

Here's to the misty island blue
That bears the name of Skye,
The mystic land, the fairy land
I'd see before I die.
For something of it's magic spell
Was carried o'er the sea
And mingled with my childhood dreams
A heritage to me.

Forefather's land I have not seen
I yet have touched thy shore
And heather hills and bracken moors
In fancy wandered o'er.
I've trod Dunvegan's ancient halls
And seen the Fairy Flag
And mused upon the storied past
When valour did not lag.

I've seen "The Tables of MacLeod"
Cut by some broad claymore
And viewed the headland by the loch
Where pipers played of yore.
Past silver birch and rowan tree
I've wandered on and caught
The majesty of jagged peaks
By mighty Coolins brought.

O island blue in sapphire sea,
My thoughts are on thee met
And long may Heaven smile on thee
God's peace be on thee set!
From Canada, fair Canada
This greeting staunch and true
Across the miles of land and sea
Across the sky to you!