March

The Rowan Tree



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The rowans or mountain-ashes are shrubs or small trees in genus Sorbus or family Rosaceae. The name "rowan" is derived from the Old Norse name for the tree, raun. The Norse name is ultimately derived from a proto-Germanic word raudnian meaning "getting red" and which referred to the red foliage and red berries in the autumn. Rowan is one of the familiar wild trees in the British Isles, and has acquired numerous English folk names,including: Delight of the eye (Luisliu),



Mountain ash, Quickbane, Quickbeam, Quicken (tree), Quickenbeam, Ran tree, Roan tree, Roden-quicken, Roden-quicken-royan, Round wood, Round tree, Royne tree, Rune tree, Sorb apple, Thor's helper, Whispering tree, Whitty, Wicken-tree, Wiggin, Wiggy, Wiky, Witch wood, Witchbane, Witchen, Witchen Wittern tree. Many of these can be easily linked to the mythology and folklore surrounding the tree. In Gaelic, it is caorann, or Rudha-an (red one, pronounced quite similarly to English "rowan").

One particularly confusing name for rowans, used primarily in North America, is "mountain ash", which falsely implies that it is a species of ash (Fraxinus). The name arises from the superficial similarity in leaf shape of the two trees; in fact, the rowan is more closely related to the apples and hawthorns in the rose family.

In the Canadian provinces of Newfoundland and Labrador and Nova Scotia this species is commonly referred to as a "Dogberry" tree.

Lyrics:

Oh rowan tree, oh rowan tree, Thou'lt aye be dear to me Entwined thou art wi' mony ties O' hame and infancy. Thy leaves were aye the first of spring Thy flowers the simmer's pride There wasna sich a bonnie tree In a' the country side. Oh! Rowan tree.

How fair wert thou in simmer 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, Forgot they ne'er can be. Oh! Rowan tree. We sat aneath thy spreadin' shade, The bairnies round thee ran, They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang; My mother, oh! I see her still She smil'd our sports to see, Wi' little Jeannie on her lap, and Jamie at her knee. Oh! Rowan tree.

And there arose my father's pray'r In holy ev'ning's calm, How sweet was then my mother's voice, In the Martyrs' psalm! Now a' are gone! we meet nae mair Aneath the rowan tree, But hallow'd thoughts around thee twine, O' hame and infancy. Oh! Rowan tree