

n'd of old And lo ! a Minstrel 'neath yon aged tree  
y Ossian's Attunes his Harp to solemn plaintive air.  
Care more than Time has tam'd his ecstasy,  
ly told, Silver'd and thin'd his once bright golden hair,  
et, bland, From the Braedalbane line maternal sprung,  
t, All Celtic is his heart, tho' Lowland be his tongue.  
arest light !

y'd light  
ng charm,  
at  
all disarm.  
cid hour  
ow'r.

ne,  
ny shore,  
slumbering

of yore ;  
his tuneful

rovement's

