

The Fresh Sapling

George Campbell Hay

Sapling that grew with dew and sunshine and days,
leafy and slender, fresh the scent of its sprays,
blooming unknown with none to speak its praise,
where I steal in alone in secret to gaze.

Slender she grew and straight, the one that I praise,
a face I look long to, framed in red gold ablaze.
And better than all I've said the spell of her ways,
steadfast and true, with grace around her in rays.

When I was down I sought you always, my dear.
Welcome I found there, kindness, solace and cheer.
Gentle and low your slow soft voice in my ear;
sweet voice like the sound of running water to hear.

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*Hay's Gaelic poem **Am Faillean Ùr** has a striking fourth verse. MacNeill offers here a parallel fourth verse for singing with **The Fresh Sapling**.*

Optional fourth verse

John N MacNeill

Time, chance and season pass, each day and night
besieging your beauty with perpetual spite.
Warm cheeks aglow, fair head with red flame alight,
give in to love, or time will carry the fight!