

His gallant race is nearly run,
He sinks beside his weeping son!

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That dark and helpless moment past,
His tartan coat away he cast;
Again he grasps his maple blade,
By sweat and blood adhesive made;
Each burning vein anew distends,
Each joint is knit, each muscle bends,
Heaven with fresh strength his hand supplies—
His buoyant hopes once more arise—
From flood and foe the Scot is free,
Beneath Goat Island's friendly lee!

That day, above the falls' deep roar,
A clear and beauteous rainbow rose;
Like some bright spirit bending o'er,
The scene of Dugald's recent woes.

And ere the sun his zenith gain'd,
His signal caught the mainland view;
Nor idle long, his friends remain'd,
Quick o'er the stream their shallop flew:

They touch the Isle, and safe return,
While many a heart is full with joy:
Nor envy's self, those tears could mourn,
Which Dugald wept upon his boy!