

LET US GO WANDERING.

Let us go wandering on the Banffshire hills,  
And see the banks of Avon once again ;  
To see the glen that passing summer fills,  
And feel the smell of birches in the rain.

To lie upon the haugh there half asleep,  
With purple gentians springing in the grass ;  
To hear the curlews and the shrill ' keep-keep '  
Of oyster-catchers as they pass.

We will have peace ; and as we dream  
The hours will cover up our discontent,  
Like the stony bed on which the Avon stream  
Ripples in merriment.

As we went wandering on that far past day,  
As fair a day as summer ere bestowed,  
Long years ago : yes, come what may,  
Let's up the Cabrach and away  
Across the Stepler Road.