



Thy lyric songs of sweetness
 Refresh as spring-tide showers,
 Which softly fall on waxen buds
 About to laugh in flowers.

Thy hand traced beauteous nature
 So delicately true,
 That when we gaze upon its face
 It speaks of thee anew.

When human wrongs redressing,
 Thy bright consuming fire
 Undauntedly declared to man
 Humanity's desire.

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled:
 The war of lion bold!—
 The lightnings flashed above thy head,
 The thunders answering rolled."

But, ah, the song of sympathy
 That mourns untimely rest!—
 The song of "Highland Mary" bleeds
 In every human breast.