

AWAY, YE GAY LANDSCAPES.—Continued.

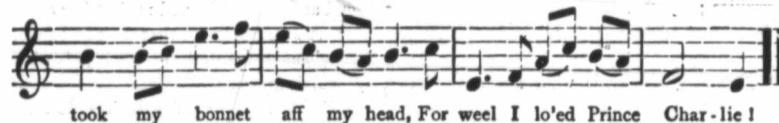
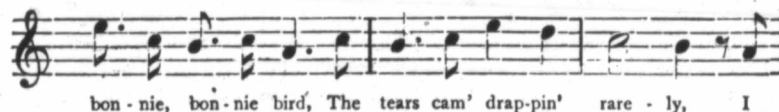
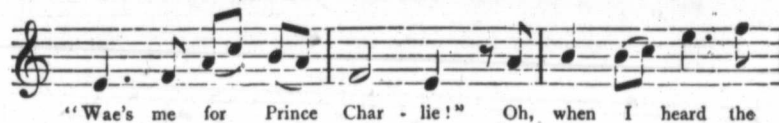
Years have rolled on, Loch-na-garr, since
left you !
Years must elapse ere I see you again ;
Though nature of verdure and flowers has
bereft you,
Yet still thou art dearer than Albion's plain.

England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has rovd on the mountains
afar !
Oh ! for the crags that are wild and majestic !
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-
na-garr !

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

Andantino.

William Glen.



Quoth I, "my bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow ?
Are thae some words ye've learnt by rote,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow ?"
"Oh, no, no, no !" the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind and rain !—
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie.

"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger ;
On every side he's press'd by want—
On every side is danger,
Yestreen I saw him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie.

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roor'd
Loud o'er the hills and valleys ;
An' where was't that your Prince lay down,
Whase hame should be a palace ?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie."

But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger ;
"Oh ! this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
He hover'd on the wing a while
Ere he departed fairly ;
But weel I mind the farewell strain,
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie."