But now St. Cuthbert's men and fair
Have vowed a vow this day:
A bridge we need-a bridge we'll have-
A bridge cost what it may.

Then found it well, raise high the pier,
Span the proud river o'er,
Build up the ledge, the pathway form,
Stretch it from shore to shore.

St. Cuthbert's youth at morn and eve
To Twynholm hills shall go
In spring to pull the primrose pale,
In autumn pluck the sloe :

Prolong their walk, in musing mood,
Till summer days are o'er,
In distance see the Isle of Ross,
And Senwick's wooded shore.

And maids from Borgue and Twynholm hills
Eastward their steps shall turn,
See Cuthbert's Town, Gillrionie’s brae,
And Buckland's bonny burn.

The hardy tillers of the soil
Shall safely cross the stream,
And Castlesod, its joys and griefs, [1]
Shall vanish like a dream!

And flocks and herds, in pleasant fields
That now securely rove,
At trysting times shall throng the bridge
In many a goodly drove.

And wealth shall come in many a form
To old St. Cuthbert's Town;
Its hum will cheer M'Lellan's toil, [2]
And Cavan's labour crown.

The old boat from its chain must part,

And drift, like time away;
The chain shall sink, to rise no more,
On this auspicious day.

Long as the tide ebbs out to sea,
Long as it flows to land,
Long as a leaf floats on the Dee,
Still may the good bridge stand.

Around it poppling waves shall plash,
Near it tall ships shall float,
And through its arch the swift shall rush,
Screaming its wildest note,

Then, circling high, delighted look
On mountain, stream, and sea,
St. Mary's Isle, its woods, and all
The grandeur of the Dee.

Acknowledgement to “Bridging the Dee at Kirkcudbright” by T R Collin for background information. Also where the beginning of the poem with other verses can be found.
With thanks to Jim Bell for sending in the poem

[1] Castle Sod was the Ferry Inn
[2] He was Town Clerk and Provost