

'Tis men like these make Britain's name so grand,
By men like these Britannia's throne shall stand.

Both old and young amongst that host were seen,
The hardy yeomen, loyal, firm, and true,
And some who oft in bloody strife had been,
Came forth their dormant courage to renew.
Near and more near upon the foe they drew,
While thus M'Donell to his followers spoke :
" Now—now, Glengaries, shew what you can do ;"
Which all their fathers in their souls awoke,
Like raging lions on their foes they broke.

Now from the right another host draws near,
Commanded by the highly honour'd Young ;
Bold Stewart, Grant, and Edmondson were here,
The borderers as brave as ever strung
The death-wing'd arrow, or in vengeance swung
The battle-axe above the rock-bound Tweed,
As gallantly as ever Minstrel sung ;
They come to help their friends in time of need,
Nor shall their foes compel them to recede.

The " eighty-third," by noble Johnson led,
Though few in number, yet in battle brave,
Whose very name fills Britain's foes with dread,
And by whose might Britannia rules the wave.
To shield the oppress'd and liberate the slave,
They come, the stern, the dauntless, and the strong,
Our throne, our altars, and our homes to save,
And shield us from oppression, rapine, wrong,
Or seek in battle the true Patriot's grave.

Oh, for the power of Byron's muse to tell,
Or soul of Pitt to guide my feeble pen,
With what fond rapture would I love to dwell