

HEY FOR THE HILLS.

Oh, hey for the hills an' the heather,
An' hey for the moorlands sae braw,
When balmy an' bricht is the weather,
An' moorcocks sae merrily craw.
Some speak o' the charms o' the valley,
Some roose the delights o' the sea ;
I scorn wi' sic low things to dally—
The hills an' the heather for me.

Oh, aft on the hills an' the heather,
Sae bracing an' fine was the air,
My foot has been licht as a feather,
My heart kennin' naething o' care.
Some speak o' the joys o' potation,
An' roose certain species o' bree ;
Hoot, fie ! for pure blissful elation—
The hills an' the heather for me.

Oh, aft on the hills an' the heather,
'Mid mony a grand, stirring scene,
Mysel' an' my comrade together,
How happy an' blithe we ha'e been !
Some aye whar's a crowd are stravaigin',
Some thrang to the club-houses flee ;
But for converse an' social colleaguin'—
The hills an' the heather for me.

Oh, hey, for the hills an' the heather,
If ought will prevent me to gang,
It will only be duty's strong tether,
An' may it no keep me for lang.
Through life they shall hae my devotion,
An' if oot o' my bed I maun dee,
May it no be the street or the ocean—
The hills an' the heather for me.