

William Motherwell (1797-1835)

6 *Jeanie Morrison*

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luvè o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en, 5
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luvè grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years 10
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up 15
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ithèr weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time — sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but aè heart! 20
'Twas then we sat on aè laigh bink,
To leir ilk ithèr lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, after yet, 25
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent doun ower aè braid page,
Wi' aè buik on our knee, 30
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said, 35
We cleek'd thegither hame?

And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran aff to speel the braes —
The broomy braes o' June? 40

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.

Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve! 45
Oh lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun, 50
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?

The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood, 55
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies; 60

And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison, 65
Tears trinkled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!

