

Shame on the dastard nobles weak,
Who fail'd to strike the blow !

Like vulture foul, from nest obscene,
The southern tyrant flew,
And over Scotland's prostrate sheen,
Fierce gloated on the view.

The records of her ancient state,
That breath'd of freedom's clime,
Supplied his soul with envious hate,
O ! meanest theft of time.

He filch'd her crown and sceptre bright,
That grac'd her throne of old,
And venal lord and recreant knight,
Brib'd with accursed gold.

O ! yet from this dark, dismal cloud,
That deepen'd on her woes,
Like gleam that heralds thunder loud,
A glorious light arose.