

# STEWART'S

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### MOONLIGHT ON THE TROSACHI.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

How glorious in the midnight sky  
Travels the moon her wayward round!  
While stars in dreamless slumber lie  
Within the blue profound.

A stainless splendour rests on all,  
On rock and valley, far and near.  
As if a very carnival  
Of Heaven and Earth were here.

Here surely may the moonlight fays  
Hold royal court, or merry meeting,  
Their footsteps tread the airy maze,  
To starry music beating.

And here may blessed spirits light  
From happier worlds, to tell  
Of all that is serene and bright  
Where holy beings dwell.

For surely never scene outspread  
More lovely to the gazer's eye,  
And never holier influence shed  
From rock and tree and sky.

How softly do the moonbeams fall  
On every trembling leaf and stem,  
Converting every coronal  
Into a diadem.

And far across a slumbering lake  
A radiant line of light extends  
Like life's bright tissue, soon to break,  
Which every passion rends.

How dark against the azure deep  
These mountains rear their giant forms!  
While gloomily their shadows sleep  
Amid reposing storms;

Like shadows of the mind, which lie  
Amid the storms of passion laid—  
Reflected in the memory,  
Or by its mellow lustre made.