

Oor reverie will melt an' fade  
Wi' yon last glimpse, when ye were laid,  
Like wearied wean, 'mid gloamin' shade,  
For a bit rest,  
E'er still anither round wes made  
O' service blest.

An' as ye lie in silence there,  
Oor fancy sees an angel fair,  
Wha radiant comes an' says, "I bear  
Thy summons home ;  
Well done, god servant, thou shalt share  
Heaven's glory—come !"

An' thou wert gone—thy form alone,  
Thy image in white waxen stone  
We found, and in the kirk-yard lone,  
Wi' love sincere,  
That form we lay, but thou'lt live on,  
McDiarmid, dear !