

The vile he warns to think, to stop—
 The path to heaven is still the best;
 To drooping hearts he counsels hope,
 To weary souls he speaks of rest.

The sunbeams glimmer through the trees,
 And dance above the solemn throng,
 While borne upon the gentle breeze
 To heaven ascends the heartfelt song.

O, Scotland! may the God of life
 Forever shower his blessings on thee!
 O! may the seeds of hate and strife,
 Be never sown or reaped upon thee!

And may thy sons be ever found,
 An honor to the human race,
 May God in his eternal round
 From thee and thine, ne'er hide his face!

The bard nursed in the lap of care,
 Oppressed with grief and tangled fate —
 His fleeting moments cry "prepare!"
 Time never shuts the church yard gate.

O! may we never, ne'er forget
 The lessons of our early years;
 Examples that our parents set,
 Their admonitions and their tears.

And when death's curtain o'er us falls,
 May heaven dispel the clouds of night,
 O! may we hear the voice that calls:
 "Come, welcome to the realms of light."