WE'RE COMING! WE'RE COMING!

Air, "Kinloch of Kinloch."

We're coming, we're coming, the fearless and free, Like the True sons of brave sires who battled of yore, When winds of the desert, the waves of the sea! England's proud lion ran wild on our shore! We're coming, we're coming, from mountain and glen, With hearts to do battle for freedom again; Op

pression is trembling as trembled before, The Slavery which fled from our fathers of yore.