

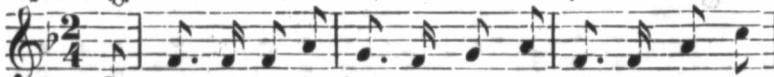
ODE TO THE SONS OF SCOTLAND.

Tune,—"AULD LANG SYNE."

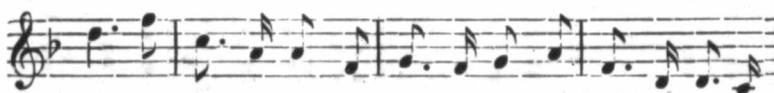
Composed and Dedicated to the Order of the Sons of Scotland in Canada,

Affetuoso. 8:

By JOHN IMBIE, Toronto.



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

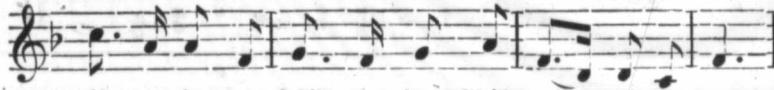
kin, Yet tho' frae hame we're far a - wa', We lo'e the lan' we're

freen, An' crack a - bout their coun - try's fame, An' keep its mem'ry

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 a bout 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 a bout lang syne,

An' they wha richted Scotlan's wrangs

An' focht her battles fine;

Oor bosoms swell wi' loyal pride,

For W^{allace}, Bruce and Burns,

T' the dear auld lan' ayont the tide,

Leal memory often 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.