

"Scots, Wha Ha'e" *Scottish Air*

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Chains and slavery!
Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Let him follow me!
By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or dee!

(Unaccompanied.)

"Rule, Britannia!" *British Air*

When Britain first at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter—the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang the strain.

Chorus:

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

THE SOPRANOS AND FULL CHORUS.

"*Scots, Wha Ha'e*."—Burns wrote this thrilling song to an old air which had captured his fancy. The tradition that it was to the tune of "Hey, tuttle taitle" that Bruce marched to Bannockburn warmed him, he writes, "to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish Ode, fitted to the air that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning."

"*Rule, Britannia!*"—The famous patriotic song. "Rule, Britannia!" was composed by Dr. Thomas Arne, who was born in 1710. Arne was educated at Eton, and was a Doctor of Music of Oxford. He was a most prolific composer, and many of his songs are of perennial beauty. Amongst these are: "Where the Bee Sucks," "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," "Under the Greenwood Tree," and "When Daisies Pied." "Rule, Britannia!" was written in 1740 for a Masque entitled "Alfred," which was first performed at Cliefden House, near Maidenhead, then the residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales. The words are probably by the poet Thomson.