

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.*

That, mingled with the toiling crowd, no more
 I may return your varied views to mark,
 Of rocks amid the sunshine towering dark,
 Of rivers winding wild,¹ or mountains hoar,
 Or castle gleaming on the distant steep!—
 Yet many a look back on thy hills I cast,
 And many a softened image of the past
 Sadly combine, and bid remembrance keep,
 To soothe me with fair scenes, and fancies rude,
 When I pursue my path in solitude.

EVENING.

EVENING! as slow thy placid shades descend,
 Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
 The lonely battlement, the farthest hill
 And wood, I think of those who have no friend;
 Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led,
 From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts,
 Retiring, wander to the ring-dove's haunts
 Unseen; and watch the tints that o'er thy bed
 Hang lovely; oft to musing Fancy's eye
 Presenting fairy vales, where the tired mind
 Might rest beyond the murmurs of mankind,
 Nor hear the hourly moans of misery!
 Alas for man! that Hope's fair views the while
 Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!

¹ There is a wildness almost fantastic in the view of the river from Stirling Castle, the course of which is seen for many miles, making a thousand turnings.