

LXXII.

The visit of their Queen and Prince ;
The very heavens are riv'n
With bursts of wild, glad revelry,
And hearty welcome giv'n.

LXXIII.

As the soft dew which silent steals,
In quiet bounty down,
The Queen has entered silently
Proud Edinboro' town,—

LXXIV.

And e'er they know, is on the way
To thy noble halls, Buccleugh,
Whose long-tried service of its lords,
Was a story old and true.

LXXV.

Soon rested from fatigues of sea,
They next must view the scenes,
Far-famed of Scotia's history,
Which poets view in dreams.