

# VERSES

ON THE

## Highland Soldiers

*Who fell at Quatre Bras and Waterloo.*

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AMONG those hills which rise around,  
Where Roman Eagles never flew,  
Was nurtur'd many a gallant heart,  
Which breath'd its last on Waterloo.

Sweet sung the Lark, when rose that Sun,  
The Hare was sporting o'er the lea,  
But Kingdoms rose and Empires fell  
Before its rays had gilt the sea.

Where stream'd fair Scotia's banners broad,  
Or nodded where her Bonnets blue,  
Where peal'd the Bagpipes' deaf'ning notes,  
Or where the varied Tartans flew.

There did the rush of Battle first  
Announce the deadly fight begun,  
There did the shouts of Triumph first  
Proclaim the Gallic Host o'ercome.

There highest heaves the swelling mound,  
That forms the Soldiers honour'd grave,  
There pointing still, the rustic says,  
"Here sleep the Bravest of the Brave."

J. P.

