

He who spake as man did never—
Words 'twill live through all earth's storms—
Consecrated once for ever,
Toil in all its varied forms.
Ply the shuttle, wield the hammar,
Guide the sickle mould the clay,
Leave to schoolmen, greek and grammar,
Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Think of Him, the world's Redeemer,
Brow begrimmed with labour's stain,
No utopian, aimless dreamer,—
Toiling on with hand and brain.
Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Though thy walk in life be lowly,
Though disheartened oft ye feel,
Labor makes thy pathway holy,
Consecrates the frugal meal.
Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Not to downy bed and pillows
Always comes the sweetest rest ;
Oft they feel like surging billows
To some Croesus' troubled breast.
Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Men of every phase of labour,
Faint not in the role ye play ;
By a wise and stern endeavour,
Truth and worth will win the day.
Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Oye Manly Play Your Part.

We canna a' be wealthy, we canna a' be great,
We canna a' be rulers in either kirk or state,
We canna a' hae god-like power o' intellect and nerve,
Where one is born to rule and guide, a thousand's born to serve.