

SONG composed for the Soiree, given by
the Inhabitants of New Richmond, County
of Bonaventure, District of Gaspé, on behalf
of the Patriotic Fund.

AIR — *Scots wha hae.*

Scots who were by Campbell led,
Scots who ne'er the foeman fled,
Welcome to your gory bed,
And to victory.

Well may Scotia vaunt that hour,
When the Czar's o'erwhelming pow'r,
Like a storm was seen to lour,
But ye did not flee.

Well ye stood the deadly fray,
Man and horse in proud array,
Dearly did the foeman pay
His temerity.

Inkerman, thy battle field
Taught the Czar's proud host to yield,
When the Scots-men — whom God shield,
Bid them turn and flee.

Honour then to all who fought,
All who deeds of valour wrought,
On that glorious, but dear bought
Field of victory.

Here's to Saxon, Celt and Scot,
Alma's deeds are not forgot,
Widows, Orphans, ye shall not
Pine in penury.

Here's to England's Queen and Laws,
Here's to who in freedom's cause
From its sheath the bright steal draws —
Death or liberty.

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