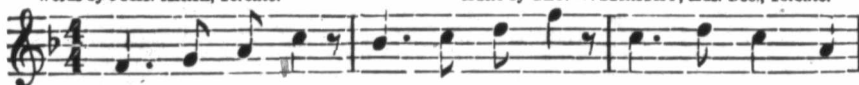


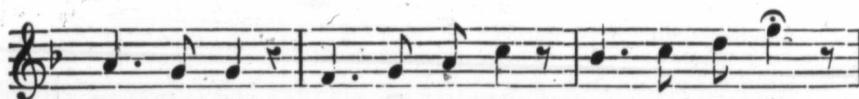
SONS OF SCOTLAND.

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

Music by GEO. W. STRATHY, Mus. Doo., Toronto.



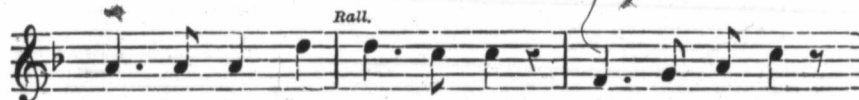
1. Sons of Scot-land! land of free-dom! Sons of no-ble
2. Sons of Scot-land! bards his-to-ric Sang your deeds of



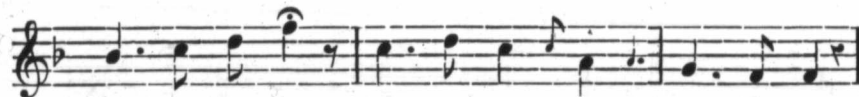
sires, all hail! Let your watchword aye be "Freedom!"
no-ble fame, Let not ty-ran-ny ple-thor-ic



You shall ev-er-more prevail! Let the wrong be deep-ly ha-ted,
Tar-nish your un-sul-lied name; His-tory gives us what we cherish,



Let the right be prized like love, Mar-tyr cour-age
Ours to still main-tain the right, May that his-tory



un-a-ba-ted, Trust-ing in your God a-bove!
nev-er per-ish, Though we per-ish in the fight!

3

Like the waters from our fountains,
Giving strength to flesh and bone;
Like the thistle on our mountains,
Harmless, if but let alone!
Ours to shield the needy stranger,
Ours to put the erring right;
Ours to stand in time of danger,
And, if need be, ours to fight!

4

Dear old Scotia? land of flowers,
Land of mountain, hill and vale!
Land of sunshine, shade and showers,
Land of river, loch and dale;
Land of ever-changing beauty,
Land of liberty and love;—
Scotchmen! tread the path of duty,
Till you reach the land above!