

I've seen Dumbarton's towering fort—
 Dunstaffnage, Glamis, Cawdor, Scone—
 King Fingal's seat—St. Patrick's port—
 Ardtoirish, and the Brig o' Don.

Sweet Ettrick vale—secluded spot!
 Where Hogg was born and Boston died:
 Fair Yarrow Dale, where Mary Scott
 And Mungie Park lie side by side.

St. Kilda's Isle—St. Bernard's Well—
 St. Mary's Loch—St. Martin's Green—
 St. Andrew's Cross—St. Fillan's Cell—
 And St. Columba's Tomb I've seen.

Lochs Lomond, Katrine, Leven, Tay,
 And Earne, and Awe, and Ness, I've view'd
 In all their dazzling proud array,
 And all their sombre solitude.

Each firth and forest, carse and kyle—
 Each lofty peak and deep ravine—
 Each fertile plain and barren isle—
 And all the Celtic Alps I've seen.

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I've mingled with enlightened Scots,
 Of various grades, in every place,
 From Gretna-Green to John O'Groats,
 And found their sons a noble race.

Ye classic regions of the North,
 Of chivalrous renown and pride!
 My soul to quit your soil is loth,
 And with your sons would still abide

But duty calls me from thy soil,
 My native land cries "Come away!"
 And I must leave thy shores awhile,
 Although my spirit fain would stay.