

ON WI' THE TARTAN.

*At the Second Relief of Lucknow the pipers of the 93rd Highlanders
played "On wi' the Tartan."*

Ay! on wi' the tartan, the black plumes are wavin',
Nae langer oor flags noo in peace may be furled;
The war-cloud has fallen, oor foemen are ravin',
An' foremost against them the tartan is hurled.

Lucknow was beleaguered, but ne'er wad surrender,
Tho' fiends had assailed her, by nicht an' by day;
Tho' Lawrence had fallen, her bravest defender,
Wi' Inglis we still held oor foemen at bay.
Cauld death was amang us; the wa's a' were shakin',
Nae thocht had we then but to fecht an' to fa';
But, oh! as we focht, broken-herted, forsaken,
The tartan cam' in to bring joy to us a'.
The Highlanders cam', tho' oor foemen unnumbered
Opposed them wi' steel an' wi' death-dealin' shot,
But sune wi' his forefaithers ilka ane slumbered
Wha daured e'en to darken the path o' the Scot.
Ay! weel do I min' o' oor wounded men bounding
Frae beds that they ne'er thocht to rise frae again;
Ay! weel do I min' when the pibroch cam' sounding
My faither's auld sang wi' its soul-touching strain.

On, on wi' the tartan, the black plumes are wavin',
Nae langer in peace noo oor flags may be furled:
The war-cloud has fallen, oor foemen are ravin',
An' foremost against them the tartan is hurled.

Auld Havelock led them, and wild was the cheerin'
As he wi' his tartan-clad heroes cam' in;
Oor bluid-thirsty foemen nae langer were jeerin',
For traitors to cowards are ever akin.

Then daily an' hourly oor foemen assailed us,
 Yet weel did we guard ilka crumblin' wa',
 We focht an' we bled (an' oor courage ne'er failed us),
 Till Campbell, the dauntless, made siccar for a'.
 Ay! Campbell was comin', nae foemen could spurn him,
 An' blithely ilk Scotsman the story may tell;
 Tho' traitors surrounded, an' strove still to turn him,
 Richt fiercely an' surely his blows ever fell.
 A red path to glory he, fearless, was clearin',
 An' ilka Scot honoured oor grandest auld man;
 Nae doubts e'er dismayed him, his goal he was nearin',
 An' proodly the tartan swept on in his van.

Ay! on wi' the tartan, the black plumes are wavin',
 Nae langer in peace noo oor flags may be furled;
 The war-cloud has fallen, oor foemen are ravin',
 An' foremost against them the tartan is hurled.

The tartan gaed on, never swervin', ne'er failin';
 Fu' blythely the sun on the steel glinted doon,
 As wildly an' fiercely the pibroch was wailin',
 An' "On' wi' the tartan" rang oot ower the toon.
 Each weapon to death noo a traitor was dooming,
 Tho' loudly their rallying bugles were blown;
 While high ower the tumult the cannon were booming,
 Unconquered, undaunted, the tartan gaed on.
 Ay! the tartan gaed on, an' before it were driven
 The fiendish, the cruel, the bluid-thirsty foe;
 To Campbell an' Scotland the power had been given
 The pride o' the traitors in dust to lay low.
 The tartan gaed on, an' richt blythe was the meetin',
 True, true was the hand-clasp, an' bricht was the smile,
 When Havelock's heroes frae Ross-shire were greetin'
 The Sutherland lads, an' the lads frae Argyll.

Noo proodly as ever the black plumes are wavin',
 The pride o' Britannia, the pride o' the world;
 Nae langer oor foemen in triumph are ravin'—
 In honour an' peace noo oor flags a' are furled.

"GLENDYNE."