"The lovely lass of Inverness
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And aye the saut tear blin's her ee:
Drumossie Moor — Drumossie day, —
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three."

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