

Let them tak tent wha think they staun,
God keep us humble a'!
The pride o' never having fa'en,
Itsel's a dreedfu' fa.'
O never, never! forward be,
The erring ane tae blame,
For under like temptation ye
Micht just hae dune the same.

Burns micht hae muckle tae repent,
Frae "passions wild and strong";
But did he gie his soul's consent,
Although he did the wrong?
We love him even wi' a stain,
Nae matter wha may ban;
We love him, for he did maintain,
The liberty of Man.

And till the ages a' are fled,
And time shall cease to roll,
His "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Shall fire the freeman's soul.
Hail! Minstrel o' the brave and true,
Tho' Scotia's pride thou art,
In spirit thou belongest to
The universal heart.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.