

In the fields and woods we hear him
Laugh and sing and sigh ;
Or where by the Northern breakers
Sea-birds troop and cry ;
Or where over lonely moorlands
Winter winds fly fleet ;
Or by sunny graves he hearkens
Voices low and sweet.

We have lost him, we have found him :
Mother, he was fain
Nimbly to retrace his footsteps ;
Take his life again
To the breast that first had warmed it,
To the tried and true,—
He has come, our well-belovèd,
Scotland, back to you !