

And where the waving thistle grows:—stern in its native soil,
It makes the tyrant wish to crush, within itself recoil.

But scenes have changed, and other lands have now become our home,
And strangers in an unco soil, from Scotland's hills we roam,
Yet God is our protector, as he was in days of yore,
When Andrew's flaunting cross came forth unharmed from heathen shore.

As scions of so good a stem ; on this auspicious day
We meet in honour of our saint, and to him homage pay,
Yet, while we boast as being sons of earth where Andrew trod,
Let no vain glory lead us from the homage due to God.
Nor may we in our festival forget our humbler friends,
But freely share with them the gifts which bounteous Heaven sends,
And cheer our country's wanderers, with outstretched open hand,
Whose spirits grieve 'neath ripened woes far from their native land.

Our country's honour may we guard, nor sully her high fame,
Be zealous for the weal of all who bear the Scottish name ;
And weave, with kind remembrances, a laurel for our dead,
Who died as Scotchmen ought to do, in battle or in bed,