

# The Banks of Nith

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,  
Where royal cities stately stand;  
But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,  
Where Cummins ance had high command:  
When shall I see that honor'd land,  
That winding Stream I love so dear!  
Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand  
For ever, ever keep me here.

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,  
Where bounding hawthorns gayly bloom;  
And sweetly spread thy sloping dales  
Where lambkins wanton through the broom!  
Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,  
Far from thy bonie banks and braes,  
May there my latest hours consume,  
Among the friends of early days!