

Adieu, adieu, the hero cries,
To life and all its tender ties ;
No more my Mary's lovely eyes
Will shed their cheering beams on me.

Go, hapless maid, with many a tear,
Bedew the spot of parting dear ;
The hand of death arrests me here,
I'll never more return to thee.

Hark ! the conflict swells again,
Rushing squadrons shake the plain ;
The bagpipe breathes a kindling strain,
My comrades brave, it calls on thee.

Though half their numbers press the plain,
Th' undaunted remnant forms again ;
To beat them back, the thought is vain,
Its either death or victory.

Where the combat fiercest rave,
Still I see their tartans wave ;
Still the deadly blast they brave—
Not a single foot gives way.

See Caledonia's glorious band,
Midst wreck and ruin greatly stand,
Firm as the rocks that girt her strand,
When ocean's madd'ning billows play.

Swift to their aid the sabre gleams,
And bright reflects the dazzling beams,
While snowy steeds spout gory streams,
Yet still they tempt the doubtful day.