

SCOTLAND YET.

Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair,
Gae bring it free and fast
For I maun sing anither sang, ere all my glee
be past,
And trow ye, as I sing my lads, the burden
o't shall be:
Auld Scotlands howes, and Scotlands knowes
and Scotlands hills for me,
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, We all the
honours three!

The heath waves wild upon her hills, and
foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing of freedom still, as they
dance down the dells
And weel I lo'd the land, my lads, that's
girdled by the sea;
Then Scotland vales and Scotlands dales and
Scotland's hills for me
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, we a' the
honours three.