

A P P E N D I X .

THE LAND OF SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, BY A. MCKILLOP,
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His purse was light, his eyes were bright,
His heart was brave and young,
When called to leave his native isle,
The lovely Land of Song.

When, tempest toss'd, the seas he cross'd,
His ardent hopes were strong,
Though tears bedimmed thy parting shades,
Thou peerless Land of Song.

The bravest here may shed a tear,
To weep it was not wrong,
When last he saw that star of earth,
The holy Land of Song.

And when he reached the sunny beach
Of China's famed Hong Kong,
Even there, he heaved a sigh for thee,
The flowery Land of Song.

And when on shore at Serampore,
He joined the conquering throng,
Beneath the palms they sang thy praise,
Thou cheerful Land of Song.

Though Delhi's powers and Lucknow's towers
Were fortified and strong,
They fell before thy gallant sons,
Thou mighty Land of Song.

And when with toil they gained the Nile,
Where Moses wept when young,
Among the Pyramids they claimed
The classic Land of Song.

No Pharaoh knave could there enslave
The tribes they moved among,
Nor could the Highlanders forget
The charming Land of Song.