

At Crianlarich by Ben More,  
In days that long have passed us by,  
The fiery cross was waved on high  
And Highland clans, rushed forth to die;  
The claymores flashed and hearts were sore,  
At Crianlarich by Ben More.

At Crianlarich by Ben More,  
Where God's peace rests on strath and glen,  
The old-time spirit lives again;  
The King has called his highland men,  
And women's hearts again are sore  
At Crianlarich by Ben More.

At Crianlarich by Ben More,  
The sun is shining through the rain,  
And out in France a soldier's pain  
Is lessened as he dreams again;  
For Heaven seems but little more  
Than Crianlarich by Ben More.

August 6th, 1917.

30.

L'ENVOIE.

Good-bye, little verses, away you go,  
Over the seas to a land I know,  
And you'll tell the folks that you find there  
We are thinking of them, in France, somewhere.  
But first you must go to London town,  
Then take the first train north,  
With never a rest until you stop  
At the edge of the Firth of Forth.  
And in Auld Reekie's mist and rain  
You must seek and you must find,  
And give my love to the dearest girl,  
The girl that I left behind.  
And then you'll on to the dearest land,  
Over the ocean blue,  
Where the folks will know and understand  
The message I send with you  
Away, little verses, adieu, adieu,  
Each night, in my dreams, I'll follow you.