

**THE COURTSHIP AND
WEDDING O'
JOCK O' THE KNOWE,
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The Courtship and Wedding O' Jock O' the Knowe, and Other Poems by Robert W. Thom

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ROBERT W. THOM

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WEDDING O'
JOCK O' THE KNOWE,
AND OTHER POEMS**

THE
COURTSHIP AND WEDDING
O'
JOCK O' THE KNOWE

(SECOND EDITION);

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
ROBERT W. THOM.

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To

GEORGE SUTHERLAND, Esq.,

*The Courtship and Wedding
o' Jack o' the Knowe*

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.



*THE COURTSHIP AND WEDDING
O' JOCK O' THE KNOWE.*

PART I.

AN unken^t carle was Jock o' the Knowe,
A lanely body was Jock;
Or was snawflake or green leaf spread on the bough
Unresting he wan'ered by hill-side an' howe,
An' gathered wi' mony, I trow, an' I 'twice,
Frac gentry, an' farmers; an' cottar folk,
The awmous bannock an' goup^en o' meal
Intil his wallet an' pock.

Jock's heid was wee, an' roun' as a ba';
Auld Time had pouther'd his haffits wi' snaw,
His checks were broon as the leaf in the fa',
That twirls on the tap o' the oak;
He wasna auld, an' he wasna young,
An' a sly wee bird through the country sung,
That gif ony loon wi' a leasing tongue
O' the gaberlunzie spoke—

Aneath the braid bannet that thee^xkit his bree,
 The lichtnin' that slept in ilk bricht blue ee
 Wi' unchancy meaning awoke;
 Then the bauldest birkie that brushed the bent
 Skip't oot o' the sough o' the knotted kent
 In the baney nieve o' Jock.

On the tap o' the Knowe Jock's wee hoose lay,
 Its roof was o' heather, its wa's were clay;
 Seen it could be through ilk hour o' the day
 Frae the country far and near;
 Open it stood tae ilk glint o' the sun,
 To each star in the lift, an' to ilka wun'
 O' the varyin' seasons whase coorses run
 I' the circle o' the year.

The Knowe was a bonnie spot when the Spring
 O' roaring an' ranting had had his fling,
 An' had doucely set^xtin' himsel' tae bring
 Beauty, his bride, tae dale an' shaw—
 When the brow o' the primrose was aglow,
 When acre-wide furze had lit up their lowe,
 An' the green pod brak frae the ashen bough
 Tae feel the saft win's blaw.

'Twas a bonnie spot when the summer licht
 Stretch'd a siller belt roun' the waist o' nicht—
 When the aik was green an' the hawthorn white,
 An' gowans white on the lea;
 Or, while low' in the west the roun' sun gleamed
 O'er the blue hill's crest, an' its radiance streamed
 Adoon on the ocean's waves till they seemed
 Waves o' a gowden sea.

- 'Twas a bonnie spot on an autumn morn,
 When the bee i' the heather-flower blew his horn,
 When the sun-glints danced on the yellow corn,
 On the hairst' folks gaun a-field;
 Or when, through the woods that were turnin' broon,
 The win', wi' a saft, low, uncertain soun',
 Piped the melody o' an unkent tune
 I' the gloamin' roun' the bield.

But, losh! when the autumn had dauner'd by,
 An' winter reigned 'neath a drummie sky,
 When the rain drave thick an' the wun' blew high,
 Or snaw lay white in the howe—
 A wat, a windy, an' wearifu' spot
 Was the drippin' an' reekin' wee bit cot
 That shelter'd an' held the heid an' the lot
 O' lanely Jock o' the Knowe.

- Tae the cot i' the fa' o' a far aff year,
 When the leaf on the beech was broon an' sere,
 A carle, wha stay'd nae to beck or speir,
 I' the gloamin' cam' through the howe.
 The creature had been frae that quiet hour—
 Through simmer an' winter, sunshine an' shower—
 In cot-hoose an' ha', to kind heart an' dour,
 Only Jock o' the Knowe.

- His sorrows, nae mortal their tears had seen,
 An' his joys, wha could trace wi' mortal een
 On the roun' broon face where their light had been;
 'Twas still as an eerie pool

When the breath o' the wun' has dwamed away,
 When the latest ripple has ceased tae play,
 'Neath the shadows o' skies sombre an' grey—
 Shadows o' skies at Yule.

O' the forebears frae whilk Jock claimed descent,
 Throughout the country as little was kent
 As o' maukin's brushing dew frae the bent;
 By dule it maup nurse an' dree
 A soul may as far 'neath our social lift,
 Frae kinships an' freen'ships o' mankind drift
 As leaf on the tree, or star whilk through rift
 O' midnight cluds we see.

Time cares na' what tune blin' fortune may blaw,
 Dew sinking on dew is its saft footfa':
 Through years that pouthered his haffets wi' snaw,
 As lithely onward they ran,
 Like a restless shadow—an' little mair—
 When the trees were leaved, or the trees were bare,
 Gaed flitting an' floating, now here, now there,
 Jock, the gaberlunzie man.

