

COILE-MHROCHAN.

At dusk I flung my knapsack on the heath,  
I made my bracken bed, I supped, and soon  
As daylight faded from the glen beneath,  
Cool winds among the firs were rising fast,  
Stirring the sleeping branches till they cast  
Black limbs athwart the silver moon.

How can I tell the thousand balms that rose,  
From the dew-sodden earth that took their flight,  
That round me hovered during my repose ?  
Oh, could I thus for ever wake and sleep,  
Lie thus in endless joy, and breathe deep, deep,  
The incense of this April night.

Now can my spirit scan mysterious things,  
And know why still the Dryad haunts the glade,  
Why fearlessly from tree to tree she springs,  
But sometimes venturing to the forest's verge,  
Will falter and a timid step emerge,  
Then panting seek her leafy shade.

Her nature nurtured with that self-same force,  
The smells of dewy earth which round me rise,  
Of fragile hyacinth, of nutty gorse,  
Of pine, of tender grasses, is too frail  
To face a ruder world, so shrinks the gale,  
And in her sheltering coverts lies.

So speeds the night, with perfect quiet blest,  
Till slow the sable heavens pale to blue,  
The westward peaks flush rosy at the crest,  
Then eastward bursts the burning, headstrong sun—  
Away with dreams—hot to the mountains run,  
The Dryad leave, the Oread pursue.

GEORGE BUCHANAN SMITH.