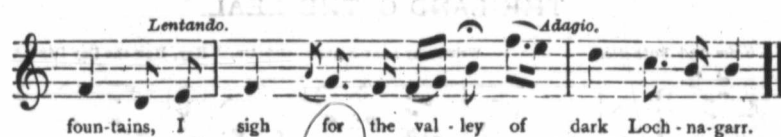
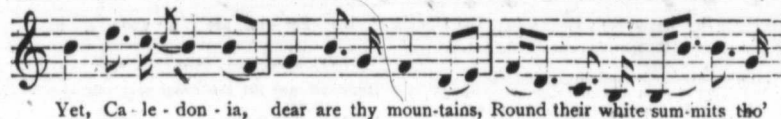
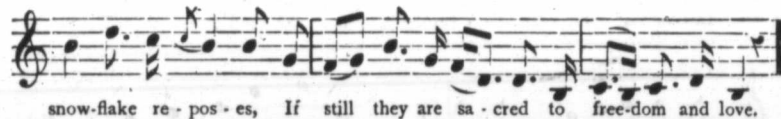


AWAY, YE GAY LANDSCAPES.

With animation.

LORD BYRON.



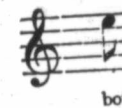
Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy
wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the
plaid;
On chieftains departed my memory ponder-
ed,
As daily I stray'd through the pine cover'd
glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying
glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar
star,
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-
garr.

Shades of the dead, have I not heard your
voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the
gale?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices
And rides on the wind o'er his own High-
land vale.

Round Loch-na-garr while the stormy mist
gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my
fathers!
They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Loch-
na-garr.
Ill-starr'd though brave, did no vision fore-
boding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause!
Ah! were ye then destined to die at Cullo-
den,
Though victory crown'd not your fall with
applause!
Still were ye happy in death's earthly slum-
bers;
You rest with your clan in the caves of
Braemar;
The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud
numbers,
Your deeds to the echoes of wild Loch-na-
garr.

Years have roll'd
left you!
Years must el-
Though nature
bereft you,
Yet still thou!

Andantino.



Quoth I, "
Is that a
Are thae so
Or a lilt
"Oh, no, I
"I've flo
But sic a d
Oh! wae

"On hills
He roves
On every si
On every
Yestreen I
My hear
For sadly
Oh! wa