

SONGS OF THE HEBRIDES

No Celtic heart can hear, untouched by tears,
The haunting music of the Hebrides.
The wild bird's cry, across the angry seas,
Sounds through its wistfulness. The grim crag rears
Its head above the glen, where ancient fears
Hide in the heather. And the heart's eye sees
The silver islands and the wind-tossed trees.
The ancient language echoes in our ears.

For Tis-non-ag is but another name
For that lost land beyond the edge of earth,
Beyond the ebb and flow of many seas,
Where dwells the heart's desire, touched with flame,
The hopes of youth, that know a wild re-birth,
Caught in the music of the Hebrides.

AGNES FOLEY MACDONALD