

TO ORKNEY.

LAND of the whirlpool, torrent, foam,
 Where oceans meet in maddening shock ;
 The beetling cliff, the shelving holm,
 The dark, insidious rock ;
 Land of the bleak, the treeless moor,
 The sterile mountain, seared and riven ;
 The shapeless cairn, the ruined tower,
 Scathed by the bolts of heaven ;
 The yawning gulf, the treacherous sand ;—
 I love thee still, my native land !

Land of the dark, the Runic rhyme,
 The mystic ring, the cavern hoar,
 The Scandinavian seer, sublime
 In legendary lore ;
 Land of a thousand sea-kings' graves—
 Those tameless spirits of the past,
 Fierce as their subject Arctic waves,
 Or hyperborean blast ;
 Though polar billows round thee foam,
 I love thee !—thou wert once my home.

With glowing heart and island lyre,
 Ah ! would some native bard arise
 To sing, with all a poet's fire,
 Thy stern sublimities—
 The roaring flood, the rushing stream,
 The promontory wild and bare,
 The pyramid where sea-birds scream
 Aloft in middle air,
 The Druid temple on the heath,
 Old even beyond tradition's breath.

Though I have roamed through verdant glades,
In cloudless climes, 'neath azure skies ;
Or plucked from beauteous Orient meads
Flowers of celestial dyes ;
Though I have laved in limpid streams
That murmur over golden sands,
Or basked amid the fulgent beams
That flame o'er fairer lands ;
Or stretched me in the sparry grot,—
My country ! thou wert ne'er forgot.

DAVID VEDDER.

(Native of Deerness ; 1790-1854.)