

May ye return yer horn tae blaw—
 Yer armed wi' justice and wi' law ;
 I houp ye'll yet upset them a',
 When hame ye come :
 Ye'll gie their necks an unco thraw,
 And strike them dumb.

As weary Time, wi' chap o' bell,
 Wags on, I've often thocht mysel'
 That I wad hear the gladsome knell
 Proclaim the hour,
 When Charity harsh strife wad quell,
 And spite sae dour.

But still it seems as far awa'
 As first when Nick gied things a thraw,
 And guid and ill still plays see-saw,
 In Eden fair ;
 Now saint, now sinner kicks the ba',
 A weel matched pair.

Sae, Jamie, gird you for the fight,
 And ere the 19th see the light
 Gi'e a' your friends their thooms tae bite,
 In deep despair ;
 Greyfriars, lad, will see you right,
 Ha'e ye nae fear.

And if, at warst, ye lose your seat,
 Yer nae the man tae sit and greet :
 There's mony a doughty man been beat,
 Keep up your heart,
 November comes wi' speedy feet,
 We'll tak' your pairt.

And sae, guid day, I wish ye speed :
 May ye ha'e friends when ye ha'e need :
 If I offend, tak' ye nae heed,
 I mean ye weel ;
 Fairplay tae a's the better creed,
 And sae fareweel.