

A flash of light to dazzle, and a crash of hurtling lead
Leaping sudden through the black, thick dark of night,
And they fell, yet pressing forward, and their gallant souls
had sped,
Ere they met the foe they never blenched to fight.

Louder swells the pipes' sad wailing; see, the tossing tartans
wave!

'Tis the living come to seek their slaughtered dead,
And side by side to lay them in the long, low, lonely grave,
'Mid the deep-wrung tears that heroes turn to shed.

Who forgets their deeds undying? Who can rob them of
their fame?

Look on Dargai's height, on Lucknow, Waterloo,
On the roll of Britain's glory blazon'd bright their honour'd
name,

They have died as Highland soldiers, brave and true.