

Be - side me sat up - on the green The fair - est maid in the west count-

rie; The brightest diamond flash I ween, Shone dim be - fore her hazel ee'.

I broke my love! she said na nay;
 We pledged our vows; it seemed a dream
 The sunny hours fled swift away,
 As foam bells on the whirling stream,
 Earth was a new-born paradise,
 A fairy land of wild delight;
 We spoke not,—in each other's eyes,
 Our every thought we read aright.

Time's stayless chariot rolled along,
 Again I sat by Bothwell's ha'
 But nae mair came the linty's song,
 The summer's balm had passed awa',
 Cauld was the gloaming hour; and loud
 December's blast swept o'er Clyde's stream
 Bearing along with sleety cloud,
 The screech-owls, eldritch boding scream.

Oh, welcome winter; for to me,
 The garish summer smiles in vain,
 And songs of birds fall jarringly,
 Upon the heart whose hopes are slain,
 But blow ye winds; it likes me well,
 To hear you hoarsely round me rave,
 Henceforth; 'mong you I'd ever dwell—
 Dirges ye howl o'er Mary's grave.

