

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

V.

Into a nymph she quickly turned,
Ah, then his heart within him burned,
And vowed for her to fast:
Then built beside the lake a tower,
And there prayed for that sweet wild flower;
Till heaven she gained at last.

The Mountaineer

I.

Here's to the mountaineer
No foeman does he fear,
His sheeling it is here
Upon the mountain;
While mends his wife the coats,
His daughters milk the goats,
And his "kids" float tiny boats
Upon the fountain.

II.

Then take their daily flight
To some impending height;
Or among the flowers delight
In beds of lichen;
Or from the mountain rill,
Pull cresses there until,
Their little bibs they fill,
To aid the kitchen.

III.

For riches they don't care,
They've plenty and to spare,
And no Sassenach would dare
Their home to trouble.