

William Soutar (1898-1943)

2 *The Tryst*

O luely, luely cam she in
And luely she lay down:
I kent her be her caller lips
And her breists sae sma' and roun'.

A' thru the nicht we spak nae word
Nor sinder'd bane frae bane:
A' thru the nicht I heard her hert
Gang soundin' wi' my ain.

It was about the waukrife hour
Whan cocks begin to crow
That she smool'd saftly thru the mirk
Afore the day wud daw.

Sae luely, luely, cam she in
Sae luely was she gaen
And wi' her a' my simmer days
Like they had never been.

1932

(From William Soutar, *Poems in Scots and English*.
Selected by W. R. Aitken. Edinburgh: Scottish
Academic Press, 1975)