

“Loch na Garr”

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snow flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet Caledonia, beloved are they mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr

Oh! There my young footsteps in infancy wandered;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perished my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine cover'd glade;
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain;
England! Thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar:
Of for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

~Lord Byron

Loch na Garr is located where the Shires of Inverness, Banff and Aberdeen meet in Scotland.