

Throughout the week they had no better fun.
Each tussle helped when next we took the field
Our mother tongue with greater ease to wield;
Through eye and ear, as thus well pleased we
fought,
The proper garb for language there we wrought.

With minds alert, the rocky steeps they climb
And stronger grow in schools of early time;
Each added height a wider view surveys,
Expands the thought, to nobler purpose sways.
They frequent pause to test their growing
skill,—

For pleasure's sake and better vantage still,—
By mental thrust and parry in debate
While canny Scots the doubtful issues wait.
O'er rugged roads we oft for many a mile
Through darkness deep may plod in Indian file,
While this and that beguiles us on the way,
Nor weary feel while hearts are in the fray.
In many schools, from madding crowds remote,
O'er many themes young Scottish athletes
fought,
And voices heard in later years afar,
Much timbre owed to days of early war.

A stagnant pool, exhaling death around,
Were human nature free from struggle found;
Whate'er the life as led in heav'nly spheres,