

It matters not to passers by where lies my crumbling dust,
The cherubim and seraphim may have it in their trust ;
And bones of better men than I have bleached all cold and white
Where scorching sunbeam goes by day and the prowling beast by night.
Give me a few spare feet of earth away down in the glen,
Breathing the words of faith and hope, bury me with the men.

Bury me with the men ; when the fearful seige was gained,
With British blood and British dead the Indian soil was stained.
Poor Dugald lay that fearful night and never asked for aid,
And Fraser, wounded, cheered us on, and Allan, dying, prayed,
And brave Macdonald cheered the flag with his expiring breath.
These are the men who jeopardised their lives unto the death,
They drove the murderous Sepoys back, the wild wolf to his den ;
All honor to their noble hearts ; bury me with my men.