

Stevenson Robert Louis

A Lowden Sabbath Morn



Robert Stevenson

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Robert Louis Stevenson

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I

The clinkum-clank o' Sabbath
bells
Noo to the hoastin' rookery
swells,
Noo faintin' laigh in shady dells,
Sounds far an' near,
An' through the simmer kintry
tells Its tale o' cheer.

II

An' noo, to that melodious play,
A' deidly awn the quiet sway —
A' ken their solemn holiday,
Bestial an' human,
The singin' lintie on the brae,
The restin' plou'man.

III

He, mair than a' the lave o' men,
His week completit joys to ken;
Half-dressed, he daunders out an'
in,
Perplext wi' leisure;
An' his raxt limbs he'll rax again
Wi' painfū' pleasure.

IV

The steerin' mither strang afit
Noo shoos the bairnies but a bit;
Noo cries them ben, their Sinday
shūit

To scart upon them,
Or sweeties in their pouch to pit,
Wi' blessin's on them.

V

The lasses, clean frae tap to taes,
Are busked in crunklin'
underclaes;
The gartened hose, the weel-filled
stays,
The nakit shift,
A' bleached on bonny greens
for
days
An' white's the drift.

VI

An' noo to face the kirkward mile:
The guidman's hat o' dacent style,
The blackit shoon, we noo maun
fyle
As white's the miller:
A waefü' peety tae, to spile
The warth o' siller.

VII

Our Marg'et, aye sae keen to
crack,
Douce-stappin' in the stoury
track,
Her emeralt gown a' kiltit back
Frae snawy coats,
White-ankled, leads the kirkward
pack
Wi' Dauvit Groats.

VIII

A thocht ahint, in runkled breeks,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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