You high mossy mountains, so lofty and wild;
That nurse in their bosom, the youth of the Clyde
Were the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heathers to feed
And the shepherd eyes his flock as he pifes on his toes.
Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Torth's sunny shores;
To me has the charms o' you wild mossy moors.
Nor there, by a lonely, sequestered stream.
Besides a sweet lassie, my thought, and my dream.
She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' fine education but seem is her shade.
Her harp's a humble as humble can be.
But I love the dear lassie because she loves me.
To Beauty what man but must yield him a prize;
In her amour o' glances, o' blushes, o' sighs.
And when wit & refinement has polish'd the darts
They dazzle our eyes as they fly to our hearts.
But kindness, sweet kindness, in the font-sparkling e'er
Its lustre outshining the diamond to me.
And the heart beating love as if in clasp'd in her arms,
O these are my lassie's all-conquering charms.
My dear Mr.

Dumfries 27th January 1829

I repeat my thanks for the kind
of order which you kindly
sent me upon Mrs. M'Caw's
request of Bordeaux. I return
it respectfully, though I have
not used it. I will always retain
a grateful sense of the very
obliging attention to your
honoured request. I have the best
estimations for the very
condescending goodness which
has been shown me.
I have a particular satisfaction in sending you a demand for a written document of Mr. B. to sent this song to my wife and the last year he began to compose the unparalleled beauty of the song to your parents a pious prayer to their family in the faith of my love for your very obliged

Mr. Paroch, who was a French gentleman of blind, married Miss Denlow, the daughter of the friend of the poet, he went then open to the Spanish coast in January 1829.