

The lambs are frisking on the knowles,  
 Whar bonny purple heather grows;  
 The plaintive bleating o' the ewes  
     Wha seek their young,  
 Gars echo skim along the howes  
     Like Music's tongue.

The minnows in the burnie play  
 Delighted by the sunny ray,  
 Which lustre lends to bank and brae,  
     Rock, tower, and tree;  
 And fills frail cild, though sunk in wae,  
     Wi' youthful glee.

Hail lovely spring! whose genial breath  
 Wakes beauty frae the dust o' death,  
 Spreads verdure o'er the desert heath,  
     Where shepherds rove;  
 And crowns the dizzy mountain path  
     Wi' life and love.

How sweet thy charms, when early morn  
 Awakes the throstle's mellow horn;  
 When incense frae thy snaw-white thorn  
     The air perfumes;  
 And violets shed in nooks forlorn  
     Their fragrant blooms.

Whan dew still sleeps upon the grain  
 That mantles o'er the fertile plain;  
 And birds in ever varying strain,  
     Pipe forth their lays,  
 Till hills re-echo back again  
     Their Maker's praise.

Mr. Murdoch would not be to the "manner born" if he did not sing of the land which gave him birth, and he has been very successful in the half dozen verses running over pages 32 and 33. Christians of the Liberal School may perhaps take umbrage at one or two verses; but on the whole the effort is good, the theme a lofty and endearing one, and the measure is very even and true to rhythmical rules.

"In thee, when Southern foes assail'd  
 To load thy neck with chains;  
 And Edward's whetted vengeance peal'd  
 In thunder o'er thy plains;  
 A Wallace, watchless, dauntless, good,  
 His threats defied with scorn,  
 And nobly saved in fields of blood,  
 The land where I was born.

Hail Bruce! dread essence of the brave!  
 Mail, monarch of my soul!  
 Thy deeds, where thralldom found a grave,  
 To endless fame shall roll.  
 Thy deeds on Bannock's bloody field  
 Thy name shall aye adorn;  
 Bright glory crowns, and valour shields  
 The land where I was born."

Some of these lines are equal to the better ones of Campbell.