

And many a pilgrimage you made,
As if you fain would number
The moss-grown—the forgotten graves,
Where Scotia's martyrs slumber.

Thy feet shall tread those haunts no more,
And Spring with all her train,
Shall miss her pilgrim of the moor,
The mountain, and the plain.
Dear heart, farewell! we cannot tell
Where thou art laid to rest;
But, may the flowers you lov'd so well,
Aye bloom upon thy breast!

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