

SCOTLAND'S GREEN HEDGEROWS.

O, Jeanie, sing me that auld sang,
In our ain Lowland tongue,
Which cheer'd us Scotia's hills amang,
When love and life were young.
The soul of that beloved strain
The wand'rer only knows,
And, O, it bears me back again
To Scotland's green hedgerows.

Thou land of love and chivalry,
Thou land of old romance,
How gladly I'd exchange for thee
The sunny shores of France!
Among her hills and vine-clad vales
No joy this bosom knows,—
I sigh for my own broomy dales,
And Scotland's green hedgerows.

Then sit ye doun and sing to me
That dear beloved strain,
That I may for a moment see
My native vales again;