

You loved them as the lover loves,
And from no sense of duty ;
You loved them as the poet loves,
And only for their beauty !

Thy "flowering fern" shall never die,
Thy gowan's aye in bloom,
The lark 's always in thy sky,
The linnet in thy broom ;
For poesy hath touched thy heart
As with a living coal ;
And nature's voices evermore
Keep singing through thy soul :

The wail of winds among the rocks,
The laughter of the rills,
The silence of the dreary moors,
The thunder of the hills !
Thy spirit was a cell wherein
They lov'd to linger long,
And baptiz'd in its living font
They started into song !

The bridegroom on his bridal day,
Doats not upon his bride
With look of deeper love, than thou
On our romantic Clyde.
Her Highland and her Lowland haunts,
Are dear unto thy breast ;
But dearer far, than each, than all—
My green glens of the West !

And led by thee, once more we see
The green haunts of the gowan ;
Again we dream, beside the stream,
Beneath the haw and rowan.