

## Hallowe'en by Violet Jacob

The tattie-liftin's nearly through  
They're plooin whaur the barley grew  
And efter dark, roond ilka stack  
Ye'll see the horsemen stand and crack  
Oh, Lachlan, but I mind o you!

I mind foo aften we hae seen  
Ten thoosand stars keek doon atween  
The nakit branches, and below  
Baith fairm and bothie hae their show  
A-lowe wi lichts o Hallowe'en.

There's bairns wi guisers at their tail  
Clourin the doors wi runts o kail  
And fine ye'll hear the skreichs and skirls  
O lassies wi their drookit curls  
Bobbin for aipples in the pail.

The bothie fire is lowpin het,  
A new heid horseman's kist is set  
Richs o the lum; whaur by the blaze  
The auld ane stood that kept yer claes  
I canna thole tae see it yet!

But gin the auld fowks' tales are richt  
And ghaists come hame on Hallow nicht  
O, freend o freends! what wad I gie  
Tae feel ye rax yer hand tae me  
Atween the dark and caunnle licht?

Awaw in France, across the wave  
The wee lights burn on ilka grave  
And you and me their lowe hae seen  
Ye'll mebbe hae yer Hallowe'en  
Yont, whaur ye're lyin wi the lave.

There's drink and daffin, sang and dance  
And ploys and kisses get their chance  
But Lachlan, man, the place I see  
Is whaur the auld kist used tae be  
And the lights o Hallowe'en in France!

And the lights o Hallowe'en in France!

