BALLADS

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Ballads by The Lady Middleton

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THE LADY MIDDLETON,

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AUTHOR OF "ON THE NORTH WIND-THISTLEDOWN."

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To

MY FRIEND AND MY FATHER'S FRIEND,

LOCHIEL.

These few uncultured trifles to the score Of thy known worth, approved to me, I lay; Ere yet the hills are dun and forests grey:— Because 4 friendship was my sire's of yore,

Is mine, and precious—as the Seasons' ore That on thy beech-leaves doth in splendour weigh From Autumn's Midas-touch. Oh / bright as they Be Fortune's favours scattered at thy door.

May Life no heavier shade than cast those boughs Show her that wears, and him that bears thy name, And she shall bind the precepts on his brows

Wherewith nigh two-score Chiefs have graced Lochiel, That he may keep these titles to their fame— The "brave," the "wise," the "gentle," and the "leal !"

E. M. W.

. October, 1877.

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