

For, though we love our Island home,  
Our "home upon the wave,"  
In Fancy's flights those shores we roam  
Which Scotia's waters lave.

True Scottish hearts, in every clime,  
This day lift up their voice ;  
And Memory's joy-bells sweetly chime,  
And wearied souls rejoice,

As gorgeously, to longing eyes,  
Comes forth, in glory bright,  
Those mountains which the nearing skies  
O'er-flood with purple light.

Again we climb Ben Ledi's steep,  
Or skim Loch Lomond's tide ;  
Or muse where sunbeams softly creep  
Through haunts of bye-gone pride.

Again we tread the Solway shore,  
Or banks of bonnie Dee ;  
Or watch the Forth's proud waters pour  
Into the Northern Sea.

Or gaze upon that tragic field  
Which ancient minstrel sang ;  
Where warrior died upon his shield  
As shouts of battle rang.

Or hark through Bothwell's ivied towers  
Soft winds sonatas play ;  
Whilst Clutha, sparkling 'yond the bowers  
Lights youth's long, golden day.