

Craig Herbertson

"The Gloaming Hour"

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Ken ye the gloaming hour
Doon by the willows weeping
Doon whaur the broon trout's rising
Ripples o'er the burn

Can you hear the bonnie lark
Ca'ing o'er the blooming heather
Paths we yince walked together
Ever tae return

Oh, can ye hear the singing
A' through the wild woods ringing
'Gang ye awa
Never tae return?'

Can you feel immortal spring
Stir the breeze o' Balimeanach
Where the towers o' Ben Vorlich
Water loch and glen

Here in the summer splendour
Flowers o' every hue and colour
One for every day remembered
Never to return
By the 'lady's silver strand
Autumn breathes o'er a' the land
The lapwing pleads, the hawk commands
Let the tide be turned

Noo in the winter's blast
Gone is the flower o' Edinbra
Gone aye and gone forever
Ever tae be mourned

So softly silent falls the snow
Slays spring's sweet sister summer
Autumn falls beloved brother
Tae the gloaming hour

Here in the dusk and dawn
You will ever walk the heather
But never will we walk together

O'er the lands we loved

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