

His sangs hae something in their soun'  
 That fills the hert an' e'e ;  
 " Ye banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon,"  
 Are magic words tae me.  
 O Doon ! thou'st like nae ither stream,  
 Love's sacred spell has bound thee,  
 For a' the glory o' a dream,  
 The peasant threw around thee :

Thou sped'st unknown through ages lang,  
 A little nameless river ;  
 Till pity poured love's tears in sang,  
 An' hallowed thee for ever ;  
 Lang as the human hert remains,  
 A fount o' hopes an' fears,  
 This simple little strain o' strains  
 Shall stir it into tears :

For by the Poet's magic art,  
 Tho' but a moorland river,  
 Through the green regions o' the heart,  
 It shall roll on for ever ;  
 Wi' him the birds forever sing ;  
 The gowans ne'er depart ;  
 He carries a supernal spring  
 Forever in his heart :