

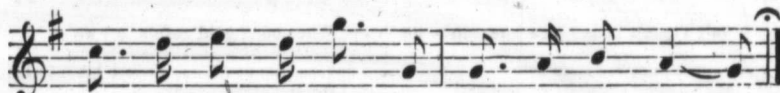
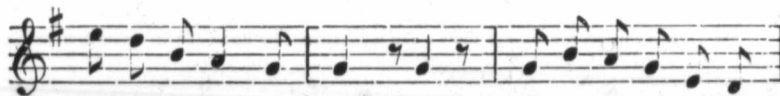
## FEAR A' BHATA ; OR, THE BOATMAN.—Continued.

Bi'dh mi tuille gu tursach, deurach,  
 Mar Eala bhan 's i an deigh a reubadh ;  
 Guileag bais aic' air lochan feuraeh,  
 As caoh gu leir an deigh a treigsinn.  
 Fhàir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,  
 Like wounded swan when her strength is fail-  
 ing.  
 Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,  
 By all her comrades at last forsaken.  
 O, my boatman, &c

## BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

Sir Walter Scott.



Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing  
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe,  
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,  
 Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.

Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bound-  
 ing  
 Stand to your arms and march in good  
 order,  
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody  
 fray,  
 When blue bonnets came over the border.