

And from my weary soul to force
The gnawing demon of remorse;
I've tried repentance, penance, prayer,
But still the gloomy fiend is there,
Gnd mocks me, and will not depart,
Nor grant e'en vacancy of heart.

My native land is far away,
A land of "mists and mountains grey;"
O! gladly would I quit this plain
For her rude rugged rocks again;
The cataract's roar, the thunder's shock,
The eagle screaming on the rock,
E'en in remembrance yield delight,
And waft her glories to my sight.
Tho' fame consecrates Grecian urns,
The land of Wallace and of Burns,
With tenderer ties my heart has bound;
To me 'tis sacred, holy ground.
Her simple songs do please me more
Than lays bedeck'd with classic lore.
When first her strains on my ear stole,
They breath'd an influence o'er my soul,
And bound me with a magic band
To thee, my lov'd, my native land.
I never hear a Scottish strain,
But makes me feel quite young again;
I never hear a native air,
But youthful forms are smiling there.
Yes; forms of love, and hearts of trust
Which time has long laid in the dust,
Again, as of old re-appear,
And claim the tribute of a tear.