

Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
What! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying,
“Tell us all—oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers—children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone unfollowed?—
Is it weal, or is it woe?”
Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer—
Only with his armed heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
“By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance has come.”
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker’s voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
“Your hands are weak with age,” he said,
“Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum, . . .
Then let the warning bells ring out
Then gird you to the fray,