



AN ANGLER'S RAMBLES
AND ANGLING SONGS

THOMAS TOD STODDART

CIV.

And yet to me, a life and grace
 Environ them, which find no place
 Apart from human dwelling ;
 The joy of beauty undisturb'd—
 The sympathy which flows uncurb'd
 From the heart's fountain welling.

He recover-
 eth ground in
 Border-land,
 and windeth
 up line.

CV.

Here, on the tryst-ground of regard,
 Embrace the Angler and the Bard,
 And interchange their greetings ;
 Here ; not among the crags and storms,
 But circled by familiar forms,
 They hold their kindred meetings.

 SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

AN invitation from the late Mr. Andrew Young to fish the Shin, led me, in 1850, to make arrangements for visiting Sutherlandshire, and forming an acquaintance with its numerous rivers and lakes. I had previously met Mr. Young at the house of my friend, the late James Wilson, Esq., F.R.S.E., brother of Christopher North, and listened with pleasure to the account of his experiments in salmon breeding and marking—the results of which, although corroborated by those of similar experiments made at Stormonthfield and elsewhere, are still received with some measure of incredulity on Tweed-side. My quarters, while on Shin-side, were divided betwixt Lairg and Achinduich—the latter a farm-house in connexion with extensive sheep-walks.

Both weather and water were in a most unfavourable state for salmon-fishing; the former bright and oppressively hot, the latter small and clear. Moreover, the pest of gnats was at its height; and no one but he who has had experience of the Sutherland midge can imagine what torture this very insignificant demon puts one to. My take on the upper water, which, owing to the long drought, and the difficulty in consequence the fish had in surmounting the Falls at Shinness, was but thinly stocked, consisted merely of three grilises; but I had the consolation of being told by Mr. Young, that a party of anglers, including 'Ephemera,' had thrashed the same stretch of river for the preceding ten days, and only encreed a single fin.

On the day following, I selected Loch Shin as my field of action, in the high hope of capturing a specimen or two of the *Salmo ferox*. For this purpose, proceeding to Lairg, I engaged a boat, but failed in securing the services of the ferryman, Mackay, recommended to me by Mr. Young. A puritanical-looking Highlander, however, responding to the name of Donald, was at my disposal; and save that he lost me a lot of valuable time by insisting on the necessity of providing myself with baits for trolling with out of the small lake which subtends Loch Shin, instead of procuring them, as I showed him how to do, from the feeders of the main loch, did his work with the oar in good style, and evidently knew the places where the big trout were likely to be taken. It was not, however, until late in the afternoon that I succeeded in hooking and landing the desired specimen, a *ferox* of about six pounds, my fly-rod in the interim having effected the capture of some nice trout, ranging in weight from $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to half a lb. A portion of the following day was devoted to the examination of Mr. Young's collection, and discussing with its owner certain points in the natural history of the salmon, etc. We were not altogether at one on the habits of the otter; but I agreed with him to the letter as to the ravages com-

mitted by the common river trout among the salmon fry and on the salmon 'redds.'

In the evening I took a stroll in company with my friend, the then tenant of Achinduich, to Shinness, with the view of witnessing the efforts of the fish to overcome the falls. From what I saw there, and have elsewhere seen, I am quite convinced that a newly-run, well-conditioned salmon, in July and August, can, on reaching, by a spring or leap, the point at which the descent of water breaks, make its way up the neck or compact portion of the fall, let it be ever so perpendicular, by the pushing and steering powers of its fins and tail. Shinness, independent of its scenic attractions, presents, in the month of August, perhaps as good a point of observation as any in Scotland for ascertaining the climbing capabilities of the salmon, and forming an opinion of its determinedness when in quest of eligible breeding-ground.

On the 12th of August, I proceeded by mail-gig to Loch Inver, the inn whereof, along with the rod-fishings of the river, were then in the hands of Mr. Dunbar. Arriving there, I found assembled a party of anglers, and among them the late Mr. Fitzgibbon, the well-known and highly appreciated contributor on fishing subjects, etc., to *Bell's Life*. We were soon, as may be supposed, on terms of intimacy; and in the course of the evening strolled out together, rod in hand, along the banks of the Inver, which, owing to the want of rain, was in a most exhausted state. A sea-trout of two or three pounds' weight was the sum-total encreedled by me, after an hour's perseverance. Next day, in company with Mr. Fitzgibbon, I gave trial to some of the most likely pools higher up, but only succeeded in raising two salmon which came towards the fly with seeming distrust, and refused all further recognition of my lures. This indifference, no doubt, proceeded from the reduced state of the river and the prevailing heat; but it was also evident, and admitted by Mr. Dunbar, that the Inver was poorly stocked; a conclusion I came to from the

fact of not observing a single fish plunge throughout the whole stretch of water, extending for at least three miles, fished over by me, up and down, on this occasion.

On the 14th I crossed over to the Kirkaig, with old Sandy M'Torquil, the pensioner, as my guide; but beyond basketing a few finnocks achieved nothing. Salmon-fishing was evidently at a stand-still, so resolving in the meantime to give it up, I accepted Mr. Dunbar's kind offer to accompany Mr. Fitzgibbon and myself to the lower end of Loch Assynt; after testing which, we were promised the opportunity of forming an acquaintance with some of the smaller trouting lochs (there are at least two hundred belonging to the district) in its vicinity. It became necessary, in order to fish the latter properly, to transport to them a boat—the margins of most of them being unsafe to venture on with the foot; and all access to where the trout lay being shut up at that season of the year by aquatic vegetation. Their proximity to the Inver, however, at a point where fishing-cobles were kept, made this a matter of little difficulty. In the *Angler's Companion* I find I have already taken notice of a haul made by Dunbar with the long-net at a bend on the Inver, for the purpose of showing us how prolific and fish-sustaining this river really is. The interlude I refer to was performed on our way up, and although Mr. Dunbar expressed himself dissatisfied with the result, in the matter of yellow trout particularly, it quite astonished the lookers-on.

I may here mention that, while at Loch Inver, I dedicated two or three hours to the testing of the trouting capabilities of its river. The scene of my operations was at the head of one of its expansions, not very far from Loch Assynt, and as the sky was cloudless and the day calm, I had resort to my favourite summer lure, the worm. In the time above specified, my diary speaks to my having taken twenty-five trout, weighing upwards of eleven lbs.

Reverting to our exploring trip with Dunbar, we made trial of

Loch Assynt and the lesser lochs holding communication with the Inver, with, as might be expected (certainly at least not to my own disappointment), a very limited measure of success; but to record the result met with, as affecting the repute of the places tested, would be absurd,—the season, weather, condition of water, and time of day, all operating in prejudice of sport.

While fishing on Loch Assynt, under a cloudless sky, Dunbar called our attention to two eagles of the golden species, hovering in the distance, over a glen or corrie that stretched beyond the hills guarding the south-west extremity of the lake. They were watching, there could be no question, the expiring struggles of a sheep or lamb, accidents to which are common in that quarter, and were preparing to make a descent on the quarry. Above them, at a respectful distance, floated three or four ravens, a number which, during the short time we regarded them (quarter of an hour at the most), was increased to no fewer than nine, the new-comers winging their way at a vast height from their beilids on the craggy side of Ben More.

On the day following, I took advantage of the mail-gig to return to Innisindamph, where we had baited on the journey from Lairg, and from which point I had arranged to visit Muloch Corrie, or the Gillarroe Lake; also to test, by trolling, the repute of Loch Assynt as a *ferox*-containing sheet of water. There, after breakfasting, I engaged a boat and provided myself with trolling-bait from the Trailigill burn—a matter of no great difficulty, as it swarmed with small trout. My successes among the *feroces* of Loch Assynt were limited to two specimens, one of six and another of four pounds; but with the fly-rod I was on the whole fortunate, killing several dozens of fine yellow trout. The best portion of these were taken from a bay or inlet close to Ardvrock Castle, celebrated as the stronghold in which, when taken prisoner by the Laird of Assynt in 1650, the Marquis of Montrose was confined. While fishing from the boat, two golden

eagles, male and female, crossed within shot, and a red deer came down to the water's edge and stood unconcernedly within a hundred yards of us.

On the 21st, I scrambled up the face of the celebrated limestone-rock, and wended my way towards Muloch Corrie, over a tract of ground, the most striking feature of which consisted of a vast range of cone-shaped pits, nine or ten feet in depth, and about the same in diameter. Their purpose I leave to the conjecture of the antiquarian; but taking them into combination with other singular features in the same locality, they appeared to me to have been used at one time as human abodes or retreats; possibly they formed the encampment of an army, or large hunting-party. Before reaching the Gillarroo loch I encountered a fall of snow (the heights of Cannisbe were in white array throughout the forenoon), the air became piercingly cold, and I resigned internally all expectations of capturing a specimen of the gizzard trout. I succeeded, however, in basketing as many as nine—a sufficient number to enable me, on a careful examination of their alleged peculiarities, to form my own opinion respecting them.

On descending by the course of the Trailigill river, which connects Muloch Corrie with Loch Assynt, I caught about two dozen trout, several of which were singularly marked. Of these, three or four exceeded a pound in weight.—(See *Angling Companion*, p. 20.) From Innisindamph I proceeded next day, per mail-gig, to Scourie. The drive is a delightful one; it comprehends a stretch of scenery unsurpassed by anything of the sort which can be viewed from a carriage-road in Scotland. Descending the heights, five or six miles from our starting-point, the eye becomes arrested by Cunaig,—not the dorsal ridge you see at Loch Inver, but its Titan front—a huge frowning precipice, scarred with water-courses, and, in the very centre of its forehead, disclosing a hollow recess, or orbless eyehole, directed towards the Atlantic, which, at no great distance, is stretched before you in

glorious amplitude. Yet the mountain-wall and swelling ocean are but pertinents in the scene, for involuntarily from *them* the eye turns towards those mighty passes, Glen Dhu and Glen Cuil, by which Ben More and its accessory hills find escape for the accumulations of snow and rain. There, and on Kylesku, with its dark barrier of waters and lonely ferry-house, the gaze of the traveller falls, I cannot say rests, for there is no lulling influence in the scene, but much that amazes and excites, if it does not terrify and bewilder.

Having arrived at Scourie, I called upon my old friend Evan-der MacIvor, Esq., one of the factors to his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, and obtained the requisite permission to angle over the district in his charge, comprising Edderachylis and Scourie. I was also favoured by him with a note to Lord Anson, who, along with Lord Grosvenor, was at that time lessee of the deer-shootings and rod-fishings on the Laxford, and surrounding Loch Stack. By his Lordship I was courteously received, and made welcome to the use of one of his boats on the lake, as well as invited to take a day's angling on the river. The former was fished by me under considerable disadvantages, the day being highly tempestuous, and the boat under the management of two boys, one of whom was quite unaccustomed to the oar. I was also unprovided with a landing-net, the want of which lost me a number of heavy trout. As it was, I captured, in about five hours, thirty-one sea-trout, many of which were two-pounders; and one, the pride of the lot, a beautifully proportioned newly run fish, exceeded five pounds in weight. I also caught several nice common trout, the largest about three pounds. This fellow I happened to hook by the tail, and, in the next throw, got hold of another of equal weight in the same manner. I also, by means of a gaudy grilse-fly, in a deep part of the loch, secured a char, or torgoch, a fish up to that date not known to be an inhabitant of Loch Stack.

The day following I fished the lower pools of the Laxford. They were considerably swollen, and the fish evidently were on the move upwards. On reaching the turn half-way up the river, I raised a salmon seven or eight pounds in weight, the fly a small butcher, and shortly after had the satisfaction of hooking and landing him. This fish, and upwards of a dozen sea-trout, one of which weighed about four pounds, completed the day's sport.

On Monday the 26th I shifted my quarters to Rhiconich, being recommended by Mr. MacIvor to test one or two of the lakes to which salmon had access, in the vicinity of that place of halt. Accordingly, on arriving there, I proceeded, under guidance of Hugh Mackay, the landlord's son, to Garbet Beg Loch, a small sheet of water connected with the sea by a burn or rivulet—for in summer the Inchard is of that character—two miles in length. On this lake, and at its outlet, I captured two salmon, of the respective weights of eleven pounds and eight pounds, a couple of newly-run grilises, thirty-eight sea-trout, and a number of common black trout of various dimensions. I was unfortunate, however, in losing a magnificent fish, after a run of nearly half an hour. The fellow took what is called a sulky fit, and lay down with a weight of forty yards of line upon him in a central part near the head or neck of the lake, close evidently to a large rock or boulder. I felt him distinctly sawing away at my casting-line against its rugged edge—a feat he accomplished, just as I was in the act of slipping a wire-ring, constructed hurriedly from the arming of a pike-hook, down my line, with a view to start him afresh.

On the following morning I betook myself again to Garbet Beg Loch, but fishing was out of the question, not a breath of wind ruffling its surface. From the upper loch, Garbet More, a slight breeze prevailing, I picked out a fair-sized sea-trout. Retracing my steps to the Inchard, I had the satisfaction, in rough, heavy water, among a succession of rapids and small cataracts—

the result of drenching torrents of rain which had fallen during the night, of hooking and playing to shore a beautiful grilse of seven pounds in weight. It required some management to overpower him, as he led me a dance over rocks and perilous banks for more than a quarter of a mile before he gave in. I also added a dozen or so of sea-trout to the contents of my creel.

From Rhiconich, next day, I proceeded towards Durine of Duirness, in a spring-cart belonging to Mr. Mackay. On reaching the Dionard or Grudie river, then in a highly flooded state (the rains, since I left Loch Inver, had been of daily occurrence), I alighted, and despatching the conveyance with my luggage in advance, fished leisurely over some inviting stretches of the river without success. At length I captured a fine sea-trout, and shortly afterwards another, each weighing upwards of two pounds. On reaching the stream which headed the cruive-dyke pool, and throwing my persuader over a sunken rock that caught my eye, I got hold at last of a splendid salmon, which, after a run of ten minutes, submitted to its fate. Three sea-trout, in addition to what I had already taken, completed my spoils, which I had some difficulty in carrying to Duirness, in the midst of a terrific storm of wind and rain.

On the following day I proceeded, crossing Huclim Ferry, to the river Hope, to which I gave a brief but satisfactory trial—killing, along with a couple of whitlings, a fair specimen of the *Salmo eriox*, or bull-trout, a species of the *salmonidæ* not often found in the northern rivers of Scotland. It was past midnight before I arrived, along with my luggage (to convey which I had some difficulty, after crossing Loch Eribol, in procuring the services of a girl and cart; a man or boy was not to be had) at Tongue Ferry, the landing-place at the west side of which lay at a considerable distance from where the ferrymen dwelt. Left in the lurch by my fair conductress, who I saw had not calculated on arriving with my traps at so untimely an hour,

and was eager, after fulfilling her part of the agreement, to return home, I had to push my way to the only habitation, made recognisable as such by the light proceeding from it, in view. Fortunately it was the abode of the ferrymen, and as fortunately I found them to be obliging, good-natured fellows, who thought nothing of being roused from their slumbers by a Sassenach to do night-work.

On being ferried across—it was as dark as Erebus during the passage—I foolishly intrusted to one of them the care of my fishing-rods, three in number. How it was managed I do not know; but on my arrival at the inn at Kirkabol, about three in the morning, I found the tops, all but one, seriously injured, and in order to repair them was necessitated to expend a large portion of the forenoon. This done, I hurried to Tongue House, in order to obtain the necessary permit from Mr. Horsburgh, the late factor on the Reay district of the Duke's estates. Much to my disappointment, he had just left home, on the way to Bettyhill of Farr, situated on the Naver river. Having hired a gig, I pushed forward in the same direction; but it was late in the afternoon before I met with Mr. Horsburgh, and obtained from him the desired liberty. Of all the rivers in Sutherlandshire, the Naver, in the state in which I saw it, is certainly the most attractive; I mean to anglers. My friend Professor Blackie, in his review of the changes it has undergone, puts them and their likings quite out of consideration. Its course embraces, independent of the ample lake bearing the same name, at least twenty miles of choice pool and stream, which, all obstructions to the ascent of fish removed, presents as fine a range of salmon-casts as can be wished for. It was four P.M. before I wetted fly in this river. Its streams were in a highly swollen state, and it was impossible to detect with exactness the usual fastnesses of the royal fish. Not being satisfied with the state of the water at the spot I was recommended to try, I wandered

up to the pool superintending the cruives, and having attached a small but showy fly to my casting-line, directed it across to what, I had an idea, was likely ground for a good fish. Immediately I had him fast—a beautiful grilse, fresh from the sea, the *monoculus* attached to his pate and shoulders. Its death-blow dealt, I pushed up the stream, and quickly captured a brace of sea-trout. I also raised a large fish, and was on the point of giving him a change of fly, when the plunge of a salmon fifty yards or so farther up arrested my attention. Marking with the eye the spot where it took place, and considering it judicious to allow the fish I had just raised a short rest, I scrambled along the face of a precipitous bank towards a convenient ledge of turf and rock, whence I could command the upper portion of the cast. A few throws brought my fly beautifully round over the place in question, and up, in taking style, came the salmon, every inch of his length visible on the surface, and his strong jaws closing eagerly upon the fatal lure. For an instant he remained immovable, but the hook was firmly lodged in his grietly lip, and I held bent over him a powerful rod, steadily but not determinedly; for at length, as he became conscious of his position, and dashed across the river, taking its whole breadth at a single breath, I felt it high time to humour his movements, and gave line to his heart's desire. The first burst over, and line partially recovered, I had to make immediate preparations for a second, perhaps more vigorous one. The fish evidently showed an inclination to press downwards; and to follow him, in case he did so, seemed for the moment impracticable, as I had to wend my way along the foot of a precipitous scaur overhanging a deep, black pool. Other hazards also presented themselves in the shape of trees or brushwood, across the stunted stems of which I had to pass my rod from hand to hand. There was no time, however, to be lost, so after overcoming the last-mentioned but primary difficulty, I committed myself to the

river, which, along the foot of the scaur, discovered, barely distinguishable in its rising waters, a ledge of rock, along which, nearly waist-high, I managed to wade, and at length gain footing on a piece of sward subtending the lower end of the bank. By this time the recruited fish was again on the spin, and putting forth his full strength and speed; but I had now the mastery of him, and after giving due indulgence to his vagaries, brought him safely, a goodly eighteen-pounder, to shore. The Naver was now flooding fast, and being thoroughly soaked through from head to foot, I took down my rod, with the intention of giving the river another and fairer trial before quitting that part of Sutherlandshire. This, however, owing to the continuing rains and consequent floods, I had no opportunity of doing.

At Mrs. Sidney's I was shown two fine specimens of the wild cat (*Felis catus*), killed by her son on the banks of the Naver a day or two before. In colour, they were a light grey (not so strongly marked or striped, however, as I have observed in the usual stuffed specimens), and in point of size, they bore a relation to the *Felis domesticus*, such as of itself, irrespective of other characteristics, was sufficient to support their claims to being *feræ*. On the 31st August I fished, along with a friend of Mr. Horsburgh's, an old schoolfellow, on the Borgie, Lochs Slam and Craggie; old Robert Ross, the gamekeeper, and his sons, managing the boat. Owing to high winds and rain, the lochs were in a very turbid state, and precluded all chance of falling in with a *ferox*. Our success with the fly also was very limited; but I was amused greatly, and my credulity put to the proof, by what fell from the lips of old Ross, touching a gathering of the *feroces* of Loch Loyal, witnessed by him some years ago, in one of the creeks or bays we rowed past. The whole surface of the inlet in question, covering an area of three or four acres, was described by him to have been alive and swattering with the fin-tops and tail-points of immense trout, assembled, as he

opined, for spawning purposes. Among salmon, preparatory to pairing, such congregatings are by no means unusual, and are accompanied at times, on a limited scale, with similar demonstrations. What appears, however, to be a multitudinous surface-movement, so to express it, may be caused by the evolutions of a very small body of fish,—the eye is so apt to be deceived under such circumstances.

Monday, 2d Sept.—Intended to have fished the Hope, along with Captain Horsburgh; but the rain coming down in torrents, and being unwilling to lose time, I pressed forward, instead, to Bettyhill. Found the Naver highly flooded, and could only succeed in taking a couple of small sea-trout. Salmon-fishing being out of the question, I proceeded next day, by mail, towards Melvich. Alighting at the banks of the Strathy river, I gave it, Loch Balligall, and other small lochs, a cursory trial. The day, however, being calm and sunny, my success was not great. On Wednesday I fished the Hallodale river, and was fortunate enough to capture two nice grilse out of five or six which rose at my fly. The river was quite out of order, and the day characterized by intense heat, and the presence of white dazzling clouds, which, every angler knows, are inimical to sport. My lure was a small dun-wing, esteemed a favourite fly in this quarter, as it is in many parts of Scotland, especially on the rivers connected with the Solway Firth.

From Melvich I proceeded to Thurso, and thence to Wick. While in Caithness, I fished several of its smaller streams; I also spent a day on Loch Watten, along with two gentlemen, connected officially with the district, who kept a boat upon the loch. We were fortunate enough to capture among us several dozens of fine trout, some of which were peculiarly marked, and much resembled fresh-run sea-trout, a species which for many years has been debarred, along with salmon, entrance into this fine expanse of water.

Next week I set out towards Golspie, and obtained permission to angle in the Brora and Fleet rivers. The former was in a very reduced state, no rains having fallen on the east coast for weeks. Immediately below the old cruives, however, I hooked, at the third cast, a fine salmon. Unfortunately, the hold taken was slight, and after a run or two, which indicated strength and good condition, he made his escape. Although I persevered the whole forenoon, the sky cloudless, as usual, I failed to raise another, and was content to devote the after portion of the day to the taking of finnocks. The rod-fishings on the Brora that season had been let, with a reserve in favour of his Grace or deputy, to three parties, who turned out to be all old acquaintances of mine, and celebrated anglers to boot. I met two of them at Inver Brora, and they gave me a very sorry account of the sport they had had; they had not, in fact, taken a single fish among them for the last ten days. While at Golspie I also fished the Fleet; and, although the day was bright and breezeless, filled my basket with beautiful sea-trout, in number twenty-five, some of which weighed nearly two pounds apiece. The pools I fished in were long, dead stretches of water, lying about a mile above the Mound, and were much hemmed in with alder brushwood. Not having a landing-net with me, I required to exhaust to the uttermost nearly every fish hooked, and then, taking hold of the line with my hand, haul him up the bank, or, reaching down, grasp him with my hand while panting on the water's surface. Of course I lost many, and among these some of the best, by this mode of treatment; but there was no help for it. On the 14th of September I left Golspie for the banks of the Shin, and in the course of the evening called upon my friend Andrew Young. He was very anxious that I should once more throw a fly over his river, the parties renting the rod-fishings from him having complained lately of want of sport, although the streams were in excellent trim, and, during ordi-

nary seasons, would not have failed to show fish in abundance. On application next morning to the lessee of the lower waters, those subtending Shinness, I was made welcome to try the casts from the Cromarty Pool downwards. Accordingly, with Donald Ross as an attendant, I commenced fishing a little before noon. The streams, as I mentioned, were apparently in good order, and although the day proved sunny, I had high hopes of being able to capture several fish. I persevered, however, most assiduously, for at least an hour and a half, trying all sorts of flies, without stirring a fin; and when a grilse at last came up to the hook, it was only to let me feel his weight, and then, with a shake of the tail, bid me good-bye. In somewhat of the same style, as I proceeded, at a spot called the Angus Turn, a large salmon paid me his respects; and it was not until I had arrived at the Bridge Pool that I had the satisfaction of hooking and landing a dun grilse. Below this point, at the Garden cast, I got hold of a good fish, but only for a few seconds. In the afternoon I again marched up as high as the Little Fall, below which, at dusk, I captured a beautiful newly-run grilse, the last, I may safely affirm, caught legally with the rod that season in the north of Scotland. Thus ended my piscatorial campaign in Sutherlandshire and the adjoining county, undertaken during a season which was universally admitted by salmon-fishers to have been the worst on record.

EULOGISTIC—A COMPARISON.

I.

THE streams of old Scotland for me !
The joyous, the wilful, and wild,
The waters of song and of glee,
That ramble away to the sea,
With the step and free mirth of a child.

II.

The valleys of England are wide,
 Their rivers rejoice every one ;
 In grace and soft beauty they glide,
 And water-flowers bloom at their side,
 As they gleam at the set of the sun.

III.

But where are the speed and the spray—
 The dark lakes that welter them forth,
 Tree and mist nodding over their way—
 The rock and the precipice gray,
 That environ the streams of the North ?

IV.

Who would seek for the salmon a home
 In track of the barbel or bream ?
 Rather holds he his fastness of foam
 Where the wraiths of the dark tempest roam,
 At the break of a wandering stream.

V.

Ay ! there you will find him among
 The glens of old Scotland afar ;
 And up through her valleys of song,
 He silently glances along,
 In corslet of silver and star !

VI.

The rivers of Scotland for me !
 They water the soil of my birth—
 They gush from the hills of the free,
 And sing as they seek the broad sea,
 With a hundred sweet voices of mirth !