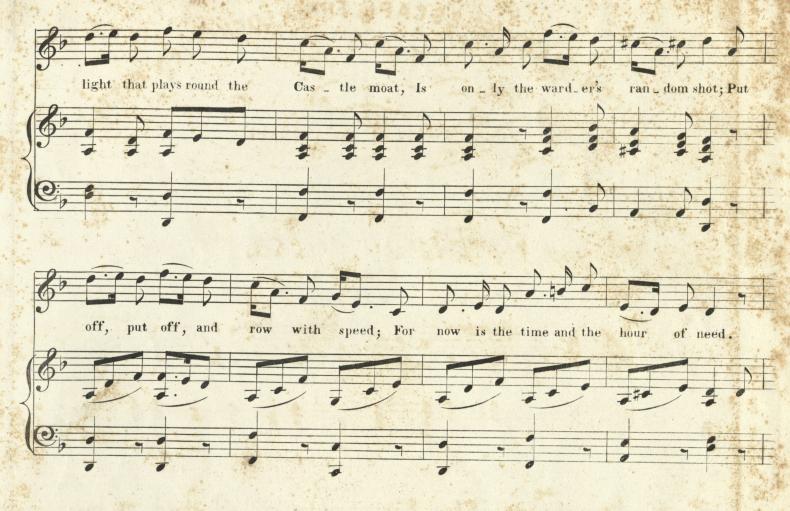


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Those pondrous keys, shall the kelpies keep, And lodge in their caverns so dark and deep, Nor shall Lochleven's tower or hall, Hold thee our lovely lady in thrall; Or be the haunts of traitors sold, While Scotland has hands and hearts so hold, Then onward steersman, row with speed, For now is the time and the hour of need.

2

Hark! the alarum hell has rung,
The warder's voice has treason sung,
The echos to the falconets roar,
Chime sweetly to the dashing shore;
Let tower, hall, and battlement gleam,
We steer by the light of the tapers beam,
For Scotland and Mary, on with speed,
Now, now, is the time, and the hour of need.

A Partie Eg

3

Queen Mary's escape 2.