

And yet though humble and obscure our place in life's stern fight,  
We may as deathless laurels win as star-bejewelled knight,  
And they wha face life's duties a' that lie near to their heart,  
Hae done their best, wha can do mair?—aye play a manly part.

Though sometimes it is hard to bear the stings and slings o' life,  
There's yet a calm and peacefu' goal to a' its din and strife,  
Wha finds the sweetest, softest rest, unvexed by abject fear?  
'Tis those, though tried and tempest-tossed, have yet a conscience clear.  
Oh, sweet is sunshine after rain, and pleasure after grief,  
How dear when dreary winter's past, the opening bud and leaf,  
And sweet to many a weary wight, wha under troubles smart,  
The thought that sufi'ring nerves the soul,—aye play a manly part.

At times we think 'tis folly pure to try and stem the tide,  
But just rest idly on oor oars and wi' the current glide;  
But never yet was victory won without some sacrifice,  
The greater barriers to o'ercome, the greater aye the prize.  
And danger faced and overcome maun fill the heart wi' glee,  
Unfelt by a' save those who've fought 'gainst odds to victory;  
And looking proudly to the past what joys maun through them dart.  
That knave or caitiff ne'er can feel,—aye play a manly part.

'Tis said oor acts oor angels are, that whether guid or ill,  
That in the lang, lang life to come, they'll bless or haunt us still;  
Gin that be true we canna tell, but this we brawly ken,  
That virtue is its ain reward to a' degrees o' men.  
And gin oor lives be in the right, although at times we fail,  
The motive justifies the deed, as moral does the tale,  
And though a thankless part we play in life's big, changefu' mart,  
Let's learn to "labour and to wait," and manly play oor part.

### Canada.

Hurrah, hurrah! for Canada, the bonnie and the brave!  
Long may the beaver rear its head, the vernal maple wave,  
As emblems of thy hardy race, the gallant and the free,  
Who'll ne'er submit to red-eyed wrong not crouch to tyranny.

Thy fame shall never cease to be applauded o'er the world,  
Where ever men o'er martyr's graves have freedom's flag unfurled;  
And sooner shall the hills take flight that guard thy native plains,  
Then will Canadians cease to sing thy patriotic strains.

Here valour dwells and justice reigns, the patriotic flame  
Is part and parcel of thy life and not an empty name;  
And if a time should ever come when State must stand or fall,  
No son of thine will fail, I trow, to answer to thy call.

A nation's, like a man of worth, is measured not by threats,  
Too often is the braggard's boasts fast followed by regrets,  
The frothy stream that boils and broils is shallow at the best,  
The ample, wide, majestic lake seems placid and at rest.