

# Oh Rowan Tree

**John McDermott**

Oh rowan tree, oh rowan tree  
Thou'l aya 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 treeHow 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 treeWe 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 treeOh 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

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