

I TO THE HILLS—

J. M. CAIE.

OH, laich an' lythe i' the bield o' the glen,
Far the blue reek drifts to the sky,
Stan' bonny an' bien the hames o' men,
An' the burnie gyangs birlin' by.

There's a windin' road by the still loch-side
Far the birks bend whisperin' doon,
An' it leads awa' far the fremit bide
I' the stew an' the steer o' the toon.

But see, far the hill's clad in amber an' reed,
There's a wee roch mountain track ;
Pit your fit tae that, an' ye'll never heed
Fin the cock-grouse cries " Go back."

It's up throu' the bracken, bell-heather an' ling
Far the air comes caller an' sweet,
Wi' your face to the breezes that roun' ye sing,
An' the deep moss under your feet !

But there's blafferts o' win near the mountain tap
That'll beat ye doon tae your knees ;
Sae hain your breath for the hinmost lap
Ow'r the rock an' the clatterin' screes.

There's a challenge that's flung on the roarin' gale,
An' the summit aye beckons ye on ;
There's a battle tae fecht, but ye'll never quail—
Warsle on, warsle on till ye've won.

Oh, there's magic up here, as the hill-fowk ken,
There are secrets the hill-win's tell ;
Hine doon i' the glen are the hames o' men,
But here—there's just God an' yersel'.

[From " The Kindly North,"
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