

CLUNY.

A south-west breeze sweeps o'er the sea,
And through thy woods the song-birds call,
The budding leaves bedeck the tree,
As spring's warm teardrops on them fall,
Oh, Cluny fair !

Now summer's sun looks down, and lo,
Both flower and leaf are in their prime ;
We breathe their perfume as they blow
Their bounties o'er our sea-nursed clime,
Oh, Cluny fair !

As through thy woods I wander lone,
And greet their fragrance everywhere,
Old mem'ries wake of days long gone—
Another form is with me there,
Oh, Cluny fair !

While glide the summer suns away,
And beauty fades, a transient dream,
Sweet memories live, and live for aye,
Till life is lost in Lethe's stream,
Oh, Cluny fair !

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