

LOCHNAGAR.

DAWN, JULY 22ND, 1914.

*How strangely Morning comes in such a haunt !
Trailing her ghostly mists through keen, cold air—
Chill as the breath of Death : and yet, so fair
She comes, her beauty drives gross Night avault
From mountain brow and where, in corries gaunt,
Dark waters lie asleep ; the while we dare
A doubtful path by half-lost cairns to where
Blue Lochnagar's proud peak leaps like a taunt :—*

*Away ! we urge, ere yet the shades have left ;
To see the break and meet the Sun's first lance
When in the North the portal clouds unfold :
But ere the peak the purple mass is cleft—
Rent like a temple veil by some god's glance !
And in the light are isles of rose and gold.*

PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY.