

I've seen thy living lions too—  
 Great Brougham, Jeffrey, Chalmers, Duff—  
 Famed Wilson, Campbell, and Wardlaw—  
 Whose names are eulogy enough.

Thy classic towns and cities fair—  
 Rothsay, and Inverness, and Perth—  
 Kelso, Dumfries, Montrose and Ayr—  
 Of ancient fame and modern worth.

Bright Aberdeen, and Edinbro'—  
 St. Andrew's, Stirling, and Dumblane—  
 Dunfermline, and old Linlithgow,  
 The proudest in the Bruce's reign.

Sweet Inveresk and charming Crieff—  
 Superb Dunkeld—admired Killin—  
 Proud Inverary with its chief—  
 And smiling Banchory, I've seen.

The peaceful shores of Tweed and Tay,  
 And Clyde, and Forth, I've paced along ;  
 Each lake, and frith, and cape, and bay,  
 Has heard my morn and evening song.

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My bark has braved, 'mid billows high,  
 The whirling sounds and stormy seas  
 Of Shetland, Orkney, Lewis, Skye,  
 And all the Western Hebrides.

I've seen the castles of the great,  
 Buccleugh, Breadalbane, Fife, Argyle ;  
 And each brave Highland chief's estate.  
 From Inverloch to Aberfoyle.

I've seen amid the gathering storm,  
 When rumbling thunders rent the sky,  
 Benmore, Ben Nevis and Cairngorm  
 In all their cloud-clad majesty.