

DOLOMITES.

J. C. MILNE.

O I gaed furth and far awa to see what I cou'd see,
And loshtie! siccan heichts o' Hills I nivver thocht cou'd be!
I lookit lang and lookit at yon grander Hills afar
Till I fairly tint a' notion o' the Hielan' Hills o' Mar.

'Twis here I cam' and hame again fae yonner faur I'd been,
And day and nicht yon fremmit hills were aye afore my een!
Till "Dyod!" thinks I, "I doot, my lad, ye mebbe nicht
dae waur
Than tak' a dauner westward to the Hielan' Hills o' Mar."

Ay, there they were, like brithers, Ben Macdhui, Carn Toul,
Braeriach, Cairngorm—man, a sicht to sair the sowl!
And braid Ben A'an and Beinn a' Bhùird, and yonner
Lochnagar,
A' noddin-aul' and neighbourlike, the Hielan' Hills o' Mar!

And govie dick! at gloamin'-time, maist Hielan' time o' a'!
The young and lordly Dolomites gaed worth and clean awa!
And left a leear thinkin', "Though ye've traivelled furth
and far,
Ye hinna traivelled far'er than the Hielan' Hills o' Mar."