

See, Lochiel's banner stands proud in the line,
 Oft has it waved o'er your brave fathers and mine,
 Whose undaunted courage nae dangers could ding,
 O'er red heaps of ruin they followed their king.

Nor will we, their offspring, disgrace the proud line.
 Nor tarnish the trophies that round it entwine ;
 Your blood and your chieftain's doth claim the same
 spring,
 Just fight like your fathers and Jamie's a king.

Our foes are in motion, their horse comes in sight,
 Perhaps they may need them, they're useful in flight.
 Now bagpipes and bugles, in rival notes sing.
 Your honour, your country, and Jamie your king !

THE MOUNTAINS OF SPAIN.

Air—Humours of Glen.

Sweet balmy peace her soft sway is extending,
 With gladness the march-beaten sodgers return;
 With hearts light and cheerful their way homeward
 bending,

Back to their dear country, pale weary and worn—
 Day after day I impatiently languish'd
 To meet with my Billy—but now that's in vain ;
 The last ray of hope in my bosom's extinguish'd,
 For cold lies my love on the mountains of Spain.