

I see the Dee sweep past Knockmore,  
The distant mountains bleak and hoar,  
The auld thack hoose I see the door,  
The butt and ben,  
Where childhood's days I past o' yore,  
Doon in the glen.

I see the trees beside the hill,  
Where first I raised my wee windmill,  
I see the burn, I see the well,  
Between the braes,  
Where often I hae played mysel,  
And gathered slaes.

I see the heighs, I see the hous,  
The whinny and the broomy knowes,  
Where tender hearts made tender vows,  
Aye true to be,  
As lang's the winpling burnie flows,  
Doon to the sea.

And Burns wha sang thy loves so well,  
Thy daisy downs and heather bell.  
Thy mountain, moor, and haugh and dell,  
And woodlands wild,  
Has charmed me as by magic spell,  
E'en since a child.

Is there a Scot this earth aboon,  
Frae Scotia's hills to Hobart Toon,  
But what the braes o' bonny Doon,  
Or Highland Mary,  
Would make his heart beat time to tune,  
E'en at la Prairie.

Is there a heart baith true and leal,  
That up the hill o' fame can peel,  
Yet for his neighbors waes can feel,  
And to him turns,  
Showing mercy e'en to the deil;  
That heart lo'es Burns.