

The prancing steed, with burnish'd gear,
Gleam'd in the stream below.

And O ! it was a gallant sight
To see that host move on,
All clad in shining armor bright,
With gay caparison.

With boastful jeer they scorn'd the foe
On whom they did advance.
Elate with the proud conscious glow,
Of laurels gain'd in France.

Right steady marched that mailed ridge,
As haughty Cressingham,
Along old Stirling's ancient bridge,
Impetuous led the van.

And onward, still, in horrid gleam,
Th' 'nvading thousands pour,
Wild heaving like the lava stream,
Of ruin's burning show'r.