

We hae nae Byrons, Burns' nor Moores,
 To chant her praise as it should be ;
 But tact or nane, the *will* is ours,
 Sae here's a stave for CANADIE.

II.

She has nae ancient fame to boast,
 A wee bit bairn on nature's knee ;
 Tho' *some fouk* ken it to their cost,
 Whan ruffl't she can scart a wee.
 And yet, its no a trade she likes ;
 She'll aye lat be, for fair lat be ;
 Yer grunsom' an' yer feghtin' tykes,
 Lord keep awa frae CANADIE.

III.

She canna vaunt o' diamond mines,
 Golconda, or Brazil like ye ;
 She canna rear Italia's vines,
 But feint for a' she cares a flea.
 Her tow'rin woods, an' hills o' airn',
 Can charm frae roun' an' yont the sea,
 Her wale o' *playthings* for the bairn ;
 An' *barley* thrives in CANADIE.