46 Strathallan's Lament. Violin Thickeft night, furround my dwelling! Howling tempefts o'er me rave! Stone . by my lonely , cave: Turbid torrents wintry fwel_ling, Roaring Chryftal ftreamlets gently flow-ing, Bufy haunts of bafe man _ kind, 6 Weftern breezes foft-ly blowing, Suit not my diftracted

[46]

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

x.

THICKEST night, furround my dwelling ! Howling tempefts o'er me rave ! Turbid torrents, wintry fwelling, Roaring by my lonely cave.

Cryftal ftreamlets gently flowing, Bufy haunts of bafe mankind, Weftern breezes foftly blowing, Suit not my diftracted mind. In the caufe of right engaged, Wrongs injurious to redrefs, Honour's war we ftrongly waged, But the Heavn's deny'd fuccefs.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us, Not a hope that dare attend; The wide world is all before us— But a world without a friend.