

ALLT AN LOCHAIN UAINE.

[TRANSLATION.]

(See *C.C.J.*, Vol. I., page 329.)

AT the burn of Lochan Uaine
I sheltered once from harm ;
Although the place was cauldriفة
My shiel was wondrous warm ;
Though down the mountain gorges
Came wind and drifting storm,
The burn of Lochan Uaine
To soothe me had a charm.

CHORUS—

My bonnie gold-curled maid! again
Be blithe, show no dismay,
For though I go beyond my ken
I'll come another day.
When antlered stags across the glen
Are roaring for the fray,
I would not give thy kisses then
For the Indies far away.

In the glen one night abiding,
With bleating kids around,
In the rough-built little shieling
Methought I heard a sound
That seemed to counsel caution
As it passed along the ground,
And warning give that searchers
My lone retreat had found.

Uprose I then bewildered,
My head remained not low,
And all my poor belongings
I bundled tight to go ;

O'erhead the "Colonel's daughter" *
 That vanquished every foe
 Said, "Be not thou affrighted,
 In fleeing be not slow".

I tramped by every streamlet
 From Lui to Carn a' Mhaim,
 Well marking lest pursuers
 Might at them bide their time.
 The sun into the heavens
 Had not begun to climb;
 I was ware of "red dogs" † watching
 Ere it shone on peaks sublime.

I hearkened how, all speechless,
 Burn unto burn replied,
 And to the One who rules me
 With fitting words I cried—
 To Him that brought the waters
 From the rocky mountain side;
 And me through Him that saved us
 No evil shall betide.

* His rifle, referred to as the "Colonel's Daughter" as it was a present from the laird of Rothiemurchus.

† "Red dogs" = foresters.

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