

Fair scenes, ye lend a pleasure, long unknown,
 To him who passes weary on his way ;—
 Yet recreated here he may delay
 A while to thank you ; and when years have flown,
 And haunts that charmed his youth he would renew,
 In the world's crowd he will remember you.

THE TWEED VISITED.

O TWEED ! a stranger, that with wandering feet
 O'er hill and dale has journeyed many a mile,
 (If so his weary thoughts he might beguile),
 Delighted turns thy stranger-stream to greet.
 The waving branches that romantic bend
 O'er thy tall banks a soothing charm bestow ;
 The murmurs of thy wandering wave below
 Seem like the converse of some long-lost friend.
 Delightful stream ! though now along thy shore,
 When spring returns in all her wonted pride,
 The distant pastoral pipe is heard no more ;¹
 Yet here while laverocks sing could I abide,
 Far from the stormy world's contentious roar,
 To muse upon thy banks at eventide.

ON LEAVING A VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

CLYSDALE ! as thy romantic vales I leave,
 And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
 Where musing memory seems to linger still,
 Tracing the broad bright landscape ; much I grieve

¹ Alluding to the simple and affecting pastoral strains for which Scotland has been so long celebrated. I need not mention Lochaber, the Braes of Bel-lendine, Tweedside, *et cet.*