

## AT NEWBURGH ON TAY.

Through many lands I've gaily roved,  
And viewed strange sights and beauties rare,  
But still I'll sing of home sweet home,  
And all the charms that cluster there.

Along the "Fences" grassy slopes,  
Where gentle Tay goes gurgling by,  
I pause while all around the view,  
Inspires the mind, attracts the eye.

For Mother Nature's grand display,  
Make tender thoughts unbidden rise,  
Here, river, hill and plain combine,  
To make a modern paradise.

See yonder ruins in the plain,  
That peep among their sheltering trees,  
Where monks have chanted holy hymn,  
And lordly penitents found ease.

Far In the West the Gramplans tower,  
And, faintly blue, mix with the skies,  
The Sldlaws line the Northern bank,  
Between, the Carse of Gowrie lies.

Eastward afar, the Firth expands,  
And then as gossamery thread,  
"The Bridge" seems floating in the air,  
Across the estuary's bed.

Now looking South the eye is caught,  
By Clatchard's steep and rugged mass,  
Bold and defiant there he stands,  
A giant-like guardian of the pass.

While terraced from the river's brink,  
And snugly nestling 'neath the hills,  
Fair lies the tree embowered town,  
The sight my heart with rapture fills.

Alas; too brief must be my view,  
For northwards far I'll hae my way.  
But in my mind's eye will remain,  
The charming picture of the Tay.