

I've seen the Trosachs in their pride ;
I've scaled Benlomond's lofty brow ;
I've watch'd the foaming Falls of Clyde ;
And ranged the dead, profound Glencoe.

I've worn the robes of proud Macbeth,
And drawn the sword of Wallace brave ;
I've been where Bruce resign'd his breath,
And press'd the sods on Rob Roy's grave.

I've view'd the flower of fair Dumblane ;
The banks and braes of Doon and Dee ;
The valley of the "Gentle Swain ;"
The mountain of the minstrelsy ;

The classic hall of wizard Scott ;
The native place of magic Burns ;
The Ettrick Shepherd's lowly cot ;
And all their monumental urns.

I've seen bold Byron's Loch-na-gar ;
Great Benmacdhui's summit stern ;
I've crossed the plains of hostile war—
Culloden-muir and Bannockburn.

I've linger'd o'er the verdant spot
Where lovely Highland Mary sleeps ;
I've verged the tomb of far-famed Watt,
Where Genius her bereavement weeps.

I've rambled o'er the Grampian Hills,
Four thousand feet above the sea,
Where lordly eagles shed their quills,
And chase their prey in sportive glee.

I've pierced wild Killiecrankie's pass,
Where Dundee, dying, won the day ;
I've trod o'er Bannock's famed morass,
Where Freedom's foes were crushed for aye.