

ETTRICKDALE

OVERBURDENED, out you clear;
Be dried and toasted in the air,
Along the unfrequented road;
And in the evening walk with God.

The waters of the winding dale,
Whatever may, will never fail;
From hidden sources, springs afar,
These million ages purr and roar.

No lips of men have shaped the word
To name what all have often heard;
So willingly believe the noise
Is like the uncreated voice.

The fiftieth time the lisping rush
Has died upon a silver hush;
And, faithful to the downward hue,
Another element is blue.

White pathway in the darkening hills,
Soft salve for nearly all your ills;
On bruise and scar a healing drip:
The wanderers' companionship.

A planet, rose on tender green,
Tugs at its radius unseen,
And draws its complicated arc;
Until it blaze against the dark.

On earth no sight or sound at all;
Unless an owl's alternate call,
Or Tushielaw—if there you sup—
A furlong off is lighted up. JOHN GRAY