



## THE LORD OF LANORAIE

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### INTRODUCTION.

'Twas night, but darkness had not thrown  
Her sombre veil across the sky;  
The harvest moon resplendent shone  
High in the azure canopy;

When deep in pensive thought I strayed  
Down by St. Lawrence' placid tide,  
Beneath the stately elms that made  
Shadowy aisles on every side.

Scarce noted I the path that drew  
My heedless steps, which way it led;  
Far other land my spirit knew,  
And soon the silvery scene had fled.