

THE  
Cairngorm Club Journal.

---

---

Vol. VI.

JULY, 1909.

No. 33.

---

---

NIGHT AND MORNING.

At the hour of midnight dread  
Came the peal of thunder crashing,  
And anon the lightning red,  
O'er the scene abruptly flashing  
Showed the river's ample bed  
Roll with waves in fury splashing,  
For the rain in torrents fell.

Hour by hour went slowly by,  
Still the storm continued raging,  
And the wind rose wild and high  
In its fury mad engaging  
With the oak that rustled nigh ;  
But the oak fierce battle waging  
Stood its post of vantage well.

Now across the fertile plain  
Flowed the river's flood dilated,  
But still thicker fell the rain,  
Till the sky, disintegrated,  
Tried to rouse its voice in vain,  
And the thunder's roar abated  
And came fainter from the hill.

Though the rain had almost ceased,  
In the west the clouds were scowling  
When the day peeped in the east,  
And the sound of thunder growling  
Faint and further, still decreased.  
Now the wild winds ceased from howling,  
And all nature's voice grew still.

Down the hill-side rude and steep  
Now the streams come madly dashing,  
O'er the rocky ledge they leap,  
In their fury, foaming, splashing ;  
Down their hollow beds they sweep,  
Chafing wild and brightly flashing  
Where the dawning dyes them red.

Higher up the lazy mist  
From the mountain slopes is stealing,  
By the rosy sunlight kissed,  
And the wild curlew is wheeling  
Where so late the lightning hissed,  
And the thunder's roar was pealing  
Round the mountain's rugged head.

Many a moorfowl prunes his quill  
Deep amid the purple heather,  
Many a blackcock cackles shrill,  
Turns and trims a ruffled feather,  
And again across the hill  
Sounds his welcome to the weather,  
Glad to greet the fair bright day.

Soft the timid rabbits creep,  
But, before they leave their cover,  
Scan the scene with cautious peep ;  
Now they bob along, now hover,  
Now at last they plunge them deep  
'Mong the blades of dewy clover,  
'Mong the sweetly scented hay.

Like a beacon o'er the hill  
Glow the sun in radiant glory,  
Sweet the mavis tunes its bill  
Down among the brushwood hoary,  
And the woods begin to fill  
With the strains of warbled story  
Told in words unknown to men.

Lavish notes each minstrel proud  
O'er the vocal vale is flinging,  
While responsive from the cloud,  
Far above the lark is singing.  
Thus in chorus sweet and loud  
Nature's voices all are ringing  
From the forest, hill and glen.

Hark! the distant matin bell  
Chimes the hour of life awaking.  
Far through glade and dewy dell  
Mellow mingled sounds are making  
Matchless music sweetly swell;  
From the hollow dingles breaking  
Echoes answer everywhere.

Thus, when tempests cease to roar,  
Day appears more brightly shining;  
Thus, when troubled life is o'er  
And we cease from our repining,  
Day shall dawn that knows no more  
Tempest, darkness, or declining,  
"For there shall be no night there."