

**NORTHERN NUMBERS, BEING
REPRESENTATIVE SELECTIONS
FROM CERTAIN LIVING
SCOTTISH POETS. SECOND SERIES**

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Northern numbers, being representative selections from certain living Scottish poets. Second series by C. M. Grieve

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C. M. GRIEVE

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SCOTTISH POETS

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SECOND SERIES

T. N. FOULIS
EDINBURGH & LONDON

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CONTENTS

CONTRIBUTORS

	PAGE
JOHN BUCHAN	9
AGNES LINDSAY CARNEGIE	19
AGNES S. FALCONER	23
JOHN FERGUSON	27
MABEL CHRISTIAN FORBES	35
ALEXANDER GRAY	41
C. M. GRIEVE	47
IAN HAMILTON	59
ISOBEL W. HUTCHISON	65
VIOLET JACOB	75
RODERICK WATSON KERR	81
DONALD A. MACKENZIE	85
CHARLES MURRAY	95
WILL H. OGILVIE	103
WILLIAM OGILVIE	111
RONALD ROSS	115
MARY SYMON	121
LEWIS SPENCE	129
LAUCLAN MACLEAN WATT	137

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FOREWORD

ELEVEN contributors were represented in the First Series of *Northern Numbers*, published in November 1920. Seven of these contribute again. Contributors for the first time are: General Sir Ian Hamilton, Sir Ronald Ross, the Rev. Lauchlan Maclean Watt, D.D., Dr Charles Murray, Professor Alexander Gray, Mrs Lindsay Carnegie of Annesley, Miss Agnes Falconer, Miss Isobel W. Hutchison, Miss Mary Symon and Messrs Lewis Spence and William Ogilvie—the last-mentioned not to be confused with our older friend and contributor, Mr Will H. Ogilvie. In several cases what are held by many to be the best poems of their authors are not included here (*e.g.* Lauchlan Maclean Watt's "Grey Mother," which already appears in no fewer than seventeen anthologies), preference being given to less well-known poems and, more particularly, to current work, and work not hitherto published in volume form.

These representative selections have for the most part been chosen by the contributors themselves—who, it may be remarked, now represent practically every district in Scotland, "including London."

I have to express my indebtedness to many editors and publishers for permission to include various poems in this volume.

C. M. G.

JOHN BUCHAN

THE GIPSY'S SONG TO THE LADY CASSILIS—THE WISE
YEARS—WOOD MAGIC

THE GIPSY'S SONG TO THE LADY CASSILIS

"Whercupon the Faas, coming down from the Gates of Galloway, did so bewitch my lady that she forgat husband and kin, and followed the tinkler's piping."—CHAP. BOOK OF THE RAID OF CASSILIS.

THE door is open to the wall,
The air is bright and free;
Adown the stair, across the hall,
And then—the world and me;
The bare grey bent, the running stream,
The fire beside the shore;
And we will bid the hearth farewell,
And never seek it more,
My love,
And never seek it more.

And you shall wear no silken gown,
No maid shall bind your hair;
The yellow broom shall be your gem,
Your braid the heather rare,
Athwart the moor, adown the hill,
Across the world away,
The path is long for happy hearts
That sing to greet the day,
My love,
That sing to greet the day.

When morning cleaves the eastern grey,
And the lone hills are red;
When sunsets light the evening way
And birds are quieted;
In autumn noon and springtide dawn,
By hill and dale and sea,
The world shall sing its ancient song
Of hope and joy for thee,
My love,
Of hope and joy for thee.

