

Lines to the Boxwood

Not with colours bright and glowing,
Or with blossoms sweet and fair,
In the southern sunlight blowing
Shedding fragrance on the air;
Nor 'mong roses, palms, and lilies,
'Neath a smiling summer sky,
Dost thou, evergreen, unfading.
Hardy boxwood, charm the eye.

But when flowery, sunny summer
Like a dream has passed away,
And her robes of leaf and petal
Mingle with the sodden clay;
And the giants of the forest
In the tempests naked mourn,
Thou, in all thy vernal beauty,
Woodland glade and lawn adorn.

Evergreen, compact, and hardy,
Braving winter's fiercest blast,
When the lofty oak and larches
Leafless to the earth are cast,
A green speck 'mid desolation,
Where the weary eye may rest,
When the angry storms are sweeping
Over moor and mountain crest.

Throughout ages dark and stormy
Brave Clan Chattan's badge wert thou,
In the fiery front of battle
Decked the trusty clansman's brow.
Strewed the bloody field of Harlaw,
And Culloden's swampy plain,
Where the conflicts raged the fiercest,
And where thickest lay the slain.

And in memory of their fathers,
Ever dauntless, ever true,
With thy sprigs the loyal clansmen
Still bedeck their bonnets blue;
And behold in thee an emblem
Of their race in days to come,
Hardy, evergreen, enduring,
That no storm can overcome.

by Angus Mackintosh - The Celtic Monthly November 1897