

Deemed little he the day would dawn,  
 On Scottish moor or English lawn,  
 That erst-while foes, in twin-like band,  
 Would each, each others foes withstand :  
 And not alone on native ground—  
 On ev'ry soil where Scots are found—  
 'Neath spreading palm ; on Egypt's sand ;  
 Bright plains of Ind ; Crimean strand ;  
 As one they fought ; O, dauntless pride !  
 As one they conquered ; one they died ;  
 Shoulder to Shoulder ! rallying cry ;  
 Shoulder to Shoulder ! mouldering lie ;  
 In rugged cairn, or arid sod,  
 'Neath the vast canopy of God.

The truest friend a Briton knows,  
 Hails whence the scented heather blows,  
 Where Tay and Tweed's dark waters pour  
 Through Caledonia's rifted shore,  
 And countless keels majestic ride  
 On the proud breast of queenly Clyde.

MONTREAL, Christmas, 1883.

