The Standard Royal floats upon the breeze. Anxious each man the favouring chance to seize For Liberty and vengeance on the foe, Hastening the Regions all their force to show. Thus Scotia's stalwart sons, in war array, Come hurrying fast a hopeful war to wage, And England's powers for Scotland's wrongs engage ;-The men of Lanark, hardy, brave and true, With those of Teviotdale, so fair to view; Of Ettrick wild each stern and valiant son. They of the north were not to be outdone. And Scotchmen all from Solway's rushing wave To Northern Isles afar their pledges gave, The Power usurping fiercely to engage, And never cease the Patriot war to wage, Till once more conquering Scotland shall be free, Her Lion Flag aloft from sea to sea.

England, meanwhile, sends forth her veteran Powers To save from Scotland's siege old Stirling's Towers. In vain prepare they fiercely to attack; The warlike Randolph promptly turns them back. Hopeful the Bruce 'gainst odds to win the day, Would now the fate of awful war essay. But first, each warrior kneeling on the sod, His prayer uplifts to the Patriot's God. "For homes and country, mighty Lord we fight, For Liberty and our loved nation's right." "The rebels," Edward cries, "for pardon sue." "But, your Grace, to another King than you."

The strength of England in her archers lies. On them relies she and all foes defies.

Scattered these archers,—such a feat once done Sure we may claim the worst of battle won.

Thine ardour, Edward Bruce, timely restrain,
The shock of arrows patiently sustain;
Then ere anew they draw the fatal bow
Rush with thy horsemen headlong on the foe.

Wavers the English host,—a panic's spread,
So great of warlike Scotland's arms the dread.
The valiant Englishmen still show their might,
Their choice to die or conquer in the fight.
Thus Bruce: "Brave Donald, firm's my trust in thee,
Charge home with all thy well known chivalry."
Succeeds the charge; the crowning work is done,