

About yersels, I wadna' say.
Ye reverend, black-coated gentry—
To take a dose o' what ye gie
Might be a blessing to the country.
If a' be true that ye hae said,
'Tis heaven's way o' getting at us,
I'm sure we should be unco' glad
But O, my Early Rose potatoes!

— x —

**READ AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE ON
ST. ANDREWS' NIGHT, 18—**

Ye kindly chiels and brither Scots,
We've met ance more together
In honor o' oor native land,
The land o' hill and heather.
To hear again the auld Scotch sangs,
Sae couthie, cute, and kind,
That pleased sae weel when we were young
In the days o' auld lang syne.

A Scotchman on a distant shore,
What pleases him the best,
When far frae hame in foreign land,
Like us in the Nor'-West?
When working hard and striving sair,
What pleases maist the mind?
'Tis nights like this, and sangs like these,
In memory of lang syne.

Then tell the tales that hae been told
So often by so many,
And speak the words that hae been spoke
By dear auld worthy grannie,
And sing the sangs that hae been sung,
They're better far than mine;
The couthie sangs, the kindly sangs,
The sangs o' auld lang syne.