

Colonel Gardner.

Violin

Slow

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight, Before the first cocks' crowing,

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When westland winds shook Stirlings' towers, With hollow murmurs blowing; When

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Fanny fair all woe begone, Sad on her bed was lying, And from the

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ruin'd towers she heard, The boding screech Owl crying.

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C O L O N E L G A R D N E R.

'T WAS at the hour of dark midnight,
 Before the first cock's crowing,
 When westland winds shook Stirling's tower,
 With hollow murmurs blowing ;
 When Fanny fair, all woe begone,
 Sad on her bed was lying,
 And from the ruin'd towers she heard
 The boding screech-owl crying.

O ! dismal night, she said, and wept ;
 O ! night prefaging sorrow !
 O ! dismal night, she said, and wept,
 But more I dread to-morrow.
 For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
 Each host to Preston bending :
 At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
 With deadly hate contending.

Even in the visions of the night,
 I saw fell death wide sweeping ;
 And all the matrons of the land,
 And all the virgins weeping ;
 And now she heard the massy gates
 Harsh on their hinges turning,
 And now thro' all the castle heard
 The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast, she started from her bed,
 The fatal tidings dreading ;
 O ! speak, she cry'd, my father's slain !
 I see, I see him bleeding !
 " A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
 At morn, fair maid, I left him ;
 Even at the threshold of his gate,
 The foe of life bereft him.

Bold, in the battle's front, he fell,
 With many a wound deformed ;
 A braver knight, nor better man,
 This fair isle ne'er adorned."
 While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid
 A deadly swoon invaded ;
 Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
 And sad was our complaining ;
 But oh ! for thee, my native land,
 What woes are still remaining !
 But why complain ? the hero's soul
 Is high in heaven shining :
 May Providence defend our isle
 From all our foes designing.