

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

Behold! I've reason now to stare!
For are there not two Finlays there—
And only one on earth I swear—
Come off my hat!
A worthier to fill a chair
Has never sat.

Red Mountain, thy neglect condone—
Within that "chair" your bard enthrone:
Instead of bread, don't give a stone
As others do—
Another Finlay like your own
You'll never know.

Sweet singer! may your mother tongue,
Embellished by thy gift of song,
Be ever heard the clans among
While print is read—
May future bards thy notes prolong
When thou art dead.

Thus on and on, while cycles roll,
May Gaelic—language of the soul—
Be heard in song from pole to pole,
From east to west,
Until the final tempests bowl
This earth to rest!