

THE CURLEW.

Just as the dawn came breaking through,
And as the mavis began to sing,
I heard the note of the lone curlew,
That strangely subtle and wistful thing,
Calling me, calling me, strong as a spell,
To the lonely places I love so well.

Fresh from its home by the winter sea ;
From the oozy plots and the piled-up wrack—
For the wilderness called, as it calls to me,
And the love of the silence brought it back.

Back to the glens with the myrtle and heather,
The tartan-clad moss with its red, green, and grey,
Where the whaups and the grouse companion together,
Alone with their love through the long summer day.

Voice of the Lone One, calling up yonder,
Filling my heart with the waves of unrest,
Stirring my soul with a yearning to wander
Deep in the purple that rolls to the west !

Bird of the muirland, something is in me ;
Something akin to the love you have known.
Lands may be fairer, but nothing can win me
Nothing can wean me from Scotland, my own !

ARTHUR F. LESLIE PATERSON.

BIRKWOOD, BANCHORY.

—*Aberdeen Daily Journal*, 19th April, 1920.