

TO HOGG'S SKYLARK.

'Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless.'

—Hogg.

Oh! Skylark of the Shepherd's lay,  
High-poised above all touch of wrong,  
That, dew-besprent, for evermore,  
Doth wing the deathless deeps of song!  
What happy chance, thrice blessed bird  
O'er all thy fellows, brought thee there,  
When *he* of faëry kith and kin,  
Came forth to greet the morning fair,  
And God's bright signet set anew,  
Onholt, and hope, and mountain blue?

Mayhap, some rude or strange alarm  
Before the dawn disturbed thy dream,  
When drowsed in slumber, nesting sweet,  
By Ettrick's murmuring moorland stream!  
But kindlier fate was never deign'd,  
To wilding of the earth or air,  
Than thine when *he* of wizard power,  
Enraptured caught thy sky-note rare,  
And soft on bush and bracken lay,  
The golden beams of breaking day!

For dowered by Poesy's magic might,  
In that far green and Border glen,  
Still shrills thy strain thro' all the years,  
Amidst the haunts and homes of men!  
Nor day's decline can break the spell,  
Nor sun's eclipse can stay the charm,  
Above thee still the heaven doth smile,  
Beneath thy heath-bed still is warm,  
And weary hearts, forespent, for aye,  
Shall list thy music, lyrist grey!

JOHN MACFARLANE.  
(JOHN ARBORY.)