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(SPEYSIDE.)

When the sun has sunk from sight, when the breeze has
fallen still,
And the hooting of the owl wakes the fox upon the hill,
You may see her at her task, as she dips and beats and
wings,
See the Washer at her toil, and may hear the song she sings.

Very soft and low she sings, one unceasing song of woe,
A lament for Robin Og, who departed long ago,
Who departed long ago, and will never come again,
Pacing upward from the strath, speeding downward from the
glen.

Years ago he left the maid, years ago she pined and died,
Yet at even, when the mist o'er the burn begins to glide,
You may see her at her task, you may hear her mournful
lay,
Her lament for Robin Og, as the daylight fades away.

HENRY JOHNSTONE.

Edinburgh.