



Scottish Poets and Poetry

A Song of Light

There have plenty songs been written,
Of the moonlight on the hill,
Of the starlight on the ocean,
And the sun-flecks on the rill,
But one glorious song has never
Fallen yet upon my ear,
'Tis a royal song of gladness,
Of the gaslight on the beer.

I have watched an amber sunset,
Creep across a black-faced bay;
I have seen the blood-flushed sunrise,
Paint the snow one winter day,
But the gleam I will remember
Best, in lingering days to come,
Was s shaft of autumn radiance,
Lying on a pint of rum.

I have seen the love stars shining,
Through bronze hair across my face,
I have seen white bosoms heaving,
'Neath a wisp of open lace,
But resplendent yet in memory -
And it seemeth brighter far -
Was a guttered candle's flicker,
On a tankard in a bar . . .

