

**“My Heart’s in the Highlands”**

My heart’s in the Highlands, my heart is not there  
My heart’s in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;  
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
My heart’s in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;  
Wherever I wonder, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered wi’ snow;  
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below;  
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart’s in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart’s in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
My heart’s in the Highlands, wherever I go.

~Robbie Burns. Writen in 1787.  
14 years after the Hector sailed for Pictou.