

PROFESSOR HENRY CALDERWOOD,
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Back thro' the pathway of the years,
Thro' golden hopes and leaden fears,
Thro' happiness bedimmed with tears—
 Back where my fathers sleep,
 Far o'er the solemn deep.

Back where the white-winged sea-birds soar
Serene above the ocean's roar
Against the grey, old broken shore—
 To friendship's welcome smile,
 Back in the rugged Isle.

Within thy walls once more I stand,
O learnèd City, ancient, grand,
The pride of all thy favoured land—
 Thy tones my soul rejoice :
 How sweet thy Scottish voice !