

Strathallan's Lament.

Violin

Slow

Thickest night, surround my dwelling! Howling tempests o'er me rave!

Turbid torrents wintry swelling, Roaring by my lonely cave:

Crystal streamlets gently flowing, Busy haunts of base man-kind,

Western breezes softly blowing, Suit not my distracted mind.

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THICKEST night, furround my dwelling!

Howling tempests o'er me rave!

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Roaring by my lonely cave.

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Busy haunts of base mankind,

Western breezes softly blowing,

Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,

Wrongs injurious to redress,

Honour's war we strongly waged,

But the Heavn's deny'd success.

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.