

Fair land ! beyond all other lands
The theme of tale and song ;
The present and the past clasp hands
Thy glory to prolong.

Disgrace be his, and lasting shame
Who heeds not Heaven's just laws ;
And, traitor to the Scottish name
Who owns not freedom's cause.

But hallowed be their memory
Who kept thy honor bright ;
Thy great of every century,
Even down to Wallace wight.

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Now drink we to the heath-clad hills
Beloved of bard and sage ;
The silvery lochs, the rippling rills,
The blood-bought heritage !

And drink we too, with heart of grace,
Victoria the Good !
Our queenly queen of Stuart race,
That reigned in Holyrood.

All honor to our Highland Chief !
White-wreathed of glory's crown ;
Who dignifieth honors brief
His sun shall ne'er go down.