

LAY OF THE BARD OF CLUTHA.



Come to my tremb'ling touch again,
Companion of my woe !
Vouchsafe, ance mair, the dear lo'ed strain
That charm'd life's youthfu' glow.

I'll sit me by my native stream,
And muse on days gane bye,
As gently mingles with my theme
Thy wave's soft lullaby.

I've wandered far, in distant clime,
Across the Atlantic's deep,
'Mang forests of primeval time
I've heard the tempests sweep.