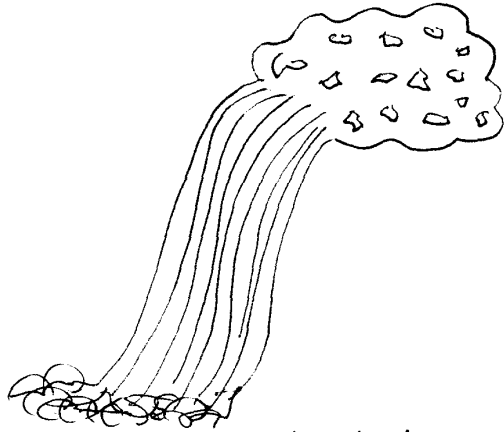
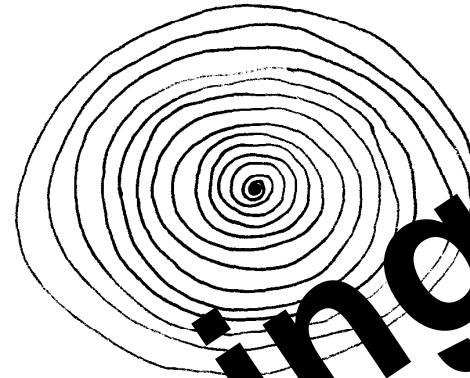


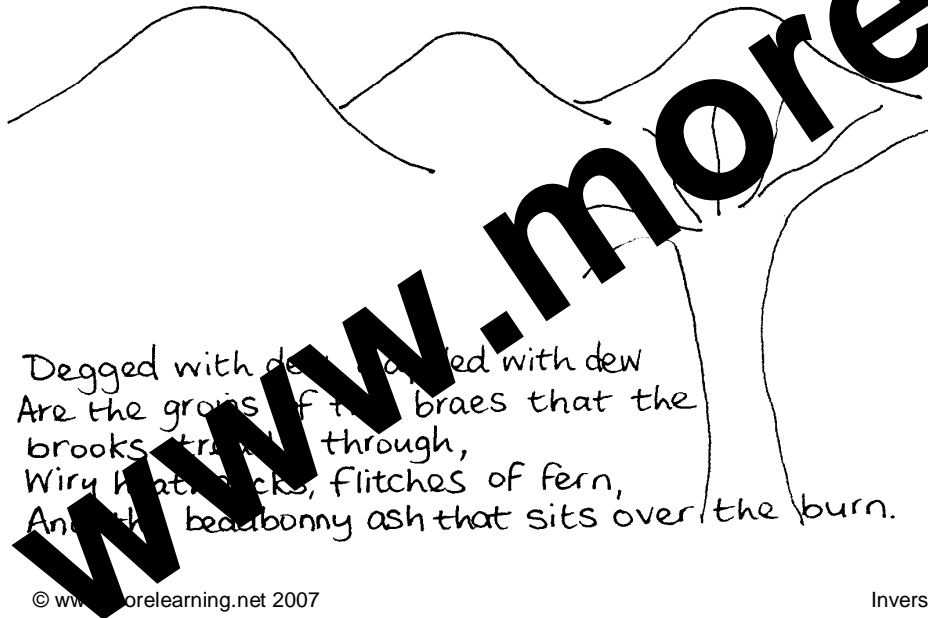
Inversnaid



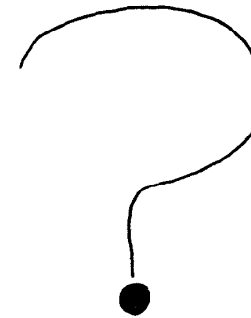
This darksome burn, horseback brown,
His rollrock highroad roaring down,
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
Flutes and low to the lake falls home.



A windpuff-borne of lawn-froth
Turns and tangles over the broth
Of a pool so pitch-black, fell-frowning,
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.



Degged with dew, and dappled with dew
Are the groins of the braes that the
brooks stream through,
Wiry heath-ticks, fitches of fern,
And the beaibonny ash that sits over the burn.



What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

MJS