

And lov'd ones that are now no more,  
From out their graves will start,  
And wander with me as of yore,  
Upon the banks of Cart.

And how you lov'd to linger round  
The ruins old and hoar !  
Where mighty chiefs and warriors dwelt,  
And minstrels sang of yore :  
Old Crookston castle's mould'ring walls,  
And Stanley's turrets gray ;  
And hoary Garnock, telling tales  
Of glory past away.

And how you lov'd the ruin'd shrines,  
Where sits grey Melancholy,  
Still calling to the passer-by—  
“ Pause ! for the place is holy ! ”  
Is not “ Gray Paisley's ” Abbey hoar,  
An old world-weary moan,  
A solemn chant ! a holy hymn !  
A prayer that's breathed in stone !

And with what joy you hung around  
Our fields renown'd in story !  
And how your eye burn'd in the light  
Of Scotland's ancient glory !  
And with unwearied feet you traced  
Her scenes renown'd in song ;  
The streams that gush, and leap, and rush  
In deathless strains along.

And how you lov'd to treasure up  
The snatches of old rhymes,  
Quaint epitaphs and legends old,  
The tales of other times.