Capercaillie, The Blue Rampart

But for you the Cuillin would be an exact and serrated blue rampart girdling with its march-wall all that is in my barbarous heart

But for you the sand that is in Talisker compact and white would be a measureless plain to my expectations and on it the spear desire would not turn back

But for you the oceans in their unrest and their repose would raise the wave crest of my mind and settle it on a high serenity

And the brown brindled moorland and my reason would co-extend but you imposed on them an edict above my own pain

And on a distant luxuriant summit there blossomed the Tree of Strings among its leafy branches your face my reason and the likeness of a star