

After Magersfontein

THE sun sinks low in splendour over Magersfontein plain,
Near the hillside by the river's murmuring flow,
The battle-storm is ended and the pibroch's mournful strain
Echoes sadly through the solemn evening glow.

Ah ! direful was the rising of that crimson-clouded sun
O'er the redden'd field where men and leader lie,
Where the crafty ambush'd foemen their cruel work have
done,
And the "bonny men" of Scotland fell to die.