life's lairnin, like a fauch muisician,
haulds

A dulcimer o tholin in his haund,
Frae whaur sweet soonds we canna
unnerstaund,

O God; will in his warlds, the souch
unfaulds

In dowf-throuther minors: daithly
caulds

Dings doun on's while we hear, tae
contermaund

The hert bluid-biggen back frae
Faerielonde

Wi philomenes in spaewark's orra
warlds.

We murmle 'Whaur is ony siccar tuin
Or meisurt muisic in sic notes as thir?'

But angels, hingin frae the gowden seat,
Wants aw conceit that thair fine
hearin's won

The conter-crack o feenisht cadences,
An, smuein doun the starns, thay
whisper — SWEET.

Remorse

AWAY! the moor is dark beneath the
moon,
Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam
of even:
Away! the gathering winds will call the
darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the
serene lights of heaven.
Pause not! the time is past! Every voice
cries, 'Away!'
Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's
ungentle mood:
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares
not entreat thy stay:
Duty and dereliction guide thee back to
solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home;

Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth;

Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they
go and come,
And complicate strange webs of
melancholy mirth.
The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall
float around thine head,
The blooms of dewy Spring shall gleam
beneath thy feet:
But thy soul or this world must fade in the
frost that binds the dead,
Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile,
ere thou and peace, may meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess
their own repose,
For the weary winds are silent, or the moon
is in the deep;
Some respite to its turbulence unresting
ocean knows;
Whatever moves or toils or grieves hath its
appointed sleep.
Thou in the grave shalt rest: — yet, till the
phantoms flee,
Which that house and heath and garden
made dear to thee erewhile,
Thy remembrance and repentance and deep

Rewth

AWA! The muir is mirk aneath the
muin,
Fleein cluds haes drunk the hinmaist
leam o even:
AWA! The gaitherin winds will cry the
gloamin suin,
An the blackest midnight wynd the
serene lichts o hieven.
Bide-na! the time is by! Ilka vyce cries,
'Awa!'
Sey-na wi ae last tear thy freend's
ungentle state:
Thy luvver's ee, o gless an ice, daurna
keep thee ava:
Office an baundlessness airts thee tae
places desolate.

Awa, awa! Tae thy drear an seelent
haw:

Skail bitter tears on the ingle's fruizen
yirth:

Tent the dim shades as like ghaists thay
rise an faw,
An complicate streenge wabs o dowf an
dowie mirth.
The blads o wastit hairst-end wids will
flotter roond thy heid,
The flouers o dewy Spring will leam
aneath thy feet:
But thy saul or this warld maun fade in
the frost that thrings the deid,
Or midnight's smool an morntid's
smue, or thou an peace, can meet.

The clud shaidaes o midnight is aucht
thair ain repast,
For the wabbit winds is seelent, or the
muin is in the deep;
Some upleuk frae its turbulence,
wanrestfu sea, thou hast;
Whitiver steers or taws or murns haes
its appyntit sleep.
Thou in the lair will rest: — yit, till the
ghaists soud flee,
That thon hoose an muir an gairden
made dear tae thee or nou,
For thy myndin an forthinkin an

musings are not free
From the music of two voices, and the light
of one sweet smile.

prependin isna free
Frae the muisic o twa vyces, an the licht
o ae sweet smue.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792—1822)

Sudden Light

*I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the
shore.*

*You have been mine before
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall, — I knew it all of yore.*

*Then, now, — perchance again! ...
O round mine eyes your tresses shake!
Shall we not lie as we have lain
Thus for Love's sake,
And sleep, and wake, yet never break the
chain?*

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828—1882)

Fireflucht

A hae been here afore.
O whan, whit wey, A ken nae mair:
A mind the girse ayont the door,
The douce saut air,
The hurrin hush, the lichts around the
shore.

Awreadies ye war mine
Afore the Fluid's first wattergaws:
E'en nou whan tae thon swallae hine
Ye raxt yer hause,
The hap fell back, — A kent it aw lang
syne.

Whit wis — again bedeen.
Come wash ma brou in wimplin hair.
Will we no lie as we hae lien
For Luve a pair,
An sleep, an wauk, but sinder-na the
cheen?

The Annunciation

*Now in this iron reign
I sing the liberty
Where each asks from each
What each most wants to give
And each awakes in each
What else would never be,
Summoning so the rare
Spirit to breathe and live.*

*Then let us empty out
Our hearts until we find
The last least trifling toy,
Since now all turns to gold,
And everything that we have
Is wealth of heart and mind,
That squandered thus in turn
Grows with us manifold.*

*Giving, I'd give you next
Some more than mortal grace,
But that you deifying
Myself I might deify,
Forgetting love was born
Here in a time and place,
And robbing by such praise
This life we magnify.*

*Whether the soul at first
This pilgrimage began,
Or the shy body leading
Conducted soul to soul
Who knows? This is the most
That soul and body can,
To make us each for each
And in our spirit whole.*

Edwin Muir (1887—1959)

The Salutation

Unner this airn regiment
A sing the leeberty
Whaur ilkane seeks frae ither
Whit ilkane's hert wad gie
An ilkane wauks in's marrae
Whit but for't canna be,
Inringin wi't the flichterin
Speerit tae fecht an dree.

Sae lat us tuim oor herts,
No scrimpin till we've socht
Thair last, laist nochtie trump,
For awthing's aureate nou,
The guid's an gear we hae
A fouth o hert an thocht,
That, skailin efter ither,
Breirds ahint ilkane's brou.

For handsel, A wad gie ye
Some mair nor mortal grace
Sauf that, throu your translation,
Masel A micht translate,
Forgettin luv wis born
Here in a time an place,
Miscawin wi couthie wirds
This life proposed as fate.

Whither the saul its lane
This viage lang begoud,
Or willyart body's airtin
Haes trystit hert wi hert
Wha kens? This is the maist
That saul an body coud,
Tae mak's ilkane for ither
An o ae speerit pairt.

The Chambered Nautilus

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,

Sail the unshadowed main, —

The venturous bark that flings

*On the sweet summer wind its purpled
wings*

In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,

And coral reefs lie bare,

*Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their
streaming hair.*

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;

Wrecked is the ship of pearl!

And every chambered cell,

*Where its dim dreaming life was wont to
dwell,*

*As the frail tenant shaped his growing
shell,*

Before thee lies revealed, —

*Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt
unsealed!*

Year after year beheld the silent toil

That spread his lustrous coil;

Still, as the spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

*Stole with soft step its shining archway
through,*

Built up its idle door,

*Stretched in his last-found home, and knew
the old no more.*

*Thanks for the heavenly message brought
by thee,*

Child of the wandering sea,

Cast from her lap, forlorn!

*From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn;*

While on mine ear it rings,

*Through the deep caves of thought I hear a
voice that sings: —*

Build thee more stately mansions, O my

The Chaumert Nautilus

*This is the margaret ship that, bairds
wad ledge,*

Sails forenent world's edge, —

The anterous bark that flings

On the sweet simmer its purpur wings

*In bosoms glamourt, whaur the silkie
sings,*

An coral brigs lees bare,

*Whaur the mermaidens lifts tae sun
thair skinklin hair.*

*Its wabs o leevin gauze is thirlt lang
syne;*

Cuist is the ship sae fine!

An ilka chaumert fauld,

*Whaur its dowf dreamin life wis iver
tauld,*

*As the frail tenand turnt his growin
hauld,*

Afore thee nakit lees, —

*Its irised coom is spleet; its crypt
owergane wi seas!*

*The raivelt years buir witness tae the
wark*

That spreid his lustert ark;

Yit, as the wimple grew,

*He buid quit fernyear's dwellin for the
new,*

Tipperin saft its fulgent airchwey throu,

An steekin fast his lair.

*Sauf in his last-fund hame, he kent the
auld nae mair.*

*Thanks for the wurd celest that's brocht
bi thee,*

Bairn o the wanderin sea,

Cuist frae her skirt, forlorn!

*Frae thy deid lips a clearer note is born
Nor iver Triton blew frae lowpit horn;*

While on ma lug it rings,

*Throu the deep weems o thocht A hear
a vyce that sings: —*

Big thee mair solemn mansions, O ma

*soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's
unresting sea!*

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809—94)

saul,
Faurder nor year's devaul!
Flit thy laich-pendit past!
Lat ilka sanctuar, nobler nor the last,
Bield thee frae hieven wi a dome mair
vast,
Till thou at lenth be free,
Castin thy riven shell bi life's wanrestfu
sea!

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

*I WILL arise and go now, and go to
Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and
wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for
the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.*

*And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the mourning to
where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a
purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.*

*I will arise and go now, for always night and
day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by
the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the
pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.*

William Butler Yeats (1865—1939)

The Holm o Innisfree

A'll up an tak the gate nou, an gang
tae Innisfree,
An a bit shielin big thare, o claut an
mortar made:
Nine bean-rows will A hae thare, a
stale for the bummin bee,
An bide ma lane in the bee-lood slade.

An A will hae some lown thare, for
lown comes drappin slaw,
Drappin frae the murnin-wimple tae
whaur the cheeper sings;
The howe o the nicht's ableize thare,
an nuin a purpie daw.
An the gloamin fou o the lintie's
wings.

A'll up an tak the gate nou, for aye
still nicht an day
A hear loch watter lapperin wi laich
soonds at the shore;
An me atap the plainstane, or on the
causey gray,
A hear it in hert's wanlit core.