

A BALLAD OF THE COVENANT.*

When the hinnaist whaup had vanished
 Ghaist-like, frae the lanesome glen,
 And the mirk o' nicht had fauldit
 In its wab the ways o' men;
 Then to Auchensauch in silence
 Frae the muirlan' bields aroon,
 Crap, fu' blythe, the huntit Remnant,
 Stern an' leal for Kirk an' Croon.
 Licht o' fit an' braid an' buirdly,
 Cam' the sacred tryst to seek,
 Age wi' lyart hafflets tellin'
 O' a life sae bare an' bleak :—
 Cam' to seal the chart o' freedom,
 Wi' their blade it micht hae been,
 Owre the blooms o' wavin' heather,
 'Mang the breckan dells sae green.
 Ne'er a soun' to breck the stillness,
 Nocht the cark o' wae to tell,
 But belyve the weest burnie
 Sabbin' sairly to its sel'—
 Sabbin' o' the scaith o' Scotlan',
 And her heavy dree o' wrang,—
 Bendin' laich her pride o' manhood,
 Jaggin' like an ethert's stang.

* Auchensauch is a lonely hill in the South of Lanarkshire, where the Solemn League and Covenant was signed for the last time in Scotland.