

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

(Composed by request of the Society.)

The farther Scotchmen gang fra hame
 They seem to grow the fonder
 O' everything that's Scotch in name,
 An' crack aboot it yonder.
 Ayont Atlantic's briny foam;
 They a' ken ane anither—
 The Scot's at hame wher'er he roam
 An' share to find a brither!

CHORUS.

St. Andrew's, Caledonians, Clans,
 As Sons o' Scotland gather;
 An' Gaelic braw "John Heilanmans!"
 Are prood o' hame and heather!

An' when St. Andrew's Day comes roon
 There's aye a demonstration,
 They march wi' pipers through the toon,
 In honor o' oor nation.
 At nicht they spread a table fair,
 An' mak' a jolly pairty—
 They're share to hae a' guid things there,
 To keep them crouse an' hearty.—CHO.

The hall is set a' roon wi' flags,
 An' sometimes screeds o' tartan;
 Wi' claymores, shields, and heids o' stags,
 Frae Oban or Dumbarton.
 Each coat, in button-hole, is seen
 A sprig o' Heilan' heather,
 W' a bonnie rosebud in between,
 To show they gree thegither.—CHO.

It's then they crack o' Scotland's might,
 O' Wallace, Knox, an' Burns,
 An' how a Scotchman fechts for richt—
 Gie speeches a' in turns.
 The auld Scotch sangs their hearts enthrall,
 They lo'e the words so fine—
 To the "wee short hour ayont the twal,"
 When they pairt wi' "Auld Lang Lyne."

—John Imrie.