

John McDermott, Oh Rowan Tree

Oh Rowan Tree, Oh Rowan Tree
Thou'lt aye be dear to thee
Entwined thou art wi' many ties
O'hame and infancy
Thy leaves were aye the first of spring
Thy flowers the summer's pride
There was nae sic a bonnie tree
In a' the country side
Oh Rowan Tree
How fair was thou in summer time
wi' a'thy clusters white
How 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 they're engraven on my heart,
forget they ne'er can be
Oh Rowan Tree
We sat aneath thy spreadin' shade
the bairnies round thee ran
They pu'd they 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,
and Jamie on her knee
Oh Rowan Tree
Oh there arose my father's pray'r
in holy ev'ning's calm
How sweet was them my mother's voice,
in the martyrs' psalm
Now a'are gane!
We meet nae mair aneath the Rowan Tree
But hallow'd thoughts around thee twine
o'hame and infancy
Oh Rowan Tree