

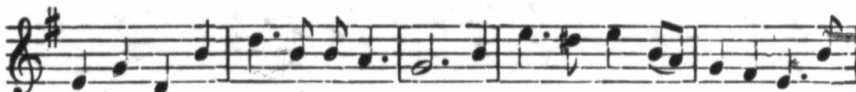
MY HEART IS SCOTLAND'S YET.

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto,
With Spirit and Expression.

Music by PROF. J. F. JOHNSTONE,
Toronto.



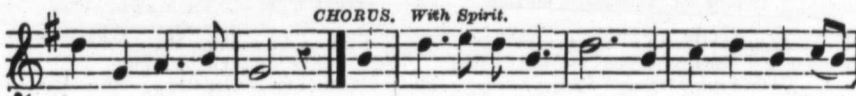
1. Oh, weel I loe the Scottish tongue, The language o' my hame; An' weel I loe a
2. When travelin' in a foreign lan' I hear a Scottish voice, In-stinctive-ly I



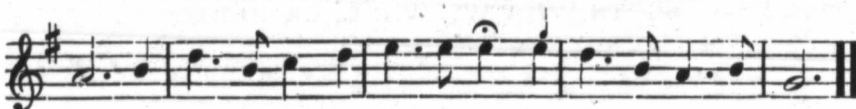
sang that's sung in praise o' Scotland's fame; They mak' methink o' hap-py days An'
gie my han', An' baith o' us re-joice; An' then we crack o' Scotland's fame, Re-



coenes o' beau-ty rare, There's something in my heart that says: There's
cite her bat-tles ower, An' feel we yet could daur the same Our



nae lan' half sae fair. } My heart is Scotland's yet, Though I bide o'er the
faithers daur'd be-fore. }



sea; I nev-er can for get The lan', the lan' sae dear tae me.

8
Oh, Scotland is a bonnie place,
Wi' scenery sublime;
Whaur Nature smiles wi' fairest face
That stan's the test o' time!
Each mountain, river, loch, or glen,
Are fu' o' storied fame;
Wha reads the history o' her men
Can ne'er forget their name!—*Cho.*

4
In every lan' roun' a' the earth
Are leal hearts true tae thee,
An' proud are they tae own their birth
Ayont the wide saut sea;
Whaur towers the mountains, bold an' gran',
Like guardians o' the free,—
Oh, here's my heart, an' there's my han',
Dear Scotland, aye tae thee!—*Cho.*