

DARK BONNYMUIR.

As evening dashed on the western ocean,
 Caledonia stood perched on the waves of the Clyde ;
 Her arms wide extended she raised with devotion,
 'My poor bleeding country' she vehemently cried,
 Arise up my country and hail reformation ;
 Arise and demand now the rights of our nation,
 Behold your oppressors shall meet the desolation ;
 That marked the brave victims at dark bonnymuir.

On the 5th of April, eighteen hundred and twenty,
 The great Baird & Hardie did march from their home ;
 To guard their freedom, homes, rights, peace and plenty,
 But tyranny conquered and gave them a tomb.
 Like traitors they died on the 5th of September ;
 In the cold silent grave they were consigned to slumber,
 But heaven will avenge them let tyrants remember ;
 And raise up new hero's on Dark Bonnymuir,

Though freedom has bled on the field sorely wounded,
 Shall liberty perish and die in its bloom ?
 Shall tyranny triumph, though freedom has grounded ?
 The arms of the hero's that lie in the tomb,
 But freedom shall rise to the greatest perfection,
 Avenging her wrongs with hard words of correction ;
 When on my country with filial affection,
 I sigh for the martyrs of Dark Bonnymuir.

How long shall tyrants usurp over freedom ?
 How long shall we groan in their vile servile
 chains ?

Arise up my children & sink them like Sodom,
 E'er sad desolation reigns over the plains ;
 O, muse on the day when great Wallace was
 rearing, (were fearing ;
 The broad sword of Scotland, when tyrants
 At the sound of the trumpet were thousands
 appearing,
 To die, or to conquer on Dark Bonnymuir.

Those dear sons of freedom prosperity shall
 never, (disown ;
 Forget Baird and Hardie, who would them
 In the breast of the country their memory
 shall ever, (stone ;
 Be a monument more lasting than sculptured
 Remembrance shall dwell on their tragical
 story,
 But heaven shall reward them with bright
 shining glory,
 In regions far distant from Dark Bonnymuir.

But why should I pass that great patriot Wil-
 son.

Who died by oppressive and arbitrary laws ;
 He left his dear Straven, with a band of brave
 hero's,

Resolved to have justice, or die for the cause
 But alas ! he was taken while fate seemed to
 waver ;

All bloody his head they did cruelly sever,
 But the heart of the country shall reverence
 for ever ;

The fate of great Wilson and Dark Bonnymuir.

No longer the enemies of justice and freedom,
 Shall make the sons of Scotia, in poverty to
 mourn ;

Our noble patriotic Reformers shall make them
 O, how shall we make them a grateful return,
 Mechanics shall prosper, and commerce shall
 flourish,

The hour of plenty our country shall nourish,
 When the tyrant and all despots shall perish,
 With prosecuted freedom on Dark Bonnymuir.