

Our Camp bereav'd, one member less,
While those that's left his memory bless,
With kindly feelings looking back,
To think of true leal-hearted " Mac."



And when the wheel of time rolls round,
On earth our place no more is found,
Our journey clos'd, our sand-glass run,
Our bookie fill'd, our earth-work done ;
Then as we cross the mystic " burn "
From whence such pilgrims ne'er return,
We'll welcom'd be ne'er to come back
By our leal-hearted Brother " Mac."

