

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.