

His country's hope, when most forlorn ?
It was the Wallace Wight !

O ! dear, dear loved, honored name !
Embalm'd in Scottish heart,
The germ of patriotic flame
That never can depart.

Th' inspiring wish of glory's fame—
Of dazzling renown,
Or laurell'd wreath of victor's name,—
Did ne'er his bosom own.

Unselfish was the mighty love
He bore his country's weal
Endurance rare did nobly prove
His passion pure and leal.

To guard the hearths of Scotia dear
From proud, insulting foe,
Was the ambition of his spear—
The aim of every blow !