

No more we'll greet him in the Camp—
His frame consign'd to regions damp—
His manly voice no more we'll hear,
He's transferr'd to a happier sphere,
His memory we will kindly bear
And in our hearts a place he'll share :
With feelings kind we will look back—
A true leal-hearted man was " Mac."



The songs of Burns and Waker Scott
Were dear to him and ne'er forgot,
The timid mouse, the daisy's form,
O'ertaken by the adverse storm
Found in his heart a resting place,
When sorely driven in the chase ;
With feelings kind we'll aye look back—
A true leal-hearted man was " Mac."



He loved his country and his king,
He loved the good in everything—