

T.H.E.

L.V.R.E.

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THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

Up among the clifly rocks, Sweetly rings the rising
 echo, To the maid that tends the goats, Lifting o'er her
 native notes. Hark! she sings, 'young Sandy's kind,
 An' hes promis'd ayé to loe me; Heres a brooch I
 neer shall tine, Till hes fairly married to me. Drive
 awa' ye drone tins, An' bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 Aften does he blaw the whistle
 In a strain sae softly sweet,
 Lannous listning, dare nae blout
 Hés as fleet's the mountain roe,
 Hardy as the highland heather.

Wading through the winter snow,
 Keeping aye his flock together,
 But a plaid, wi' bare boughs,
 He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing
 Cauty glee, or highland cronach,
 Nane can ever match his fling
 At a reel, or round a ring,
 Wightly can he wield a rung,
 In a brawl he's ay the bangster.
 A' his praise can neer be sung
 By the langest winded sangster.
 Sangs that sing o' Sandy
 Come short, tho' they were e'er sae lang.

WATERS OF ELLE.

Waters of Elle, thy limpid streams are flowing,
 pure and untroubled, through the flowery vale
 On thy green banks, once more the wild rose blowing,
 Greet's the young spring and scents the passing gale.
 Greet's the young spring, and scents the passing gale

Here I was aye near yonder tree reposing
 One, still too dear, first breathed his vows to thee
 Near this, he cried, his guileful love disclosing,
 Near to thy heart in memory of me
 Love's cherished gift, the rose he gave is faded
 Love's blighted flower can never bloom again
 Weep for thy fault, in heart, in mind degraded,
 Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain

LETTER

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