

Homeland¹ Lyrics.

O Scotia, my Scotia, lapped in Acadian airs,
How magical the glamor thy golden summer wears:
While treading sad gray cities, I cry out longingly,—

“I would I were in Scotia,
(*A gradh geal mo chroidhe*),
In the bright land of my boyhood,
Fair Scotia by the Sea!”

O Scotia, my Scotia, tho swept by frigid snows,
Thy rigors taught thy sturdy sons to fear no earthly foes:
Oft when the stress goes hardest, I laugh exultingly,—

“What son is there of Scotia
(*A gradh geal mo chroidhe*)
Forgets the brave land of his manhood,
Strong Scotia by the Sea?”

O Scotia, my Scotia, girt by the opal main,
I love thy lochs and rivers, each upland and each plain:
I hear them in my dreaming, still calling, calling me,—

“Come home, come home, a cuishle,
(*A cuishle mo chroidhe!*)
Come back to thine own homeland,
Thy Scotia by the Sea.”