

HEATHER AND HAREBELL.

SCOTLAND.

O Scotland! I have loved thee long and well,
And still thy heather hills are dear to me,
Where Silence weaves for aye her golden spell;
Thy buchted glens with breekan waving free,
Where, soft and low, the wimpling burn makes moan
Of sad and tragic sorrow: that may be
An echoed murmur from the ages gone,
Still breaking on the shore of Life's rough sea:
Thy briery braes, whence springs to greet the morn
The clear-voiced laverock with its less'ning lay,
As upward soaring, in its heart is borne,
Earth's purest treasure to the Gates of Day,
The gift of song; and such is thine, O! Land
The shade of Burns—the magic wand of Scott
The rugged grandeur of thy patriot band,
Whose glory lingers and departeth not.