

The times are changed, an' sae are we,
 Gin we subscribe to sic a gee ;
 But intellect may march for me,

The grumphish innovator.

Lat custom immemorial shine,—

A bumper toast in rosy wine,—

“The usages o' auld lang syne,”

An' deil confoun' the water.

O, ill befa' the eidant cry,

Water, Water ; Water, Water,—

Weet yer whistle when its dry,

Wi' ither stuff than Water.

SONG.

TUNE,—“ *Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.*”

I.

Auld Scotia hills they live in sang,

An' Albin's chalky cliffs sae free ;

An' Erin wi' her tantrums, lang

Has drain't the walls o' Poesie.