

## HUGH MACDONALD.\*

**I** LOVE to look upon thy face,  
And doat on every feature;  
Thou humble, unassuming soul !  
Thou simple child of nature !  
Thou lover of all lovely things,  
With thee 'tis always May ;  
For love has kept thy spirit young,  
Although thy locks are grey.

Thou wert not made for cities vast,  
Nor for the strife of gain ;  
And it was joy to steal away  
To nature's green domain ;  
To hie thee to the harebell haunts,  
And to the glades of green,  
Where wild wood roses hang their heads,  
And hoary hawthorns lean.

To hear the cuckoo's joyous shout  
Come welcome o'er the lee ;  
And 'mong the purple heather blooms  
The bugle o' the bee.  
To hide thee in the hazel howes  
Of some lone cushat glen ;  
Or scale the Alpine summits hoar,  
Of some old Highland Ben.

We love you for the love you bore  
The flow'rets of the wild ;  
You loved them with the artless love—  
The rapture of a child !

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\* Author of "Rambles Round Glasgow," "Days at the Coast," &c., &c.