

Croonin' sweetly o' the martyrs.

Hamert plaid an' bannet blue,  
Ane by ane they wander'd heicher

On the lanely mountain's broo ;

Scene sae solemn an' sae stately,

In the e'enin' dusk an' grey,  
Spak' o' mair than a' the pageants

O' the gowden-lichtit day.

Spak' o' mair than a' the battles

That a conqueror may boast,  
World's gear an' nochtless honour,

Rank in mist o' ages lost :—

Spak' the wife an' bairnie grievin',

Blichted hame an' puirith's blast,

Whisper'd o' a "balm in Gilead,"

And a diadem at last.

Saftly 'neath the banner floated

Liltin's o' the e'enin' psalm,

Mournfu' wi' the sough o' sorrow,

In the bonny loun sae calm :

Syne the weary cry o' anguish

Crap athort the faulds o' nicht,

Owre the kneelin' pilgrims glintin'

Pearlins o' the sweetest licht.