

Cauld, cauld, the munelicht.

Some of the most poignant memories are also the most clichéd. They are no less real, for all that.

Cauld, cauld, the munelicht
On the sands along the shore.
I linger here in sorrow
Where I roved wi joy afore.

Cauld, cauld, the munelicht
Glintin on the waters still.
Cauld turned that lassie's love for me,
As young love often will.

Far, far abuin,
The munelicht sheds its sheen.
I saw it gild the lassie's hair
An glister in her een.

Far, far abuin,
The mune sails cauld an clear.
As far an further lie that lassie's
Thoughts fae me, I fear.

Cauld, cauld, the mune,
An little comfort in her licht.
It's times like these that sleepin dugs
Start steerin in the nicht.