Lochnagar.





Shades of the dead, have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Lochnagar, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Lochnagar.

Years have rolled on, Lochnagar, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I see you again;
Though nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still thou art dearer than Albion's plain.
England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved on the mountains afar;
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagas!