



IN SHADOWLAND

BETWEEN the moaning of the mountain stream
And the hoarse thunder of the Atlantic deep,
An outcast from the peaceful realms of sleep
I lie, and hear as in a fever-dream
The homeless night-wind in the darkness
scream

And wail around the inaccessible steep
Down whose gaunt sides the spectral torrents leap
From crag to crag,—till almost I could deem
The plaided ghosts of buried centuries
Were mustering in the glens with bow and spear
And shadowy hounds to hunt the shadowy deer,
Mix in phantasmal sword-play, or, with eyes
Of wrath and pain immortal, wander o'er
Loved scenes where human footstep comes no more.

NOËL PATON.