

For so weird was the wold and lonely,
And the emerald sward so green,
That a dreamer of eld might fancy there
The morrice was danced yestreen.

And the hills and the streams around me,
In the light of song were fair,
And a sad grey beauty that died away
On "The Bush aboon Traquair."

So I thought of Wordsworth's ballads,
'Neath the full red harvest moon,
Of the Ettrick Bard and Sir Walter Scott,
And Thomas of Erceldoune.

Of the band of nameless singers,
Like the sun in the west sunk down,
The magic spell of whose glamourie
Still hallows each tower and town.

And my heart was moved in Yarrow,
As the night wind moves the sea,
By the touch of a far-off, strange unrest,
From the ages of gramerye.