

FOR THE HILLS.

(*A Rough-Shod Rhyme of Desire.*)

THE fever's on me heavy, an' my heart is drummin' "Go" !
An' every tightened fibre's makin' answer to the call ;
There's a red-hot tingle wakin' every finger, every toe,
An' my shackled soul is hammerin' its chains against the wall.
Slip the bolt an' let me out, man, for this "brick-an'-mortar" kills ;
Let me feel the heather under me, the blue above my head !
O ! the Town may cheat an' chaffer ! Set my face unto the hills,
An' to-day I'll be a Kaiser though to-morrow I be dead.

*An' it's O ! O ! O ! for the hills, for the hills,
For the hills o' my ain countrie ;
An' it's O ! for the spring o' the heather an' the ling
On the hills o' my ain countrie.*

Let me shut my eyes a minute ! I can see the peaty burns,
I can see the Glas Allt glancin' in a flame o' silver streaks,
An' I hear its cry o' freedom as it bickers an' it turns
To the lazy loch a-lappin' round the heathery bends an' creeks.
I can see the Lord o' Loftiness a-liftin' to the sky,
Wi' his misty hair a-streamin' an' his mighty crown o' cairn ;
An', on t' other side, the yellow windin' pathway holds my eye
That takes you to the Paradise o' Pines at Bachnagairn.

O ! to lay me down an' slumber in the shelter o' the heather,
Wi' the wind that fans the Footstool waffin' freely on my face,
An' my clinkered soul a-drinkin' from the sunny summer weather
Forgetfulness o' strivin' an' the wearin', tearin' pace.
O ! to grip my stick an' whistle on my dog an' start to climb,
An' swing across the corries till I'm ready for to drop,
An' to sniff the breezes burdened wi' the scent o' broom an' thyme,
That keep the heart alive in me until I reach the top.

When there comes a blink o' sunshine here it isn't all a blessin',
For it minds me o' the sun that shines across the norlan' hills,
O' the lochs that kiss the mountains' feet, a-croonin' an' caressin',
O' the drumlie tumblin' torrents an' the silver-threadin' rills.
Then the torment tugs my heart-strings, an' my nerves go all to war,
An' the City presses round me, makin' soul an' body sick—
O ! a ten-year lease o' life I'd give to look on Lochnagar,
An' the shakin' o' the shadows o'er the ripples o' the Muick !

*An' it's O ! O ! O ! for the hills, for the hills,
For the hills o' my ain countrie ;
An' it's O ! for the day when I'll bundle an' away
To the hills o' my ain countrie !*

London, 1894.

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