

Caledonia

“Hurrah” for the land of the mist and the mountain,
The land where song echoes float low down each glen,
Where bright babbling brooks have the dash of the fountain,
The land of true heroes, the bravest of men.

Oh, true are the hearts of proud Scotia’s fair daughters,
And bold for the right are the sons of the free.
“Hurrah” for the land of the swift running waters,
Old Scotland forever, old Scotland for me.

Then Lowlands and Highlands, ye west storm-beat Islands
High raise the banner with prideful “hurrah.”
Sons of the heather march on together
On to the glory of Scotia, “hurrah”!

“Hurrah” for the land of sweet liberty ever;
Freedom is ours as the air that we breathe.
No home for the tyrant we’ve sworn that he’ll never
O’ershadow the valley or darken the heath.

Hail! Proud Caledonia so brilliant in story:
The land of sweet singers, blessed Isle of the sea;
“Hurrah” for the open, full fresh in her glory,
Old Scotland forever, old Scotland for me.

John Grant