

CLYDE.

r sun,

In the howe o' the nicht, when the wan moonlicht
Lies sleepin' on cot an' ha',
When the finger o' silence has touched the hills,
An' the stars glint down owre a';
The heart grows grit wi' the thocht o' the rest
Whaur God's ain deid abide,
In the auld kirkyard on the breist o' the brae,
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

ty daw'

n' breeze,

IN YARROW.

I lay on the braes of Yarrow
In the deepening gloaming tide,
And my heart was stirred to a sad, sweet tune,
Like the chaunting of some old bride;
Like a song from the land of Faëry,
In the mystic days of yore,
Of a ladylove to her own true knight,
When his elfin spear he bore.