

William Soutar (1898-1943)

1 *Ballad*

Far in the nicht whan faint the müne
My love knock't at the door:
He spake nae word as he walkit in,
And wi' nae sound stepp't owre.

White was his face in the thin licht, 5
And white his hands and feet:
Like snaw, that in itsel is bricht,
White was his windin-sheet.

He look't on me wi sichtless e'en,
And yet his e'en were kind: 10
And a' the joys that we had taen
Thrang'd up into my mind.

And for the whilie he was near,
Glimmerin in the gloom,
I thocht the hale o' the world was there 15
Sae sma' in a sma' room.

1943

(From *Collected Poems*. Ed. with an Introductory Essay by
Hugh MacDirmid. London: Andrew Dakers Limited, 1948)