

A Scotchman has the knack to plod,
Through thick an' thin he'll bear his load,
His trust is aye in richt an' God,—
The perseverin' "Scotty!"

He's 'tentive baith to kirk an' mart,
To friends he's true an' hard to part,
In life's great race he needs nae start,—
"I'll win or dee," says "Scotty!"

An' if he meets wi' ane or twa
O' Scotlan's sons when far awa',
They'll 'gree like brithers ane and a',—
A "clannish" man is "Scotty!"

Though aft he travels far frae home,
He's aye a Scotchman a' the same,
An' prood to crack o' Scotlan's fame,—
A loyal son is "Scotty!"

Should Scotlan' ever need his help,
He'll gie her enemies a skelp,
An' mak' them rin like frichted whelp,
And gie respect to "Scotty!"

Then ca' me "Scotty" if ye will,
Nick-name like that can wark nae ill;
I'll shake yer han' wi' richt guid-will,
Whane'er ye ca' me "Scotty!"

THE SWEETEST WORD ON EARTH IS HOME.

THE sweetest word on earth is home,
To loving hearts most dear;
Where'er our footsteps seek to roam,
Home thoughts are ever near.
The mem'ries sweet of life's spring-day
Keep fresh and green forever,
Like fragrant flowers they scent the way
Adown life's winding river.

CHORUS.—The dearest spot beneath the skies
Is that we call "our home!"
'Tis there we look with longing eyes,
Though o'er the earth we roam!

Our homes may be where mountains rise
Like dark green clouds to heaven;
Or where the valley-lily lies
Our humble lot be given;