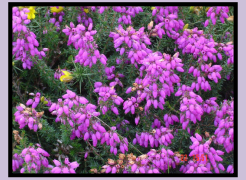




# *The Heather Hills of August*



*When purple heather clothes the hills  
They are an awe inspiring sight  
That keeps bringing back the exiles  
Filling hearts of tourists with delight.*



*Flowers in tubs and borders  
All standing stately and tall;  
While giving a colourful showing  
Can't compete with one quite small.*



*This month of colourful glory comes  
Before the Scottish summer's end;  
Bringing a hint of autumn too  
As Harvesters homeward wend.*



*This little native plant of ours  
That keeps growing wild and free;  
Still bringing folk here from afar  
It's wondrous beauty for to see.*



*In the orchards, fruit is ripening  
Swallows are ready for the flight;  
Daylight hours are growing shorter  
And hoards of midges start to bite.*



*Each month has a special something  
That is quite different from the rest;  
And miles of heather in full bloom  
Now see's August at its best.*



*By Eila Webster*

*Fresh vegetables are still plentiful  
Growing for use in soups and stews;  
Peas, beans, carrots and courgettes  
Are still growing for us to use.*

