

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 — *Scotts 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.

the  
usly  
aker  
com-  
flee-

leon  
tion,  
sent  
och  
es in

*The History*