

Calmly they swept thy winding shore,
 When harvest's mirthful feast was nigh,—
 When, breeze-borne, with thy hoarser roar
 Came mingling sweet the reapers' cry.

But now I mark thy angry wave
 Rush headlong to the stormy sea ;
 Wildly the blasts of winter rave,
 Sad rustling through the leafless tree.
 Loose on its spray the alder leaf
 Hangs wavering, trembling, sear and brown ;
 And dark thy eddies whirl beneath,
 And white thy foam comes floating down.

Thy banks with withered shrubs are spread ;
 Thy fields confess stern winter's reign ;
 And gleams yon thorn with berries red,
 Like banner on a ravaged plain.
 Hark ! ceaseless groans the leafless wood ;
 Hark ! ceaseless roars thy stream below ;
 Ben-Vaichard's peaks are dark with cloud ;
 Ben-Weavis' crest is white with snow.

And yet, though red thy stream comes down,—
 Though bleak th' encircling hills appear,—
 Though field be bare, and forest brown,
 And winter rule the waning year,—
 Unmov'd I see each charm decay,
 Unmourn'd the sweets of autumn die ;
 And fading flower and leafless spray
 Court all in vain the thoughtful sigh.

Not that dull grief delights to see
 Vex'd Nature wear a kindred gloom ;
 Not that she smiled in vain to me,
 When gaily prank'd in summer's bloom.
 Nay, much I lov'd, at even tide,
 Through Brahan's lonely woods to stray,
 To mark thy peaceful billows glide,
 And watch the sun's declining ray.

But yet, though roll'd thy billows fair
 As ere roll'd those of classic stream,—
 Though green thy woods, now dark and bare,
 Bask'd beauteous in the western beam ;
 To mark a scene that childhood loved,
 The anxious eye was turn'd in vain ;
 Nor could I find the friend approv'd,
 That shar'd my joy or sooth'd my pain.