

FERLA MHOR.

THE mist creeps slowly round Beinn Mheadhoin,
Whips o'er the grand old Ben,
Steals down the stream of silver fame,
Like a thief in the night,
From the Larig glen.

The Grey Man walks in his misty shroud,
Mocks at the toil of men,
Glides o'er the tops with a ghostly sigh,
And slips, with a hiss,
To the Larig glen.

In the silent dawn they found him dead,
High on a spur of the Ben—
Heard but the sound of a mocking laugh,
Borne on the wind
From the Larig glen.