

ALLT AN LOCHAN UAINE.

From the Gaelic of William Smith, in "Poems in the Aberdeenshire
Dialect," by John Milne.

By the green loch's bonny burn
Once I had my lonely dwelling,
Though high it stood upon a hill
The warmth within was never failing;
And though drifting down the hill,
Came the snow my hut to cumber,
Yet the purling icy brook
Sooth'd my weary eyes to slumber.

Chorus.

Thou the maiden of my heart,
Fret nor frown though I should leave thee,
Short the time when I return,
Let not then the parting grieve thee.
When the monarch of the glen
Bellows loud in boastful measure,
Then a kiss from off thy lips
I would not give for Lowland treasure.

One night alone and in the glen,
Reposing in that lonely shieling,
A warning voice came soft and low
Upon my dreamy senses stealing;
From underneath my pillow came
A warning to be up and doing,
For "Reynard" was within the glen,
And on the scent was fast pursuing.

I rose in anger, and in haste
I girded me with belt and band ;
"The Colonel's Daughter," ever true,
Encouraged me at my right hand,
Saying "Fear not, forward, banish fear
And clouds of anger from your face,
And should it come to hot pursuit,
Your fearless feet will win the race."

To guard against my lurking foes,
I searched the course of every stream—
The hollows one by one I searched
From Lui far to Carnavaime ;
And long before the morning beam
Had fired the mountain tops and sky,
I found the "Fox" was in the glen
And prowling there to scent his prey.

My mind in meditation sank,
And mused upon that mighty Power
That caused the streams to issue forth
Clear gushing from their rocky bower,
And who, through Christ the Crucified,
Who bore our sins upon the tree,
Would, in the hour of greatest need,
My guide and guard and succour be.