

Out Over The Forth

Out over the Forth, I look to the North;
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.
But I look to the west when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be:
For far in the west lives he I loe best,
The man that is dear to my babie and me

