

THE  
COVENANTERS'  
CORONAL:

CONTAINING  
THE BANNER BLUE;  
THE WIGTOWN MARTYRS;  
DUNNOTTAR CASTLE;  
AND  
OUR COVENANTERS.

—SELECTED FROM THE PUBLICATIONS OF DR. LONGMUIR.

“Tyrants! could not misfortune teach  
That man has rights beyond your reach!”



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THE  
GOVERNMENT  
CORONAL

THE BANNER BLUE.

Hail, Banner of unfading youth,  
Of old to Scotland dear!  
When Freemen glowed with zeal for truth  
And tyrants quailed for fear:  
No stranger thou to battle shock,  
On heathy plain, or rugged rock,  
When Freedom called her faithful few  
To rally round her Banner blue.

When first thine ample folds were thrown  
O'er hearts no foe could daunt,  
In golden eiphers brightly shone,  
CHRIST'S CROWN AND COVENANT!  
Tho' Tyranny on hostile plain  
Unfurled the flag of sanguine stain,  
Yet, fearless of Oppression's crew  
Dunse Law maintained the Banner blue

When Scotland long had groaned and bled,  
And, from her wasted plains,  
Beheld her sons to slaughter led,  
Or sold to foreign chains,  
She drove the Tyrant from the throne,  
Refused his forfeit right to own,  
And bade her hills to WILLIAM'S view  
Give welcome in her Banner blue!

And now, when Cæsar, waxing bold,  
 Encroaching on the Free—  
 Would force a Shepherd on the fold  
 Whose voice the flock would flee;  
 The trump of freedom swells again,  
 O'er craggy peak, and fertile plain,  
 And every son, to Scotland true,  
 With rapture hails the Banner blue!

No more we seek our father's sword,  
 Let rust its gleam infold;  
 But we will grasp the living Word,  
 Till death relax our hold;  
 Nor shall a right by it bestowed.  
 For which our Martyrs' blood hath flowed,  
 Be bartered to a sordid crew,  
 While Truth unfurls her Banner blue!

The Banner's folds shall freely wave,  
 Dipped in the hue of heaven,  
 Till Truth shall beam on Error's cave,  
 And guile from earth be driven;  
 For Scotland, braving Falsehood's rage,  
 Hath planted on the sacred page,  
 Unscathed in strength, unchanged in hue,  
 The badge of Truth—her Banner blue!

May He who cheered our fathers' heart,  
 And strung the nerves of youth,  
 At stake or rack with life to part,  
 Ere they betrayed the truth,  
 May He, when foes in torrents pour,  
 Sustain our faith in peril's hour,  
 With favour all our efforts view,  
 While truth upholds our Banner blue!

But not alone on Scotland's plains  
 Be Freedom's flag unfurled;  
 Oh, let her life-inspiring strains  
 Resound thro' all the world;  
 May Grace promote the glorious cause  
 Of freedom, truth, and equal laws.  
 Till love unite both Greek and Jew  
 In peace beneath the Banner blue!

### THE WIGTOWN MARTYRS.

[Margaret Lauchlison, 63; and Margaret Wilson, 18.]

When Havoc's hounds, in Scotland's "killing time,"  
 Deep stained her heather with her martyrs' blood;  
 Then social worship was a civil crime,  
 That filled the dungeon, and abashed the flood.

Two lustrous pearls enrich Immanuel's crown,  
 As these two Marg'rets\* join the martyr train;  
 What tho' a tyrant's tool their bodies drown?—  
 Better they die than Jesus cease to reign.

That *Widow* cleaves to Him who proved her stay,  
 When the fond arm on which she trusted failed;  
 That *Maiden*, budding in life's dewy May,  
 Before Oppression's frown has never quailed.

They toss the corded Matron to the tide,  
 And ruthless halberts bruise her bosom faint;—  
 "What see I there," the Martyr-Maid replied,  
 "But Jesus wrestling in His faithful saint?"

\* Marguerite signifies a pearl.

What dreads the Crown from those your troopers crush,  
 What fears the Court from Female Age and Youth?  
 Will Popish hate in Bladnoch's billows hush  
 The claim of Freedom, or the voice of truth?"

She reads—"No terrors that our path beset  
 Shall e'er divide us from our Saviour's love;"  
 Then sings—"My faults of youth, O Lord, forget,  
 And guide the lowly to thy home above."

The rush of Solway chokes the voice of praise,  
 That asks in triumph, "Death, where is thy sting?"  
 Her drooping head above the wave they raise,  
 And all entreat to pray—*God save the King!*

"God save him, if He will," she meekly sighs;  
 "I never wished my fellow-creature woe:—"  
 "She's said it, Sir, she's said it!" Friendship cries;  
 "Oh, cut the cords, and let the maiden go!"

The captious oath resounds in Windram's roar,  
 That binds the conscience to Oppression's sway;  
 "No! let his child to Jesus' bosom soar;—"  
 A plunge—and Bladnoch clasps her beauteous clay!

Matron and Maid, who scorned the Tyrant's cord,  
 Your names in blood on hist'ry's page shall beam;  
 While Scotland's shield resists Aggression's sword,  
 As Solway's flood repels the Bladnoch's stream,

Scotland, the foe no more a lion roars,  
 And slakes his savage thirst in martyrs' blood;  
 But see, he scale not like the tide thy shores,  
 And drown the sleepers in corruption's flood!

## DUNNOTTAR CASTLE.

Dark Dunnottar, ere we go,  
 We will linger on this steep,  
 While our pensive musings flow  
 From the dungeon to the keep.

Weary Watchmen from thy tower  
 Oft have strained their aching sight,  
 When the English tyrant's power  
 Reft our liberty and right.

On thy rock has freedom fought  
 In the arm of Wallace brave,  
 When her firebrand Vengeance brought,  
 And the altar failed to save.

'Gainst the courtier's murky quirk  
 There the pious light implored,  
 When the crown oppressed the kirk,  
 And the sceptre turned a sword.

In thy halls, the brave and fair  
 Joyous mingled in the dance,  
 When the trumpet ceased to blare,  
 And the Knight reposed his lance.

There Philosophy designed  
 How to shed her peaceful light  
 Where the might of hand and mind  
 Had but learned to rule the fight.

For the sceptre, crown, and sword,  
 There hath Barras bravely stood ;  
 When the Monarch was restored—  
 Ask yon Vault his gratitude.

There hath Persecution's hand  
 Tortured infancy and age ;  
 When the Covenanted band  
 Braved a Popish bigot's rage.

Then the warder proudly trod,  
 As he trolled a scoffing lay ;  
 Or blasphemed the name of God,  
 As the captive bent to pray.

There the Hill-man oft hath sighed  
 To be free as ocean's swell,  
 While he sadly marked its tide  
 As it gaily rose and fell.

All have passed like morning dew—  
 Sadness sighs in hall and cave,  
 To the wailing of the mew,  
 And the murmur of the wave.

Thus thy billows, deathless deep,  
 As from elime to clime they range,  
 Still behold, along thy steep,  
 Hunan grandeur doomed to change.

But may Freedom's anthem swell  
 From the castle to the cot ;  
 Till Oppression's ruthless cell  
 Share Dunnottar's gloomy lot !

#### OUR COVENANTERS.

Scots, whose Fathers firmly stood,  
 When the Despot's savage brood  
 Madly cast to fire and flood  
 Truth and Liberty ;



Sing, beside the weathered stones,  
That protect your Martyrs' bones,  
Patriots' blood and Exiles' groans  
Britain's sons made free!

Thunder's roll and lightning's glare  
Guard the Wand'ers' place of prayer;  
Lions crouching in their lair,  
Keep their revelry;

Fitful floats the plaintive psalm;  
Pastors' pleadings, bold or calm,  
Kindle zeal, or pour your balm,  
Truth and Liberty!

Traitors Age and Youth deride,  
Bound to stakes on Bladnoeh's side,  
Till the rush of Solway's tide  
Chokes their psalmody.

Godly Brown, thy prayer restrains  
Rude Dragoons, who sport with pains;  
Claver'se spatters with thy brains  
Wife and family!

Terror seized the Tyrant's crew;  
Scotland waved her Banner blue;  
Orange boldly round it threw  
Holland's chivalry.

Seots, revere your Fathers' deeds;  
Bible-training Freedom breeds;  
Martyrs' blood foment your seeds,  
Truth and Liberty!

