

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

I've wander'd the hills and the vales of the west ;
I've stood where Niagara dashes in thunder ;
I've travers'd the great silent woods of the north,
And pour'd on their bosom the worship of wonder.
Tho' sweet was the spirit which led me the while,
Its aspect grew cold when my wand'rings were over.
O, 'twas not the spirit which haunted Glen Gyle,
Or look'd from the hills on the young Highland Rover.

These scenes are not hallow'd by great human hearts ;
No mighty soul looks from the scene of its glory :
From lake and from forest no great spirit starts,
To thrill the young soul with the magic of story.
O, give me the land of tradition and song,
The tall, lonely cliff, with the mist hanging over ;
And give me the sweet, sacred feeling of home,
Which dwelt in the breast of the young Highland Rover.