

Of stalwart frame, yet mightier soul,
A freeman stood erect,
Who bravely dar'd, from base control,
His country to protect.

The fire that kindl'd in his eye
Was light direct from heaven,
Prompting to thought and purpose high,
Alone to patriot giv'n.

His spear was of the native oak,
His twin-edged sword was keen,
Few e'er from its unerring stroke
Remained unscath'd, I ween.

His bugle had a potent charm,
As thro' the woods it rang,
Moving each kindred heart and arm
That to their leader sprang.

O ! need, I say, to Scotsman born,
Who was this son of might—