

S O N G.

HURRA FOR THE CHARTER !

Oh ! who will not rally round liberty's standard ?

Where is the vassal and traitor so vile ?

With dishonour and shame may he ever be branded

Uncheer'd and unsolaced by woman's sweet
smile.

Rise, Scotland leal, and true England is waiting
you ;

Up for your homes that are pining in woe ;

Northern and border son, pride of auld Caledon,

Hurra for the Charter ! and conquer the foe !

Come from thy cottage-homes, 'plundered and
cheerless—

Tell the proud despôts that trade in thy blood,

That thy arms they are strong and thy hearts
they are fearless,

And worthy the land of the mountain and flood.

Slaves will ye longer be ? swear that ye shall be
free !

Tyranny's fetters each manly heart spurns ;

Stand where a Wallace stood, and where a Bruce
hath trod—

Hurra for the slave-hating spirit of Burns !

Hark ! for the loud voice of freedom is calling—

Britain arise ! and unite heart and hand ;

Break the dark spell that hath long been enthrall-
ing

The fairest and bravest and best of the land.

Forth in thy giant might, dauntless assert thy right,

Tyrants shall crouch like a coward and slave ;

Maiden and artisan, rescue thy father-land—

Hurra for the Charter ! hurra for the brave !