

orn ?
The blessing of the aged sire—
The matron by her wheel,
Like incense, fed the sacred fire
Of his untiring zeal.

The Lav'rock's note was nae mair clear,
The morning lift that rang,
Than voice o' Scottish maiden fair,
That prais'd him in her sang.

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She bless'd him in her bosom's sigh,
As o'er the heath'ry brae,
Wi' milking pail she sought the kye—
Her lover to the fray.

With bounding glee, like foaming rills,
Descending to the plain,
The shepherds left their native hills
To swell the hero's train.

From such proud source he sped his course,
Like mountain swell'n river ;