

Patriotic Odes.

Dear favoured land o' deathless song,
 What praises meet tae thee belong?
 Thy sons hae faced and vanquished wrong
 In many a fight;
 Have dared the scaffold and the thong,
 For God and right.

And Scotia's sons are still the same,
 As leal tae truth, as fond o' home
 As when ilk sire engraved his name
 On fame's proud roll;
 Aye pledged tae friendship's sacred flame
 Frae pole tae pole.

Though many o' thy sons hae been
 In grander land and climes, I ween,
 Yet nae where seems the grass sae greer,
 Nae hills sae grand,
 As what we find tae feast the een,
 In auld Scotland.

Nae flowrets bloom sae fair and sweet,
 Nae bidies hae the same "twit' twit,"
 Nae maidens hae such charms complete
 As Scotia boasts;
 Sae let's wi' mirth the auld land greet,
 In a' oor toasts.

And first we'll toast auld Scotia's fame,
 And next her maids—ilk bonnie dame,
 Her hardy sons, though far frae home,
 Their part will play:
 And pledge ilk year, wi' hearts aflame,
 St. Andrew's Day.

*F*riendship.

I crave not for wealth, or the pomp that it brings,
 I court not the laurels of fame,
 But, oh! my heart pants for the solace that springs
 From a friendship that's always the same.

No matter how humble the *role* we may play
 In life's mystic drama all through,
 We ever may bask in the sunshine of May
 If friends would prove faithful and true.

That heart must be lonely and never at rest,
 Though it beats in the breast of a king,
 That knows not a friend who will aye stand the test,
 No matter what fortune may bring.

But rare as the visits of angels, I trow,
 Is the friendship that's aught but a name,
 Let an adverse Simoon one whiff on you blow,
 And your gay friends are off as they came.