

BURNS.

Heart of the hills, breath of the moors, and voice
Of streams! All o'er the world is heard the name
Of him who lo'ed ye well: His deathless fame
Circles on wings of love; and Scotland's choice
Is mine today. Dimly, as in a dream
Of thee, I follow in the wake of BURNS;
Softly, as in a trance, my spirit yearns
To catch the songs of hill, and moor, and stream:
Yet dream and trance are vain. Needs must
One be an eagle resting on his wings,
Or lay his longing spirit in thy dust,
Or be the mist above thy purling springs,
Ere he may fill his soul—an alien soul—
With strength to rise and seek thy Poet's goal!