



XXVI.

No sound of joy or sorrow,
Was heard from either side,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood in anger and in pride;
But when stout Leslie hit him,
And sent him down the slopes,
Both sides sent up an awful yell,
And half the noise was from Dalzell,
Who now was woid of hopes.

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