

## THE VOICES OF THE HILLS

There is music in the woodland,  
There is music on the lawn,  
When the dew is on the grasses  
And the birds sing at dawn.  
There is music in the whisper  
Where the wind stirs the beech  
And the river rolls the pebbles  
On the long white reach.

But the hills hold the voices  
That are most dear to me;  
The lone whaup crying  
Over heath-bush and scree;  
The red grouse scolding,  
With his harsh "Go back!"  
The blackfaced, bleating  
On the high sheep track.

The breeze of the lowlands  
Blows softly, as in fear,  
But the wind shouts boldly  
On the high tops here,  
Whistling in the ridges,  
And roaring through the glen,  
Flinging down a gauntlet  
To the small breed of men.

When Thor lifts his hammer  
And the hill-god speaks,  
And thunder from the purple  
Is rolling in the peaks,  
I would not ask the whisper  
Of lush lawn and lea,  
For the hills hold the voices  
That are most dear to me.

W.H.Ogilvie