

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:

"This is my own — ~~is~~ my native land?"

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
Far from wandering in a foreign strand?

If such there breathes, go, mark him well —
For him no minstrel's music swell!

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim

~~Proud~~ Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,

Living shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile depths from whence he springs
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

An excerpt from Sir Walter Scott's
"Lay of the Last Minstrel — Canto 10