



Scottish Songs



Lochnagar

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
In you let the minions of luxury rove,
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
If still they are sacred to freedom and love.
Yet Caledonia, belov'd are thy mountains,
Round their white summits tho' elements war,
Tho' cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Lochnagar.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid.
On chieftains departed my mem'ry ponder'd
As daily I stray'd thro' the pine-cover'd glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright Polar star,
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Lochnagar!

Shades of the dead, have I not heard your voices
Rise on the rolling breath of the gale?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Lochnagar, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell mid the tempests of dark Lochnagar.

Years have roll'd on, Lochnagar, since I left you!
Years must elapse ere I tread you again.
Though nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roamed over mountains afar
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar.