

GLEDHA'S WOOING

To Corsbie Keep rode Young Gledha'
As the moon broke owre the brae;
He lighted him down at Corsbie Ford,
And tethered his steed to the slae.

He cast his sword at the rown-tree root,
His dirk upon the heath;
He set his foot to Corsbie Craig,
And climbed it in a breath.

Proud Maisie stood by the high copestane;
The stane and she were still.
The moonlicht dazzled in her een;
Her thoughts were on the hill.

She turned, to see a shape o' man
Rise black against the wa';
Before her heart could gie a gliff
She kent the Young Gledha'.

'Now Christ you save and sain, fair may;
Now Christ you sain and save!
Who would have speech o' your father's bairn
Must speel in his ain grave.'

'What seeks the fae of my father's race
In my father's house wi' me?
When the gled swoops at the doocot door
He may spare his courtesie.'

GLEDDHA'S WOOING

'The gled may learn o' the doo, Maisie ;
I come by fair moonlicht.
When your clan were last at my father's yett,
Ye cam' at mirk midnight.

'Ye cam' unbid at midnight black,
And made a red hearthstane ;
O' a' that were o' my father's blood
Ye left but me alane.'

'Ere the tod draws to the roost, Gledha',
He should ken his road to go.
My father's step sounds on the stair ;
My brethren watch below.'

'I carena for your brethren's spears,
Nor for your father's brand,
If I must fa' by a Crichton's blade,
I'll fa' here, where I stand.

'I met you low by the water-side ;
I met you high on the hill ;
And there I got my deadly hurt.
Your hand must heal or kill.

'My sword lies at the rown-tree root ;
My dirk is on the heath.
But pu' the pin from your hair, Maisie,
And mak my heart its sheath.'

'To shame my birth—or slay my love ;
It is a bitter rede !'
'You may well forsake your living kin
When I forsake my dead.'

GLEDDHA'S WOOING

He's taen her by the middle sma';
He's kissed her, lip and e'e.
She's led him down the hidden way
Was kent to none but three.

He's buckled on his goodly blade
When to the wood they wan;
He's borne her safe through Eden Water,
Though red, like blood, it ran.

'Hark to that eerie cry, Maisie,
That rises from the spate!'
'It's but my father's angry hounds;
They're lowsed an oor owre late.'

'Hark to that farawa chime, Willie,
Comes wandering down the fell!'
'Gin it hadna been for our bridal bed,
'Twould saired me for my knell.'

JOHN GEDDIE.

