

EXILE'S RETURN

GORDON C. GRANT

Ye proud, benign, companionable hills
Of Scotland, with what joy shall I behold
Once more each brooding crag and elfin peak,
Adornèd with a wisp of silken cloud,
Begirt with storms or glorified with light.

Stand fast, ye hills of home! bold Bennachie,
Black Arthur's Seat, Scolty, Kerloch, Morrone,
Ben Loyal, Ben Muich Dhui, Ben-y-Gloe –
Dear names! that fall as music on the ear
And haunt the memory. Hail, Lochnagar!
Schiehallion, Cruachan, Craigellachie
And all majestic mountains whose wild names
Are incantations, trumpeting to war
Or breathing peace and blessing – like Ben Avon.

