

But when young Harden she beheld  
A captive in Sir Gideon's hand,  
An' thoct o' the sma' chance he had,  
O' mercy at his captor's hand,  
A mother's feelings rose within  
Her breast, and thochts began to come,  
That one of her's of nearest kin,  
Micht some day captive be like him.  
Young Harden and his kinsman old,  
Were thrust into a dungeon dark,  
And by their keeper they were told,  
They'd hang next day baith stiff and stark.

Then Simon to the keeper said,  
"An auld an' feckless man like me,  
Ye surely wadna nick his thread  
O' life upon a gallows tree.  
Behead or shoot me if ye like,  
I'll never flinch, nor yet complain;  
But to be hanged like ony tyke,  
Is sae disgracefu' in the main,  
I'd rather dee ten times a day,  
Than fin' the hemp about my neck;  
Moreover, I mak' bold to say,  
Such treatment does not show respect  
To oor young laird and maister dear.  
His birth, an' rank, an' forbears great,  
Mair odds deserve frae you, that's clear,  
Although by you we has been beat.  
Sae ye may gang an' tell the Laird,  
If he's determined we're to dee,  
As gentlemen he'll pay regard  
To us: an' think forhan awae."

"Silence, Simon," cried the Laird,  
"Let Murray hang us if he will,  
In's chamber high; without regard,  
To what way he oor bluid may spill,  
It matters not to you nor me.  
In what way we oor death may get,  
Provided whan we come to dee  
That we oor death like men may meet.  
Let Murray hang us if he dare.  
An' the disgrace an' shame be his,  
Who's mean enough for foemen's fare,  
To gie them wuddies roon their wis."

"Oh! Sir," cried Simon in reply,  
"But that's poor comfort to a man,