

O a fool is just a "gowk"  
And you'll find them the world over  
(And the maid's ten times a "gowk"  
Who has not at least one lover.)

*A  
Tarbolton  
Toast.*

"Nemo me impune——" (Hands off!)  
O the New is but the Older,  
And this Canada's like Scotland,  
Standing shoulder unto shoulder.

And the "thistle"—not in Scotia  
Seek the lov'd old prickly pest ;  
Westward ho, to land of Maple—  
There (spite laws) it fattens best.

O the New is but the Old,  
(Come, stand up, sir, wet your "whistle"!)  
And Rob Burns belongs to us  
Like the sturdy, stern old thistle.

So then, here's a good Scotch bumper  
To the Poet—"Janwar" born ;  
He is Scotia's—he is ours—  
Pledge him in John Barley-corn.