

Edinburgh after Blodden.

News of battle! News of battle!  
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;  
And the archways and the pavements  
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.  
News of battle! who hath brought it,  
News of triumph! who shall bring  
 tidings from our noble army,  
 Greetings from our gallant king.  
All last night we watched the sea  
 Blazing on the hills afar,  
 Each tone bearing as it kindled,  
 Message of the open war,  
 All night long the northern stream  
 Shot across the trembling sky;  
 Fearful lights, that never beam  
 Save when kings or heroes die,  
 News of battle! who hath brought  
 All are thronging to the gate;  
 "Warder - warder! open quickly!"