



WHEN THE DEW IS FALLING

WHEN the dew is falling
I have heard a calling
Of aerial sweet voices o'er the low green hill ;
And when the moon is dying
I have heard a crying
Where the brown burn slippeth thro' the
 hollows green and still.

And O the sorrow upon me,
The grey grief upon me,
For a voice that whispered once, and now for aye is still !
O heart forsaken, calling
When the dew is falling,
To the one that comes not ever o'er the low green hill !

FIONA MACLEOD.