

THE WELLS OF DEE.

*It's I that cannot rest
With the hill-thirst in my breast
And the heart of me left by the Wells of Dee.
I wonder—are there still
Sun and shadow on the hill
And mist upon Braeriach top above the Wells of Dee?*

*I'll be asking in my sleep
Do the cold green waves still creep
Up the shores of dark Loch Eunach near the Wells of Dee?
Down the sullen Larig Ghru
Are the winds still coming through
As once upon a dawn they came across the Pools of Dee?*

*It's long and it's long
That my heart will keep the song
It sang upon Braeriach top beside the Wells of Dee.
Oh! I'm longing for the feel
Of the heather under heel
And the wind upon my brow again beside the Wells of Dee.*

ISOBEL W. HUTCHISON.

—“*Glasgow Herald*,” April 17.