

Kinross, 1767.

Scarce a breeze on the lake, with four oars to our boat;

The landscape! no pencil could paint. I thought of her fate, the midst of this scene,

When a boar put us all in a fright.

Confusion and terror, my heart beat my breast,

Neither castle nor bower could I see;

The beautiful! * Queen who once made her escape,

Was scarcely so frighted as me.

The house—and the trees—the town and the spire;

The hills—and the cottages round;

The water—the wind—and the flight of the birds;

Did only my senses confound.

No thought was distinct—or but lost in myself;

I pray'd—and our fate did deplore;

When Serff † that good faint—from his peaceful retreat,

Came quickly, and brought us to shore.

* Queen Mary.

† St Serff's Island in Loch-Leven.