

When lulled the storm that fiercely sweeps
Through yonder lonely glen—

“ I seem to hear the stealthy tread
Of fierce, bloodthirsty men.

A mother's love detects the harm
Your confidence ignores,

Then stay, O stay, to-night, I pray—
A mother's love implores ! ”

“ My honor I have pledged to-day,”
Young Donald made reply,

“ And I must guard it as I would
The apple of my eye.

'Tis all that now is left me
In this world of woeful strife,
I'll hold it close though bitter foes
Should swear away my life.

“ I know the night is dark and wild,
And something seems amiss,
But I have roamed old Compton's hills
On wilder nights than this.

So mother, dear, be calm and brave
And shed no tears for me,
E'er daylight steals o'er Marsden's hills
In Winslow I must be.