

Schuil in June

There's no a clood in the sky,
The hill's clear as can be,
And the broon road's windin ower it,
But no for me!

It's June, wi a splurge o colour
In glen and on hill,
And it's me wad be lyin up yonder,
But then - there's the schuil.

There's a widd wi a burn rinnin through it,
Callin and cool,
Whaur the sun splashes licht on the bracken
And dapples the pool.

There's a sang in the soond o the watter,
Sang sighs in the air,
And the world disnae maitter a docken
Tae yin that's up there.

A hop and a step frae the windae,
Just fower mile awaw,
And I could be lyin there thinkin
O naethin at aw.

Aye! - the schuil is a wunnerfu place,
Gin ye tak it aw roon,
And I've nae objection tae lessons,
Whiles - but in June?

By Robert Bain
Read by Ann Matheson