

I've gathered walth o' weel-won gear,
 Yet still I fortune blame ;
 I lang wi' strangers passed my days,
 And now I'm ane at hame :
 I have nae friend, but what my gowd
 Can draw to mammon's shrine ;
 But how unlike the guileless hearts
 That wish'd me weel langsyne.
 Auld langsyne, &c.

CAMERON'S ADDRESS TO HIS CLAN.

AIR—*Jamie's come Hame.*

Descendants of heroes ! whose fame knew no blots,
 The pride of your country, the last of the Scots !
 The morning's advancing, the lark's on the wing,
 This day maun determine if Jamie is king.

Your injured country your pity implores,
 The wrongs of your monarch sit on your claymores ;
 We on the prond foemen swift vengeance will bring,
 And show these usurpers that Jamie's a king.

We proudly did own him when he was in power,
 Nor will we forsake him when fortune looks sour ;
 We'll rather lie round him in a cauld bluidy ring,
 And show them what Camerons dare do for their king