

There's glory to win in the wide world before him,
And fame to the clansman is calling afar ;
But gladly he'd leave all his fame and his glory,
To please the blue eyes of the Lass from Braemar !
Who thinks that the Highlander e'er is unfaithful
Or the love of the Gael not a gem to be worn—
Let him go where the sceptic is silenced forever,
And ask Louie Campbell, the Lady of Lorn !

—WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

WI' THE LAVEROCK I' THE LIFT.

Wi' the laverock i' the lift, piping music i' the skies,
When the shepherd lea's his cot, and the dew on gowan
lies—
Up, up, let me awa' frae the dreams the night has seen
And ask what is the matter wi' my heart sin' yestere'en ?

The laverock i' the lift, i' the wildest o' his flight,
Sees whaur his love abides, wi' throbbings o' delight,—
But I behold her cot, and awaken to my pain—
It canna sure be love, or I'd sune be weel again !

Adown the sunny glade, there's a bower that cottage nigh,
Whaur the flowers aye are sweetest, and the burn gangs
singin' by,—
'Twas there we partit late, wi' a kiss or twa between,—
But what can be the matter wi' my heart sin' yestere'en ?

I'll to yon garden hie, ere the gloaming close its e'e,
I'll tell her o' my pain, and ask what it can be ;
It may be she can cure wha gar't me first compleen,
For ah ! there's something wrang wi' my heart sin' yester-
e'en !

—WILLIAM WYE SMITH.