

### **Nae Day Sae Dark**

Nae day sae dark; nae wüd sae bare;  
Nae grund sae stour wi' stane;  
But licht comes through; a sang is there;  
A glint o' grass is green.

Wha hasna thol'd his thorter'd oors  
And kent, whan they were by,  
The tenderness o' life that fleurs  
Rock-fast in misery?

William Soutar