

Now winter roigns : these hills no more  
Shall sternly bound my anxious view ;  
Soon, bent my course to Croma's shore,  
Shall I yon winding path pursue.  
Fairer than *here* gay summer's glow  
To me *there* wintry storms shall seem :  
Then blow, ye bitter breezes, blow,  
And lash the Conon's mountain stream !