

And ever it was intended so,  
That a man for God should strike a blow,  
No matter the heart he has in charge  
For the Holy Land where hearts should go.

But when in battle the foe were met,  
The Douglas found him sore beset,  
With only strength of the fighting arm  
For one more battle passage yet—

And that as vain to save the day  
As bring his body safe away—  
Only a signal deed to do  
And a last sounding word to say.

The heart he wore in a golden chain  
He swung and flung forth into the plain,  
And followed it crying 'Heart or death!'  
And fighting over it perished fain.

So may another do of right,  
Give a heart to the hopeless fight,  
The more of right the more he loves;  
So may another redouble might

For a few swift gleams of the angry brand,  
Scorning greatly not to demand  
In equal sacrifice with his  
The heart he bore to the Holy Land.

