

BRAERIACH.

Morning red!
Night like a vesture shed
Round the dim feet of day.
Butterflies in the grasses!
Sunshine above the deep hill-passes!
Up and away!

Soft wind in the fir-trees,
Heather up to the knees
Of the birches. Far below
The delicious brown flow
Of the rapturous river,
Hill-waters that giggle and giggle forever.

Up and on!
The last fir-tree gone,
Only the heather under and over,
Only the call of the plaintive plover,
Across the corries only the roar
Of the stag on his rock-strewn floor,

Higher! Higher! Higher!
Till Braeriach—heart's desire—
The top of Braeriach's won!
Oh! the shroud of mist in the Larig Ghru
Can't creep to the hearts of me and you.
It's the top of the hill that has the view
And the cairn that keeps the sun.

ISOBEL W. HUTCHISON.

—“*Lyrics From West Lothian.*”