

My dear, dear loved native land,
My heart aye clings to thee,
And ne'er wast thou on distant strand
Forgotten yet by me.

Like dews that fill the moss-rose cup,
And its sweet odors spread,
The Past, refreshing visions drop
On mem'ry's drooping head.

I think me of that glorious time,
When Scotia's annals told
Of heroes in her early prime,
Who fought her battles bold.

When Gathelas from Egypt came,
And Scota, his fair queen,
For Scotia, still, to that dear name
Traces her origin.

Many a hardy Carle arose,
From that time-honored stock,