

The past has stamped upon thy heart a lesson great and grand,
That when occasion calls thee forth thou'rt fit to take thy stand,
And show by dint of word and deed, in conflict foul or fair,
Thy sons are ready for thy sake to do what men may dare.

Thy victories of peace and war, unsullied by a spot,
'Twould make a freeman hang his head in palace or in cot,
Must fill each patriotic heart with reverence and pride,
To guard thy honor as his own, whatever may betide.

Within thy fair and vast domains, what treasure good and grand,
Has nature not bestown on thee, with kind and lavish hand?
In field and forest lake and shore, in dells and mountain rifts,
Are scattered broadcast far and near her best and choicest gifts.

A land of beauty—nameless fair, of every varied mood,
From cataract with voice sublime, to deepest solitude;
From smiling valleys robed in green and laced with silver rills,
To summits clothed in virgin snow among the pathless hills.

Thy future looms with prospect bright, of honour, prestige, power,
When wisdom shall thy borders gird and valour guard each tower,
When pessimistic, peevish plaint no more shall lift its voice,
But steadfast in its righteous strength, a nation shall rejoice.

The blood that pulses in thy veins, has flown from sires renowned,
Who have been in the ages past, by every virtue crowned;
And bound up in thy morning life are elements as grand
As those that made the parent stock, the pride of ever land.

St. Andrew's Day.

Oh, ye wha claim oor patron saint,
Whose hearts nae foreign air can taint
And mak' them slight the land they spent
Life's opening May;
Be this toast pledged without restraint
"St. Andrew's Day."

May joy and happiness preside,
As sitting jovial side by side,
Ye toast the land far ower the tide,
Wi' muckle glee;
O' a' the earth the wale and pride—
The auld countrie.

What Scot but kindles at the strains
That paint his dear, his native plains,
Where honor dwells and virtue reigns
Wi' lofty name;
And sociality attains
Her highest aim.