

Down where yon bonnie burnie rins,  
We'll wander oft about the linns ;  
What Chelsea gi'es for broken shins,  
We'll ware the tithe on whisky, O.

Egypt saw us in our prime,  
And frae that day we keep'd the line,  
Till Bonie did his bonnet tine,  
And bann'd the land o' whisky, O.  
We'll pass the e'ening o' our days  
Where they began, on Athol braes,  
Far frae war, and a' its waes,  
Snug in the land o' whisky, O

But if our king and country crave  
Our help, when hostile banners wave,  
We'll freely hirple wi' the brave,  
To shield the land o' whisky, O.  
If sae o'ercome wi' craizy yeild,  
Nae warlike weapons we dow wield,  
We'll play a spring to cheer the field,  
The air o' cakes and whisky, O.

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### SONG

AIR—*Auld Langsyne.*

To wander lang in foreign lands  
It was my destinie ;  
I joyful was at my return,  
My native hills to see ;  
My step grew light, my heart grew fain,