

CANTO SECOND.

THE ISLAND.

I.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay.
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day ;
And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel gray,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-haired Allan-bane !

II.

SONG.

' Not faster yonder rowers' might 10
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days ;
Then, stranger, go ! good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

' High place to thee in royal court,
High place in battled line, 20
Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport !
Where beauty sees the brave resort,
The honoured meed be thine !