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Bruce to his Men at Bannockburn

Burns

The Classical Review / Volume 10 / Issue 07 / October 1896, pp 349 - 349

DOI: 10.1017/S0009840X00204642, Published online: 27 October 2009

Link to this article: http://journals.cambridge.org/abstract_S0009840X00204642

How to cite this article:

Burns (1896). Bruce to his Men at Bannockburn. The Classical Review, 10, pp 349-349
doi:10.1017/S0009840X00204642

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(cp. *δεσπότης* stem *dem-*) should have been added as original stems in *m*. Considering the serious difficulties presented by the vowels in Latin perfects like *vidi*, *cēpi* and *sēdi*, it seems rash to suggest that these forms go back to the primitive language, as is done on p. 391. P. 420 *νέονται* is as much a future in form as *καλέω* and need not be treated as a present-future.

The book contains appendices on the Greek and Latin Alphabets, the Greek dialects and the Italic dialects. The two latter appendices give very brief sketches of the dialects dealt with and copious examples from inscriptions with a few explanatory notes. There are excellent indices of Greek and Latin words.

W. M. GELDART.

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw;
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

BURNS.

ΘΥΜΟΙ ΓΗΣ ΠΕΡΙ ΤΗΣΔΕ ΜΑΧΩΜΕΘΑ.

ἀνδρῶν μαχατᾶν ἔρνεα, λαγέταις
πάμπολλ' ὑπ' ἔσλοις γευσάμενοι φόνω,
στρώματα δάφουινος ὕμμι' ἰαύην
ὀμμένει ἢ μέγα σέμνον εὖχος.

ἄγων ὁδ' ἄμαρ κύριον ὄρννται
λόγχαῖς πεφρίκων σμέρδνος ἴδην Ἄρεος·
δουληρίας πλάθει τύραννος
γάγγαμον ἄμμι φέρον· τὸ δ' ἔρρε

ὅττις προδώσεις γαῖαν, ὅτῳ τάφος
δεῖλψ κέχαν' ἀκλαντος ἀνώνυμος,
ὅττις ζύγον πέρθεσθ' ἐπ' ὤμοις
μῶεαι, ἔρρε λάθον τε χάρμας.

τὸ δ' ὅς πόλῃος τῶν νομίμων ὕπερ
λαῖς πρόστατιν νόμῃν κρατέρως σπάθαν,
ζῶων τ' ἅμα θναίσκων τε θάρσῃν,
τὸ ξὺν ἔμοι πόλεμόνδ' ὑμάρτη.

ὄμνυμι ὑβριστᾶν κάδεα καὶ πόνον,
ὄμνυμι παίδων δούλιον ἀνστροφᾶν,
ἄδιστα γὰρ δεύσει τόδ' αἶμα,
ἢν πεδ' ἐλευθερίας θάνωμεν.

αἰσχροὺς βιάτας πτόμα προπιπτέτω,
φθίνοισι νήλεις ὅσσοι ἀρείφατοι
φθίνοισι· ἐλεύθερον τόδ' ἄμαρ
ἀρνύμεθ' ἢ θάνατον πρὸ πάτρας.
R. Y. TYRRELL.