

F E Y

I.

UP from a sea that was Celtic,
On a midsummer night of old,
A fairy rose in the moonlight
Where the swooning waters roll'd
To a crag that was crown'd with a castle,
Irregular, round and high—
The castle bold, embattled,
Of days gone by.

II.

And a piper paced the ramparts
In his own clan-tartan clad,
With the ancient arms accoutred
That his father's father had ;
And the pipes that he play'd were chanting
Of valor and Highland pride—
To the tune of them kings had conquer'd,
And heroes died.

III.

Tho' only a lad come twenty,
He could hold with any man,
And well was he taught in the music,
And well could he lead his clan ;
And the gallant air he was playing
He play'd as never before—
Then he ceased and drew from its scabbard
His bright claymore.