

V.
 Degenerate Scotland! days have been
 Thy soil when only freeman trod—
 When mountain-crag and valley green
 Poured forth the loud acclaim to God—
 The fire which liberty imparts,
 Refulgent in each patriot eye,
 And, graven on a nation's hearts,
 The Word—for which we stand or die!

VI.
 Unholy change! The scorner's chair
 Is now the seat of those who rule;
 Tortures, and bonds, and death, the share
 Of all except the tyrant's tool.
 That faith in which our fathers breathed,
 And had their life, for which they died—
 That priceless heirloom they bequeathed
 Their sons—our impious foes deride!

VII.
 So we have left our homes behind,
 And we have belted on the sword,
 And we in solemn league have joined,
 Yea! covenanted with the Lord,
 Never to seek those homes again,
 Never to give the sword its sheath,
 Until our rights of faith remain
 Unfettered as the air we breathe!

VIII.
 O Thou, who rulest above the sky,
 Begirt about with starry thrones,
 Cast from the Heaven of Heavens thine eye
 Down on our wives and little ones—
 From Hallelujahs surging round,
 Oh! for a moment turn thine ear,
 The widow prostrate on the ground,
 The famished orphan's cries to hear!

IX.
 And Thou wilt hear! It cannot be
 That Thou wilt list the raven's brood,
 When from their nest they scream to Thee,
 And in due season send them food;
 It cannot be that thou wilt weave
 The lily such superb array,
 And yet unfed, unsheltered, leave
 Thy children—as if less than they!

X.
 We have no hearth—the ashes lie
 In blackness where they brightly shone;
 We have no homes—the desert sky
 Our covering, earth our couch alone;
 We have no heritage—deprived
 Of these, we ask not such on earth;
 Our hearts are sealed; we seek in heaven,
 For heritage, and home, and hearth!

XI.
 O Salem, city of the saint,
 And holy men made perfect! We
 Pant for thy gates, our spirits faint
 Thy glorious golden streets to see;—
 To mark the rapture that inspires
 The ransomed, and redeemed by grace;
 To listen to the seraphs' lyres,
 And meet the angels face to face!

XII.
 Father in Heaven! we turn not back,
 Though briars and thorns choke up the path;
 Rather the torture of the rack.
 Than tread the wine-press of Thy wrath.
 Let thunders crash, let torrents shower,
 Let whirlwinds churn the howling sea,
 What is the turmoil of an hour,
 To an eternal calm with Thee?

PSALMODY

OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

The following table of the Authors of the Paraphrases and Hymns of the Church of Scotland is given in the *New Scots Magazine*:—

PARAPHRASES.

1. Let heaven arise, let earth appear—Watts altered by Cameron.

2. O God of Bethel! by whose hand.—Doddridge altered by Logan.
3. Naked as from the earth we came.—Watts altered by Cameron.
4. How still and peaceful is the grave.—Blair altered by Cameron.
5. Though trouble springs not from the dust.—Watts altered.
6. The rush may rise where waters flow.—Watts altered by Cameron.
7. How should the sons of Adam's race.—Ditto Ditto.
8. Few are thy days, and full of woe.—Logan.
9. Who can resist the Almighty arm.—Do.
10. In streets and openings of the gates.—Do.
11. O happy is the man who hears.—Do.
12. Ye indolent and slothful, rise.—Watts altered by Cameron.
13. Keep silence, all ye sons of men.—Watts altered.
14. While others crowd the house of mirth.—Cameron.
15. As long as life its term extends.—Watts altered.
16. In life's gay morn, when brightly youth.—Dr. Blacklock.
17. Rulers of Sodom, hear the voice.—Cameron.
18. Behold! the mountain of the Lord.—Watts altered by Logan.
19. The race that long in darkness pined.—Morrison.
20. How glorious Zion's courts appear.—Watts and Blair.
21. Attend, ye tribes that dwell remote.—Morrison.
22. Why pour'st thou forth thine anxious plaint.—Watts altered by Cameron.
23. Behold thy servant! see him rise—Anonymous altered by Logan.
24. Ye heavens send forth your song of praise.—Watts altered by Cameron.
25. How few receive with cordial faith.—Robertson altered by Logan.
26. Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring.—Anon. altered by Cameron.
27. Thus speaks the high and lofty One.—Logan.
28. Attend, and mark the solemn fast.—Logan and Morrison.
29. Amidst the mighty where is he.—Morrison.
30. Come, let us to the Lord our God.—Anon. altered by Logan.
31. Thus speaks the Heathen; how shall man.—Logan.
32. What though no flowers the fig-tree clothe.—Anon. altered by Cameron.
33. Father of all! we bow to thee.—Blair.
34. Thus spoke the Saviour of the world.—Blair altered by Cameron.
35. 'Twas on that night when doom'd to know.—Morrison.
36. My soul and spirit filled with joy.—Anon. altered by Cameron.
37. While humble shepherds watch'd their flock.—Anon.
38. Just and devout old Simeon liv'd—Anon.
39. Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes.—Doddridge by Cameron.
40. The wretched prodigal behold.—Watts altered by Cameron.
41. As when the Hebrew prophet raised.—Do. Do.
42. Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts.—Robertson by Cameron.
43. You now must hear my voice no more.—Do. Do.
44. Behold the Saviour on the cross.—Blair.
45. Ungodly sinners, whence this scorn.—Do. by Cameron.
46. Vain are the hopes the sons of men.—Watts by Cameron.
47. And shall we then go on to sin.—Do by Do.
48. Let Christian faith and hope dispel.—Logan.
49. Though perfect eloquence adorned—Randal by Cameron.
50. When the last trumpet's awful voice.—Anon. by Cameron.
51. Soon shall this earthly frame dissolved.—Watts by Cameron.
52. Ye who the name of Jesus bear.—Anon. by Cameron.

53. Take comfort, Christians, when your friends.—Logan.
54. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.—Watts by Cameron.
55. My race is run, my warfare's o'er.—Do. by Do.
56. How wretched was our former state.—Do. by Do.
57. Jesus, the Son of God, who once.—Anon. by Cameron.
58. Where high the heavenly temple stands.—Logan.
59. Behold what witnesses unseen.—Anon. by Cameron.
60. Father of peace, and God of love!—Watts by Cameron.
61. Blessed be the everlasting God.—Watts by Cameron.
62. Lo! in the last days behold.—Ogilvie altered.
63. Behold the amazing gift of love.—Watts by Cameron.
64. To him that loved the sons of men.—Anon.
65. Behold the glories of the Lamb.—Watts by Cameron.
66. How bright these glorious spirits shine.—Do. Do.
67. Lo! what a glorious sight appears.—Ditto Do.

HYMNS.

1. When all thy mercies, O my God!—Addison.
2. The spacious firmament on high.—Do.
3. When rising from the bed of death.—Do.
4. Blest morning! whose first dawning rays.—Altered from Watts.
5. The hour of my departure's come.—Logan.

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