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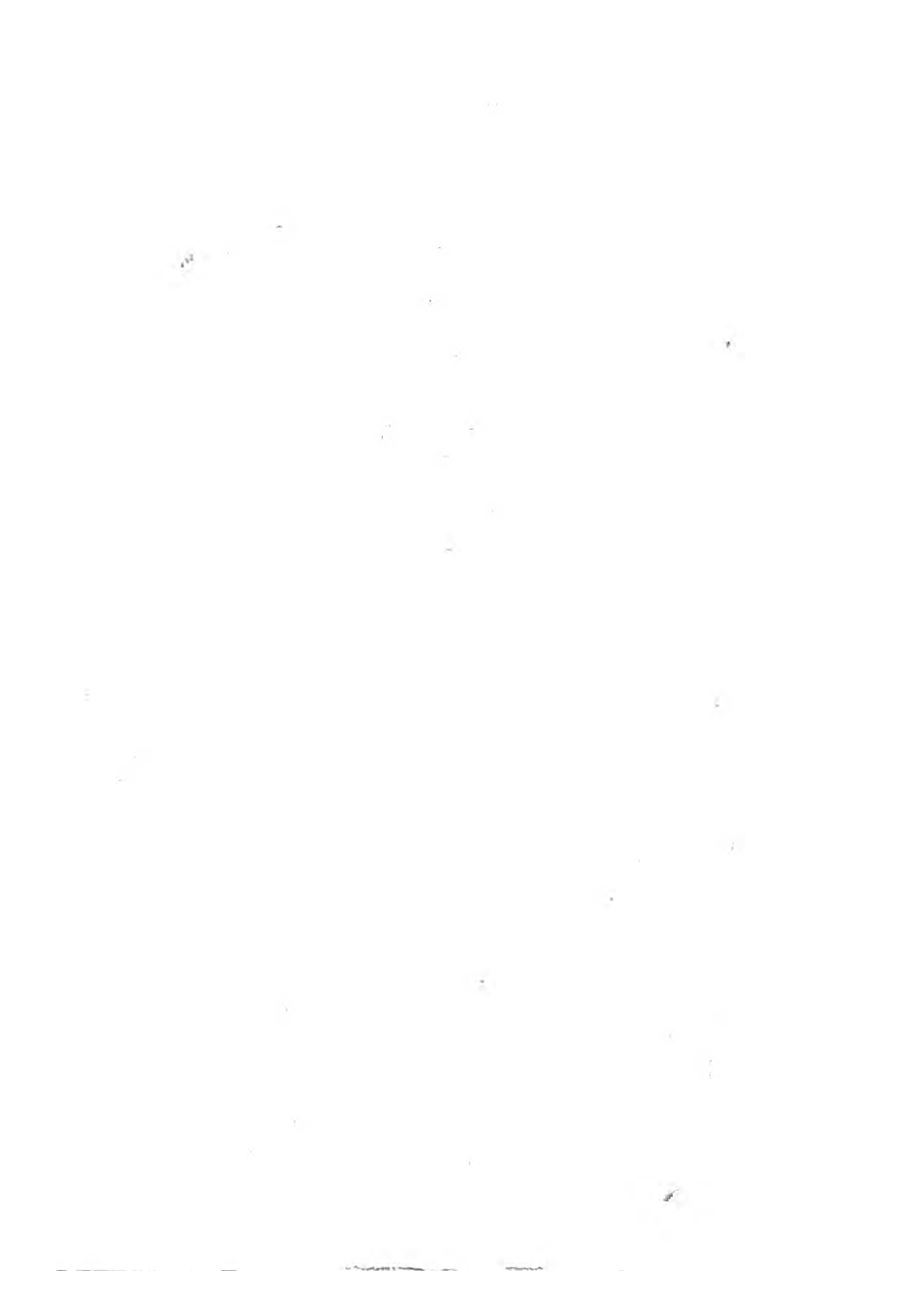
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Albyn's Vale,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY JAMES MACGREGOR.

Edinburgh,

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ROBERTSON & ATKINSON, AND REID & HENDERSON, GLASGOW ;

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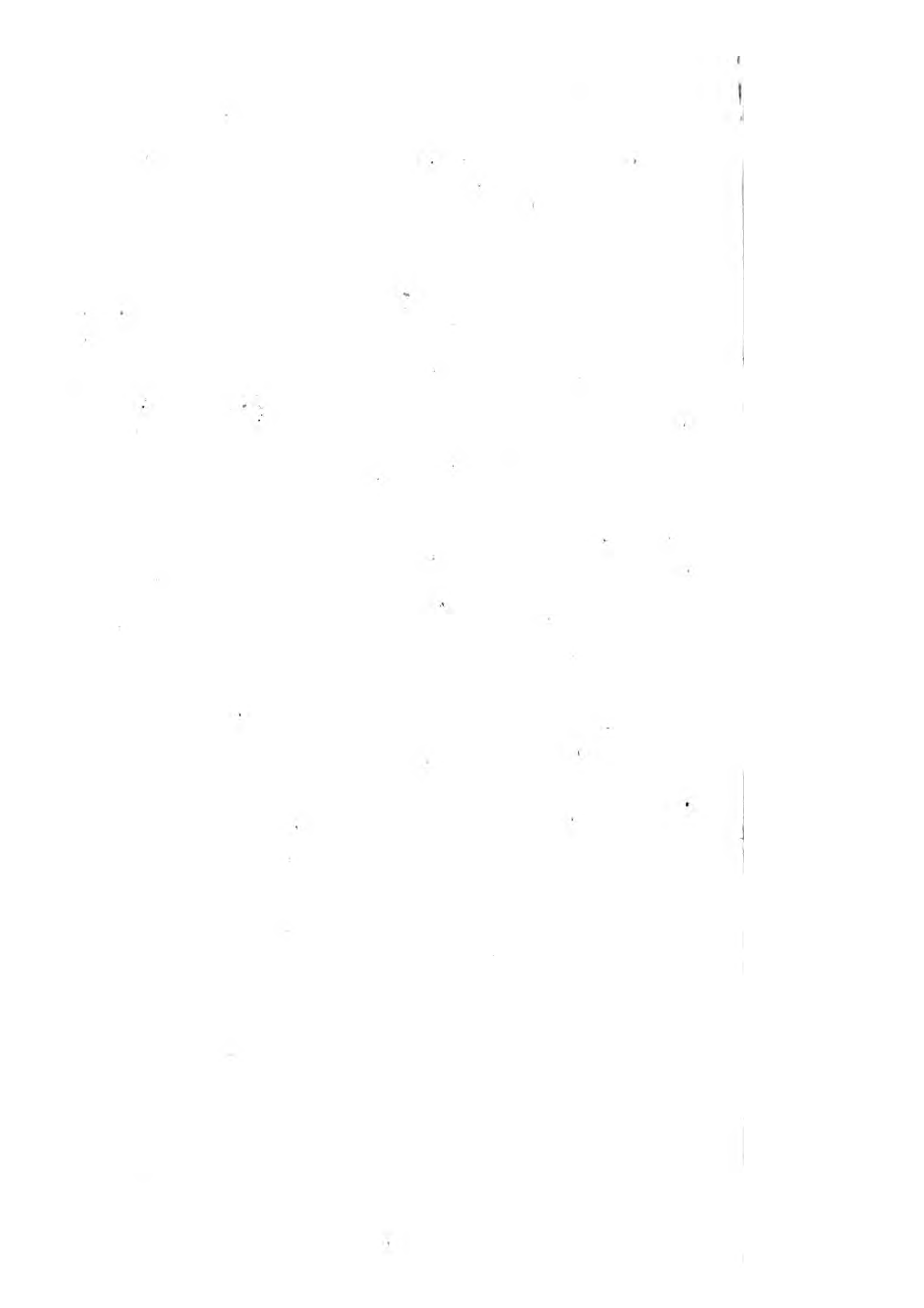
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ALBYN'S VALE.



ALBYN'S VALE.

Part First.



IN caves of ocean, sable midnight shrouds,
And dawn, recumbent on his couch of clouds,
Lights the lone peak ; the slumb'ring vapours shake
Their fleecy wings, and quit the silent lake ;
The weary wave, each brawling murmur o'er,
Leans its long side, and sleeps upon the shore,
And the hush'd ospray, in her ivy bower,
Screams as she wakes, and quits the haunted tower :
Meanwhile, the sun, with orient splendours bright,
Sweeps the vast plains, and boundless fields of light,
And dazzling down with ever-fost'ring smile,
Glow on the bay, and hails th' awak'ning isle.—
There glitt'ring shine, reflected in the deep,
The hanging woodland and the tow'ring steep ;
The circling vale, with heaven's resplendent bow,
And mimic Nature sits and nods below !

Land of my love ! should adverse Fate me roll,
On seas tempestuous, to the bellowing Pole—
To distant isles, where ocean's loudest roar
Breaks with harsh thunder on the desert shore ;

Where hoary wastes their icy columns rise,
 And glaring meteors light inclement skies :
 Or kindlier, waft me on the swift wing'd gale
 To happier climes, where ever green the vale,
 Where rosy Spring th' unfading chaplet wears,
 Nor withers Winter in the depth of years ;
 There, or where'er, with wayward steps I roam,
 Still, Nurse of Virtue ! still thou art my home !

Sublimely grand extends the prospect wide ;
 Hills beyond hills in bold romantic pride,
 Advancing this, and that, with various change,
 Hides in the rear, now fronts the mighty range ;
 There glens deep shaded, where the sun ne'er gleams
 To gild the current of a hundred streams,
 And clump on clump, with ragged cliff between,
 Form the rude features of the Alpine scene ;
 While yonder Ben, like giant on his throne,
 Spreads his broad arm, and calls the whole his own.
 Here Fancy bade—the charmer owns no law—
 The waving line, the crowded landscape draw,
 The wooded vale, the mountain capt with snow,
 The hanging cliff, the promontory's brow,
 The roaring torrent, with its dashing tide,
 And the lone lake, the hamlet's little pride.
 Thus Fancy wak'd with every magic charm,
 Rose on the thought, and bade the picture warm
 The laughing spot amid the barren wild—
 A garden there, and here a cottage smil'd ;
 The humble shieling's happiness untold—
 The liltng milkmaid, and the lowing fold ;

The pointed rock that mark'd the noontide hour—
 The rosy thorn, the willow-twisted bow'r—
 The lover's tale, the youngster's playful din—
 The cot that welcomes drooping mis'ry in,
 Where hoary age sits cheerful at the gate,
 Or sympathises with the poor man's fate.

But ah ! my soul, how chang'd my country's face ;
 Sunk the glad vale, and fled the former race !
 A solemn loneliness, to magic wrought,
 Where all is stillness for the birth of thought,
 And Fancy sheds her heav'nly lustre o'er
 The gleams of rapture—to return no more !—
 There, where the plowshare op'd the narrow glade,
 Or toil'd the peasant with his simple spade—
 A prouder scene, where hostile banners rose,
 And Clan met Clan, and form'd the dreadful close—
 Now bleating flocks along the furrows stray,
 And tending shepherd leads his lonely way
 Far o'er the waste, his solitary roam,
 Till the star glimmers that conducts him home.
 See the forsaken slope, th' untrodden glen,
 Where hundreds once, now scarce remaining ten ;
 The mould'ring walls with creeping moss o'erspread,
 Dull as the grave, and silent as the dead ;
 Where wak'd the harp or burst the vocal shell,
 There, undisturb'd, the beasts of desert dwell,
 And for the pride, the glory of the bard,
 The luckless omen of the owl is heard.
 No more at eve, when Nature holds her breath,
 Returns the hunter from the hill of heath ;

Nought but the deer along the ridges fly,
 And flutt'ring heathfowl spreads her glossy die.—
 But no—avaunt ! thou false deceiving dream,
 Nor paint those real that but real seem ;—
 The fleecy tribe, and Trade, the nation's stay,
 Drove the old native and the game away !

Lo ! where yon rocks' stupendous fragments spread
 Their daring fronts, and crown the mountain's head,
 Where the black eagle builds his stormy nest,
 And reigns supreme, proud ruler of the waste :
 See where the clouds, the eternal thunders dwell,
 Dim on his peak the URISK of the vale ;
 Fled from the whisp'ring brook's romantic seat,
 And sought the bleak cliff for his last retreat ;
 How his heart bursts, the dim tears trickling flow—
 He sighs, and casts a languid look below
 On the dull vale, the dreary homeless plain,
 The tumbling cottage, and the distant swain !

Where now the Chiefs that scal'd the frowning steep,
 Plung'd in the stream and chaf'd the troubled deep,
 Whose bosoms swell'd at perils and alarms—
 Heard the loud shock, and thund'ring rose in arms ;
 That brav'd alike the summer's scorching ray,
 And the chill tremor of the sunless day ?
 Yet these were poor ; the forest and the flood
 Supplied their wants—brought exercise and food ;
 Pleas'd with what Nature gave, they ask'd no more,
 For all their wishes lay in Nature's store :

In arms their wealth—tho' dead in arms they shine,
And nobly brave through each succeeding line !

But stop—the sires ! and are their sons not brave,
And slumbers Valour in her Country's grave !
No patriot firm, no stern determin'd lord,
To wake the senate or to wield the sword ;
The lightning's flash, the shout of triumph o'er,
And glory vanish'd to return no more ?
Yes ! there are souls of pure ethereal flame,
And worth—their ardent ever-earnest aim
A nation's rights with watchful eye to guard,
And find in virtue, virtue's own reward.
Yes ! there are hearts of more than mortal die,
Whose deeds shall brighten through futurity ;
Sages and Chiefs in close succession shine,
And rival Sparta's long illustrious line !
The laurel'd wreaths to fearless glory due,
Tell, first of fields, immortal Waterloo !
And Spain, recount along thy inmost shore,
The hallowed shrine of many a nameless Moore !

Home of the Brave.

1.

O ! SAW ye the land of the rock and the mountain,
Where darts the proud eagle with speed on his prey ;

The land of the forest, the lake, and the fountain,
 The dashing cascade, and the deep winding bay;
 Where high lifts the cliff its hoar summit to heaven,
 And dark rolls the flood, and hoarse murmurs the
 wave ;
 Where the vales are begemm'd with the mild drops
 of even,
 Then know—'tis the birth-place, the Home of the
 Brave !

2.

My Country ! thou first on the pages of story,
 Exulting I view thy bold offspring afar,
 Intrepidly rush o'er the wild fields of glory,
 And scatter with havoc the red ranks of war :
 And while in confusion their foemen are flying,
 With scorn they look down on the coward and slave ;
 In friendship united, all danger defying,
 They shout for the birth-place, the Home of the Brave !

3.

Thou rough nurse of virtue, and every soft feeling,
 May thy circle, still brighter, eternally run ;
 And that dearest emotion, thro' each bosom stealing,
 That glow'd in the sire, ne'er expire in the son !
 But if it should happen that alter'd relations
 Would trample on Valour, dig Liberty's grave—
 O ! sooner be struck from the proud list of nations,
 Than cease to be reckon'd the Home of the Brave !

BUT here, in Valour's ranks, thy honour'd name
 Demands one tribute—'tis a kindred claim—
 Then take, AMANZO, all a friend may give ;
 Would that thy fame in nobler lay might live !

Why howls the Spirit o'er the boundless woods,
 Where Niagara pours his foaming floods ?
 Why glares the meteor with foreboding haste,
 And screams the death-cry on the wintry waste ?
 The warrior's fate, his early fate they tell—
 Point where he fought, and where, alas ! he fell ;
 Shew the green turf, which underneath is laid
 The gallant soldier, in the soldier's bed.

Nurs'd in the wilds, accustomed to the storm,
 Hardy his frame, and graceful was his form ;
 Through him the milk of kind compassion flow'd,
 And ev'ry virtue in his bosom glow'd :
 While, on the plains of never-ending fame,
 He shar'd the glories of his fathers' name ;
 Nor this the least, that, on Corunna's shore,
 He fought and conquer'd with immortal MOORE !

Angels ! that guard the relics of the just,
 With pious wing surround the soldier's dust ;
 Ye who, when living, hover'd round his head,
 Still watch him slumbering on his silent bed :
 And thou, O ! Spring, with earliest odours greet,
 And shed thy blossoms round his lone retreat.

Long will the Indian, as he marks his prey,
 Bestrew it o'er with ev'ry flow'ret gay ;
 Or, passing near, unto his sons relate,
 With anxious eye, the hapless stranger's fate.

My Country ! such thy boast ! but what remains,
 And where the greatness of thy peopled glens ?
 Thy native arts, the light and healthsome game—
 The ardent tie, and the poetic flame ?
 The humble cot, the Chieftain's nobler pride,
 Proud on the point, or tow'ring from the tide ?
 The blazing Crannack's hospitable dome,
 Contentment's shed, and Innocence's home ?
 The fire of Passion, Virtue's nobler die,
 And features strong of young Simplicity ?

The tale is lost where admiration hung,
 And half the sweetness of the mountain tongue ;
 The dance, inspir'd by beauty's magic eye,
 With all the charms of festive minstrelsy.
 The plaintive songs of Sion, now, no more
 Rise in sweet incense from the peasant's door ;
 No more is heard the warbling of the swain,
 The soul's soft vesper, the unmeasur'd strain.

No more the treasures of the sacred page
 Ope at the voice of reverential age—
 No more direct the happy course to run,
 And point the rocks through life's dark tide to shun ;
 Mark the smooth path, the glad ascent to Heav'n,
 With all the joys that Hope has promis'd—given.

As gleam'd of old the heav'n-directed light
 On Jacob's ranks, and streak'd the dreary night ;
 As hung the cloud, ev'n in the burning ray,
 To guide their pathless, unfrequented way,
 As through the thirsty desert void they press'd,
 Till reach'd the land of promise and of rest—
 So, guide of life ! through danger and dismay,
 Thou lead'st the trembler on his pilgrim way.

See, by yon oak, now blighted and decay'd,
 The wayward vet'ran lean his weary head,
 Cast a long look o'er wilds he used to roam,
 And vainly seek the cottage once his home ;
 Then ask his soul—Is this the gladsome vale,
 Where wak'd the song, and pass'd the jocund tale ?
 Alas ! the tear-drop fills his languid eye,
 And mem'ry rushes with the heaving sigh.

Fond recollection thrills through all his frame,
 And gives each spot its long-forgotten name ;
 Then Fancy comes with soft delusive play,
 And paints the cottage and the garden gay ;
 The homely taper, and the pine-tree's light,
 Illume the walls, and cheer the ling'ring night ;
 The harmless joke, with merriment's loud roar,
 And the song circles as in days of yore.

Enchantress sweet ! O, how thy visions lie
 In pleasing prospect to the raptur'd eye ;
 Ev'n here the soldier, worn with wayward toils,
 Lost in thy charms, forgetful sits and smiles :

Fled the long march, the standard-sheet behind,
 And youth alone runs pictur'd in his mind.
 And who the wretch, through life's dark gloom that
 strays,
 But feels some glimmerings of thy distant blaze ;
 Or who forego thy glittering fields of air,
 To sink foreboding into dull despair ?

Hail ! scenes of youth, with all your stirring train—
 Mountain and hill, and oft frequented plain !
 Home of my childhood—now no more my home—
 A houseless green, where but the wild-bees roam.
 Rouse, sweet Remembrance, each awak'ning theme,
 Each tender passion—thoughts that know no name ;
 Life's fond endearments vanish'd into shade,
 And dreams of transport with my Highland Maid !

My Highland Maid.

'Twas when the starry gems of heav'n
 Rose on the sober breast of ev'n,
 And heard, at times, the waterfall,
 And ceas'd afar the hunter's call,
 And hush'd the evening's dewy breath,
 Like the last solemn pause of death ;—
 'Twas thus—the busy world was still,
 And silence lean'd him on his hill,
 When first I caught, beneath the shade,
 Sweet glances of my Highland Maid.

And still, in painful pleasing mood,
 I seek the silent solitude,
 Where, whispering the shades among,
 Her accents were my ev'ning song ;
 Or by the rock's romantic den,
 Unknown but to the lovers' ken,
 The fairy bank and flow'ry grove,
 The witness of our early love ;
 And this the grot, where last I bade,
 Farewell to my sweet Highland Maid.

'Twas not the beauty of her skin,
 But something fair that shone within ;
 'Twas not the sparkling of her eye,
 But the melting soul of sympathy ;
 'Twas not the sweetness of her face,
 O'ershaded with a heav'nly grace ;
 'Twas not—it was some nameless charm
 That bade me into rapture warm,
 And still that bids me seek the shade,
 Where first I lov'd my Highland Maid !

SWEET ev'n to wander in the lonely glen,
 Whose wilds ne'er waken to the notes of men,
 And pensive listen to the babbling stream,
 The falling fragment, or the night-hawk's scream ;
 Then pause to think, as ev'ning melts away,
 On life's short dream, and human joy's decay ;

The pride, the worth, the boast of being, gone,
And left us hopeless, solitary, lone.

There, where the sheep-path hardly marks the road,
Erewhile, the warrior to the mountain trod—
Return'd triumphant from the field or chase—
Razed ev'n the ruins of his dwelling-place ;
And where the rush and mingling heath-flow'r wave,
Haply conceals the nameless warrior's grave !


Ah ! lost to thought, who would not stop to trace
The listless shieling in its loneliness ?
Rest on its green, where many a lover sat—
All loveless now—to muse and meditate ;
Melt o'er the mound, where deep extinguished lie
The last warm sparks of past'ral purity !

Though distant far, and slowly pass'd away,
The sports and pleasures of our earlier day ;
Though all our friendships, all our loves may die,
There still remains one sacred sympathy ;
A softer glow that with our frame will last,
A tearful gleam that mingles with the past,
A powerful magic ev'n in kindred earth,
That links us to the land that gave us birth.

There, ere yon tow'rs, in mould'ring heaps that swell,
Rose from the rocks, and overlook'd the vale,
Almost coeval with the snows that sleep,
Eternal slumb'ring, on the hollow steep ;

Long ere yon cairn, lone tenant of the waste,
Had spread its base and rear'd its hoary crest—
Ages forgotten—there my fathers trod,
And still each ruin marks their long abode ;
To me the rock, the mountain's heathy breast,
Where the tir'd whirlwinds for a period rest ;
The whistling cavern, and the loud cascade,
The green-arch'd forest, and the smiling glade,
Are doubly dear,—no object meets my eye,
But firmer draws the undissolving tie !

So, two warm lovers, or a wedded pair,
Long absent, anxious, and enwrapt with care,
Returning meet—how fondly they caress,
And clasp and close within the lock'd embrace—
Renew each vow, each tender thought employ,
While grief half mingles with the tears of joy !



ALBYN'S VALE.

Part Second.

'Tis closing day, and to the shepherd's view
Scarcely one spot looks from the cloudless blue ;
The playful zephyrs, wanton'd into rest,
Repose, incumbent, on the Binnen's breast ;
And the soft dew-drops, all-refreshing, pour
Their balmly treasures on the field and flow'r,
And little isle—where stern the brow of fate
Frowns on the relics of the brave and great—
Whose silent tow'r, with ivy mantled o'er,
Peeps from the thicket to the dark'ning shore ;
And the last sunbeam, glittering on the hill,
Leaves the lone shade but deeper, darker, still.

Such was the eve that gave the tempest birth,
And clos'd with dimples on the peasant's mirth,
Lull'd him asleep amid a thousand foes,
Then rous'd him slumb'ring into death's repose ;
Red rush'd the lightning, wildly roar'd the gale,
And the rude torrent shook and tore the vale ;
And thou, sweet Vallé of the summer green,
Not ev'n thy ruins through the wreck were seen !

" Ah ! smiling infant ! " as he clasp'd the child,
 The shepherd said, and still its looks beguil'd.
 " Ah ! smiling infant ! O how early toss'd,
 Rock'd by the billow on life's dang'rous coast ;
 The foam thy play-thing, and the storm a dream,
 Thy lullaby the water-eagle's scream !
 With thee the light of ling'ring Hope remains,
 Thou last lone Beauty of those blasted plains ;
 Pure as the flow'r beneath the mountain snow,
 Or water-lily in the lake below !
 When shall thy looks, so witching and so young,
 Leap to the accents of a mother's tongue ?
 Or when thy lips with Nature's kindly flame
 Lisp the dear prattle of a father's name ?
 No ! fled, unknown to thee the warmer tie,
 The softer passion—but thy parent I !
 And thou, sweet babe, my helpless years wilt shade,
 When all of youth is wither'd and decay'd ;
 Like the lone brow when Autumn last is seen,
 A tint of yellow through a fading green :—
 Or when life's eve sits dewless on my soul,
 And the sunk eye-balls scarcely seem to roll,
 Or clos'd for ever, nameless ! then be near,
 When ev'n a sigh were music to my ear ;
 Pay the sad tribute parting Hope requires,
 And wrap my ashes (smiling !) with my sires ! "

To early life how dear yon copse-wood glen,
 And hours that sacred with my soul remain !
 Ye roofless tow'rs, oft have I scal'd your walls,
 And climb'd the ash-tree in your ruin'd halls ;

Peep'd from your battlements, or tripp'd along
 The mould'ring arches with a heedless song ;
 Play'd round the traces of your mighty fate,
 Or stalk'd, a centinel, before the gate!

Home of the mighty ! where ? and O ! how low ;
 'Tis well—a theme to moralize art thou !
 Sport of the winds, and pastime of the rain,
 Ev'n in thy ruin thou wouldst frown disdain,
 Though fallen thy pride, thy beauty swept away,
 Still couches grandeur in thy proud decay ;
 There, where the wall-flow'r and the ivy creep,
 The wearied banner at the eve would sleep ;
 For the dull scream, the midnight's boding wail,
 The shout to battle, and the war-cry's yell—
 The warder's tread, to thee a sound more sweet
 Than the light patter of the school-boy's feet.

Ard-ven ! behold thy rocky tow'rs afar,
 Beneath the day-light of the western star ;
 And thou, Slios-Mine ! a dusky halo veils
 Thy glimm'ring mountains and thy fading dales :
 Unlike the scene when wild the meteor flake
 Burst from the cottage on the moonlight lake,
 Illum'd the peak, and, redd'ning, wrapt in flame
 A thousand ruins—desolation's game !
 Hark ! the loud shriek, the widow's frantic wail,
 The ruffian's laughter where the heart-strings fail—
 See bursting age his furrow'd cheek bedew,
 The helpless trembler—how the mother flew !

As when the wild-fowl of the lake's dark creek,
 Robb'd of her young ones, rushes round the peak,
 Again returns and wheels and dives below,
 Wrapt in the anguish of unutter'd woe,
 Then slow retires to melancholy wake,
 On the dim margin of the reedy lake.

The blossom'd broom-wood and the woodbine grove,
 Sacred to friendship and the dreams of love,
 Where the soft feeling mingled with the sigh,
 And rapture watch'd on Beauty's sparkling eye ;
 Where for a smile—O did that smile remain—
 (The smiles of love and life, alas ! are vain !)
 Delights ! a shadow on the memory's wold,
 And vanish'd like a tale that has been told !

Oft would I wander in a thoughtful mood
 Lonely adown the church-yard solitude,
 Whose haunted heaps, and desolated shrine,
 Though fall'n, forsaken, still would breathe divine,
 Where leans the statue in his niche of woe,
 And sad surveys mortality below ;
 Or by the cairn, memorial of the past,
 That listless slumbers in the whirlwind's blast,
 Beyond the lake, the little sandy shore,
 That first broke trembling to my sedgy oar—
 Though ceas'd the stone, the friendly heap to swell,
 The tale still lingers in the minstrel's wail.



The Islet Gray.

1.

“ THIS were the night,” the lady cries,
 “ And calm the murmur of the glen ;
 The moon is in the cloudless skies—
 This were the night, were you the men ?”

2.

“ This were the night,” she cries with scorn ;
 “ O ! that my lord were baser born,
 Who would a lady’s wrongs abide ;
 O ! that I were some peasant’s bride !”

3.

A sudden flash his face o’erspread,
 A light that came and pass’d away ;
 Their path o’er moor and mountain led,
 Lone to the lake and islet gray.

4.

They launch’d the currach from the shore,
 And lightly to the castle bore ;
 The cresset blaz’d upon the wall,
 The night was held a festival.

5.

Within was flush’d the warrior’s face,
 And gladness danc’d in ev’ry eye,
 And beauty shed her sweetest grace,
 And high the wine-cup sparkled by.

6.

The light of love, the soul of fire,
 Wak'd to the music of the lyre ;
 The vaulted roofs and cielings ring
 With echoes to the minstrel's string.

7.

“ But who would thus disturb the feast,
 And, thund'ring, shake the festal board ;
 Welcome, if come a friendly guest,
 Or art thou Dúnan's hated Lord ?”

8.

“ The lamb may with the lion dwell,
 The wolf embrace the shepherd's cell !
 I scorn the boon thy feasts afford—
 Yes, I am Dúnan's hated Lord !”

9.

When, hush ! the sound of mirth is o'er,
 And chang'd to murder's hideous yell :
 All bleeding, gasping on the floor,
 The Baron and his household fell.

10.

And blazing to the moonlight sky,
 Their tow'rs that now in darkness lie,
 And ruins that o'erlook the lake—
 In vengeance for a lady's sake !

YON green-wood hill—here sad remembrance cease,
 Wake other themes—Ah! why my woes increase!
 But no, how could this heart remain unmov'd;
 Groves! ye remind me of the friend I lov'd.

How couldst thou, Death, so fond a pair divide?
 (For at his death friendship herself had died);
 How couldst thou, Fate, with dire relentless breath,
 So early lay so fair a flow'r in death?

Say, child of bliss, upon what genial shore,
 Thy cares all banish'd and thy sorrows o'er,
 Dost thou recline? where Spring eternal blows—
 Where blights no beauty, and where fades no rose?

First, last of friends! Ah! wilt thou ne'er be near,
 And whisper sweetness to my dreaming ear,
 Soothe the sad pangs of agonizing sleep,
 And bid my closed eyes forget to weep?

What though, dear shade, between us orbits roll,
 Space cannot bound the vision of the soul—
 What though my eye no glimpse of thee can find,
 Thy form sits pictur'd in my pensive mind.

And as that spot, where early life began,
 Becomes more dear at ev'ry length'ning span—
 The joys, the comforts, and the peace of mind—
 The social charms we left so long behind;
 Just so thy mem'ry dearer still doth rise,
 And so thy loss each period more I prize.

But thou, sweet vale !—thy fields tho' still as fair—
 As green thy forests, and as pure thy air,
 Thy cliffs romantic as in days of yore,
 And dark thy lake, and white its pebbly shore ;
 As bright the day-star on the mountain's crest,
 And tow'rs as high the eagle's frowning nest—
 Alas ! art but the shadow of a gleam—
 Home of the stranger, and thy land a dream !

Ev'n here I mark in Fancy's peerless eye,
 Where the dim mountain mingles with the sky,
 Some pensive pilgrim slowly disappear,
 Forc'd from his home, and all his soul held dear,
 Anon return to catch one parting view,
 And sigh farewell, and sob a long adieu !

Emigrant's Farewell.

1.

FAREWELL !—'tis my last—to the Glen of my Birth,
 The land of my fathers,—the nursling of worth ;
 Farewell to the waste, where the wild-deer awake,
 And the sweet little cottage that hangs on the lake ;
 The brook that still babbles, the lambkins that play,
 And the summit that welcomes the sun-beam of day ;
 The breeze of the mountain, the breath of the dell—
 Land of my fathers ! forever farewell !

2.

But the anguish of thought, and the love left behind,
Sink deep on my soul—leave a blank in the mind ;
While futurity veils my dark hopes with its shroud,
Like the peak of the mountain unseen in the cloud,
Remembrance recalls all the past to my view—
The maids that were fair, and the friends that were
true ;
The charms of my childhood, the sports of the vale—
Land of my fathers ! forever farewell !

3.

But the heath-flow'r is wrapt in her mantle of dew,
And dimly the landscape retires from our view :
Ye hills of the wilderness, dear to my heart,
Lo ! ev'ning declines, and at length we must part—
Ah ! never to meet !—how my visions are fled,
Not a trace left behind, as if death were my bed ;
'Tis a dart to my soul, like the bosom's last swell—
Land of my fathers ! forever farewell !

BUT where my flight ?—Ah ! why advent'rous soar
O'er sleepless seas, whose waves tumultuous roar—
Nod on the pinion of the stormy cloud,
And wrap me giddy in the whirlwind's shroud ?
'Tis done—On Andes' icy peaks of snow
I rest, and view an infant world below ;
Her boundless plains, her never-ending woods,
Her groves of orange, and her princely floods ;
Lakes that extend in everlasting blue,
Or gather splendour from the sunshine's hue ;

And isles that glitter in the golden wave—
 Starts at one glance the world COLUMBUS gave !
 There, from each clime, the weary exiles rest,
 No more by wrong and tyrant lords opprest ;
 Pale Mis'ry smiles—the wand'ers cease to roam—
 The outcast's shelter, and the stranger's home :
 Where the wild Indian desolation spread,
 Content reposes—Freedom rears his head ;
 For the dark thicket, and the desert's gloom,
 See cultur'd plains, Hesperian gardens bloom ;
 At cheerful toil the happy peasant sing,
 Light as the lark that carols on the wing.
 But, lo ! where far the immeasurable plain
 Leads the wide maze, and quits the azure main ;
 Where wilds untrodden, hills sublimely high,
 Stretch o'er the waste, and tow'r into the sky :
 Behold Glen-Albyn's sons, a kindred band,
 Furl the white sail, and hail the promis'd land ;
 While the lone Genius of the wooded vale
 Wakes from his slumber in the scented gale,
 Proud of each art that guides enlighten'd man,
 And with a smile salutes the tartan'd Clan :
 Hark ! the loud pipe—a thousand bosoms burn !
 The welcome Hail, and Never to return !
 There, when this land that gave me birth has run
 Her race of glory and herself undone,—
 (But, O ! may fate thy splendid course prolong
 To distant ages, land of sword and song !
 And though some partial ills my soul deplores,
 She boasts thy greatness, and thy shrine adores—)
 There Fancy views, with visionary eye,
 These Alpine scenes beneath a brighter sky,

Proud cities tow'r where other oceans roar,
 And Albyn rise on a more gen'rous shore !
 But, exiles, while from ev'ry woe apart,
 And gladness beaming on the vacant heart,
 Does not some secret spark your bosom swell
 At Albyn's name,—the land you bade farewell ?
 Or when the sun, bright swimming into day,
 Lifts his glad orb above the ocean's spray,
 Then, wistful, runs it ever in your mind
 Tidings to ask of those you left behind ?
 Yes, in their bosom breathes the living flame,
 That warmer glows at Albyn's honour'd name ;
 For friends remote, mark how the pensive eye
 Tells the full soul, the sympathetic sigh ;
 Ev'n in their sports, the want of something near
 Sadly reminds them what they once held dear ;
 And when the song re-echoes at the feast,
 Can Mem'ry slumber, Nature thoughtless rest ?

Emigrant's Song.

1.

THOUGH now repos'd in warmer clime,
 Beneath the day-star's sweetest chime—
 Where blooms the plain, perfumes the glade,
 And cools the scented, citron shade ;
 And where the kind, luxuriant soil,
 Hardly requires the hand of toil !

Yet oft I turn beyond the west,
 To scenes long lov'd, and still lov'd best :—
 The soft green mead—the woody wild ;
 The spot that pleas'd me when a child—
 Where trips the maid beneath the pail,
 And pipes the shepherd—Albyn's Vale !

2.

Thou well-remember'd native shore,
 Ah ! dear thy traces evermore !
 The virgin spring, the birchen grove,
 The haunts of childhood, scenes of love ;
 The forest's side, the mountain's head,
 The hart's abode, the eagle's bed ;
 The dark, deep lake, that murmurs still,
 And the gray mist that skirts the hill ;
 The merry night, the moonlight roam,
 Youth's Hallow-Eve, and Harvest-Home ;
 The maiden's song, the matron's tale ;—
 Such thy delights, sweet Albyn's Vale !

BUT here my soul, beneath the light's decay,
 Broods on past joys and pleasures far away ;
 Like some lone hunter, remnant of his race,
 That wistful turns him to the hill of chase ;
 Sad ev'ry stream, and silent every dell,
 Ev'n faithless Echo bade her rock farewell—
 Fled like a dream of youth, and chang'd the whole ;
 Ceas'd hound and horn, the music of his soul ;
 Pensive he sits, and with a deep'ning sigh,
 Melts on his visage pale the tear of sympathy !

NOTES TO ALBYN'S VALE.

NOTE I.

“The humble shieling’s happiness untold.”—*Page 4.*

Shielings, little huts of stone or turf erected in remote and mountainous parts of the Highlands, whither the natives repaired in the summer months for the better benefit of pasture. This custom is now almost disused, and scarcely any thing remains of the Shielings but their ruins, which are frequently found on the centre of a little green, and in the neighbourhood of a mountain rivulet. We have been told by our fathers, that much of the simplicity and happiness of the golden age was realized in these humble dwellings.

NOTE II.

“The pointed rock that mark’d the noontide hour.”—*Page 5.*

In the Highlands, the inhabitants usually ascertained the noon and other periods of the day by the shadow of the rocks on the sides or summits of their mountains.

NOTE III.

“Dim on his peak the URISK of the vale.”—*Page 6.*

Urisk and *Glastick*, the male and female of a certain supernatural kind of beings, superstitiously believed to have in-

habited the mountains and glens of the Highlands. They are described of a distant and morose, and not unfrequently of a mischievous nature. They were divided into districts, had places of rendezvous, and held courts. It is told that a certain *Urisk* resided in *Ben-mac-moni* in *Glens-rea*, from whence he was commanded by authority of one of these courts to remove to *Ben-bhui*, near Inveraray, which he thus simply laments,

“ Ged fhaighinn Beinn-bhuidh,
 ’S cead suidh anns an t-srathan;
 B’annsa leam bhi’n Beinn-mac-moni,
 A’bheinn shona ann robh m’athair!”

“ Though I should obtain Ben-bhui with permission to reside in the Strath, I would prefer Ben-mac-moni, the happy hill where my father dwelt.”

NOTE IV.

“ But here, in Valour’s ranks, thy honour’d name.”—*Page 9.*

These lines were occasioned by the early fate of a gallant relative, an officer of the Royals, who fell in the late unnatural contest with America.

NOTE V.

“ The blazing Crannack’s hospitable dome.”—*Page 10.*

Crannack, an edifice of wood, the residence of a chief or other person of distinction.

NOTE VI.

“ The tale is lost where admiration hung.”—*Page 10.*

Alluding to the loss and neglect of ancient Gaelic Litera-

ture, and the gradual encroachment of the Saxon on the Celtic. The following fragment has been deemed worthy of preservation in this place :—

Cìod e'm fath mun do chuir thu
Do sgiaths' os-cionn mo sgeith?—
M' fheothas fhein mar mhac athair,
Mo chruas ann la catha,
Mo mhinid ri pannal ban,
'S gun robh mi fial ri fillidh.

Translation.

Say why the reason you have plac'd
Your shield above where mine doth rest?—
My worth by birth supports the claim,
My valour on the field of fame,
My mild demeanour to the maid,
And bounty on the poet shed.

The above reply was made by a young hero to Gaul, a celebrated character in the “Tales of other Times.”—This youth having assumed to his arms a higher station upon the wall than those of that hero, Gaul required his reasons for so doing, which drew from him the preceding dignified reply.

It was customary with the ancient Highlanders to take precedence according to their rank and valour, and the higher the situation their arms were allowed to hold upon the wall, the greater the honour and respect due them.

NOTE VII.

“The homely taper, and the pine-tree's light.”—Page 11.

In many parts of the Highlands the remains of the ancient

pine forests supply the inhabitants as well with fuel as with light; and the guest is often conducted to repose by one of the family with a pine torch in his hand.

NOTE VIII.

“Repose, incumbent, on the Binnen’s breast.”—Page 17.

Ben, a mountain; *Binnean*, (diminutive) a peak.

NOTE IX.

“And thou, sweet Vallé of the summer green.”—Page 17.

Vallé (vocative of *Baile*) the appellation commonly given by the Highlanders, not only to their own little hamlets and villages, but also to the towns and cities of the Low Country. These lines are a feeble attempt at the description of a thunder storm, accompanied with the sudden and overwhelming eruption of a mountain torrent. At *Ben Glais*, near the upper extremity of Loch Lomond, several habitations were swept away by a flood of this kind in 1785.

NOTE X.

“Ard-ven! behold thy rocky tow’rs afar.”—Page 19.

Ard-ven, (*Ard-bheinn*) high mountain.

NOTE XI.

“And thou, Slios-Mine! a dusky halo veils.”—Page 19.

Slios, in reference to a country, imports the side or slope of a range of hills stretching along the banks of a lake or arm of the sea.

NOTE XII.

“Hark! the loud shriek, the widow’s frantic wail.”—*Page 19.*

Alluding to the miseries subsequent to civil commotion.

NOTE XIII.

“ ‘This were the night,’ the lady cries.”—*Page 21.*

The Islet Gray is founded on the traditional account of a feud which existed between MacNab of MacNab, and a certain chief who resided on a small Island at the east end of Loch Ern. Of the original narrative the writer of this note has no recollection, save the indignant exclamation of the lady, “ ‘*Si ’n oidhch an oidhch, nam biodh na gillean na gillean!*’ ” “This were the night, were you the men!”

Currach, a wicker boat covered with hides.

NOTE XIV.

“How couldst thou, Death, so fond a pair divide.”—*Page 23.*

The subject of these lines was an only remaining brother, a young officer of the 88th Regiment, who died in 1811.

NOTE XV.

“The welcome Hail, and Never to Return.”—*Page 26.*

The *Failte* or *Hail*, and (*Cha till, cha till mi tuillidh*)—Never to return, are well known Highland airs.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ODE,

Written on a Mountain.

HAIL ! thou glorious source of light !
Hov'ring o'er yon sea-girt Isles ;
Bright thy charms, divinely bright,
Glowing on th' enraptur'd sight—
Sweet at parting are thy smiles.
Winds ! that fan Hesperian waves,
Whisp'ring through their coral caves,
Softly sigh along the deep,
While he sinks in golden sleep.
Waves ! that heave with dashing noise,
Warble round his dewy pillow ;
Sea-nymphs ! with entrancing voice,
Breathe your love-notes o'er the billow.
Silken clouds of purple hue !
Waving o'er the azure blue,
Ah ! envious of our bliss I ween,
Why draw your airy veil between ?
Why close so soon th' enchanting scene ?
Glorious source of light ! adieu.

D

Now the shades of eve prevail,
 Darkly dim along the vale ;
 From the hoary cliff on high
 Hear the night-hawk's piercing cry,
 On the liquid gales afloat.
 Hark ! the plover's plaintive note ;
 And the bleating of the sheep,
 From beneath the shelvy steep ;
 While, unseen, the rav'nous fox,
 Issuing from the neighbouring rocks,
 Hastes, with horrid jaws, and rude,
 To mangle and to bathe in blood.

Now the twinkling stars on high
 Glimmer through the midnight sky,
 And the moon, with mellow glow,
 Laughs upon the lake below :
 Still the breeze, and silent all,
 Save the tumbling waterfall.
 Here, while weary mortals rest
 On the downy pillow prest,
 Each panting thought expands :—
 I dart beyond the bounds of space ;
 New worlds I see—new regions trace,
 And visionary lands !

Ye who watch the movements of the heart,
 And mark the seeds of lurking genius rise,
 Here Nature's charms new joys impart ;
 Here you will feel the rapt delight
 That whirls the mind with magic flight,
 To converse in the skies !

But hark ! the solemn sounds that move
 Harmonious o'er the heath—
 Such as would melt the heart of love,
 Or cheer the soul in death !

Angels ! do ye strike the lyre ?
 Spirits ! do ye join the choir,
 And here in rapture swell your native fire ?
 Or is it Fairy harps that raise
 The tuneful strains to guide the mystic maze ?
 Or rather Fancy's voice I hear,
 Sweetly gliding on the ear ?
 But ah ! they faintly die away.
 One parting note—Stay, Spirits ! stay.
 They ceas'd—and slowly rose the day.

Now along the lucid sky
 Circling clouds and vapours fly ;
 While around, the rosy dawn
 Blushes on its saffron lawn ;
 And the sun, with flaming light,
 Dazzles from the eastern height ;
 And the ocean, spreading wide,
 Heaves his everlasting tide ;
 And the little lake a gem
 On the mountain's diadem.
 Lo ! what glorious prospects rise :
 Endless hills of giant size ;
 While their thousand summits blaze,
 Gleaming in the orient rays ;
 Woods, that wind along the steep ;

Rocks, that glitter on the deep ;
 Flow'rs, in nectar streams that bathe,
 Sparkling on the dewy heath ;
 Herds and flocks, that careless stray
 On the sunny mountains gray.
 From his ferny-curtain'd lair,
 Cautious limps the timid hare ;
 For the glade and copse-wood glen,
 Quits the roe his rocky den ;
 And by every mossy spring,
 Whirring heath-fowls flap the wing ;
 While the soaring lark on high,
 Carols in the middle sky ;
 And below, the matin song
 Pours the list'ning vales along.

But the sun, with ardent pace,
 Sweeps across th' aërial space ;
 And the fast advancing day
 Bids me, ling'ring, haste away.—
 Nameless rocks, untrodden, wild ;
 Mountain, hill, and heathy dell ;
 Dear to Nature's untaught child,
 Scenes of transport—fare-you-well !

THE SPIRIT OF ROB ROY.

'Twas midnight—still and solemn scene—
 The heathfires glimmer on the height ;
 Blue streams of ether intervene,
 Amid the sable clouds of night ;
 The little stars peep forth between
 All tremulously bright ;
 And not a sound save the cascade
 That lingers in the lonely ear :
 The passing phantoms of the dead,
 That flap their wings, then disappear :
 Or Crostan, from thy rifted steep
 The loose disjointed fragments sweep,
 Rush down thy woods and tumble in the deep.

'Twas midnight—and my wayward soul
 Had wander'd o'er the viewless fields,
 Stretch'd beyond space, that knows no goal,
 A wide extended boundless whole—
 The home of spirits, and the soil
 That buds and blossoms without toil,
 And flow'rs eternal yields !

Lost in these scenes, around I turn ;
 A form majestic by me stood,
 His glaring eyes with vengeance burn,
 A visage stern and unsubdued—
 His right hand grasp'd a flaming lance,
 So dread, that death seem'd couch'd in ev'ry glance.

“ Mortal, approach ! nor trembling shrink,—
 I once was such as thou :
 Love quiver'd through my thrilling veins,
 And passion held the passive reins ;
 The strength of arm, the soul of fire,
 To scorn the lust of low desire,
 To spurn the mean degen'rate group—
 Warm'd by the genial ray of Hope,
 The never dying glow ;
 Now see me reft of every joy,
 My memory branded, and my name—Rob Roy !

“ Rob Roy ! to deck a fabled tale,
 Heav'ns ! am I turn'd a school-boy's bauble,
 In lasting infamy to shine,
 Without one deed, one act of mine.—
 Shall fiction over truth prevail,
 To lead the rout and please the rabble !
 'Tis like the shadow fleeting by,
 An airy form of mockery.

“ Outlaw and plund'rer ! hark the cry !
 Oh ! for that mortal arm that won
 A thousand combats ; then 'twere done :
 Gasping upon the field they lie.
 Bear witness followers of my fate,
 When dimm'd my grasp the widow's eye,
 When to the feeble came too late
 My aid, or pass'd the needy hopeless by ?

“ Lordlings in fashion's silken hue,
 ‘ Outlaw and plund'rer !’ mark, ev'n you !

‘ Freebooter !’ your’s the fairer claim—
 The system still, but chang’d the name ;
 Worse ! Heav’n, worse ! if not the same.’

He said, and from my startled sight
 Evanish’d in a stream of light.

MINSTREL’S WAR-SONG.

MAY fortune smile upon the brave ;
 From danger and from death them save ;
 But if they fall, O ! be their grave
 The field of Victory !

When welt’ring in the bloody plaid,
 And rack’d with pangs on honour’s bed,
 Bright’ning they’ll raise the drooping head
 At shouts of Victory !

And when loud bursts the echoing heath,
 And dark’ning round the gloom of death,
 Then, the last sounds of fault’ring breath
 Will die with Victory !

SUN-SET.

'Tis pleasant to see the last sunshine ascending,
 And light with its splendour the gloom of the heath ;
 Where high on his cliff the dark eagle is bending,
 And proudly looks down on his regions beneath ;
 Where the flow'rs of the mountain, unseen and un-
 tasted,
 Drink deep in the desert the well-spring of light :
 Again when the treasures of ev'ning are wasted,
 Recline in the bosom and balm of the night.

'Tis pleasant to stray by the skirts of the wild-wood,
 Or muse by the cairn in its loneliness gray ;
 To think on the loves and the charms of our childhood,
 And dreams of delusion—all vanish'd away !
 Thus the heart overflows with the pleasure of anguish,
 Ev'n scenes of regret yield the soul a delight !
 So the rose of the wild in the noontide may languish,
 Yet smile through her tears in the cold dews of night.



THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

THOUGH distant on some foreign land
 Where golden waters roll ;
 Where Phœbus beats the sea-girt strand,
 Or hides him near the Pole.

Still to my mind my country dear
 At each remove returns ;
 Though cold her clime and bleak her year,
 For her my bosom burns.

Though I had India's boasted store,
 Though rich Peru were mine ;
 Give me the Cottage on the Moor,
 And all their wealth were thine !



'TIS SWEET TO LINGER BY THE LAKE.

'Tis sweet to linger by the lake,
 To wander by the stream ;
 'Tis sweet, at midnight hour, to wake,
 In love's delighted dream.

'Tis sweet on fairy fields to roam,
 With Fancy to repair ;
 At distance, sweet to think on home,
 And all the pleasures there.

Sweet to behold the morning rise,
 The mellow ev'ning close ;
 Sweeter to dwell in Beauty's eye,
 And on her smiles repose.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

THE sun was set—the march was o'er—
 The weary squadron lay
 All silent on the tented shore,
 The deep retiring bay ;
 When lonely on my arms reclin'd,
 And fain no more to roam,
 I mus'd on all I left behind,
 And sighing, thought on Home !

My mountain home appear'd to view,
 In Fancy's fairy dream,
 The meadow where the oak tree grew,
 The little silver stream—
 And wand'ring o'er the pleasures past,
 The rapture yet to come,
 I wish'd—the tear-drops trickled fast—
 I wish'd I were at Home !

But soon the war-note rous'd my ear,
 The signal shout was given ;
 To arms ! to arms ! the foe is near !
 Rose with a yell to heaven,
 When rushing to the warrior's play,
 The red blood died the loam—
 And mingling in the dread array,
 I thought no more of Home !

I'LL MEET, SWEET MAID, WITH THEE.

WHEN the sun is on the mountain,
And gaily bright his beam ;
And the shadow on the fountain,
And the willow-weeping stream ;
And the zephyr softly sighing
Beneath the aged tree,
And the daylight slowly dying,
I'll meet, sweet maid, with thee.

When the moon is in the heaven,
And the little stars are bright ;
And the mellow breath of even
Embalms the dewy night ;
And the river, stilly flowing,
Embraces land and sea—
With rapture through me glowing,
I'll meet, sweet maid, with thee.

When the clouds each other greeting,
And the night is at her noon,
How dear the hour of meeting
Beneath the joyous moon !
Our hearts high strung to gladness,
From care and sorrow free ;
Or but one thought of sadness—
To part, sweet maid, with thee !

THE SHIELING.

THE sun's last crimson smile delay'd
 Upon the summit dreary,
 While slowly down the steep I stray'd,
 With winding steps and weary ;
 Upon a plain beside a stream,
 That whisp'ring by was stealing,
 I spied beneath the ev'ning's gleam
 A shepherd's humble Shieling.

The goats were penn'd, the lambkins play'd
 Around the blooming heather,
 And lightly drove a barefoot maid
 The bleating flock together.
 I ask'd the way—See yon dark wood
 The mountain path concealing ;
 The clouds of night, the roaring flood—
 You're welcome to the Shieling.

Upon the hearth the pine-tree blaz'd,
 And all within was cheery ;
 Struck with her artless charms I gaz'd,
 And vow'd she was my dearie.
 From fortune's storms such were a shed,
 And to life's woe a healing ;
 So ay I'll mind the blue-ey'd maid,
 And ne'er forget the Shieling !

VERSES,

Written 18th June, 1817.

OF old, when our forefathers met on the height,
 'Twas the war-cry that summon'd the clansmen to-
 gether ;

With their eye to the foe, and their soul on the fight,
 Their curtains the clouds, and their couches the hea-
 ther.

But their sons now survey with enraptur'd emotion,
 From the watch-tow'r, where stream'd the dread sig-
 nal of yore,

The landscape beneath, with the wide-spreading ocean,
 The ridge's long ramparts, and battlements hoar.

But the standard of Britain in crimson is furl'd,
 And Peace brings the meed that to Valour is due :
 For her record of fame, see the page of the world ;
 But who on this night could forget Waterloo !
 And, sure as the Hope that enlivens these breasts,
 The Patriot and Hero our sons shall adorn ;
 And this, too, our spirit, that slumbering rests,
 Shall waken to glory on some future morn !

O ! long may the mountain, the wild, and the waste,
 The cloud-covered peak, and the precipice riven,
 Endear'd to our souls, with each blessing be bless'd,
 And Liberty smile on the Land that we live in.

E

While one spark of the father remains in his race,
 And the seed of the Gaël resides in the Glen,
 Be first at the feast and the banqueting place,
 Old Albyn remember'd, the cairn, and the Ben !

—◆—

THE ROSE-TREE.

O ! I have seen the rose-tree flourish,
 A green, a gay, a lovely bow'r ;
 The dews of heav'n its tresses nourish,
 And spring beneath its shade the flow'r.

A fragrance from each bud exhaling,
 A verdure blushing, clear and chaste ;
 There Summer might have plac'd her dwelling,
 And Spring have said—'Tis here I'll rest.

I pass'd ; anon no gem it shaded,
 While all its honours strew'd the lea :—
 Alas ! said I, thy rose is faded,
 Winter has wreck'd his wrath on thee.

So Beauty blooms a peerless treasure,
 All gay and green to ev'ry eye ;
 The pride of youth, the charm of pleasure,
 But Beauty, like the rose, must die !

HARVEST-HOME.

'Twas Autumn—and listless the landscape and fading,
 Dame Nature her colours of moonlight put on ;
 No reapers were seen through the white furrows wad-
 ing,
 The woodlands hung weary, their verdure was gone.
 But blithesome within was the banquet, and sweetly
 The goblet flow'd round with its white milky foam ;
 To the sound of the viol our maidens tripp'd neatly,
 And the cup gave the welcome that Harvest was
 Home !

Joy rose in our dwelling, and who would have sorrow'd,
 But that Mis'ry enter'd amid the loud roar ?
 He lean'd on his crookstaff, his pale cheek was furrow'd,
 Nor spoke, but his countenance seem'd to implore !
 He shar'd of our bounty—O how his eyes brighten !
 Half vanish'd each barren and long dreary roam ;
 At the tale of misfortune our hearts seem'd to lighten,
 'Twas the pleasure of pity ! and Harvest was Home !

When rising, his wallet he slowly swung round him,
 Departing—O ! long may your happiness last !
 And down by the wicket as feebly he wound him,
 With many a blessing repaid the repast.
 And O ! when the throb of existence is over,
 And the soul wings her flight to those regions to
 come,
 May the shades of sweet mercy your wanderings cover,
 And each find in Heaven his Harvest at Home !

MY NATIVE LAKE.

1.

I NEVER dream'd in youthful prime,
 When Fancy was awake,
 When Love and Beauty cheer'd the time,
 That e'er the charm would break,
 Or I retire to foreign clime,
 And leave my native Lake.

2.

From scenes so lov'd myself to tear—
 The meadow and the brake,
 The raven's rock, the hill of deer,
 The friends of youth forsake—
 The cottage with its stream so clear,
 The Island and the Lake.

3.

With tears of grief my eyelids swell—
 My heart would almost break ;
 Not half my love my looks can tell,
 Not half my griefs awake—
 While thus to you I bid farewell,
 My native Land and Lake.

THE GREEN SUMMER GLEN.

1.

O HAD we a cot in the green summer Glen,
Afar from the ways and the wand'rings of men ;
A sweet little spot, where the flow'rs ever bloom,
And the woodlands hung wildly exalt the perfume.

2.

Undisturb'd and alone, where the pine-trees are still,
Not a sound save the songster, the stream from the hill;
Where the fields are all freshness, the sky ever clear,
And the Spring runs his circuit around the long year.

3.

We would live upon love, and drink deep in delight,
The bright sunny day, and the soft balmy night,
With scarcely a wish or a want to give birth,
From the fullness of soul and the sweetness of earth !

4.

Thus our years would decline, a long lifetime of love,
And our raptures partake of the pleasures above ;
Till the close of our day, when the star of our even
Would rise in the bloom and the brightness of heaven !

MY NATIVE COT.

O DEAR to my soul are thy scenes, lovely vale,
Where balmy the dews, and where fragrant the gale;
Where gleaming, serene, and benignant the skies,
And lovely the plains where my native cot lies !

How sweet to remembrance the actions of youth !
The soul all empassion'd with love and with truth,
In the spring-time of life, no tears and no sighs,—
And lovely the plains where my native cot lies.

O dear are thy rocks and thy wild waving woods,
The mountain that rises, the torrent that floods,
The songster that warbles, the wild fowl that flies,
And lovely the plains where my native cot lies !

While the white billow dashes thy soft sandy shore,
And the cat'ract resounds with its loud rolling roar,
Be thine ev'ry blessing—these blessings to prize,
And lovely the plains where my native cot lies !

LORD LENNOX' DAUGHTER.

"AND dig," she cried, "my lonely grave,
 Beneath the castle wall,
 Where waits the rock the raging wave,
 When show'rs of winter fall ;
 For there the sun my tomb will greet,
 And eve her dew-drops scatter ;
 And my repose how sound and sweet,
 By Lomond's lovely water !

"In dreams of death my soul may smile,
 And gladden through the vale ;
 Watch from the tow'rs of Murrin Isle
 My lover's whit'ning sail ;
 Then haste me to the sounding beach,
 And hail him to our dwelling"—
 Forever fail'd her fault'ring speech,
 And her last sigh is swelling !

They wrapt her with the flow'ry green ;
 The foe himself did grieve :—
 There, the first light of morn is seen,
 And the last gleam of eve ;
 And softly trip the fairies feet,
 Where lies the Chieftain's daughter ;
 And her repose how sound and sweet,
 By Lomond's lovely water !

GLEN EITE.

Who comes by the rock that looks down on the lake ?
 By the watchword of fate, Sons of Ciar, awake !
 'Tis Glen Eite return'd from the land of the Gall ;
 As the guilt of his doing, the dread of his fall.

Would the sons of old Ciar the foray forgo,
 The feast of the mountain, the chase of the foe,
 The seat of the eagle, the glen of our birth ?—
 No—trample the slave in his trappings to earth !

Denounc'd and betray'd, cried the clansmen aloud,
 The sport of the feeble, the prey of the proud ;
 Shall the pine that for ages stood strong in the cairn,
 Be crush'd by the whirlwind and strew'd like the fern ?

No ;—answer'd Glen Eite, my witness be Heaven,
 Your freedom is seal'd and your liberty given—
 Degenerate chieftain ! base traitor ! they cried,
 And each plung'd his dagger with wrath in his side.

But as he lay bloody and pale on the ground,
 In the folds of his mantle the charter was found—
 “ O ! rash was the purpose and cruelly done ! ”
 As one in his slaughter, they mourned him as one.

The coronach rose with its accents of woe,
 And follow'd the clansmen all solemn and slow :

“ O ! rash was the purpose and cruelly done ! ”
 As one in his slaughter, they mourned him as one.

They bore him along by the mountains of snow,
 To the vale where the streams of his forefathers flow :
 In silence they rais'd the dark stone of the dead,
 And laid him full low where his fathers were laid.

GLEN FROON.

AT dead of night was heard the shriek,
 And bursting from the mountain's peak,
 The meteor-light illum'd the bleak
 And barren wilderness !

At morn arose the battle's shout,
 The victor's yell, the scream of doubt,
 And mingling in the dreadful rout
 The ranks of Connacha !

Ere night again had reach'd her noon,
 All swoll'n and bloody roll'd the Froon,
 And pale and lifeless to the moon
 Lay foemen's visages !

And still and solemn was the heath,
 Except at times a dying breath,
 That linger'd on the path of death,
 In hopeless agony !

But years have pass'd and ages gone,
 And scarcely in the vale are known
 The field of feud, the battle stone,
 And track of victory !

The sound of war has ceas'd to thrill—
 The hunter vanish'd from the hill ;
 And but the face of Nature still
 Remains in loneliness !

THE RETURN.

ALL weary and worn at the close of the day,
 When the star of the ev'ning look'd lovely on high,
 And hush'd was the wave in the white sandy bay,
 And only the river roll'd murmuring by.

To the hamlet I stray'd, where the roses of youth
 First bloom'd on my cheek, and where careless I
 sung ;
 When my soul was embalm'd with the dew-drops of
 truth,
 And my bosom on Beauty all languishing hung.

I pass'd the sweet stream in my hey-day how bright,
 With its banks and its bendings o'ershaded and
 green ;

I named the proud peak where last faded the light,
 And the hills where my steps had a thousand times
 been.

Joy wak'd for a moment and shone on my woes ;
 'Twas a gleam through the gloom of my life's stormy
 even ;—
 As I reach'd the lov'd spot each emotion arose,
 Where I tasted the breath and the blessing of heaven.

There, loud was the laugh by the dial-stone walk,
 And lightly the little ones tripp'd in the throng ;
 And heard from his hearth was the cottager's talk,
 And sweet, as of old, was the dairy-maid's song.

I paus'd—my heart beat—when I view'd the dear
 shade,
 And the happy home shelter'd beneath the oak tree :
 But, alas ! all their fondest attractions were fled,
 And no lovely maiden awaited for me !

Affection look'd round, her warm features to trace,
 But no kindred glance, no soft dimples were seen ;
 And am I, cried I, then the last of my race,
 A wand'rer forlorn where my Fathers have been !

But Sympathy opened the door of her shed,
 And welcom'd me in—'twas a welcome of pain ;
 With a sigh I reclin'd on the pillow my head,
 And rose with the daylight to sorrow again.

THE FLOW'R OF THE SCENE.

THOUGH fair are the maids on the Gyle, sweetest river,
 And oft with their loveliness raptur'd I've been,
 Yet the fairest and dearest, denied me for ever,
 Is Mary the rose-bud, the flow'r of the scene.

Were I lord of the plains of her own native valley,
 And chief of yon hills that romantically shine,
 All these I'd relinquish, unthought of and gaily,
 If the gentle, the modest, sweet Mary were mine !

Farewell ! in the pride of thy youth and thy glory !
 O ! long may thy beauty smile freshly and green !
 And for ages to come be the theme of my story,
 Mary, the rose-bud, the flow'r of the scene !

But Beauty's but skin-deep, a lure to the lover,
 A blossom that blooms, and then withers again ;
 Once faded her tresses, no charm can recover,
 While the blushes of virtue forever remain !

CLARE-INCH.

EREWILE the sunbeam's wand'ring light
 Had left the warrior's grave,
 And dawn'd the twinkling gems of night,
 Down on the dark blue wave ;

A voice was heard from Clare-Inch Isle,
All lonely on the deep ;
The rowers paus'd, and wept the while,
And paus'd again to weep.

“ Yes ! in yon clouds the visions rise,
Prophetic of your doom ;
Wove in the texture of the skies,
The years of fate to come.

“ Yes ! Ruin marches in your Hall,
No more your banners wave ;—
And where was heard the hunter's call,
Is hardly known his grave.

“ Your warrior Chiefs forever fled,
All desolate your plains ;
And where was seen the Eagle spread,
The sable Raven reigns !

“ Dark is the signal on the hill,
That lighted to the rout ;
And ceas'd forever is the thrill
Of Clare-Inch dreadful shout !”

MACFARLAN'S LAMENT,

A PROPHECY :

*From the Gaelic of "Rob MacPharuig, Gudeman of
Inversnaid."*

1.

MY eyes they are dim, and my bosom is cold,
Nor circles the fountain of life as of old ;
While a deeper regret than dull Nature's decay,
Wastes wan on my cheek—undermines me away.

2.

The pride of Clan-Farlan o'erclouded and gone,
And the land of our fathers no longer our own ;
The hamlet in ruins, all rusted the sword ;
The sheep-boy our master, the stranger our lord !

3.

In the tow'rs where their revels the heroes have led,
Undisturb'd, do the ospray and owl make their bed
And the halls where our Chieftains in greatness have
trode,
My soul ! how demean'd to the Southron's abode !

4.

Where flaunted the banner, the war-cry arose,
To the chase of the forest, the spoil of the foes ;
There leans the lone shepherd, or wantons the boy,
To trim his light bark on the dark Lochan Sloy.

5.

While our sons all unmann'd, and unmindful of worth,
 To the Saxon resign half the boast of their birth ;
 Then breaks the proud spirit, oft bended before,
 As the cup of misfortune in fullness flows o'er.

6.

Yet the time shall arrive when triumphant in joy,
 The banner shall gleam on the proud Lochan Sloy ;
 And the sons of the South, in disgrace and dismay,
 Shall speed to the mountains of Moffat away !

7.

All hail to the period in brightness and love,
 Like the sleep of the sun on his pillow above,
 When the whirlwind of darkness and terror is gone,
 And the hills of Clan-Farlan again are our own !

 EPITAPH.

SLEEP in the dust—be thine the bed
 That soothes the weary pilgrim's head :
 Sleep in the dust ! Let nought annoy
 Nor break thy sunshine dreams of joy.
 The lightning's blaze that start the soul,
 And thunders bellowing from the pole,
 Shall ne'er thy deep repose invade,
 Nor wake the slumbers of the dead,
 Till Time, with trembling footsteps fly,
 Before thy shout, Eternity !

THE CHIEFTAIN'S CHOICE.

1.

WHY gleams the signal on the height ?
 The banner on the wall ?
 The armour burnished for the fight ?
 And why the war-note's call ?

2.

'Tis thirty summers since have been
 The foemen at thy gate ;
 Then, Chieftain, were thy years more green,
 Thy spirits more elate ?

3.

Shouldst thou again see Ruin's flame
 Devour thy dwelling place ?
 Thy vassals slain, denounc'd thy name,
 And thine a rebel race ?

4.

Again embrace the rock, thy bed,
 The cavern thy retreat ?
 The drops of midnight chill thy head,
 The craggy cairn, thy seat ?

5.

Pause on the past—ere you depart
 Ascend the Corri-Ben ;
 An everlasting farewell dart
 O'er mountain, lake, and glen.

6.

Say, wouldst thou then thy all forego—
 Yea, Nature's strongest tie ;
 And rashly plunge again in wo,
 For reckless loyalty ?

7.

Cease, caitiff, cease, the Chieftain said,
 And from my sight retire ;
 Lest on thy mean degenerate head
 Descend my vengeful ire.

8.

Go, dastard, seek some dismal shore,
 With infamy to dwell ;
 Where ne'er was heard the battle's roar,
 Nor triumph's joyful yell !

9.

Go, hide thee in eternal night,
 Whom nought of virtue warms ;
 To whom has Hope no prospect bright,
 And Loyalty no charms !

10.

Unsheathed is my father's sword—
 Our tribes impatient lie—
 Proud to support their rightful lord,
 Or in the contest die !

HOME AT NIGHT.

IN winter, when the sun's faint light
 Sinks on a waste of snow ;
 And shine the stars all coldly bright,
 And cease the streams to flow ;
 Lonely I leave the cheerless height,
 And seek the vale below.

There, joyful opes the cottage door ;
 My MARY's heart is light ;
 Our young ones prattle on the floor
 With innocent delight—
 Though long and weary is the moor,
 Sweet such a home at night.



ARAY'S SWEET GLEN.

WHEN the battle was ended, and swollen was the
 plain,
 With the wreck of the mighty, the blood of the slain ;
 And hush'd was the tumult, the murmur was still,
 All save the lone centinel's tread on the hill :
 I look'd from my tent, and the moonshine so bright,
 Recall'd to my bosom love's rapt'rous delight ;
 The joys of my youth, like a dream, came again,
 When I thought on my MARY and Aray's sweet Glen !

I saw our own cot in its mantle of gray,
 And the light of the fisherman dim from the bay ;
 I paus'd, as of old, for the village clock chime,
 And I leapt at the thought of the sweet trysting time :
 And as oft as I heard her soft footsteps draw nigh,
 My heart left its seat, and my bosom beat high ;
 The joys of my youth, like a dream came again,
 When I thought on my MARY and Aray's sweet Glen !

“ Ah, fond the delusion !” I turn'd with a sigh,
 While the tears of regret gush'd a stream from my eye :
 “ The hills of Glen-Aray not yonder are gray,
 “ And the steps of my MARY are far, far away !
 “ O when shall the sound of the trumpet blow o'er,
 “ And Peace land us safe on our dear native shore ;
 “ When in transport I'd kiss her, and kiss her again,
 “ And ne'er part from MARY and Aray's sweet Glen !”

THE MAID ON LOMOND SIDE.

THEN haste thee, shepherd, haste away,
 And leave thy flocks to stand or stray ;
 A moment lost, the fair is flown,
 The rose-bud of the rock is gone :
 Her friends, for wealth's proud selfish fee,
 Would force thy leman true from thee.
 This night, thy love's another's bride !
 Haste to the Maid on Lomond side.

Though hills and lakes lie far between,
 And winter winds are cold and keen ;
 And not a gleam from cottage nigh,
 Nor cresset in the clouded sky ;
 Wrapt in my robe of mountain green,
 With love to cheer and light the scene,
 I'll tempt the storm, and stem the tide,
 And win the Maid on Lomond side.

I'll bear my love along with me,
 As bears his sweets the mountain bee ;
 Our speed shall be the eagle's flight,
 Nor cold the day, nor dark the night ;
 And when return'd, our bridal bed
 Shall of the heather-green be spread ;
 And she become my blithesome bride,
 The bonny maid of Lomond side.



LINES,

Written on a Mountain, 24th June, 1823.

ON the tow'rs of the clouds, and the rocks of the
 thunder,
 Where brightens the peak with the lightning's glow ;
 Midst Nature's magnificence here as we wonder,
 Let the cup to the fame of our forefather's flow !

The mighty of old that in honour are hoary,
 Eternal in song be the heroes' reward ;
 The Chiefs who have reap'd in the harvest of glory,
 The hunter of deer, and the warrior-bard.

Again let the cup in Remembrance run over,
 To the brave who have fallen on Iberia's shore ;
 While Fancy beholds in the clouds that us cover,
 Commixt with their Spirits, the ensign of MOORE !

Anon give the Health to the living in merit,
 The victors of Gaul, and the brothers of GRAEME !
 And long may our Country each virtue inherit,
 The wish of our bosom, the boast of her name !

Then drain the full bowl to the Land we love dearest,
 The land of the song and the bravest of men ;
 To the lake and the mountain, the flood and the forest,
 And tho' last, the most lov'd—to the Maids of the
 Glen !

THE MORNING OF OUR YOUTH.

THE morning of our youth rose bright,
 With kind affection swelling ;
 Our souls were pure, our hearts were light,
 And peace within us dwelling.

And tender were our looks of love,
 And warm the softer feeling ;
 And heav'n, as wand'ring from above,
 Seem'd through each bosom stealing.

And sweetly bloom'd in noontide bow'r
 My rose-bud's rip'ning blossom ;—
 And still the more each absent hour
 Endears thee to my bosom.



THE GROVE OF MY CHILDHOOD.

1.

I CAME to the grove where in childhood I'd been ;—
 Its glades were as gay, and its bowers were as green ;
 As sweet was the songster,—as balmy the breeze,—
 And as playful the sunbeams that shone through the
 trees.

2.

The brook was as busy that wanton'd below,
 A-kissing the flow'rs on its margin that grow ;—
 As lovely the lake, and as charming the scene,
 As in days of my childhood, methought they had been !

3.

And wishful I look'd to the stem of the tree,
 For some early remembrance—some token of me :—

Not a mark nor a token remain'd there behind,
 Ev'n faithless the name once engrav'd on the rind !

4.

So our loves, joys, and friendships—those charms
 that would last—
 Live their short cheering moments and quickly are
 past :
 Then who would rely in fair Nature's decay ;
 And what is Life's worth when its sweets are away !



NIGHT SCENE.

Still is the solemn breath of ev'n,
 And flush'd the starry host of heav'n,
 All sparkling on the blue serene,
 With here and there a cloud between ;
 Ten thousand little gems to light
 The features dim of the dull night.
 Sunk is the music of the spray,
 And fall'n the note, and far away ;
 While warbling in my ravish'd ears
 Swells the sweet anthem of the spheres ;
 The angel harps, unseen, on high,
 Awake the soul to ecstasy.

Here, on the mountain's lonely crest,
Where seem'd the ev'ning star to rest,
And from their rocks the eagles' young
Scream to the night-winds' howling song ;
Where bursts the cloud, the peak is riv'n,
And hurls the bolt, the tempest driv'n,
I look, and from the ridge's brow,
Scarcely perceive the lake below ;
And where yon shadowy mountains swell,
Faintly appears the narrow dell ;
The everlasting hills themselves,
(The fam'd resort of fays and elves,)
With more than day's majestic state,
Frown in their gloomy grandeur great.

While here on Nature's tow'rs we rise,
Romantic midway to the skies,
Fain would the raptur'd soul aspire,
And wrap her in prophetic fire !
There, of the day the dying light
That mingles with the shades of night,
The mellow cloud, the starry sky,
So thin the veil, that ev'n the eye
Would wander through futurity !

THE HUT—A FRAGMENT.

(*PATRICK, an Antiquary, exploring Loch-Lomond—CALLUM, his Squire or Guide. Boatmen and Smugglers.*)

CALM was the sky, and bright the day,
 A sunbeam slept on ev'ry spray ;
 And not a flitting breath to shake
 The willow bank or hazel brake.
 With equal strokes the rowers sweep,
 And lightly skim the dark-blue deep,
 When lo ! our hero, wond'ring, spied
 Thick foam upon the water side ;
 And down the beach a peaceful rill
 White froth in thousand shapes distill.
 " Can that proceed from Nature's laws ?"
 But Callum shrewdly guess'd the cause—
 Stranded the barge, and, with a " hallo,"
 Leap'd upon land, and bade his shipmates follow !

By bending branch and tangled root,
 And round obtruding rocks they shoot,
 Till in a hollow, closely shut,
 They light upon the smoking hut ;
 A scene sequester'd, yet so fair,
 Here hunter might have breath'd a pray'r :
 The whole a solemn rev'rence bore,
 Perhaps some Druid's fane of yore !

The sack aside that serv'd for door,
 Callum peep'd in, lo ! Colin More !

A fearful oath his welcome gave,
 Tho' meant, mayhap, for God you save !
 Our hero follows with surprise,
 And curiously each corner pries,
 Enquires of this and that the use,
 In distillation quite a goose !
 How much by seizures they had lost,
 And what the "apparatus" cost ?

At this, as waken'd from the dead,
 A half-sleep'd fellow rais'd his head,
 And, with a wild and hellish howl,
 Vociferates, "The pot runs foul!"—
 Then, in an instant, what a hurry,
 Water and fire engag'd with fury ;
 A rumbling sound like thunder broke,
 And all the hut one cloud of smoke :
 In midst of darkness thus and danger,
 Our hero cries, "God help a stranger!"
 For well I wot his terror then
 Bethought him of some fiendish den.

But peace restor'd, the squire, good soul,
 Squatted upon a lump of coal,
 And Patrick, whom they kindly ask,
 Consented to bestride a cask.
 The cup they quaff, "Loch-Lomond Water,"—
 The oftener tasted, strange, the better !
 The song goes round, the joke and story,
 The crew and Callum quite in glory ;

Nay on our Antiquary's face
 There glimmer'd an unusual grace,
 As when the ev'ning sun betrays
 Through smoking hut his faintish rays,
 And on the pot or cauldron plays.

Then having drunk "Confusion dread
 On ev'ry base exciseman's head,"
 The hugging squire and Colin join
 Their flowing cups for auld langsyne.

Song.

(An Imitation.)

AT meeting ay we happy were,
 In parting ever kin';
 Then here's a cup to banish care,
 For auld langsyne.

We'll ne'er forget the days of youth,
 Till memory we tine;
 And sweetly will we quench our drouth,
 For auld langsyne.

We'll drink our dearies owre an' owre,
 E'en thine as well as mine;
 Awa, heart-breaking sorrow sour!
 Come days o' langsyne.

Wi' joy we'll pass the hours away,
 Aye till the morning shine ;
 The night's too short, and sae's the day,
 For auld langsyne !

Thus Callum roar'd with mouth as wide
 As Jura's gulf's devouring tide ;
 While each assists, with might and main,
 To buoy up the fervid strain :
 'Twere grand the scene, almost divine,
 The hearty shake, and auld langsyne.

But dusky eve drew on apace,
 Ere Callum left thy wood, Ardess ;
 And as along the shores they ply,
 Darkness enrob'd the sable sky,
 And not a ray, save from afar
 Trembled the twilight's dewy star ;
 Or, on the weary pilgrim's sight,
 Twinkled the cottage passing light.
 A zig-zag course the rowers take,
 And many a semicircle make ;
 Now sweep the deep, now seek the shore,
 And now suspend—now dash the oar !
 Patrick perceiv'd, and nodding said,
 A compass might their labours aid,
 Then downwards sunk—" A water bubble,
 " But ev'ry headland here seems double."

"A compass!" (glorious the remark,)
 "They had no compass in the ark!"
 But Callum swore by life and saul,
 "'Twas certain in the ship wi' Paul;
They fetch'd a compass; bless my eyes,
 Wha this rejects, the Word denies!"
 And scarcely said, when lo! they toss
 The barge upon the rocks of Ross;
 A mighty leak the bark sustains,
 And gushing in the water gains:
 Our hero sat, drench'd to the knee,
 Before they reach'd auld * Dugal's quay.

THE WELCOME.

LET Clan-Albyn come down like the mist from the
 hill,
 In the glow of the sunshine when ev'ning is still;
 And the shouts of their transport exultingly ring,
 As they rush from their mountains to welcome their
 King!

And the piobrach is sounded in glen and in scaur,
 And the Clansmen are banded, nor banded for war;
 And the signal is seen thro' the cloud on the height,
 And the Gathering heard, but not heard for the fight!

* The Piræum of Luss.

Yes! 'tis loyalty proud and unstained as the snow,
 Like the streams of their land that eternally flow ;
 'Tis the burst of the Subjects from summit and shore,
 And Albyn embracing a Monarch once more !



THE PINE OF MACGREGOR.

1.

BRANCH of the Pine ! I love thee well,
 Thou symbol of our Clan ;—
 When dreadful rose the battle's yell,
 And rung the fated foeman's knell,
 And streams of life-blood ran :

2.

Or blazing from the crested tow'r,
 In silver light to shine ;
 To cheer the chase or Chieftain's bow'r,
 Gay at the birth or bridal hour,
 These were thy glories, Pine !

3.

Pride of the forest and the heath,
 Thy being almost gone—
 Blasted by heav'n's pernicious breath,
 Gnaw'd by the reptile worm beneath,
 Devoted, lopp'd, and lone !

4.

Though for a period long and sad,
 Depress'd, decay'd and low ;
 Without one gleam of joy to glad,
 No dews reviving on thy head,
 Nor living streams below ;

5.

Behold thy branches spread amain,
 And round their stem entwine ;
 Pride of the mountain and the glen,
 See Alpin's regal race again
 Exult beneath their Pine !



THE ROSE OF THE WILD.

ALONE on the waste a young Rose of the wild
 Caught the glance of my eye—it was Loveliness' child ;
 And softly it blush'd with its red lips in dew,
 Where the weeds and the wild-briars abundantly grew.

Like the maid of my bosom, so modest and fair,
 With her cheeks of live crimson, and dark raven hair ;
 While her looks of affection, and countenance mild,
 Speak the pride of the valley, the Rose of the Wild.

I'll love thee sweet rose-bud while Friendship doth last,
 And the light of Remembrance encircles the past ;
 Till the Lake of my childhood delight me no more,
 And the last pangs of life with its pleasures are o'er !

INNOCENCE.

WHERE would Innocence abide ?
 In the shepherd's humble shieling,
 On the mountain's lonely side,
 By the streamlet slowly stealing ;

Where the little lambkins play
 On the hill, devoid of sorrow,
 And where happy glides the day,
 And with joy awakes the morrow :

Where aloft the snowy flake,
 And beyond the summit hoary,
 And below the living lake,
 Charg'd with all its isles of glory.

Where would Innocence abide,
 With her sister nymphs together ?
 But on Lomond's lovely side,
 In the cot among the heather.

THE SHADE.

“ O ROUSE thee, rouse thee ! ” cried the Shade ;
 “ How sweet the slumber of thine eye,
 While low in dust my corse is laid,
 Without a friend or kinsman's sigh !

“ Dark is my dwelling on the heath,
 No dear, no kindred ashes nigh ;
 Cold, cold my lonely bed of death—
 O bear me where my fathers lie !

“ ’Tis not that by the foe I fell,
 For this the warrior’s fate would be ;
 Beneath a rock is dug my cell—
 Alas ! a long farewell to thee !”

Then slowly o’er the wild it flew,
 Faint as the fading gleam of night ;
 His voice the faithful Co-alt knew,
 And quickly hied him o’er the height.

He found the grave, the mantling sod,
 Far in the deep sequester’d glen,
 Fresh where the fairy footsteps trod,
 And died in air the melting strain.

He bore the death-cold corse away,
 Through many a long and lonesome glade,
 And by the ruined chapel gray,
 Beside his fathers Gregor laid,

He laid him by his kindred dust,
 And often dropt the swelling tear :—
 Ah ! that no piobrach bade him rest,
 No banner grac’d his gentle bier !

MORA.

STOOD Mora at the castle gate,
 Awaiting for her Lord—
 When, lo! the messenger of fate;
 And thus the fault'ring word:—

“ Lingers the chief of Alva's glen?
 Where does my Love delay?
 But this poor heart would break in twain,
 Ah! why so long away?”

“ Low in the ‘Brothers’ cell’ he lies,
 Far in the land of foes;
 The stranger clos'd his dying eyes,
 And wrapt them in repose.

“ Ne'er to revisit friend or wife,
 Save in the midnight dream;
 For darken'd is his lamp of life,
 And dried the living stream.

“ But still awakes, with aching dread,
 The echo of his name;
 Drimsynie hall's in darkness laid,
 And Carrick tow'r's on flame.

“ With clouds of smoke from ruins hot,
 Where late the hamlet rose:
 Alas! he fell by secret shot,
 Far in the land of foes!”

THE HERRIAL STEED.

1.

“HUSH, baby, hush!” the mother cried,
 And lull'd him to her breast;
 'Tis now I feel thy father died!—
 Hush, baby, be at rest!

2.

“Beneath Adversity's cold blast
 My very heart would bleed!
 My child! the Chieftain comes at last,
 And claims the Herrial Steed!

3.

“Will he to thee a shelter yield,
 And nurse thy early worth?
 Alas! the arm that would thee shield
 Is nerveless in the earth!

4.

“Will he the widow's husband prove,
 Supply the father's stead?—
 Alas! the sire and husband, love,
 Is in the Clachan laid!

5.

“Oft would he leave me in repose,
 Ere dawn had lit the brow,

And range for me the hill of roes ;—
Where is my hunter now ?

6.

“ On his return my love would bring
The wild-fowl from the steep ;
But now my fowl is on the wing,
My fish is in the deep !

7.

“ When matrons of the hamlet meet,
I sit and sigh alone ;
The song to me no more is sweet,
My music is to moan !

8.

“ Hush, baby, hush !” the mother cried,
And lull'd him to her breast ;
'Tis now I feel thy father died !—
Hush, baby, be at rest !”

TO ———.

SWEET'S the flow'r in yonder dell,
Sweetly blooms the heather-bell,
Sweet the rose in summer shine,
Sweeter far that face of thine ;
Lovely maid, so fair, so free,
Wouldst thou cast one glance on me,
Happy could I call thee mine,
Were it but in Valentine !

THE MAID OF ARROCHAR.

1.

WHERE o'er the lake the wildwood hung,
And round the oak the ivy clung,
Beneath a gray rock frantic sung
The Maid of Arrochar.

2.

Her eyes were dim with tears of woe,
While bursting heav'd each bosom throe ;
The wild waves lash'd the shores below
The steeps of Arrochar.

3.

“ Ye ruthless waves that foam with death,
And winds that draw perdition's breath,
You've swept destruction's deadly scaith
On me and Arrochar.

4.

“ Why toss my lover's lifeless form,
Ye tyrants of the wave and storm ?
As cold your hearts, so his was warm,
The pride of Arrochar !

5.

“ What lightning flash from Crostan fell,
Or rode the Demon on the gale ?
'Tis done !—ye kindred cliffs bewail,
The Maid of Arrochar.”

H

6.

She rush'd, and headlong sought the deep,
 Now o'er her breast the white waves sleep;
 And there the virgin stops to weep
 The Maid of Arrochar.



THE SUN-BEAM HUNG ON CORRIN CLIFF.

THE sun-beam hung on Corrin Cliff,
 And dipt its robes in dew;
 Across the lake the little skiff
 To Carrick Castle flew.

The while hope panting at his heart,
 His steady course he bore;
 And light as flies the winged dart,
 For love was at the oar;

And reach'd the rock—the gentle flow
 Of ocean languish'd by;
 The broken bulwarks look'd below—
 The raven croak'd on high.

In vain may she the taper waste,
 And chide his long delay—
 And trim her fire, and bid him haste,
 Her love is far away!

No sparkling star its lustre shed,
To light the gloomy heath ;—
Dark as the midnight of the dead,
And all was still as death ;

Except below the dashing wave—
On high the eagle's scream.
Short is the distance to the grave,
And life is but a dream !

One step—adown the faithless brink
He plunges in the deep ;
When, with a flash, his visions sink
In death's cold dreamless sleep.

Yet still the maid, with frantic lay,
Sings at the shieling door :—
O ! come, my lov'd one ; come away ;
Haste to thy Ellenore.

I've sought for thee the berries red,
That ripen on the brae ;
The heather-bell shall be our bed—
Then come, my love, away !

I AM LONE AND LEFT FOR EVER.

THE fields were fresh and fair to view,
 The groves of green and hills of heather ;
 And sweetly scented, gemm'd with dew,
 The rose and woodbine twin'd together.

Such was the morn when Love and I,
 And MARY, vow'd we ne'er should sever,
 But soon the clouds grew dark on high,
 And I am lone and left for ever.

The sun may set too soon in night,
 Yet wake again to joyful morrow ;
 But all my joys have wing'd their flight,
 And I am sad and sunk in sorrow.

Ah ! why so false to one so dear !
 Could I forsake thee, MARY ?—Never !
 O ! long and lifeless is the year,
 And I am lone and left for ever !



THERE WOULD I DELIGHT TO DWELL.

WHERE the little laughing green
 Overlooks the lake serene,
 And the ferny forest grows,
 And the cooling fountain flows,

And the lily and the rose
 Languish in the shade's repose,
 And the virgin dew-drops lie
 On the bud and bilberry ;—
 In the wildly wooded vale,
 There would I delight to dwell.

And the sunny bank my seat,
 Lonely in the green retreat ;
 And to wander through the dell
 Scented by the heather-bell ;
 And to hear the wood-lark's note,
 And the waterfall remote ;
 Or returning through the glade,
 Meet the blithesome dairymaid ;
 While my home the shepherd's cell,—
 There would I delight to dwell.

WILL YOU GO TO THE WILDWOOD.

1.

WILL you go to the wildwood,
 My fair maid, with me ?
 To the scenes of my childhood,
 Beneath the oak tree ;
 Where loud rolls the river,
 And murmurs the bee :—
 Will you go to the wildwood,
 My fair maid, with me ?

2.

Where high tow'rs the mountain,
 And deep sleeps the glen ;
 The dark eagle soareth,
 The deer makes his den ;
 Where the wand'ers of nature
 Forever are free—
 And you'll go to the wildwood
 My fair maid, with me.

3.

I'll pull thee the rose-bud,
 The lily so fine ;
 With the flow'rs of the mountain
 Thy ringlets I'll twine :
 I'll bring thee the ripe fruit
 That hangs on the tree ;
 And you'll go to the wildwood,
 My fair maid, with me.

4.

I'll lead thee, all lovely,
 Adown by the lake,
 When the breeze on its bosom
 Is scarcely awake ;
 I'll kiss thee, my charmer,
 Where no one will see :—
 And you'll go to the wildwood,
 My fair maid, with me.

THE SIGH.

THE last long ling'ring gleam of day,
 With lips of roses kiss'd the steep ;
 The dew-drops languish on the spray,
 And in the heath-flow'r's bosom sleep :
 The gathering clouds the sky o'er cast,
 The murmuring river rushes by ;—
 Thoughtful I wander o'er the past,
 And here, with ev'ning, heave the sigh.

The sunshine of my early joys
 Plays through a liquid veil of dew,
 When Beauty rais'd her syren voice,
 And, friends of youth ! I warm'd with you.
 Ah ! fond endearments, why not last ?
 The tear of feeling dims my eye—
 While mem'ry mingles with the past,
 As yon lone summit with the sky.

But why on phantoms brood, my mind ?
 Has life to thee no present charm ?
 Is Friendship false, and Love unkind—
 Hope fails to cheer, and Fancy warm ?
 Or fled Affection's sacred glow,
 The soul's resource, the tender tie ?—
 Well may'st thou mourn in deepest wo,
 And here, with ev'ning, heave the sigh.

No—though departed joys I mourn,
 Ev'n life still lends one glimmering ray ;
 Friendship and Love, though faintly, burn,
 And Fancy, sparkling, leads the way :
 But Hope presents a fairer day,
 A fresher green, a brighter sky,
 When Life's long sorrows chas'd away,
 And I, with ev'ning, cease to sigh !

THE ARMS OF MY LASSIE.

WHEN the wild flow'rs of Spring
 Deck the robes of the valley,
 And the sweet songsters sing
 In the high woods so gaily ;
 When the soft whispering breeze
 Sweeps the face of the mountain,
 And the dark spreading trees
 Shake their tops on the fountain.

When the lone turtle coos
 In the bright beaming weather,
 And the broad shady boughs
 Close their foliage together,
 And the stream passing by—
 On its green bank so grassy
 How happy would I lie
 In the arms of my lassie !

What though wayward I stray,
And to home long a stranger,
Where glory leads the way
Through the red fields of danger ;
Ev'n here in absence dart
All the charms of my JESSIE—
Wakeful Love lights this heart
To the arms of my lassie !

Kindly Hope hovers round,
Where the war-clouds are flying ;
Cheers the cold tented ground,
Mid the groans of the dying ;—
Softly whispers in mine ear,
By the streamlet so glassy,
That I'll yet meet my dear,
And the arms of my lassie.

SPRING.

'Tis sweet to wander through the glade,
When Spring renews the year ;
To pause at the sound of the loud cascade,
As it rushes down its rocky bed,
And mellows on the ear.

How sweet to sit in hazel groves,
And hear the wood-lark's song ;
To listen awhile to the turtle-doves,
And watch the little birds woo their loves,
And sun-beams glide along.

How sweet to dwell by lonely lake,
Where oak and alder grow ;
Where blooms the heath-flow'r and the brake,
And the wild wood-notes of Echo wake
To shepherds' strains below :

Where tow'rs the mountain, huge and high—
The dark impending steep ;
Where aloft is heard the eagle's cry,
And adown in wrath the white streams fly,
And lose them in the deep.

These are the charms that wrap the soul—
A somewhat heav'nly bliss ;
Where enchantment's visions round you roll,
And the happy glance, when the soul has stole
From Nature's self a kiss !

THE MONKS' ISLE.

1.

The Monks had sung their morning hymn,
 And fairer grew the weather,
 But there was heard a sweeter chime
 Than all their songs together.

2.

A bark was seen by day-light dim,
 When matin-bell was tolling ;
 And scour'd the storm-clouds dark and grim,
 And wild the waves were rolling.

3.

That bark was broken in the bay,
 The white spray o'er her flying ;
 And on the beach a Lady lay,
 With swan-like note, a-dying.

4.

The holy men came down with aid,
 To help and harbour ready ;
 The cup they gave, the tears they shed,
 And hung around the Lady.

5.

Her breath in whispers died away :—
 " Could winds and waves us sever ?
 I'll seek thee in the stormy bay !"
 Then clos'd her eyes for ever.

6.

With mournful wail the Brothers sung
 The sacred anthem o'er her ;
 The mass was said, the knell was rung,
 And to the grave they bore her.

7.

And oft, 'tis told, at twilight gray,
 When Lomond's rage is over,
 The bark is seen across the bay,
 The Lady and her Lover !

THE VIRGINS' ISLE.

1.

WHAT fiend disturbs the bow'rs of bliss,
 The calm of earthly paradise ?
 What cloud o'erhangs the holy pile
 That consecrates the Virgins' Isle ?

2.

No sound save wailing breaks the air,
 And silent is the voice of pray'r ;
 The balmy fields, the breezy wood,
 Re-echo to the sisterhood !

3.

Say, is your Lady-Abbess dead,
 And left you without hope or head ?

Or pow'rful Nature doth prevail
To burst the bonds and rend the veil ?

4.

The fair may vow when thought is warm,
Yet pine o'er ev'ry passing charm ;
The heart with holy fervour burn,
Yet Nature will, at times, return.

5.

A bark was seen to sweep the bay,
With foaming sides and colours gay ;
And CLARA, for Glen-Finlas' lord,
Abjur'd the veil, and stepp'd aboard.

6.

She wav'd her lily hand in air,
A signal to her sisters fair,
As dash'd the pilot from the shore,
To toil and to return no more !

STANZAS.

Who ever saw the blasted oak,
With wither'd boughs and bare,—
Once proudly rooted in the rock,
And branch'd into the air ;

When strength was in its stately stem,
 And music in its shade ;—
 Who ever saw, and thought not on
 The mighty and the dead ?

Who ever saw the ruin'd cot,
 The dark and cold hearth-stone ;
 Of hope and happiness the lot,
 Now pass'd away and gone :—
 Abodes, where early life was led,
 And scenes to memory dear—
 Who ever saw, and has not shed
 O'er human joys the tear ?

Who ever saw the crested tow'r,
 The black and broken wall—
 Beheld the raven's ivy bow'r,
 And heard the night-bird's call :
 Who ever saw the mansion great
 Swept by destruction's blast,
 Its lofty chambers desolate,
 And thought not on the past.

Who ever saw the lone church-yard,
 The monumental stone,
 And heedless pass'd, without regard
 To all the myriads gone :
 Or who has enter'd death's abode,
 Where lies the buried friend,
 And lightly o'er the green turf trode,
 Nor thought upon his end ?

LINES.

1.

THE roses still blossom,
 The pine tree is lone ;
 But the friends of my bosom
 Forever are gone !

2.

The brook is still shaded
 That wandereth by ;
 But my freshness is faded,
 Life's stream almost dry.

3.

The summit still brightens,
 With Ev'ning's last glow—
 But no gleam of joy lightens
 The load of my wo !

4.

Like the flow'r of the summer
 That soon fades away,
 The fairest will wither,
 And moulder in clay !

 THE CHIEFTAIN'S DEATH.

THE sun had shed his noon-tide ray,
 The banner stream'd with joy,
 And bounding o'er the whit'ning spray
 The barks of Lochan-Sloy.

The Chieftain sat in Ava's bow'r,
And felt his bosom glow—
Unhallow'd love's a rosy flow'r
That hides a thorn below.

He gaz'd!—upon her visage still
Shone Beauty's peerless spark,
Like the last sunshine on the hill,
When all around is dark.

But soon was seen the banner float,
The gleam of armed men ;
And quiver'd on the breeze the note
That shook him in the Glen.

Adieu, adieu ! he softly said,
Half utter'd with a sigh ;
Adieu ! return'd the trembling maid,
Haste, to thy Castle fly !

But swifter flew the gallies bright,
And wildly rose their joy,
While shining in the rainbow's light
The pride of Lochan-Sloy.

And peeping through the foliage green
The Chieftain's home appears ;
No banner on its wall was seen,
Decay'd and dim in years.

No welcome bade the stranger greet,
No warder at the gate ;
For there had been the spoilers' feet,
And all was desolate.

But, lo! the barks are in the bay,
 And forth the foemen pour;
 The Chieftain saw, and sped away
 Far to the fatal tow'r.

With trembling steps, and looks aghast,
 He rush'd along the vale,
 And not a vassal, as he pass'd,
 Or clansman bade him hail.

But to the chase the piobrach sounds,
 And fast the foe pursue,
 Till reach'd the stream and rising grounds,
 The castle gate in view.

They came; erewhile in dungeon hold
 The Chieftain lay conceal'd;
 His dark retreat, for bribed gold,
 A traitor slave reveal'd.

In vain they strive to force the ward,
 Still faithful to its charge;
 Each bar and barrier close they guard,
 And light the fagot large.

High rose the flame, and darker grew
 The suffocating smoke;
 With ev'ry gasp his spirits flew—
 Life shrunk at every shock.

And rushing to the lope-hole's side,
 To catch one parting breath—
 "O! that on bloody Froom I died,
 And claim'd a nobler death!"

LINES,

On the Death of Sir John MacGregor Murray,
OF MACGREGOR, BARONET.

LET a wreath of the oak with the cypress entwine,
And the Teith, darkly murmuring, mournfully flow,
For fall'n on its banks is the boast of the Pine,
The pride of the forest for ever laid low !

O dark is the mountain, and darker the stream,
And clouded in wo is the Glen of his birth ;
For the Star of the summit no longer doth gleam,
But sunk in its glory, and shrouded in earth !

Yes ! heard on the heath is the wail for the dead,
And wildly arises the coronach's sound ;
And mantled in black are the Chiefs of the Plaid,
For the plume of the Eagle has dropt to the ground.

Departed the choice—of his people the sire !
And the ties of attachment no longer remain ;
But damp'd by his death is the light of the lyre,
And the songs of our fathers are silent again !

And well may the Clansmen all mingle in wo,
And the harp of the mountain awake the sad strain ;
In a mightier cause did the tear never flow,
Since the lustre of Froom overshadow'd the plain !

Let a wreath of the oak with the cypress entwine,
And the Teith, darkly murmuring, mournfully flow,
For fall'n on its banks is the boast of the Pine,
The pride of the forest forever laid low.

VERSES.

HARK ! 'tis the night-bird's solemn scream,
 Upon the lonely tree ;
 And pass'd the magic of my dream
 To sad reality !

The sun hath sunk beyond the height,
 And dim the vale appears,
 As mantled in the silver light
 That shadows bygone years.

I turn me to the welcome cot,
 Where oft my steps have been ;
 But half its inmates are forgot,
 Nor ev'n its ruins seen !

Here, home no more their steps shall haste,
 When evening expires ;—
 Dispers'd and scatter'd o'er the waste,
 Or gather'd to their sires !

I stand upon the sober green,
 And hear the humming bee ;
 O ! how unlike the festive scene
 Of Harvest Home to me !

The moonlight glitters through the shade,
 A moment to deceive ;

But ah ! the youthful joys are fled
Of happy Hallow Eve !

And ceas'd the sports in yonder dell,
No village maids are seen—
No, nor a token left to tell
That mortal there had been.

Here would I pause to moralize
On human joys' decay,
How all we love and all we prize,
And *we*—must pass away !



LINES,

Written on Recovery from Sickness, 1818.

AND the lustre enamels my death-rolling eye !
How it rush'd like the glare that it shed,
When the gates of forgetfulness threaten'd so nigh,
And the sorrowful home of the dead !
Then, Gratitude, wouldst thou deny thy sweet part
On the bosom-chords' quivering string ?
When the fountain forsaken returns to the heart,
Like the rays of the sun on the desert that dart,
Or the Winter renew'd by the Spring.

And the verdure of life doth revisit this form,
And these lips to their colour return ;
So the hills of the wilderness wrapt in the storm
Again in their loveliness burn :

But here recollection would almost forego
 This tide of my being, a desolate dream,
 For a chasm it gapes in the valley of wo,
 One part of my sufferings lost in the flow
 Of Lethe's oblivious stream !

And Sleep, the restorer, had vanish'd afar,
 And left me a centinel lone ;
 While shed through my chamber the light of the star,
 And the beams of the summer sun shone :
 For parch'd was my brow, and my wild bosom wrought
 With the anguish of feeling forlorn ;
 Till the frenzy of fever half uttered the thought—
 O were I reduced from this being to nought,
 Enrapt in the night without morn.

She comes ! but at intervals—slowly and short,
 Nor the weakness of Nature to stay ;
 Now tosses me softly, a languishing sport,
 Then starts me alive to the tortures of day :
 Nor less would the vision my miseries vouch,
 On the precipice' brow was my bed ;
 While the demons of darkness encircled my couch,
 And the steps of destruction were heard in approach,
 And the death-summons rung in my head !

Then welcome, my soul, to the walks of delight,
 From the horrible brink of dismay !
 So the traveller worn with the dangers of night,
 Exults in the glories of day ;

Or the mariner tost by the tempest and wave,
 Afar on the wild roaring main,
 Where each mountain billow presents him a grave,
 Hails some happy island extended to save,
 And enters Life's harbour again !

SABBATH—A HYMN.

WHEN the eye of morning gray
 Opens on the pathless way,
 And a flood of golden light
 Rushes from the mountain's height,
 And creation's hallow'd strain
 Echoes through the lonely glen ;
 Who, upon this holy day,
 Would not join the sacred lay !

When the birds in concert high
 Wake to heav'nly melody,
 And the breeze and running stream
 Mingle in the fertile theme,
 And the rock and silent hill
 Gaze with admiration still ;
 Who upon this holy day,
 Would not join the sacred lay !

When the songs of Sion sweet
 From the lowly cottage greet,
 And the bell through solemn air
 Calls the heart devout to pray'r,

And the notes of joy and praise
 High the fervid anthem raise ;
 Who, upon this holy day,
 Would not join the sacred lay !

So, at length among the blest,
 In the Sabbath bright of rest,
 Where the hosts angelic sing
 Triumph to th' almighty King,
 And with harps before the throne
 Give the glory to the Son,
 We, with saints and angels, may
 Join the everlasting lay !



THE CAPTIVE HEBREWS' LAMENT,

Psalm 137.

WEeping on Babel's streams we lay,
 Without one voice of gladness,
 And thought on Judah far away,
 And wrung our souls in sadness ;
 While silent on the willow tree
 Our harps forgot their melody.

Our spoilers bade us strike the lyre,
 And string our hearts to pleasure ;
 A song of Sion they require,
 Ev'n Sion's sweetest measure :

In such a land, at such a time,
 Could we attune the holy hymn !

When ceas'd the patriot pulse to play,
 With wild emotion running—
 To wake the harp forever may
 This right hand lose its cunning !
 When Sion is not joy to me,
 Be mute my tongue eternally !

But, LORD ! upon thy day of wrath,
 Remember Edom's doing ;
 He proudly rais'd the shout of death,
 And " Raze her into ruin !"
 A deeper vengeance let him feel
 Than what he pour'd on Israel.

And thy approaching fate I see,
 Thou Babel's mighty daughter !
 Bless'd be the man that unto thee
 Doubly repays our slaughter ;
 And, bath'd with infant gore on high,
 Fulfils thy dreadful destiny !

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID

Over Saul and Jonathan.

ISRAEL ! on thy mountains high,
 (Weep !)—thy boast and beauty lie,
 Crush'd and mangled by the foe :
 How are the mighty ones laid low !

Never in Gath the tidings tell,
 How the sons of battle fell ;
 Nor let the foemen talk thereon
 In the streets of Askelon ;
 Never—lest their dames rejoice,
 And utter the triumphant voice !

Mountains of our land ! on you
 Never fall the fresh'ning dew ;
 Never drop the rain, nor spring
 The bounties of an offering !
 For there the princely shield was broke,
 The mighty sunk beneath the stroke.

Never from the field of slain
 Did their swords return in vain ;
 Heaps of carnage ! how they fall,
 Thousands by the sword of Saul !

With streams of blood the battle ran,
 Before the bow of Jonathan !—

Stronger than the lion they ;
Swifter than the bird of prey ;
Lovely in their lives and great ;
Undivided in their fate !

Maids of Judah, weep the King,
Who delights to you did bring,
Purple robes and cloth of gold,
That your fairest forms enfold !

In battle-field, among the dead,
Alas ! how are the mighty laid !
My very bosom bursts upon
Thy loss, my brother Jonathan !

O ! the soft commerce, the companion gay,
And love surpassing woman's pass'd away !
How are the mighty fall'n, and how
The weapons of the war laid low !

NOTES TO MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

NOTE I.—THE SPIRIT OF ROB ROY.—Page 41.

The character of this celebrated freebooter is favourably represented by the *Shenachi* (the oral historian of the Highlanders): his virtues are extolled, while his vices are but seldom apparent, from the admiration of some generous action, or the splendour of a daring and popular adventure.

Craig Crostan is a rugged and precipitous district on the east side of Loch Lomond. In latter times a family of MacGregor, which afterwards assumed the Chiefship, obtained these lands from the lairds of Luss; which property, upon the decay or extinction of that family, was claimed by the noted Rob Roy, who, being outlawed for depredations he had committed on the Duke of Montrose, resigned *Craig Crostan* into the hands of that nobleman on condition of his obtaining pardon. The gallant and patriotic Bruce is said to have concealed himself in the caves of this district after his defeat at Dail-Ri in Strath-Fillan, by MacDougal, Lord of Lorne. These caves are now almost unknown or unworthy of notice, and it is even believed that public curiosity is not a little indebted to its credulity for the subterranean retreat of Rob Roy.

NOTE II.—LORD LENNOX' DAUGHTER.—Page 55.

The ancient Earls of Levenax or Lennox resided in the castle of Inch Murrin in Loch Lomond; as did subsequently an illustrious family of Stewart, which succeeded by marriage to that title.

NOTE III.—GLEN EITE.—Page 56.

This poem is founded on the assassination of "*Gregor More, MacDonnachi nan Gleann*," by a party of the Clan Ciar in Glen Artlet, a celebrated pass between Loch Lomond and Loch Catharine.

The fragments of tradition have transmitted to our times with honour, if not with amplitude, the subject of this poem; and the songs of the Bards, a less perishable record, commemorate his virtues and sound his panegyric. From these sources we are informed that he commanded the MacGregors in the conflict of Benteiek; that he concluded a treaty with the Earl of Argyll, and afterwards obtained from the Government a suspension or repeal of the proscription of the Clan.

It is, however, melancholy to narrate the fate of this gallant Captain. A party of the Clan Ciar, conceiving he had sold the Clan to secure his own safety, made a solemn vow to his destruction. This they cruelly accomplished on his return from court by plunging their daggers into his body to the number of sixteen. No sooner had they perpetrated this murder than they discovered their mistake, when they miserably lamented this rash and unguarded action. A place near the garrison of Inversnaid, called *Feithe Ghrigair*, is pointed out as the scene of this atrocity.

NOTE IV.—GLEN FROON.—Page 57.

"In Lent in the year of God 1602, ther happened a great tumult and combustion in the west of Scotland, betwain the Laird of Lus (chieff of the surname of Colquhoun) and Alex. Mackgregor (chieftane of the Clangregor). Ther had bien formerlie some rancour among them for divers mutuall hardships

and wrongs done on either syde; first by Luss, against some of the Clangregar, and then by John Mackgregor (the brother of the forsaid Alex. Mackgregor) against the Laird of Luss, his dependers and tennents. And now Alex. Mackgregor (being accompanied with 200 of his kin and friends) came from the Rannogh into the Lennox, to the Laird of Luss his owne bounds, with a resolution to take away these dissensions and jars by the mediation of friends. In this meantyme the Laird of Luss doth assembl all his pertakers and dependers, with the Buchanans and others, to the number of 300 horsemen and 500 foot; intending that if the issue of their meeting did not answer his expectation, he might inclose the enemies within his cuntrey, and so overthrow them. Bot the Clangregar being upon their guard, it happened otherwise; for presentlie after that the meeting was dissolved, the Laird of Luss thinking to take his enemies at vnawars, persued them hastilie and eagerlie at Glen-Freon. Mackgregor had his company parted in two;—the most part he led himself; the rest he committed to the charge and conduct of his brother John, who drew a compass about, and invaded the Laird of Luss his company when they least expected. The combat was foughten with great courage: In end, the Clangregar prevailed, chased their enemies, killed divers gentlemen and some burgesses of the town of Dunbartan, with 200 others, and divers prissoners. Of the Clangregor (which is almost a wonder) two only wes slain; John Mackgregor (the brother of Alex.) and another, bot divers of them wer hurt.

“The report of this combat and victorie came to the King’s ears at Edinburgh, where eleven score bloody shirts (of them that were slain in that skirmish) were presented to his majesty, who wes thereupon exceedinglie incensed against the Clangregar, having none about the King to plead their cause, which proved hurtful to them, almost to the ruin of that familie and surname; for the King afterwards caused proclame

them rebels, directed Commissions and lettres of intercommuning against them, forbidding any of his leiges to harbour them. At last he employed the Earl of Argyle and the Campbells against them, who persued them divers tymes; and at Bintoick, when Robert Campbell (the Laird of Glen Vrubie his sone) accompanied with some of the Clanchamron, Clanab, and Clanronald, to the number of two hundred chosen men, fought against threescore of the Clangregar; in which conflict two of the Clangregar wer slain, to witt Duncan Aberigh (one of the Chieftanes) and his son Duncan. Seven gentlemen of the Campbells' syd were killed ther, though they seemed to have the victorie. So after much slaughter, many skirmishes, and divers slights vsed against the Clangregar, in end they subdued them, by the death of many of them and ther followers, and no less (if not far greater) slaughter of the Campbells. Then Commissioners were sent thorough the kingdome, for fyning the recepters and harbourers of the Clangregor, and for punishing such as did intercommoun with them; all which fynes wer given by his Majestie to the Earl of Argyle, and converted to his use and benefite, as a recompense of that service.

“ After many several changes of fortune, Alex. Mackgregor rendered himself to the Earl of Argyle, vpon condition that he would suffer him to goe saifle into England to King James, and let his Majestie know the true state of their bussines from the beginning; and in pledge of his returne agane to the Earl of Argyle, he gave him threttie of the chiefest men, and of best reputation among the Clangregor, to remain in Argyle his custody till his return from England. Mackgregor was no sooner at Bervick, upon his journey to England, but he was brought back agane to Edinburgh by the Earl of Argyle, and ther, by his means, execute, together with the 30 pledges before mentioned; whereby he thought, not only to pacify all these broills, but also to extinguish vtterlie the name of Clan-

gregar; yet he was deceived, for now agane (*i. e.* in 1630, the date of the History) the Clangregar are come almost to their former vigour, and Argyle reaped small credit by this service."

[Extracted *literatim* from pages 240 and 241 of the Edinburgh edition, 1813, from the original MS., in the possession of the Marchioness of Stafford, of the Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland, written by Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonston, Baronet, and second son of one of the Earls of Sutherland.]

The scene of this action, as pointed out by the ancient natives, lies on the northern extremity of a low ridge of hills extending about fifteen miles to Dumbarton. It may perhaps be traced from its vicinity to Finnart shielings, the source of the Froon, and a mountain stream called *Auld-a-chlei*, the passages of which are narrow and difficult. About a mile south of the scene of action stands "MacGregor's stone," where "John Dow" brother of the chief was killed; and on the north side of the Froon on the farm of Stron, appears another stone of the same name, beside which, it is said, the slain of the MacGregors were interred. From the following fragments of Celtic song it appears that "John Dow" was killed by a young man of the name of MacLintock; that the rout proceeded with much precipitancy down both sides of the valley, and that the MacGregors advanced to the very gates of Rosdoe.

"Is tapuidh thug thu'n tionnda ort,
A' mhic Ileantuig oig,
Thuit Ian Dubh nan lureach leat,
Mac ur Mhic Ghrigair Mhoir."—

"Ruaig na sior ruidhe
Sios da thaoibh Ghlinne Freoin."—

"Sann aig geatuibh Ros-duibhe,
A 'sheaseamh do bhuidhinn,
Gun eagal, gun umhail, gun leon."

NOTE V.—CLARE INCH.—Page 60.

Clare Inch, a small islet in Loch-Lomond. “The Isle of Clareinch, in Loch-Lomond,” says Auchmar, “was the slug-horn, or call of war, to the family of Buchanan at all times.”

NOTE VI.—MACFARLANE’S LAMENT.—Page 62.

Several curious predictions are still extant of the fate of this ancient family, chiefly by “Rob MacPharick, gudeman of Inversnaid,”—a person famous for his knowledge of a prophetic nature.

The following humorous lines, which relate to the introduction of south country farmers into the lands of MacFarlane, by Walter, a celebrated chief of that name, have been ascribed to the Reverend Alexander MacFarlane, Minister of Arrochar, a distinguished Gaelic scholar and eminent wit, who died about the middle of the last century.

“Tha *Factor* aig MacPharlain, is tha mi mealtach mur ann
do Shliochd a ’Ghearran;
Thug e thuginn *Calcadir* an aodich, is slaodair do thrusdair
Shionnich,
Dochas a ’choillich Fhrangich, Ian do *Shamhuim* le dha gheal-
shuil,
Naile chunnaic mi cailleach le cuigeal a ’chuireadh a ’chuddeach
ud tharis air Leamhuinn !”

Loch Sloy, or more properly Lochan Sloy, a little mountain lake on the west side of Loch Lomond, formerly the war-cry of the MacFarlanes.

NOTE VII.—THE CHIEFTAIN'S CHOICE.—Page 64.

Whilst a gentleman of small property in the Highlands of Perthshire was preparing to join the Prince's army in 1745, one of his relations, in order to dissuade him from the enterprise, contrived to carry him to the top of an eminence which presented to his view a full prospect of all his possessions.—Here, after surveying the extent of his property, the friend represented to him the comfort of his present condition, and besought him to reflect on the uncertainty of success in so hazardous an undertaking. The design, notwithstanding, failed; the gentleman upbraided his friend for disloyalty, scorned reflection, and the consequence was ruinous.

NOTE VIII.—THE SHADE.—Page 80.

During the grievous proscription of Clan-Gregor—which existed with various degrees of severity for about a century and a half—a reward was offered for the head of every individual of that name; even the depositories of the dead were invaded and plundered; and of those engaged in this disgraceful traffic, the Baron of Duncrosk has been transmitted to posterity under the appropriate appellation of *Donnacha-nan-Ceann*, or Duncan of the heads.

It is told, that, upon the death of "Duncan Aberigh," who was killed in the conflict of Bontoick, and interred in an obscure burial-ground in the neighbourhood, a supernatural appearance of that Chief presented itself to his foster-brother, (*co-alt*) named Downie, who lived at a considerable distance, complaining in a plaintive tone of the place and manner of his interment, and requesting him to convey his body thence to Glenurchy church-yard, the burial-place of his ancestors.—Downie, it is said, immediately went and raised the body of the deceased, carried it on his shoulders the distance of about fifteen miles, and fulfilled the request of his departed friend. To elude the vigilance of his enemies, his fidelity went still

further, for he not only reinterred the body, but likewise dug several other graves, that it might not be so easily discovered. Nor was he even satisfied with this, but returned, and, concealing himself by the river Urchy, wounded with an arrow one of a party which had come in pursuit of this dishonorable plunder.

NOTE IX.—MORA.—Page 82.

In the reign of James VII., "The Atholmen" made frequent and destructive inroads into Argyll, during which period the castles of Carrick and Drimsynie were burnt; the former a royal residence, the ruins of which are still conspicuous on the margin of Loch-Goil; and the latter, being then destroyed, has been since removed, and more elegantly replaced by the modern mansion of Archibald Campbell, Esquire, of Drimsynie.

The Poem of MORA is founded on an incursion of a small party of these marauders into the parish of Lochgoilhead,—the leader of which was shot by one of the natives from a covert in some hollow ground. The burying-place of that parish is called *Cill-nam-Braithren*, or "The Brothers' Cell."—*Talamh toll* (hollow or false ground) is not unfrequently met with in the moors and mountains of the Highlands. Formerly it was more dangerous than at present, owing to the luxuriance of heath which then covered and concealed it.

NOTE X.—THE HERRIAL STEED.—Page 83.

The "Herrizald" Steed, (*Each Ursin*) in former times, was a horse claimed in feudal right by the landlord from the widow of the tenant upon the death of her husband. The last horse known to have been obtained by the Lairds of Luss, under this tenure, was from a widow of the name of Glen, whose son died in that parish about the beginning of the present century.

NOTE XI.—THE SUN-BEAM HUNG ON CORRIN CLIFF.

Page 86.

Corrin Cliff, a romantic ridge of rocks at the entrance of Loch-Goil, presenting a picture of singularly bold and barren sublimity. The scenery of Loch-Goil is altogether strikingly wild and interesting.

NOTE XII.—THE MONKS' ISLE.—Page 95.

Inch-do-Mhannach, in Lóch-Lomond, is said to signify the Monks' Isle. Some years ago several stones of ancient workmanship were discovered on this island, probably the fragments of a Monastery, or other religious edifice. We are told that at an early period a bell was suspended on *Tom-nan-clag*, (the height of bells,) the highest eminence on the island, which being rung, summoned to divine service the adjacent parishes of Luss, Inch-Cailleach, and Kilmoronack. The import of the name would support the tradition.

NOTE XIII.—THE VIRGINS' ISLE.—Page 96.

Inch Cailleach, or the Island of Nuns, in Loch-Lomond. The parish of Buchanan, at no distant period, derived its name from this island, on which are still evident the ancient burying-ground of the parish and ruins of the church.—This cemetery is remarkable for the interment of a Chieftain of MacGregor, who died at *Craig Crostan* in 1693. His tombstone is rudely adorned with the arms of his family, the honour of his house, and the period of his death.

Glen Finlas, a valley of small extent on the west side of the lake, in the vicinity of Rosdoe-House, the residence of the ancient and powerful family of Luss. The *Cunaigen*, or straits of the river, are particularly deserving of notice for their deep and romantic wildness. We are told by tradition that, in the rout of Glen-Froon, one of the Colquhouns, who was closely pursued by a MacGregor, effected his escape by a desperate

spring across the river at this place, and that the enemy not daring to follow, discharged an arrow after him, which Colquhoun, assuming confidence, took up, and lodged in the bosom of his adversary. It may be here observed, that it was superstitiously believed by the Highlanders, that the arrow or other weapon discharged by an enemy, when instantly returned upon himself, seldom failed to prove fatal.

NOTE XIV.—THE CHIEFTAIN'S DEATH.—Page 99.

The Chieftain's Death is founded on a traditionary account of the murder of Sir Humphrey Colquhoun of Luss, by the MacFarlanes, in "Benachra Castle," now an inconsiderable ruin, on the banks of the Froon, and undeserving the dignity of that appellation.

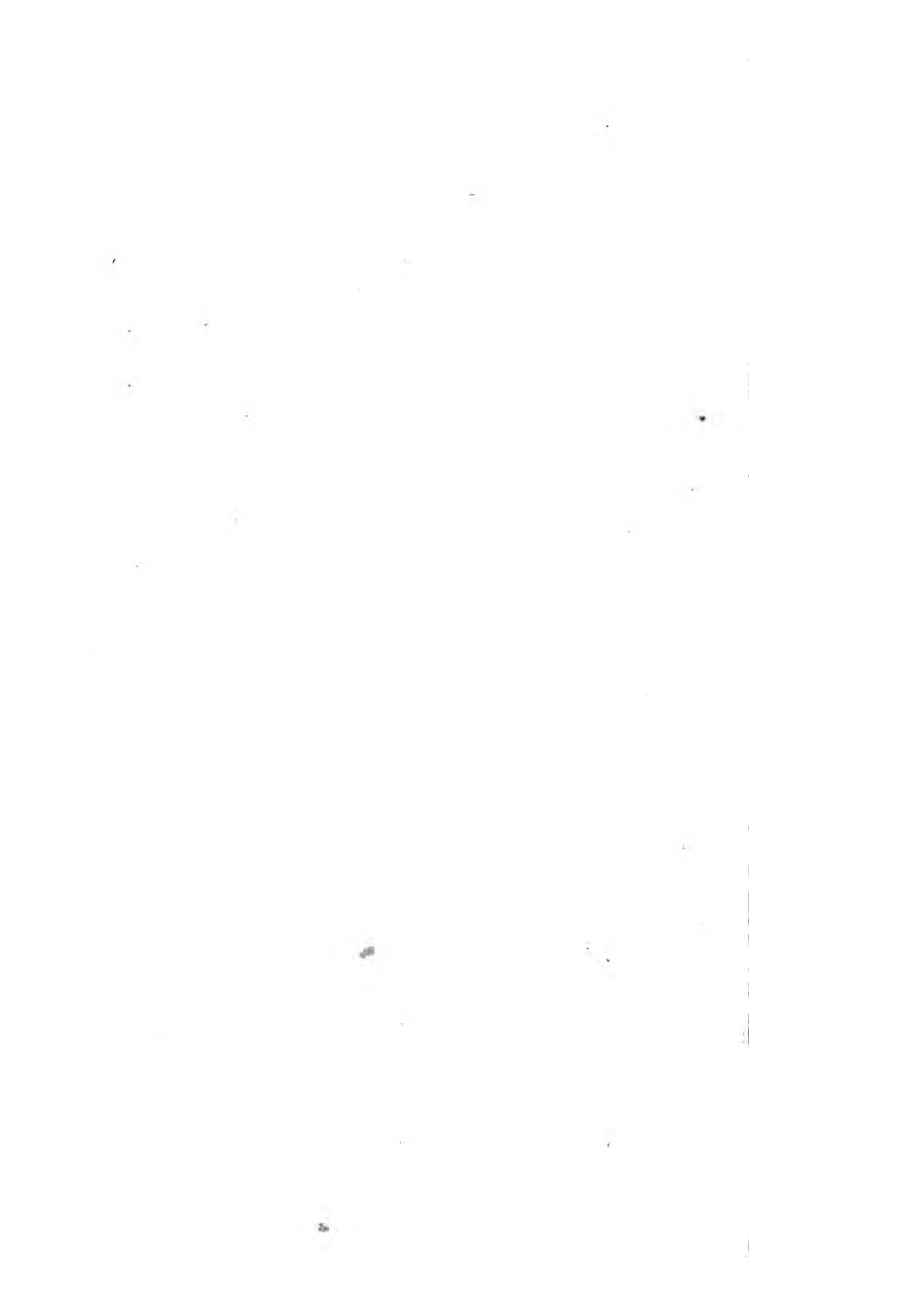
The MacFarlanes, as they approached the shores of Luss, insultingly struck up (*Ruaig nan creach air Chonuchibh*) the Colquhouns' Defeat, a piobrach originally raised by the victorious MacGregors in the pursuit of Glen Froon.

This murder has been ignorantly ascribed by some writers to the MacGregors, but that the MacFarlanes were the perpetrators is evident from Sir Alexander Colquhoun's letter to the King in 1608, and Sir James Balfour's Annals, drawn from the Public Archives. Buchanan of Auchmar shortly notices the scene, the cause, and the actors of this murder; and Dr. MacLeay of Glasgow has inserted a popular tradition of it in his Historical Memoirs of Rob Roy.

FINIS.



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