

As if your soul were in the stane,  
And heaven itself were near the tee.

## CHORUS.

Then soop, soop, soop ! Then soop, soop, soop !  
And draw the creepin' stane a wee ;  
The ice may thaw, the day may snaw,  
But aye we're merry round the tee.

Ye see that bonny leadin' stane—  
O man, it's fine ! noo guard it weel :  
Yon pawky chiel the shot has ta'en,  
And ower the ice he mak's it speel.

Like man, like stane, the pace implies—  
The rash lies far beyond the tee,  
The cannie man secures the prize,  
The laggard's stane a hog shall be.

Long may we wick, an' chap an' lie,  
Or guard a stane, wi' canna ca,  
O, right and left mak' stanes to fly,  
An' clear the tee for final draw.

The battles won by lead and steel,  
Bring wounds, and death, and misery ;  
Our beef and greens and bow o' meal  
Bring blessings with each victory.

Then hand around the neeshin' horn,  
The wintry evenings quickly fa' ;  
Wha lose to-day may win the morn—  
Thou roarin' game, hip, hip, hurrah !