

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, godd 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 !