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Rowan Tree

Rowan Tree
(Lady Carolina Nairn)

Oh rowan tree, oh rowan tree, thoul't aye be dear to me,
Entwin'd thou art wi' mony ties, o' hame and infancy.
Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flowr's the simmer's
pride
There was nae sic a bonnie tree, in all the country side.
Oh rowan tree.

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' all thy clusters white.
Now rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright
On thy fair stem were mony names which now nae mair I see.
But there engraven on my heart, forgot they ne'er can be.
Oh rowan tree.

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red and necklaces they strang.
My mither, oh, I see her still, she smil'd our sports to see,
Wi' little Jeannie on her lap, wi' Jamie at her knee.
Oh rowan tree.

Oh, there arose my father's pray'r in holy evening's calm,
How sweet was then my mither's voice in the martyr's psalm
Now a' are gane! we met nae mair aneathe the rowan tree,
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infancy,
Oh rowan tree.

from Cole, Folksongs of England, Ireland, Scotland & Wales
from R.A. Smith's collection Scottish Minstrel, 1822
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