

SNAW.

J. M. CAIE.

SNAW,
Dingin' on slaw,
Quait, quait, far nae win's blaw,
Haps up bonnily the frost-grippit lan'.
Quait, quait, the bare trees stan',
Raisin' caul' fingers tae the deid, leiden lift,
Keppin' a' they can as the flakes doon drift.
Still, still,
The glen an' the hill
Nae mair they echo the burnie's bit v'ice,
That's tint, death-silent, awa' neth the ice.
Soun'less, the warl' is row'd up in sleep,
Dreamless an' deep,
Dreamless an' deep.
Niver a move but the saft doon-glidin'
O' wee, wee fairies on fite steeds ridin',
Ridin', ridin', the haill earth hidin',
Till a' thing's awa'
An' there's naething but snaw,
Snaw.

[By courtesy of the Author.]

