

I was born high in the hills,  
jumped over stones,  
chuckling and laughing.  
I listened to winds playing  
in the heather.

I grew ontp a bubbling burn,  
wandered through fields,  
yellow with buttercups.  
I made music, singing songs  
in the sunshine.

I became a shining stream,  
wound my way among stones,  
silver with darting fish.  
I danced with long shadows  
in the evening.

I hurried over rocks, under  
bridges, grown-up at last,  
my waters wide and deep till  
I tumbled into the open arms  
of the sea.