

The morn is young, while joyously and free
The western breeze lifts gently up the veil
Of lazy mists, that slumber o'er the sea.

Before the Orient dawn they slowly steal ;
While yet some silvery tresses lingering dwell
Round Arran's furrow'd brow, stern, time-worn
sentinel.

With screaming joy the balmy air now teems,
As noisy gulls, impatient of repose,
Stretch their white pinions bath'd in golden
beams

From roseate couch, whereon Aurora glows ;
And Ailsa's crag, round which they sportive fly,
Abrupt, from Ocean's bed, blends with the
morning sky.

Nor yet we pause o'er Rothsay's lovely bay,
Or where Loch Fine, among the heath'ry hills
Bears her bright waves, that there complacently
Drink the soft murmurs of the Highland rills.
But bounding o'er, where ocean's onward tide
Strains to her breast, her fairest daughter,
Clyde.