

## A S O N G.

SAW ye the glens, saw ye the rocks,  
 Or saw ye bonny HARRY HOWIE?  
 On yonder hill he feeds his flocks,  
 His flocks fae gay, himsel fae dowie.

Yes, I hae seen the glens, the rocks,  
 And I've been wading through the heather;  
 And there I spied a wand'ring flock,  
 Their herd was gone I know not whither.

But hark! I hear a dismal choir  
 Of bleating lambs, and shepherds mourning;  
 Ah! HARRY HOWIE is no more;  
 No more wild echoes are returning.

An urchin fly has slain the youth,  
 Has slain him with a bow and quiver;  
 A fairer mind of spotless truth  
 From such a form Death ne'er did sever.

Oft

Oft will I leave the festive train,  
And seek the glens and rocks fae dowie;  
There every zephyr shall explain  
What I have felt for HARRY HOWIE.

F WRITTEN