

# The Fife



# Herada

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## WHO ARCH'D THAT BEAUTEONS BROW OF THINE?

(*After the manner of Tennant's Translation from the German of Burger, entitled "The Fair One whom I mean."*)

*By William Sinclair.*

Who arch'd that beauteous brow of thine,  
So fair, so gracious, so divine,  
Where high Intelligence and Truth  
Have with a glory crown'd thy youth?—  
He who hath stretch'd yon vault on high,  
And cast a glory o'er the sky,  
And smooth'd the fair the stainless snow  
Far on the mountain's heavenward brow,—  
'Twas He who arch'd that brow of thine,  
So fair, so gracious, so divine.

Who gather'd in rich clusters there  
The beauty of thine own fair hair,  
And gave thee such a veil to throw  
Around that stainless brow of snow?—  
He who hath thrown the clouds of even  
Around the glorious brow of heaven,  
He who the flower's bright tresses hung  
In sweetness all our vales among,—  
He gather'd in rich harvest there  
The beauty of thine own fair hair.

Who to thy speaking eyes hath given  
The sunshine and the hues of heaven?  
And fill'd them with such power to move  
The stillness of the heart to love?—  
He who hath set yon lovely star  
In the wilderness of skies afar,  
And mirror'd in the sea, by night,  
That star so beautiful and bright,—  
He to thy radiant eyes hath given  
The sunshine and the hues of heaven.

Who on thy cheek hath caused to move  
In sweetness all the lights of love—  
Like the warm moonlight calmly thrown  
On seas that bless its beams alone?—  
He who with sun and seaward dews  
Hath given the sea-shell all its hues—  
He who around the sky's deep blue  
The vestal veil of summer drew,  
With her first blushes breaking through,—  
He on thy cheek hath caused to move  
In sweetness all the lights of love.

Who o'er thy tinted lips hath thrown  
A fascination—all thine own—  
And pearly rows of ivory met,  
Like lilies 'mong the roses set?—  
He who the wild-flowers on the sward  
Hath set—the wild bee's rich reward,  
And gifted to that bee's sweet home  
The flowing honey and the comb,—  
He o'er thy rich ripe lip hath thrown  
A fascination—all thine own!

Oh say, what seraph-minstrel strung  
That lyre—the music of thy tongue?  
So rich in every tone, so stir'd  
To passion each heart-moving word?—  
He who the evening zephyr brings  
With music on its weary wings—  
Who taught the mountain echoes lone  
Their every sigh, their every tone,—  
'Twas He attuned thine ear, and hung  
Seraphic music on thy tongue!

Who fix'd 'midst all my sympathies  
A plant that blooms and never dies,  
Whose branches twining firm and fast,  
May soothe—yet crush the heart at last?—  
Even that Great Master who hath given  
To thee the dreams and hopes of Heaven,  
On earth below, in heaven above,  
Whose power, whose voice, whose name is Love,—  
He waked in dreams, and hopes, and sighs,  
That love—whose memory never dies.