

ODE TO THE SONS OF SCOTLAND.

Tune,—“AULD LANG SYNE.”

Composed and Dedicated to the Order of the Sons of Scotland in Canada,

By JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

Affettuoso. 8:



1. { We're Sons o' Scotlan', ane an' a', And prood o' kith an'
When Scotch-men tra-vel far frae hame, They like to meet a



kin, Yet tho' frae hame we're far a-wa', We lo'e the lan' we're
freen, An' crack a-boot their coun-try's fame, An' keep its mem-ry

8: CHORUS.



in. } We're a' Sons o' Scot-lan' here, An' a' leal an' true. An'
green. }



if you be a brith-er dear, We'll a' wel-come you.

We're Sons o' Scotlan', ane an' a',
An' prood o' kith an' kin,
Yet tho' frae hame we're far awa',
We lo'e the lan' we're in ;
When Scotchmen travel far frae hame,
They like to meet a freen,
An' crack about their country's fame,
An' keep its mem'ry green.

CHORUS—We're a' Sons o' Scotlan' here,
An' a' leal an' true,
An' if you be a brither dear,
We'll a' welcome you.

We meet to sing the “auld Scotch sangs,”
An' crack about lang syne,
An' they wha richted Scotlan's wrangs

An' focht her battles fine;
Oor bosoms swell wi' loyal pride,
For Wallace, Bruce and Burns,
T' the dear auld lan' ayont the tide,
Leal memory aften turns !
CHO.—“We're a' Sons o' Scotlan' here,” etc.

An' when a brither needs a freen,
We lend a helpin' hand,
By lonely bedside aft are seen
Some members o' oor band ;
We cheer an' comfort in distress
An' gi'e the orphans bread,
The widow's lonely lot we bless
An' bury a' oor dead !
CHO.—“We're a' Sons o' Scotlan' here,” etc.