

O ! Clutha, stream of streams, renown'd of old
When Morven's Harp was strung by Ossian's
hand,
When his wild, wond'rous tale was truly told,
Bold as the Torrent, as the Streamlet, bland,
As Fingal's spirit led the rushing fight,
Or fair Malvina mov'd, lone beam of purest light !

The sun is set, and gloaming's mellow'd light
Sheds o'er the scene a soft bewitching charm,
Suffusing o'er the heart a calm delight
Which daylight's cares, perplexing, all disarm.
Wake, Harp of Clutha ! let such placid hour
Own as of old, thy spell of melting pow'r.

Nor is the ancient spirit yet quite gone,
Haply some Bard still lingers by thy shore,
Whose kindred Muse revives the slumbering
tone
That tells of other days and deeds of yore ;
While visions of dim Eld entwine his tuneful
lays,
Clings to the shadowy past, amid improvement's
blaze.