

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let Foreign Lands reckon, Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume, Far dearer to me yon lone glen o'green breckan Wi' th'burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom: Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers, Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen; For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers, A listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies, And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave; Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace, What are they? The haunt o'the tyrant and slave. The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains, The brave Caledonian views wi'disdain; He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains, Save love's willing fetters, the chains o'his Jean.