

**The Lost Licht**  
(A Perthshire Legend)

The weary, weary days gang by,  
The weary nichts they fa',  
I mauna rest, I canna lie  
Since my ain bairn's awa.'

The souging o' the springtide  
breeze  
Abune her heid blaws sweet,  
There's nests among the kirkyaird  
trees  
And gowans at her feet.

I sat me lang upon the green,  
A stanethraw frae the kirk,  
And syne a licht shone dim  
between  
The shaws o' yew and birk.

'Twas na the wildfire's flame that  
played  
Alang the kirkyaird land,  
It was a band o' bairns that gae'd  
Wi' lights in till their hand.

And aye the can'les flickered pale  
Below the darkened sky,  
But the licht was like a broken  
trail  
When the third wee bairn gae'd  
by.

For whaur the can'le-flame should  
be  
Was naither blink nor shine--  
The bairnie turned its face tae me  
An' I kent that it was mine.

An' O! my broken he'rt was sair,  
I cried, "My ain! my doo!"  
For a' thae weans the licht burns  
fair,  
But it winna' burn for you!"

She smiled to me, my little Jean,  
Said she, "The dule and pain,  
O mither! frae your waefu' een  
They strike on me again:

"For ither babes the flame leaps  
bricht  
And fair and brow appears,  
But I canna keep my bonnie licht,  
For it's droukit wi' your tears!"

There blew across my outstreaked  
hand  
The white mist o' her sark,  
But I couldna reach yon babie  
band  
For it faded i'the dark.

My ain, my dear, your licht shall  
burn  
Although my een grow blind,  
Although they twa to saut should  
turn  
Wi' the tears that lie behind.

O Jeanie, on my bended knee  
I'll pray I may forget,  
My grief is a' that's left tae me,  
But there's something dearer yet!

Poetry - Violet Jacob  
Music – Joy Dunlop