

A Scottish Legend.

MY bonnie Maud your cheek is pale.
The tear drop's in your 'ee,
We'll launch the boat and hoist the sail,
And skim yon rippling sea.
The rose will wae the fresh'ning breeze
Spring to your cheek again;
For sair's my bosom when it sees,
My bonnie niece in pain."

So spake the King, and ower the Firth
By Crammond wood they dance—
But frae the maiden's heart nae mirth
Shot thro' her tearfu' glance—
For King's command, o' house and land
Kept him she lo'ed so dear,
And made him thole that dule o' soul
That's a' the exile's cheer.

The storm is on, the wee boat's tossed
Frae angry wave tae wave—
"Protect us Heaven, or we are lost,
Come holy saints and save;
And I shall build on Inchcolm Isle,
If we land safely there,
A church, and bold monastic pile,
And shrines for holy prayer."

So vowed the King—the isle they reach,
And there, wae blessings holy,
The hermit led them frae the beach
Up tae his cell sae lowly—
His humble fare wae decent care
Afore them he has spread,
And by them stands wae folded hands
And meekly drooping head.

Outspake the King: "Good hermit, we
Have vowed upon this isle,
To set a convent and thou'lt be
First abbot of that pile."
The hermit sighed, "thanks: thanks," he said,
"Good King if thou would'st prove,
Thy grateful heart, give this fair maid,
To my long cherished love.