



## 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 . . .

