

Halloween (lyrics: Violet Jacob; music: Jim Reid)

1. The tattie-liftin's nearly through, they're plooin' whaur the barley grew,
And efter dark roon ilka stack you'll see the horsemen stand and crack.
Oh Lachlan, but I mind on you.
2. I mind foo often we hae seen ten thousand stars keek doon atween,
The naikit branches, an, below baith fairm an' bothie hae their show
Alowe wi' lights o' Hallowe'en.
3. There's bairns wi' guisards at their tail clourin' the doors wi' runts o' kail,
And fine you'll hear the screich an' skirls o' lassies wi' their droukit curls
Bobbin' for aipples i' the pail.
4. The bothie fire is loupin' hat, a new heid horseman's kist is set,
Richts o' the lum; whaur by the blaze the auld ane stude that kept yer claes;
I cannae thole to see it yet.
5. But gin the auld fowk's tales are richt an' ghaists come hame on Hallow Nicht.
Oh freend, oh freends! What wad I gie tae feel ye rax yer hand to me,
Atween the dark an' caun'le licht.
6. Awa in France across the wave the wee lights burn on ilka grave,
An' you an' me their lowe hae seen, ye'll maybe hae yer Hallowe'en
Yont whaur ye're lyin' wi' the lave.
7. There's drink an' daffin', sang an' dance,
And ploys and kisses get their chance;
But Lachlan, man, the place I see
Is whaur the auld kist used tae be,
And the lights o' Hallowe'en in France.

Violet Jacob (1863-1946) was a Scots poet from near Montrose. The Dundee folksinger Jim Reid (1934-2009), who previously had success by putting music to another of her poems, *The Wild Geese*, applied the same treatment to her poem *Halloween*. Violet (pictured right) lost her only son Harry at the Battle of the Somme in 1916, from which she never really recovered, and which had a profound influence on some of her work.

