

And sung, while to the charge we led,
"Scots who live in Wallace's blood."
 'Twas there I felt the patriot flame
 First burn within my youthful frame,
 (I feel its influence at this hour,)
 And bow beneath its magic power;
 And when I see the sons of toil
 Famishing on their native soil,
 Or seeking forest solitudes,
 In hungry hopeless multitudes,
 To fight with a new train of woes,
 Or perish 'mid Canadian snows—
 The feelings that I caught 'neath thee,
 As fresh as in their infancy,
 Burst forth in aspirations vain,
 O! that thy hero liv'd again.

Tho' haunted by the steps of fate,
 Tho' wand'ring poor and desolate,
 Some form of lov'd recollection
 Haunts the ruins of affection.
 List to that poor ballad singer,
 Whose wreck'd powers can hardly bring her
 The very dregs of charity,
 O! 'twas not thus in thy young day,
 Poor Anna! many a heart beat quick,
 And many a pulse unused to it,
 When in thine own green native bower,
 You sung at evening's holy hour;
 Bent age and buoyant infancy
 Listen'd enraptured to thy lay;
 Then to thy songs their duties impart
 A something 'yond the reach of art;