

No slave shall ever breath our air,
Nor lynch laws e're shall bind us ;
So keep your Yankee mobs at home,
For Britons still you'll find us.

XI.

Still wi' Sandy Munro

One of the felt wants of those early days on the part of many young men was that of the companionship of the gentler sex. This is humorously brought out in a song sung and afterwards dictated to the writer by Sandy Munro, and thus perhaps rescued from oblivion. It was composed by James Crichton, one of the very early settlers of Lower Nichol, who may be described as the Robbie Burns of the new settlement, but who after a few years of life in the bush, returned to Scotland and prospered there.

THE LAIRDS Q' THE BUSH

The lairds o' the bush may be prood o' their lot ;
We're as happy as kings in oor long-shingled cot ;
We sow oor ain field, and chop oor ain tree,
And glide on through life independent and free.

We can mak' oor ain sugar and boil oor ain tea,
Mak' oor ain maut, brew oor ale and oor ain barley bree,
But we're badly ill off for a cargie o' wives
Tae mak' hairsome oor hairs an' enliven oor lives.

It's hard when a laird has tae bile his ain pot,
Mak' his breed, mend his breeks, or what not.
His dishes be scrapes ance or twice i' the week,
He would fain hae the maid he's afraid for to seek.

Ay, we're badly ill off for a cargie o' wives
Tae mak' hairsome oor hairs an' enliven oor lives ;
We want the sweet music o' by lally hush,
The mild mithor sings to ter babe i' the bush.

Noo lets drink a gude health tae the bachelor squad,
And may they bae wives while there's wives tae be had !
And may each Nichol laird bae his baby tae bush,
Though laords o' creation an' lairds o' the bush.