

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.