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A BRIEF GENEALOGICAL  
ACCOUNT

OF

The Macleans of Glenbard;

TOGETHER WITH

A FEW POEMS BY MARY MACLEAN.

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42336



## THE MACLEANS OF GLENBARD.

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1. Gilleain, the founder and first chief of the Clan Maclean, lived in Argyleshire about the year 1250. He was known as Gilleain na Tuaighe, or Gilleain of the Battle-axe.
2. Gillise, son of Gilleain, was the second chief of the Macleans.
3. Malcolm, son of Gillise, was the third chief of the Macleans.
4. John Dubh, son of Malcolm, was the fourth chief of the Macleans.
5. Lachlan, son of John Dubh was the fifth chief of the Macleans, and the first Maclean of Duart. He married in 1366 Margaret, daughter of John Macdonald, first Lord of the Isles, by his first wife, Amy Macrory.
6. Hector, Eachann Kuadh nan Cath, Hector Roy of the Battles, son of Lachlan, was the sixth chief of the Macleans. He married a daughter of the Earl of Douglas. He was killed at the battle of Harlaw, July 24th, 1411.
7. Lachlan, Lachinn Bronnach, son of Hector, was the seventh chief of the Macleans.

8. Donald, son of Lachinn Bronnach, by a daughter of the Laird of Kingerloch, was the first Maclean of Ardgour. He married a daughter of Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, Eoghan nan Creach, by whom he had Ewen, Niall Ban, and Iain Ruadh.

9. Ewen, son of Donald, was the second Maclean of Ardgour. He married a daughter of Thomas Chisholm of Comar, chief of the Chisholms, and had by her Lachlan, Allan, John, and Hector. John was the first Maclean of Treshnish in Mull. He was succeeded by his only son, Donald, who died without issue. The Macleans of Treshnish were hereditary constables or keepers of the Castle of Kernburgh in Mull.

10. Hector, fourth son of Ewen of Ardgour, was the first Maclean of Blaich and Achnadale. He had three sons, Donald, Ewen, and Hector.

11. Donald, eldest son of Hector of Blaich and Achnadale, succeeded his consin-german, Donald of Treshnish. He was thus the third Maclean of Treshnish. He was known as Domhdall Dubh a Chaisteil. He lived in the fighting days of Sir Lachlan Mor of Duart. He was a hostage on the hands of Angus Macdonald of Islay in 1587. He saved Mackenzie of Kintail from falling into the power of his enemies in 1602. He was married twice. By his first wife, a daughter of Macmartin of Letterfinlay, he had Ewen, his successor. By his second wife, a daughter of Macdonald of Moydart, Mac-Mhic-Ailain, he had Eoghan Uaibhreach, who succeeded his grandfather in Blaich; John, Iain Odhar, of Achnadale; and Lachlan.

12. Lachlan, fourth son of Domhnall Dubh a Chaisteil, was known as Lachinn Fionn, or Fair Lachlan. He was the first Maclean of Highbish in Tyree. The Ardgour MS. says that "he was a bold, resolute man, and very rich." He had nine sons.

13. Ewen, one of the sons of Lachinn Fionn, had a son named John.

14. John, son of Ewen, had a son named Donald.

15. Donald, Domhnall Og, son of John, had a son named Lachlan.

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16, Lachlan, son of Donald Og, had a son named Charles.

17. Charles, son of Lachlan, had two sons, Lachlan and John. Lachlan had a son named Gillespie. Gillespie, known as Gilleasbic Laidir, and also as Gilleasbic Crosda, was the author of a few Gaelic poems. He married Flora Maclean, by whom he had John, Gillespie, Alexander, James, and Hector.

18. John, son of Charles, lived at Hodh in Tyree. He was drowned near Mull. He was married, and left a son named Allan.

19. Allan, only son of John, lived at Cnoc-Mhic-Dhughill, at Caolas in Tyree. He married Margaret MacFadyen, by whom he had Donald, Charles, John, Neil, and Mary. He was about seventy years of age at the time of his death.

Neil MacFadyen, Niall Mac Dhomhnill Mhic Dhughill, was married to a daughter of Neil Lamont, the author of a poem which is published in Clarsach na Coille at page 234. He had four children, Donald, Neil, Alexander, and Margaret. Donald and Neil settled in the township of Brock in Ontario. Alexander remained in Tyree. He had Hector and Mary. Margaret was married to Allan Maclean.

(1) Donald, Domhnall Cubair, eldest son of Allan Maclean, lived at Bail'-a-phuill in Tyree. He married Mary Macdonald, by whom he had Margaret, Mary, Marion, Catherine, Ann, Christy, Gillespie and John. He composed a few short poems. He died in 1868, in the 98th year of his age. Margaret was married to Neil Brown, Mary to Donald MacEachern, and Marion to Gillespie Macdonald, Catherine was married to Colin Macmillan, who came to Canada with his family in August, 1851, and settled in Artemesia, near Priceville, in Ontario. Ann is living with the Macmillans in Artemesia. Christy was married to John Macleod, who emigrated with his family to Australia. Gillespie died young. John married Marion Sinclair, by whom he had Isabell, Mary, Catherine, Christy, Gillespie, Dougall, and Donald. He lives at Bail'-a-phuill in Tyree.

(2) Charles, second son of Allan Maclean, married Mary

Lamont, by whom he had an only child, Allan. He died about 1811. Allan married Mary Cameron, by whom he had two sons and a daughter.

(4) Neil, fourth son of Allan Maclean, succeeded his father at Caolas in Tyree. He married Marion Macdonald, by whom he had Margaret, Ann, Neil, Charles, Isabell, Catherine, Flora, Mary, and James. He died about 1847. Margaret was married in 1844 to Gillespie Macdonald. Ann was married to Lachlan Maclean. Neil, Niall Og, succeeded his father at Caolas. He is married to Flora Macfadyen, and has five children, Christy, Neil, Mary-Ann, Alexander, and Marion, or Mora. Charles married Ann Brown, by whom he had John, Christy, Marion, Joanna, Catherine, Neil, and Hector. John died young. Isabell was married to Dougall Maclellan, a native of Islay. Catherine was married to Alexander Davidson, a native of Lanarkshire. Mary was married to Lachlan Maclean. James married Catherine Macdonald, by whom he has one son, Lachlan.

(5) Mary, only daughter of Allan Maclean, married Roderick Macdonald, at Caolas in Tyree, and had Allan, Lachlan, John, Alexander, Marion, Charles, Catherine, Margaret, Isabell, Duncan, and Lachlan. Allan left home in 1840, and is supposed to have been lost at sea. The first Lachlan died in 1841, in the twentieth year of his age. Roderick Macdonald died in July, 1883, at the advanced age of 103.

20. John, third son of Allan Maclean, was the well-known Gaelic poet, Am Bard Mac-Gilleain. He was born at Caolas in Tyree, January 8th, 1787. He married, July 19th, 1808, Isabell Black. He came to Nova Scotia in 1819. He settled at Bail'-a-chnoic, in Barney's River, in the County of Pictou. He removed to Glenbard in the County of Antigonish in 1830. He died January 26th, 1848. His poems, together with a sketch of his life, will be found in Clarsach na Coille.

Duncan Black, Donnachadh Foirbheach, was a native of Lismore. He was married twice. By his first wife, Elizabeth,

## MACLEANS OF GLENBARD

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daughter of John Mackenzie, Iain Mac Dhughill, he had four daughters, Mary, Christy, Isabell, and Catherine. By his second wife, Catherine Black, he had Allan, Miles, Gillespie, Donald, and Ann. He lived during several years after his first marriage at Glaic-Aoirisgeadh in Appin, where Mary, Christy, and Isabell were born. He returned shortly after the birth of Isabell to Lismore. He died about 1839. Mary was married to Duncan Macfarlane at Meadar-Loch. She died without surviving issue in 1863. Christy died in Glasgow about 1808. Isabell was born in 1786. She lived two years in Glasgow. It was there that she met the poet, and became his wife. She died June 5th, 1877. Catherine was married to Hugh Black in Lismore, by whom she had four sons, John, Duncan, Miles, and Donald. She died in 1865. Allan was married twice, and had Catherine, Ann, Mary, Christy, Isabell, Duncan, and Gillespie. Miles died at the age of twenty-two. Gillespie died unmarried in 1861. Donald settled in Greenock. He married a Miss MacColl, and had Duncan, John, Mary, and Catherine. Ann died about 1853.

John Maclean, the poet, had six children, Christy, Charles, Gillespie, John, Allan, and Elizabeth.

(1). Christy, the eldest of the poet's family, was born in Tyree, December 25th, 1809. She was married in 1839 to John Siuclair, by whom she had Alexander-Maclean, named after Alexander Maclean, Laird of Coll. She died March 7th, 1887.

The ancestors of John Sinclair lived in Strath-Halladale in the parish of Reay, which is partly in Caithness and partly in Sutherlandshire. His grandfather had three sons and one daughter, William, John, Donald, and Ann. William lived at Kirkton in Strath-Halladale. He married a Miss Campbell, and had John, Colin, Alexander, Ann, Catherine, and Henrietta. Colin was married and had Donald and others. Donald was married and had Colin, Free Church minister at Invergordon. Alexander was a merchant in Thurso. He married a Miss Waters, and had Benjamin, Alexander, David, and William,



and five daughters. Mr. Auld gives an account of him in his interesting work, "Ministers and Men of the Far North," page 237. John, brother of William and Donald, married Jennet Sinclair, by whom he had three sons and two daughters, William, John, George, Christy, and Catherine. He lived first at Strath-Halladale, and afterwards at Clachbhuail, near Brubster in Caithness. All his children were born in Strath-Halladale. John, his second son, came to Nova Scotia in 1831, and settled in Goshen, in the County of Guysborough, near his maternal uncle, Alexander Sinclair. William, George, and Christy came some years afterwards. Catherine remained in Caithness. She was married to James Murray in Brubster.

John Sinclair came to Nova Scotia by the ship "Industry," which left Cromarty, July 6th, 1831, and arrived in Pictou on Sabbath morning, October 11th. He was married twice. By his first wife, Mary Inglis, he had three children, Jennet, John, and George. By his second wife, Christy Maclean, he had one child, Alexander-Maclean. Jennet was born December 1st, 1833. She was married to Robert Polson. John succeeded his father in Goshen. He is married to Isabel, daughter of James Ban Stewart. George lives at Lochaber, in the county of Antigonish. He married Maria, daughter of John Inglis. Alexander-Maclean lives at present in Belfast, Prince Edward Island. He married, August 1st, 1882, Mary-Ann, only daughter of John Macrae Campbell, of East River, in the county of Pictou, Nova Scotia.

(2). Charles, eldest son of the poet, was born in Tyree, July 24th, 1813. He succeeded his father in Glenbard. He was ordained to the eldership in the congregation of Barney's River, December 24th, 1871. He died June 27th, 1880. He was never married. He composed a few short poems.

(3). Gillespie second son of the poet, was born in Tyree, May 12th, 1815. He lived near Marshy Hope, about two miles and a half west of Glenbard. He married Catherine, daughter of Donald Macphie, by whom he had Isabel, Mary, and Christy-

Ann. His wife died young. Mary, his second daughter, lives in Franklin, Massachusetts. She is the authoress of the poems in this work.

Donald Macphie was a native of Lochaber. He was a sergeant in the first battalion of the 79th regiment. He settled, some time after the battle of Waterloo, at Upper South River, in the County of Antigonish. He was known as Domhnull Mac Dhughill. He was married to Mary Cameron, Nighean Iain Mhic Alastair Mhic Iain Mhic Dhughill Mhic Dhomhuill.

(4) John, third son of the poet, was born at Bail'-a-Chnoic, Barney's River, August 2nd, 1820. He married, April 17th, 1857, Margaret, daughter of Duncan Robertson, by whom he had John, Alexander, Duncan, Isabell, Allan-Robert, Ann-Elizabeth, Christy, and Charles-Sinclair. He succeeded his brother Charles in Glenbard.

John Robertson came from Rainneach in Perthshire to Nova Scotia about the year 1802. He settled in Piedmont Valley, in the County of Pictou. He was married to Jennet Robertson, by whom he had Donald, Alexander, Duncan, Jennet, and Elizabeth. Duncan was born in Rainneach in 1795. He married Ann, daughter of William Gordon and Margaret Matheson, and had John, Duncan, Alexander, Lewis, Margaret, Dougall, William, Donald, Robert, and James. He died August 9th, 1879. Margaret was born August 20th, 1827.

(5) Allan, fourth son of the poet, was born at Bail'-a-Chnoic, July 2nd, 1822. He lived at Harvey, New Brunswick. He married Rebecca, daughter of Andrew Maclaughlan and his wife Jane Ewen, and had Rebecca, John-Andrew, William-Henry, Charles-Archibald, Anthony-Smith, Jane-Ewen, and Isabell-Black. He died, April 24th, 1871. Charles-Archibald, his third son, died young.

(6) Elizabeth, the youngest of the poet's family, was born at Bail'-a-Chnoic, April 28th, 1826. She lives in Glenbard.

## CRUEL DEATH HAS ENTERED, MOTHER.

Cruel death has entered, mother,  
And has snatched you from our side;  
But in heaven we hope to meet you,  
When we too have crossed the tide.

Though our home is dark without you,  
And our hearts are dull and sore,  
With our Saviour we shall find you,  
When we too have reached that shore.

You were always gentle, mother,  
When we brought our childish care;  
And we never had a sorrow  
That you did not with us share.

You were always tender, mother,  
When with sickness we were tried;  
Thinking not of self a moment,  
You would never leave our side.

## POEMS BY MARY MACLEAN.

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We will miss you sadly, mother,  
 But our loving Saviour said,  
 When he sent his angel for you,  
 It is I, be not afraid.

In my house are many mansions,  
 Which in love I did prepare ;  
 When you too have crossed the river,  
 You will find your mother there.

So we are not hopeless, mother,  
 For our trust is placed in God ;  
 'Tis in love that He afflicts us,  
 Let us bear the chast'ning rod.



## O MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER.

O mother, dear mother, long years have gone by  
 Since last I was clasped in your arms,  
 And softly you sang me your lullaby songs  
 Which soothed all my griefs and alarms.

Your face was then youthful, and lovely to see,  
 Unshaded by sorrow or care ;  
 The past had been kind, and brought nought but delight,  
 The future looked blooming and fair.

We children were happy, content in your love,  
Nor thought of the future unseen ;  
We built airy castles as children all do,  
And made our sweet mother their queen.

The angel of death creeping slowly, unheard,  
All suddenly entered one day  
Our bright little cottage which seemed so secure,  
And stole our dear mother away.

O mother, dear mother, the world cannot know  
How we with our sorrow have striven ;  
Though others were kind yet we yearned for the love  
That a mother alone could have given.

Your body, dear mother, lies cold in the grave,  
Now hidden away from our sight ;  
But your spirit, we know, has ascended to God  
To dwell in his glorious light.

Yes, mother, dear mother, long years have rolled on,  
In life's play we have taken our parts,  
We've lived to know sorrow, and also true joy,  
Still you hold your own place in our hearts.

We planted the rose-bud to bloom o'er your grave,  
But surely the angels ere now  
With roses that bloom in the heavenly vale  
Have lovingly circled your brow.

So, mother, dear mother, we'll patiently wait,  
For we know ev'ry moment that flies  
Brings us nearer and nearer the heavenly home,  
Where no one that enters e'er dies.

United with you we will kneel to our God,  
 And thank him with hearts full of love  
 For guiding our feet through this weary, sad world  
 To mansions in heaven above.



A DEAR FRIEND HAS LEFT US.

A dear friend has left us and gone to his home,  
 To the mansions of glory, whence none shall e'er roam.  
 We laid him to rest where the tall maples wave,  
 And fondly, O fondly, we watched o'er his grave.

In life he was honoured and greatly beloved ;  
 How dark seemed our fireside when he was removed ;  
 So vacant his chamber, so empty his chair ;  
 We knew we would never again meet him there.

We miss him at noon and we miss him at night ;  
 We miss him when morn sheds her glorious light ;  
 We miss him in pleasure, we miss him in pain,  
 For we know such a friend we will ne'er meet again.

His heart was so gentle, so true, and so brave,  
 The wrongs that were done him he freely forgave ;  
 Resentment and malice his great soul despised,  
 While love, truth, and honour his noble heart prized.

His hands scattered blessings wherever he moved ;  
 The friendless have oftentimes his charities proved ;  
 The weak and the erring were always his care ;  
 He helped them with counsel, with money, and pray'r.

He ever was ready himself to deny  
 That others might pleasure more freely enjoy ;  
 To do a mean action you never could gain  
 The generous nature of Terlach Maclean.

He bore his misfortunes with true Christian grace,  
 Though deep lines of suff'ring were carved on his face ;  
 No murmur escaped him when under the rod,  
 His soul was resigned to the will of his God.

The angel of death has now kindly removed  
 Him away to the arms of the Saviour he loved ;  
 Now the days of his suff'rings forever are o'er,  
 Deep sorrow and sighing can reach him no more.



THE GRAVE OF THE HIGHLAND BARD.

---

In the green and lovely valley  
 That they knew and loved so well,  
 Lie Maclean the Highland poet  
 And his loved wife Isabell.

## POEMS BY MARY MACLEAN.

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All around majestic mountains  
 Towering in their glorious pride  
 Watch in calmness o'er the slumbers  
 Of the poet and his bride.

In their youth they were united,  
 And their love was pure and true  
 When they stood before the altar  
 To repeat their marriage vow.

They were then both young and happy ;  
 He was manly, she was fair.  
 With what pride he gazed upon her  
 As she stood beside him there,

In her fresh, true, girlish beauty,  
 Like a rose at early dawn ;—  
 'Twas no wonder that the poet  
 Loved and chose her for his own.

Many years they lived together,  
 Happy in each other's love,  
 Till cold death removed the poet  
 To the realms of joy above.

Then with patience and submission  
 Worthy of her Christian life,  
 The bereaved one toiled and laboured,  
 Trusting Jesus in the strife.

And she fought the battle bravely,  
 Leaning on her Saviour's arm,  
 Till at length old age o'ertook her,  
 Bending low her queenly form.



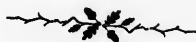
On her bed she lay in anguish,  
Sorely tried with racking pain ;  
Yet no one had ever known her,  
E'er to murmur or complain.

Year by year she waited calmly  
For the message of her King,  
Which would end her pain and sorrow,  
And eternal blessings bring.

Death at last came near in pity  
To her form so frail and thin,  
Threw his chilling arms around her,  
To set free the soul within.

Now again she is united  
On that bright and happy shore,  
With the husband loved so fondly,  
Never to be parted more.

Their green graves are all now left us  
Of the poet and his wife,  
But in Heaven above we'll meet them,  
If with Christ we walk through life.



POEMS BY MARY MACLEAN.

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## TO MY AUNT CHRISTY.

You are growing old, dear aunty,  
Your bright brow is lined with care,  
Whilst your step is slow and feeble,  
And there's silver in your hair.

You were once both young and happy,  
Yes, the gayest of the gay ;  
But the cruel waves of sorrow  
Took your girlish joys away.

Yet you trusted in your Saviour,  
With submission to his will ;  
For you knew that He watched o'er you,  
And could bid the waves be still.

You have toiled and sorrowed, aunty,  
But 'twas not for selfish gain,  
'Twas to clothe us little children,  
And to soothe our childish pain.

We have often been ungrateful,  
We have sometimes been unkind ;  
Yet we hope you will forgive us,  
And not call our faults to mind.

For we always loved you, aunty,  
Though your care we can't repay ;  
But we hope you'll be rewarded  
In the coming judgment day.

May the loving, faithful Saviour  
 Take you kindly by the hand  
 And conduct you to a mansion  
 In the bright and happy land.

There to live amidst his riches,  
 There his glory to behold ;  
 There to sing his praise forever,  
 On a harp of purest gold.



ONE MORE DEAR FRIEND HAS LEFT US.

---

One more dear friend has left us.  
 Thus one by one they go ;  
 One more saint safe in Heaven,  
 But one less here below.

One after one God calls them  
 To give them their reward ;  
 One after one they're leaving  
 The homestead in Glenbard.

Now one more aged pilgrim,  
 Whose sins are all forgiv'n,  
 Has gone to be with Jesus,  
 To sing his praise in Heav'n.

## POEMS BY MARY MACLEAN.

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While here she loved the Saviour,  
And chose him for her own ;  
His cross she bore with patience,  
But now she wears the crown.

The loss that we must suffer  
Is her eternal gain ;  
For now her happy spirit  
Is ever free from pain.

Among the bright immortals,  
From joy to joy she goes ;  
And never more remembers  
Her earthly pain and woes.

So then instead of grieving,  
We rather should rejoice,  
And pray that God may fit us  
Again to hear her voice.

And with her swell the chorus  
On Canaan's happy shore,  
Where death, and pain, and parting  
Can grieve us nevermore.

Mrs. Christy Sinclair, the subject of the above poem, died  
March 7th. 1887.



## THE PLEADING ORPHAN.

---

O gentle lady, pity  
A lonely orphan boy  
Who has no wit or beauty  
To win your smile with joy.

My father and my mother,  
They both have gone away,  
And left me poor and lonely  
O'er this cold world to stray.

I'm often cold and hungry,  
I'm often sick and sore,  
As for a crust I, begging,  
Must creep from door to door.

I seldom meet with pity,  
I often meet with scorn;  
Some people think me heartless  
Because not highly born.

Why is it, gentle lady,  
That I'm so poor and sad,  
While you have plenty money,  
And friends to make you glad?

What have you done that's noble  
To make God love you so?  
Please tell me, gentle lady,  
For I would try it too.

## POEMS BY MARY MACLEAN.

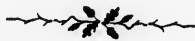
21

If no one shall take pity  
On my poor freezing feet,  
Before another morning  
I'll perish on the street.

His pleading voice fell lightly,  
On the gay, thoughtless ear ;  
They found him the next morning  
In a dark alley drear.

His little head was pillowed  
On the cold, icy, loam ;  
But his poor broken spirit  
At last had found a home.

An angel came at midnight  
And bore him to that shore ;  
Where the lone orphan outcast  
Will want for love no more.



## I ONCE LIVED IN SCOTLAND.

---

I once lived in Scotland, the land of the free,  
The land of all others that's dearest to me ;  
But fortune was fickle and did me repel,  
And sent me away from the land loved so well.

There father and mother both wandered when young ;  
 There father to mother her praises forth sung ;  
 The tale of his love in her ear he did tell,  
 When no one was near them to break the sweet spell.

And there in my childhood I rambled and roved,  
 And played with the friends and companions I loved ;  
 There wandered in youth with my winsome, wee Nell,  
 Whose pure heart now sleeps in the grave's narrow cell.

There, too, the brave warrior, all wounded and sore,  
 Fell guarding his country to rise nevermore.  
 A Scotchman his freedom to no one will sell ;  
 His enemies never his bold heart could quell.

Though far I have strayed from the land of my birth,  
 And wandered for years o'er the face of the earth ;  
 Yet fresh in my mind are her fountains and fells ;  
 With thoughts of her grandeur my heart proudly swells.

And when in this world all my labors are o'er,  
 Pray, carry me back to the dear Scottish shore,  
 And lay me to rest in some one of her dells,  
 And over my grave plant her bonny blue bells.



#### FAREWELL TO MULL.

---

Farewell, farewell, sweet Isle of Mull,  
 A last farewell from me ;

POEMS BY MARY MACLEAN.

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For ere the sun sinks in the west  
I sail upon the sea ;  
In lands unknown, unloved, alone,  
I'll fondly think of thee.

Farewell, my father and my friend,  
Whose words were always few ;  
May life within me cease to throb,  
Ere I dishonor you,  
Who toiled so hard to earn my bread  
Ere I to manhood grew.

Farewell, farewell, my mother dear,  
Whose love has blessed my life ;  
The thought of you will keep me pure  
'Mid pain, and toil, and strife ;  
To heed your prayer will be my care,  
Though trials hard be rife.

Farewell, farewell, my clansmen kind,  
Whose hearts are brave and strong,  
With honest pride I'll think of you  
Who only fear the wrong ;  
And jealously I'll guard our name  
From every evil tongue.

The vessel sails ; my eyes grow dim  
To see old Scotia's shore  
Receding slowly from my sight  
With all I lov'd of yore.  
Heav'n bless the country and the friends  
That I shall see no more.



## BONNY BRIGHT-EYED LITTLE MAID.

---

Bonny bright-eyed little maid,  
Meet me in yon mossy glade ;  
Pure and artless as a flower,  
Meet me in the evening hour.

When the sun sinks in the west,  
And the birds have gone to rest,  
Loved one spend an hour with me  
'Neath the bonny linden tree.

There we'll plan for future years,  
Plan for smiles but not for tears ;  
Life will be one golden day,  
Grief from us will flee away.

Soon, alas ! the trumpet's noise  
Called away both men and boys,  
And the maiden bade adieu  
To the bonny lad in blue.

Bravely fought he, bravely fell,  
For the land he loved so well.  
In a Southern grave he sleeps,  
Whilst at home his loved one weeps.

Photomount  
Pamphlet

