

Then of the goats the marks they gave;  
Spared not the hypocrite and knave;  
The weak and doubting were made glad;  
But the professing graceless sad.

That day a searching was of heart,  
And some there were that felt the smart;  
And others felt sweet joy within;  
Others convicted were of sin.

The marks they gave were very keen,  
In false professors stirred the spleen;  
But then the Church was edified,  
And God the Lord was glorified.

And some that day found happiness,  
And were encouraged to profess,  
And at the table took their place,  
Kept steady in the Christian race.

Now Question Day is sadly gone,  
The light is dimmed that brightly shone;  
In fervency the church has lost,  
And great indeed to men 's the cost.

O 'twas a sweet foretaste of Heaven,  
To Zion's weary children given;  
And here they did their strength renew,  
And on their journey did pursue.

And many came from far and near,  
The gospel's joyful sound to hear;  
And many from Strathalbyn came,  
Women and men of Godly fame.

The men were up on Question Day,  
And bright and glorious things did say;  
The people many comments made  
On precious things that had been said.