

THE GRAMPIANS.

Lat gentry chieks and ne'er-do-weels
 Gang owre the warld stravaigin',
 Syne rave and write lang screeds o' styte
 O' foreign kintras braigin'—
 Het birstlin' clime, or realm o' rime—
 O' drouthy lands, an' swampy anes ;
 Here lat me bide, nor budge a stride
 Frae Scotland and her Grampians !

Gae range the maps for towerin' taps,
 Alps, Andes, Himalayas—
 They're a' owre heigh, and cauld, and dreigh,
 King Winter's gloomy dais.
 They're nae the kin' to charm the min'—
 Sae big, unshapely, lumpy anes ;
 We winna swap for nae sic tap
 Oor ain ticht, weel-made Grampians !

Norseman and Dane might scour the main
 And ravage a' your braw lands,
 And Roman tramps set up their camps
 Far owre the feckless lawlands.
 They ran like fillies owre England's hillies,
 Her pair bit humpy-dumpy anes ;
 But, man ! they shied, richt scare and fleyed
 At Scotland's douchty Grampians !

Then here's three cheers for Scotland's muirs,
 Her noble glens and passes,
 Wi' whin and broom, and heather bloom,
 Their ever-durin' basses !
 But to the stars peal loud the bars,
 The song be Scotland's champions !
 Her foe-repellin', Olympus-scalin',
 Eternal, glorious Grampians !

GAVIN GREIG.