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MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

BURNS.



LOCH MARIE, ROSS-SHIRE.

Quotation & Picture Series

SCOTLAND

EDITED BY

J. B. REYNOLDS, B.A.



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J. B. R.

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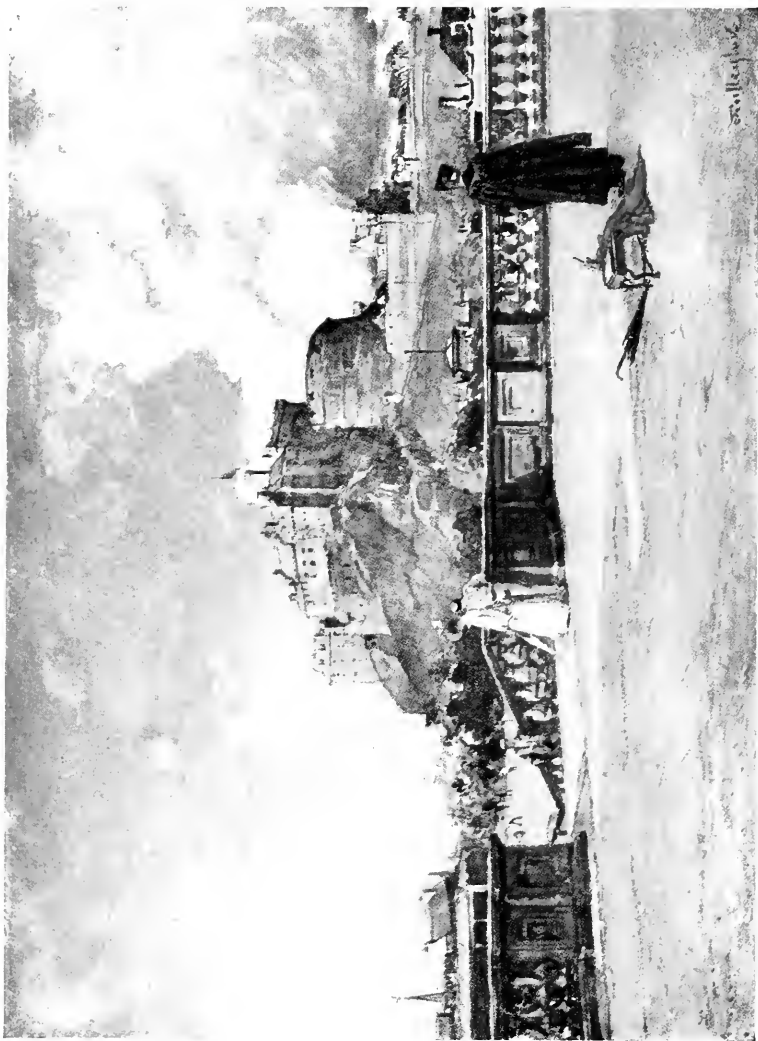
EDINBURGH

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign powers!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labour plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise;
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar;
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock;
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled the invader's shock.

Address to Edinburgh,
BURNS.



J. Collier del.

EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM HERIOT'S HOSPITAL.

HOLYROOD

THE moon held court in Holyrood last night
—ten thousand stars
By ancient tower and archway climbed and kissed
the window bars ;
The night wind knelt upon the hill, the crouching
lion lay
With shoulder to the Capital and blind eyes to
the Bay.

The moon held court in Holyrood, and, as she
entered in,
On damask fringe and tapestry the spider ceased
to spin ;
The slow moon slipped across the floor and
bowed a queenly head
To greet the train that passed her by—a
thousand sleepless dead !

She drifted down the storied halls and touched
with spread white wings
The gallery of the Hundred Dead, the Corridor
of Kings ;
She smiled upon a rebel prince and stretched
white hands to shrive
The gallant men, the peerless maids, that
danced in 'Forty-five.

She crossed a sleeping chamber hung with
trappings rich and rare,
And kissed them softly one by one—it was a
queen lay there !
She heard the lute notes rise and fall, and
watched the dagger sped,
While underneath her trembling wings the
brown stain turned to red !

W. H. OGILVIE.



HOLLYWOOD PALACE FROM THE PUBLIC GARDENS UNDER CALTON HILL, EDINBURGH.
Behind Holywood Palace are Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags.

SCOTLAND'S SHRINE

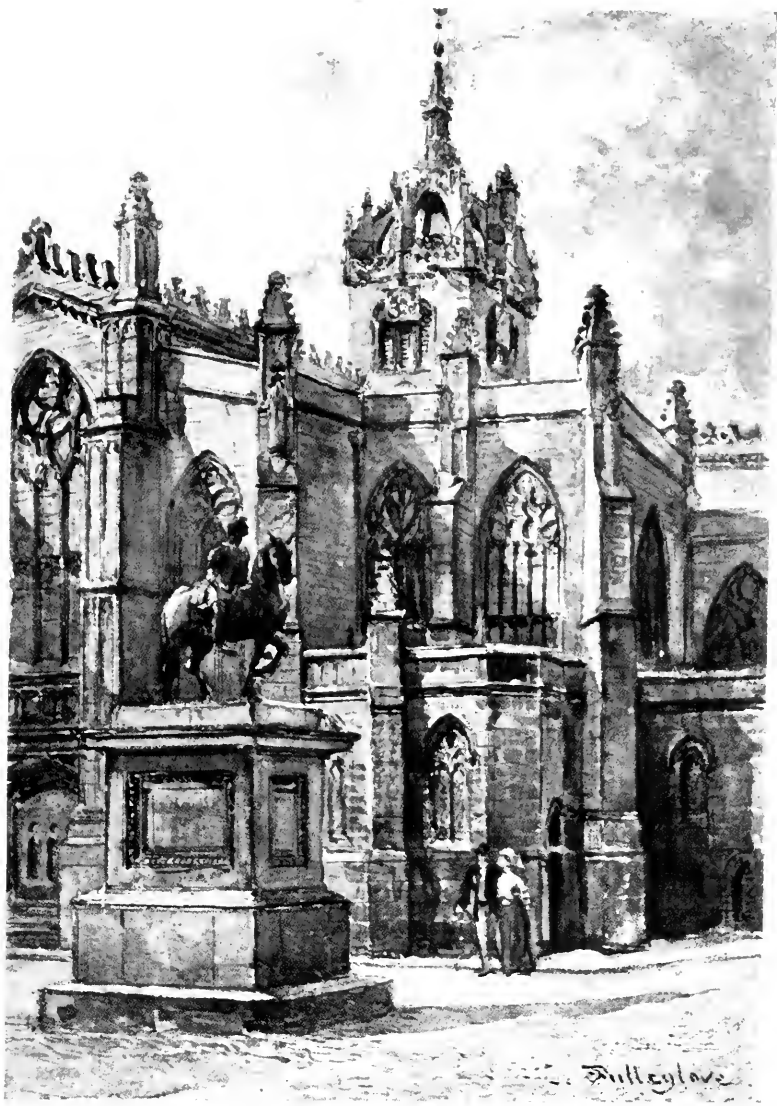
I LEAVE the busy crowded street
To step within your silent aisles,
Where the dead hearts of centuries beat
Beneath your storied roof, St Giles !
Where choir and chapel void and vast
Are filled with spirits of the Past !

In golden shafts and rainbow spears
The light falls soft on oak and stone,
So filters through nine hundred years
The glory that is Scotland's own ;
For there your sombre walls include
Our country's pride of nationhood !

The feet of heroes tread your pave
While echo to their fame replies ;
The voice of Knox still fills your nave ;
Dead Stewart in your south aisle lies :
Your roof and steeple once again
Are rampart for Queen Mary's men !

The sounds of trampling feet intrude ;
A slow procession winds in state
Out of the grey-towered Holyrood
And up the mourning Canongate.
'Tis great Montrose they carry home
To his long rest beneath your dome !

W. H. OGLIVIE.



THE CHURCH OF ST. GILES, EDINBURGH, WITH THE STATUE OF CHARLES II. IN THE FOREGROUND.

John Taylor sc. R.S.

JOHN KNOX

IN the history of Scotland I can find properly but one epoch: we may say it contains nothing of world interest at all but this Reformation by Knox. . . . It was not a smooth business; but it was welcome surely, and cheap at that price, had it been far rougher. On the whole, cheap at any price;—as life is. The people began to *live*: they needed first of all to do that, at what cost and costs soever. Scotch literature and thought, Scotch industry; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns: I find Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena; I find that without the Reformation they would not have been. . . . He is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt. He has to plead that Scotland would forgive him for having been worth to it any million "unblamable" Scotchmen that need no forgiveness! He bared his breast to the battle; had to row in French galleys, wander forlorn in exile, in clouds and storms; was censured, shot at through his windows; had a right sore fighting life: if this world were his place of recompense, he had made but a bad venture of it.

Heroes and Hero Worship,
THOMAS CARLYLE.



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE. HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH.

The west front of the house shows to the left of the square stone water-conduit.

THE OLD TOWN

AND what a picturesque world remains untouched! You go under dark arches, and down dark stairs and alleys. The way is so narrow that you can lay a hand on either wall; so steep that, in greasy winter weather, the pavement is almost as treacherous as ice. Washing dangles above washing from the windows; the houses bulge outwards upon flimsy brackets; you see a bit of sculpture in a dark corner; at the top of all, a gable and a few crowsteps are printed on the sky. Here you come into a court where the children are at play and the grown-up people sit upon their doorsteps, and perhaps a church spire shows itself above the roofs. Here, in the narrowest of the entry, you find a great old mansion still erect, with some insignia of its former state—some scutcheon, some holy or courageous motto, on the lintel. The local antiquary points out where famous and well-born people had their lodgings; and as you look up, out pops the head of a slatternly woman from the countess's window.

Edinburgh, Chapter II.,
R. L. STEVENSON.



LADY STAIR'S CLOSE, EDINBURGH.

On the extreme right, in the foreground, is the house of Eleanor, Dowager Countess of Stair.
In Baxter's Close near here Robert Burns once lodged.

CORRA LINN

CLOSE TO WHICH IS WALLACE'S TOWER

LORD of the vale ! astounding Flood
The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes—conscious of thy power ;
The caves reply with hollow moan ;
And vibrates, to its central stone,
Yon time-cemented Tower

And yet how fair the rural scene !
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong ;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little trembling flowers that peep
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
To look on thee—delight to rove
Where they thy voice can hear ;
And, to the patriot-warrior's Shade,
Lord of the vale ! to Heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear !

WORDSWORTH.



THE FALLS OF COPRA LINN ON THE CLYDE.



ROTHESAY BAY

FU' yellow lie the corn-rigs
Far down the braid hillside ,
It is the brawest harst field
Alang the shores o' Clyde,—
And I'm a puir harst lassie
Wha stands the lee lang day
Among the corn-rigs of Ardbeg
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

It's a bonnie bay at morning,
And bonnier at noon,
But bonniest when the sun draps,
And red comes up the moon :
When the mist creeps o'er the Cumbrays,
And Arran peaks are gray,
And the great black hills, like sleepin' kings,
Sit grand roun' Rothesay Bay.

Then a bit sigh stirs my bosom,
And a wee tear blin's my e'e,
And I think of that far countrie
Whaur I wad like to be !
But I rise content i' the morning
To wark, while wark I may,
I' the yellow harst field of Ardbeg
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

MRS CRAIK.



CRAIGMORE AND ROTHERAY BAY.

20. Y. 100.

IONA

St Columba is said to have landed on Iona about 503 A.D. and laid the foundations of a monastery.

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba's
cell,
Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark
Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark
(Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell!

WORDSWORTH.

THE bard who rose at herald's call
Was wont to sing in Highland hall,
Where the wild chieftain of M'Lean
Upheld his dark Hebridian reign ;
Where floated crane and clamorous gull
Above the misty shores of Mull ;
And evermore the billows rave
Round many a saint and sovereign's grave.
There, round Columba's ruins gray,
The shades of monks are wont to stray,
And slender forms of nuns, that weep
In moonlight by the murmuring deep,
O'er early loves and passions crost,
And being's end for ever lost.

The Queen's Wake,

JAMES HOGG.



1850

IONA CATHEDRAL.

W. E. Smith
1850

STAFFA

MERRILY, merrily, goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free ;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturb'd repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And welter'd in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature itself, it seem'd, would raise
A Minster to her Maker's praise !
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend ;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolong'd and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.

The Lord of the Isles, Canto iv.,
SCOTT.



Highway view

STATIA

SKYE

STRANGER ! if e'er thine ardent step hath
traced

The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath
placed,

By lake and cataract, her lonely throne ;
Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,
Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
Listing where from the cliffs the torrents
thrown

Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
And with the sounding lake, and with the
moaning sky.

Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur
wakes

An awful thrill that softens into sighs ;
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's
lakes,

In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise :
Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies,
Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar—

But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize
Of desert dignity to that dread shore,
That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin
roar.

Lord of the Isles, Canto iv.,
SCOTT



H. C. Smith

LOCH CORUISIC, SEVE.

THE TROSSACHS

BUT, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn,

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"—
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery coach in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

The Lady of the Lake,
SCOTT.



LOCH KATRINE, THE TROSSACHS.

HIELAN' HEATHIER

HHEY for the Hielan' heather !
Hey for the Hielan' heather !
Dear to me, an' aye shall be,
The bonnie braes o' Hielan' heather !

The moss-muir black an' mountain blue,
Whare mists at morn an' gloamin' gather ;
The craigs an' cairns o' hoary hue,
Whare blooms the bonnie Hielan' heather !
Hey for the Hielan' heather !

Whare mony a wild bird wags its wing,
Baith sweet o' sang an' fair o' feather ;
While cavern'd cliffs wi' echo ring
Among the hills o' Hielan' heather !
Hey for the Hielan' heather.

The broom an' whin, by loch an' lin,
Are tipp'd wi' gowd in simmer weather ;
How sweet an' fair ! but meikle mair
The purple bells o' Hielan' heather !
Hey for the Hielan' heather !

Whare'er I rest, whare'er I range,
My fancy fondly travels thither ;
Nae country charms, nae customs change
My feelings frae the Hielan' heather !
Hey for the Hielan' heather !

JOHN IMLAH.



W. J. P. 1897.

THE GRAMPIONS FROM BOAT OF GARTEN, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

THE SONG OF THE HIGHLAND
RIVER

SLOWLY and smoothly my winding I make,
Round the dark-wooded islets that stud the
clear lake ;

The green hills sleep
With their beauty in me,
Their shadows the light clouds
Fling as they flee,

While in my pure waters pictured I glass
The light-plumed birches that nod as I pass,
Slowly and silently on I wend,
With many a bay and many a bend,
Luminous seen like a silvery line,
Shimmering bright in the fair sunshine,
Till I come to the pass, where the steep red scaur
Gleams like a watch-fire seen from afar,

Then out I ride,
With a full-rolling pride,
While my floods like the amber shine ;
When the salmon rejoice
To hear my voice,
And the angler trims his line.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.



W. H. Smith.

THE VALLEY OF THE DEL. NEAR MAR LOURGE.

LACHIN Y GARR

“SHADES of the dead! Have I not heard
your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale? ”
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland
vale.
Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist
gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car :
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers ;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na
Garr.

“ Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions
foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause? ”
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause :
Still were you happy in death's early slumber,
You rest with your clans in the caves of
Braemar ;
The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na
Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left
you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again :
Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,
Yet still you are dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are fame and domestic
To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar!
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic !
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na
Garr!

BYRON.



DARK LOCHINVAR, ABERDEENSHIRE.

THE SILVER DEE

AMONG the giant, frowning hills
That link our noble Grampian chain,
She takes her birth and gathers rills
From crystal springs and filtered rain,
The silver Dee.

Through wild Braemar her waters glide,
Past Invercauld they make their way ;
Grim Lochnagar looks down with pride,
Balmoral smiles a greeting gay
To silver Dee.

Mile after mile she broader grows,
For Cairn and Muick their tribute bring
And rushing Feugh her melted snows
Secretes beneath the warmer wing
Of silver Dee.

To Ballater she comes again,
And soon Aboyne she passes by ;
Though townships give her many a stain,
She keeps a clear and sparkling eye,
The silver Dee.

At last she tastes, by Allenvale,
The brackish waters of the tide ;
Her eyes grow dim, her spirits fail,
And soon the ocean's breakers hide
The silver Dee.

A. MACKIE,
Quoted in "The Scottish Field,"
March 1906.



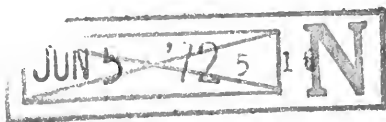
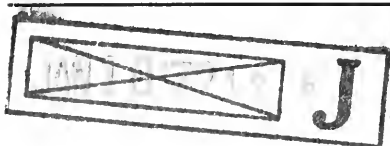
H. GIBB, SCOTCH.

BALMORAL CASTLE.



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