

Now Gallia's shatter'd squadrons fly,
 Scotland ! Scotland ! rends the sky ;
 The fainting hero join'd the cry,
 His faltring accents died away.

SONG

AIR—*Neil Gow's Farewell to Whisky.*

I'll pledge ye, Donald, frank and free,
 I often fand a friend in thee,
 When toils and dangers we did dree,
 Far frae the land o' whisky O.
 Now we've return'd to Athol braes,
 Where blithe we passed our early days,
 We'll tak a soup to heal our waes,
 And toast the land o' whisky, O.

We'll crack o' ferlies far awa,
 O' what we heard and what we saw ;
 O' fields that busk'd our country braw—
 The honour'd land o' whisky, O.
 Midst deadly showers o' shells and shot,
 It warm'd us like the pibroch's note,
 To hear our plaided comrades shout
 The land o' cakes and whisky, O.

But now we're feeble, fail'd and auld,
 And life's red stream creeps slaw and cauld :
 To make us canty, crouse and bauld,
 We'll often pree the whisky, O.