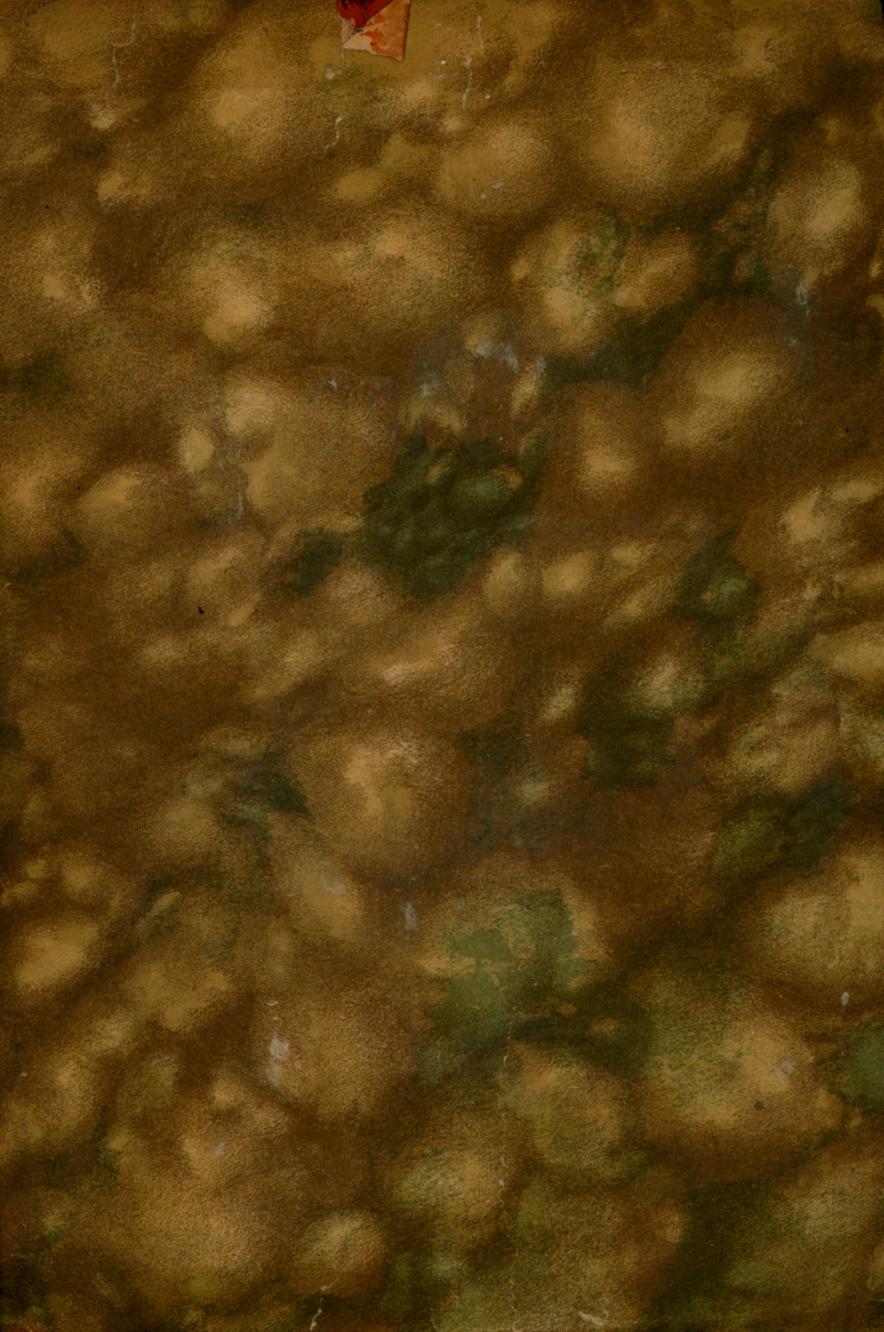
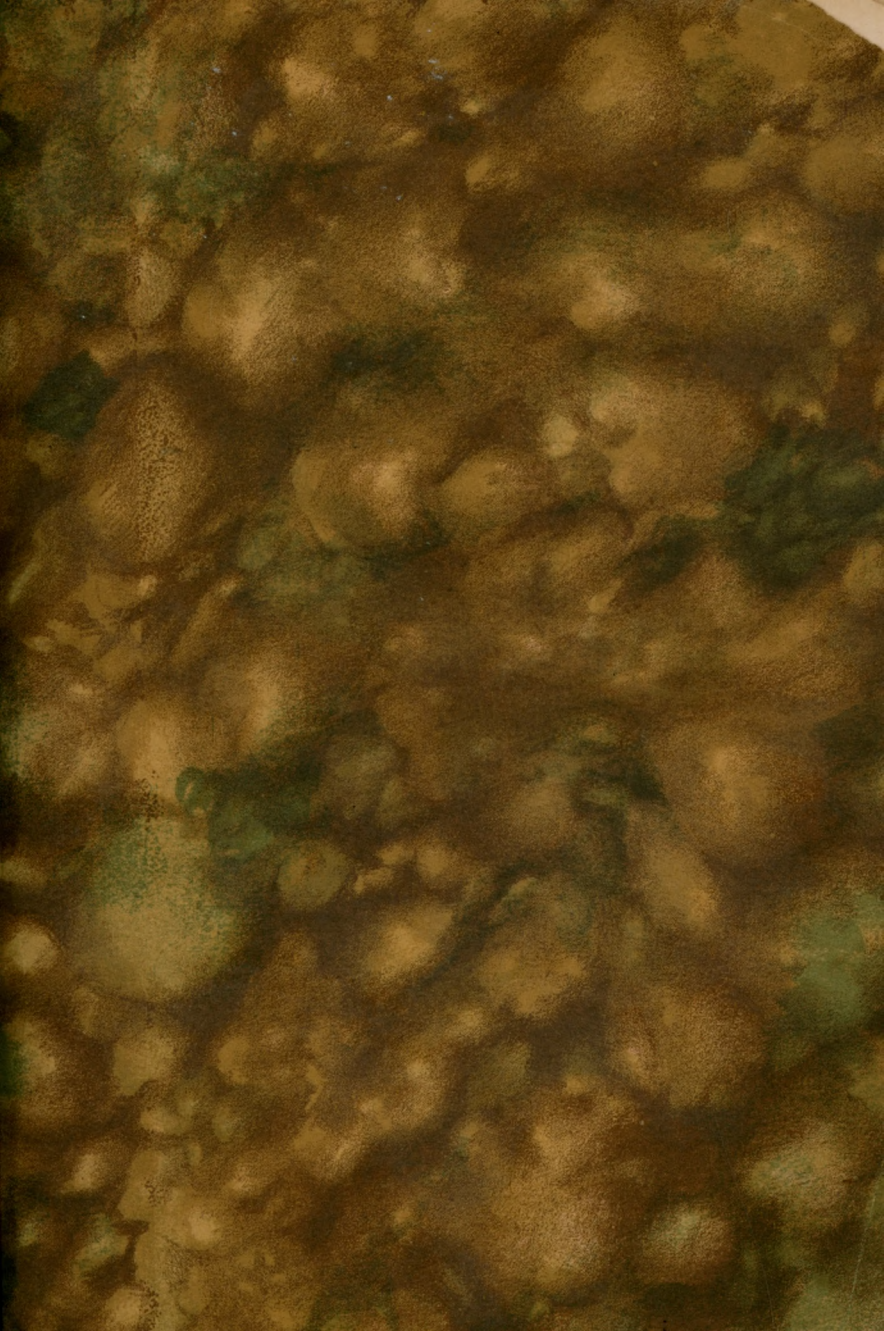


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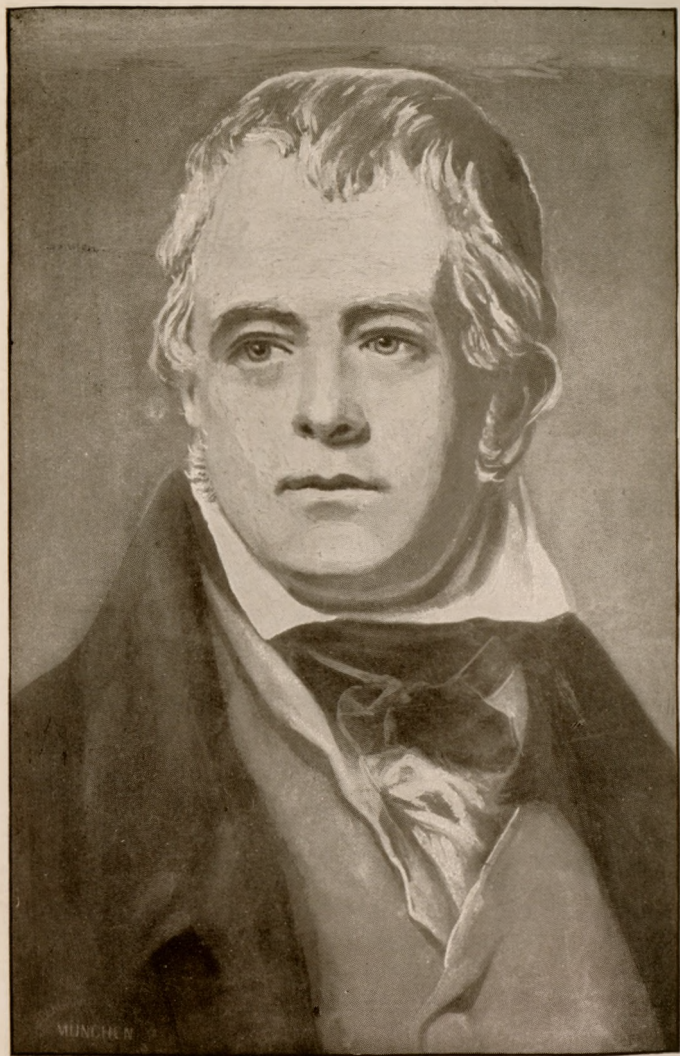


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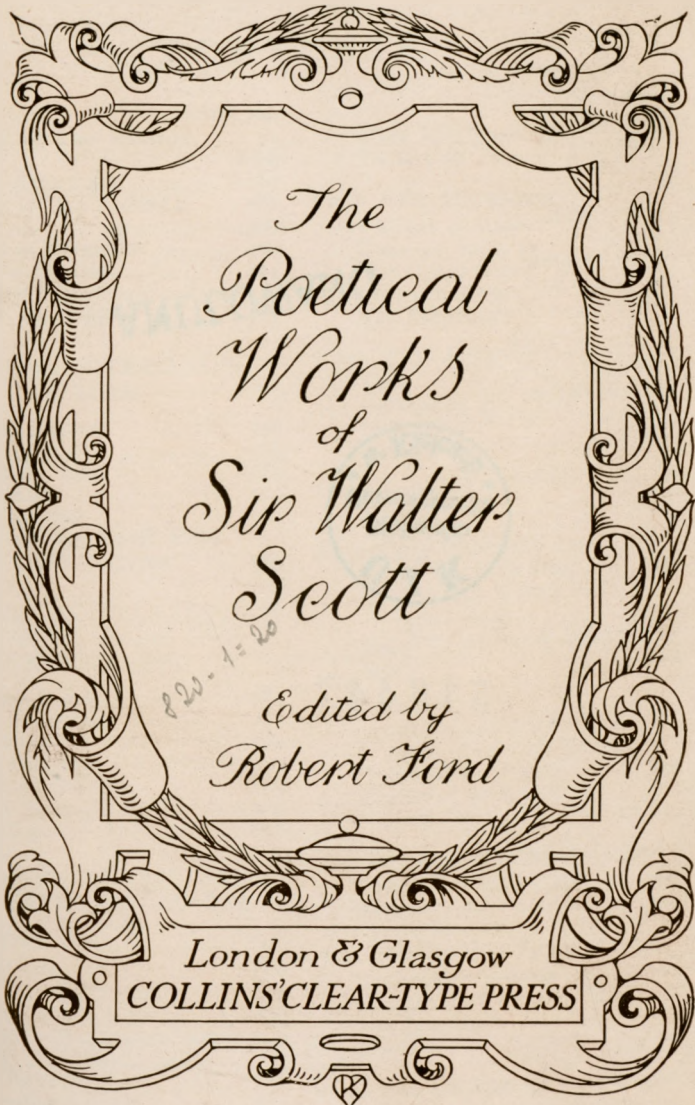






Walter Scott

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*The  
Poetical  
Works  
of  
Sir Walter  
Scott*

820-1:20

*Edited by  
Robert Ford*

*London & Glasgow*  
**COLLINS' CLEAR-TYPE PRESS**

Robert Ford (1846-1905)

BIBLIOTEKA  
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The last of all the Bards was he,  
Who sung of Border chivalry;  
High placed in hall, a welcome  
guest,

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# THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

A POEM IN SIX CANTOS.

TO THE  
 RIGHT HONOURABLE  
 CHARLES EARL OF DALKEITH,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED BY  
 THE AUTHOR.

## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The Poem, now offered to the Public, is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude, in this respect, than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which, in some degree, authorises the change of rhythm in the text. The machinery, also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a Poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.

For these reasons, the Poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is Three Nights and Three Days.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,

The Minstrel was infirm and old ;  
 His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,

Seem'd to have known a better day ;

The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
 Was carried by an orphan boy.

The last of all the Bards was he,  
 Who sung of Border chivalry ;

For, welladay ! their date was fled,

His tuneful brethren all were dead ;

And he, neglected and oppress'd,  
 Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.

No more on prancing palfrey borne,

He caroll'd, light as lark at morn ;  
 No longer courted and caress'd,

High placed in hall, a welcome guest,

He pour'd, to lord and lady  
 The unpremeditated, changed, old  
 Old times gone;  
 A stranger fill'd the Stuarts'  
 throne;

The bigots of the iron time  
 Had call'd his harmless art a  
 crime.  
 A wandering Harper, scorn'd and  
 poor,  
 He begg'd his bread from door to  
 door.  
 And tuned, to please a peasant's  
 ear,  
 The harp, a king had loved to  
 hear.

He pass'd where Newark's  
 stately tower  
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen  
 bower:  
 The Minstrel gazed with wishful  
 eye—  
 No humbler resting-place was  
 nigh,

With hesitating step at last,  
 The embattled portal arch he  
 pass'd,  
 Whose ponderous grate and  
 massy bar  
 Had oft roll'd back the tide of  
 war,  
 But never closed the iron door  
 Against the desolate and poor.  
 The Duchess marked his weary  
 pace,  
 His timid mien, and reverend face,  
 And bade her page the menials  
 tell,  
 That they should tend the old man  
 well:  
 For she had known adversity,  
 Though born in such a high  
 degree;

In pride of power, in beauty's  
 bloom,  
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody  
 tomb!

When kindness had his wants  
 supplied,  
 And the old man was gratified,  
 Began to rise his minstrel pride:  
 And he began to talk anon,  
 Of good Earl Francis, dead and  
 gone,  
 And of Earl Walter, rest him, God!  
 A braver ne'er to battle rode;  
 And how full many a tale he knew,  
 Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:  
 And, would the noble Duchess  
 deign

To listen to an old man's strain,  
 Though stiff his hand, his voice  
 though weak,  
 He thought even yet, the sooth  
 to speak,  
 That, if she loved the harp to hear,  
 He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon  
 obtain'd;  
 The Aged Minstrel audience  
 gain'd.

But, when he reach'd the room of  
 state,  
 Where she, with all her ladies, sate,  
 Perchance he wish'd his boon  
 denied:  
 For, when to tune his harp he  
 tried,  
 His trembling hand had lost the  
 ease,  
 Which marks security to please;  
 And scenes, long past, of joy and  
 pain,  
 Came wildering o'er his aged  
 brain—  
 He tried to tune his harp in vain!

The pitying Duchess praised its  
 chime,  
 And gave him heart, and gave  
 him time,  
 Till every string's according glee  
 Was blended into harmony.  
 And then, he said, he would full  
 fain  
 He could recall an ancient strain,  
 He never thought to sing again.  
 It was not framed for village  
 churls,  
 But for high dames and mighty  
 earls ;  
 He had play'd it to King Charles  
 the Good,  
 When he kept court in Holyrood ;  
 And much he wish'd, yet fear'd,  
 to try  
 The long-forgotten melody.  
 Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,  
 And an uncertain warbling made,  
 And oft he shook his hoary head.  
 But when he caught the measure  
 wild,  
 The old man raised his face, and  
 smiled ;  
 And lighten'd up his faded eye,  
 With all a poet's ecstasy !  
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,  
 He swept the sounding chords  
 along :  
 The present scene, the future lot,  
 His toils, his wants, were all  
 forgot :  
 Cold diffidence, and age's frost,  
 In the full tide of song were lost ;  
 Each blank, in faithless memory  
 void,  
 The poet's glowing thought sup-  
 plied ;  
 And, while his harp responsive  
 rung,  
 'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL  
 sung.

## CANTO FIRST.

## I.

THE feast was over in Branksome  
 tower,<sup>1</sup>  
 And the Ladye had gone to her  
 secret bower ;  
 Her bower that was guarded by  
 word and by spell  
 Deadly to hear, and deadly to  
 tell—  
 Jesu Maria, shield us well !  
 No living wight, save the Ladye  
 alone,  
 Had dared to cross the threshold  
 stone.

## II.

The tables were drawn, it was  
 idlesse all ;  
 Knight, and page, and house-  
 hold squire,  
 Loiter'd through the lofty hall,  
 Or crowded round the ample  
 fire :  
 The stag-hounds, weary with the  
 chase,  
 Lay stretch'd upon the rushy  
 floor,  
 And urged, in dreams, the forest  
 race,  
 From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-  
 moor.

## III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame  
 Hung their shields in Brank-  
 some-Hall ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Nine-and-twenty squires of name  
 Brought them their steeds to  
 bower from stall ;  
 Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall  
 Waited, duteous, on them all :  
 They were all knights of  
 mettle true,  
 Kinsmen to the bold Buc-  
 cleuch.

## IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in  
 steel,  
 With belted sword, and spur on  
 heel :  
 They quitted not their harness  
 bright,  
 Neither by day, nor yet by night :  
 They lay down to rest,  
 With corslet laced,  
 Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard ;  
 They carved at the meal  
 With gloves of steel,  
 And they drank the red wine  
 through the helmet barr'd.

## V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-  
 clad men,  
 Waited the beck of the warders  
 ten ;  
 Thirty steeds, both fleet and  
 wight,  
 Stood saddled in stable day and  
 night,  
 Barbed with frontlet of steel, I  
 trow,  
 And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-  
 bow ;<sup>3</sup>  
 A hundred more fed free in  
 stall :—  
 Such was the custom of Brank-  
 some-Hall.

## VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready  
 dight ?  
 Why watch these warriors, arm'd,  
 by night ?—  
 They watch, to hear the blood-  
 hound baying :  
 They watch to hear the war-horn  
 braying ;

To see St. George's red cross  
 streaming,  
 To see the midnight beacon  
 gleaming :  
 They watch, against Southern  
 force and guile,  
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or  
 Percy's powers,  
 Threaten Branksome's lordly  
 towers,  
 From Warkworth, or Naworth,  
 or merry Carlisle.<sup>4</sup>

## VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome-  
 Hall.—  
 Many a valiant knight is  
 here ;  
 But he, the chieftain of them all,  
 His sword hangs rusting on the  
 wall,  
 Beside his broken spear.  
 Bards long shall tell  
 How Lord Walter fell !<sup>5</sup>  
 When startled burghers fled,  
 afar,  
 The furies of the Border war ;  
 When the streets of high  
 Dunedin  
 Saw lances gleam, and falchions  
 redden,  
 And heard the slogan's deadly  
 yell—  
 Then the Chief of Branksome  
 fell.

## VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,  
 Or stanch the death-feud's  
 enmity ?  
 Can Christian lore, can patriot  
 zeal,  
 Can love of blessed charity ?

No! vainly to each holy shrine,  
 In mutual pilgrimage, they drew;  
 Implored, in vain, the grace divine  
 For chiefs, their own red fal-  
 chions slew:  
 While Cessford owns the rule of  
 Carr,  
 While Ettrick boasts the line  
 of Scott,  
 The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal  
 jar,  
 The havoc of the feudal war,  
 Shall never, never be forgot!<sup>6</sup>

## IX.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier  
 The warlike foresters had bent;  
 And many a flower, and many a  
 tear,  
 Old Teviot's maids and matrons  
 lent:  
 But o'er her warrior's bloody bier  
 The Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor  
 tear!  
 Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er  
 the slain,  
 Had lock'd the source of softer  
 woe;  
 And burning pride, and high dis-  
 dain,  
 Forbade the rising tear to flow;  
 Until, amid his sorrowing clan,  
 Her son lisp'd from the nurse's  
 knee—  
 "And if I live to be a man,  
 My father's death revenged  
 shall be!"  
 Then fast the mother's tears did  
 seek  
 To dew the infant's kindling  
 cheek.

X.

All loose her negligent attire,  
 All loose her golden hair,

Hung Margaret o'er her slaugh-  
 ter'd sire,  
 And wept in wild despair,  
 But not alone the bitter tear  
 Had filial grief supplied;  
 For hopeless love, and anxious  
 fear,  
 Had lent their mingled tide:  
 Nor in her mother's alter'd eye  
 Dared she to look for sympathy.  
 Her lover, 'gainst her father's  
 clan,  
 With Carr in arms had stood,<sup>7</sup>  
 When Mathouse-burn to Melrose  
 ran,  
 All purple with their blood;  
 And well she knew, her mother  
 dread,  
 Before Lord Cranstoun she should  
 wed,<sup>8</sup>  
 Would see her on her dying bed.

## XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came,  
 Her father was a clerk of fame,  
 Of Bethune's line of Picardie:<sup>9</sup>  
 He learn'd the art that none may  
 name,  
 In Padua, far beyond the sea.<sup>10</sup>  
 Men said, he changed his mortal  
 frame  
 By feat of magic mystery;  
 For when, in studious mood, he  
 paced  
 St. Andrew's cloister'd hali,  
 His form no darkening shadow  
 traced  
 Upon the sunny wall!<sup>11</sup>

## XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,  
 He taught that Ladye fair,  
 Till to her bidding she could bow  
 The viewless forms of air.<sup>12</sup>

And now she sits in secret  
bower,  
In old Lord David's western  
tower,  
And listens to a heavy sound,  
That moans the mossy turrets  
round.

Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,  
That chafes against the scaur's  
red side?

Is it the wind that swings the  
oaks?

Is it the echo from the rocks?

What may it be, the heavy sound,  
That moans old Branksome's  
turrets round?

## XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,  
The ban-dogs bay and howl;  
And, from the turrets round,  
Loud whoops the startled owl.  
In the hall, both squire and  
knight  
Swore that a storm was near,  
And looked forth to view the  
night;  
But the night was still and  
clear!

## XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,  
Chafing with the mountain's side,  
From the groan of the wind-  
swung oak,

From the sullen echo of the rock,  
From the voice of the coming  
storm,

The Ladye knew it well!

It was the Spirit of the Flood  
that spoke,

And he called on the Spirit of  
the Fell.

## XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleep'st thou, brother?"—

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

—"Brother, nay—

On my hills the moon-beams  
play.

From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-  
pen,

By every rill, in every glen,

Merry elves their morris pacing,

To ærial minstrelsy,

Emerald rings on brown heath  
tracing,

Trip it deft and merrily.

Up, and mark their nimble feet!

Up, and list their music  
sweet!"—

## XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Tears of an imprison'd maiden  
Mix with my polluted stream;

Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-  
laden,

Mourns beneath the moon's  
pale beam.

Tell me, thou, who view'st the  
stars,

When shall cease these feudal  
jars?

What shall be the maiden's fate?  
Who shall be the maiden's  
mate?"—

## XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

"Arthur's slow wain his course  
doth roll,

In utter darkness round the pole;

The Northern Bear lowers black  
and grim;

Orion's studded belt is dim;

Twinkling faint, and distant far,  
Shimmers through mist each  
planet star ;

Ill may I read their high  
decree !

But no kind influence deign they  
shower

On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's  
tower,

Till pride be quell'd, and love  
be free."

## XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast,

And the heavy sound was still ;

It died on the river's breast,

It died on the side of the hill.

But round Lord David's tower

The sound still floated near ;

For it rung in the Ladye's bower,

And it rung in the Ladye's ear.

She raised her stately head,

And her heart throbb'd high

with pride :—

"Your mountains shall bend,

And your streams ascend,

Ere Margaret be our foeman's  
bride !"

## XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,

Where many a bold retainer

lay,

And, with jocund din, among

them all,

Her son pursued his infant play.

A fancied moss-trooper,<sup>13</sup> the boy

The truncheon of a spear be-

strode,

And round the hall, right merrily,

In mimic foray rode.

Even bearded knights, in arms

grown old,

Share in his frolic gambols

bore,

Albeit their hearts of rugged  
mould,

Were stubborn as the steel they  
wore.

For the grey warriors prophesied,

How the brave boy, in future  
war,

Should tame the Unicorn's pride,

Exalt the Crescent and the Star.<sup>14</sup>

## XX.

The Ladye forgot her purpose  
high,

One moment, and no more ;

One moment gazed with a  
mother's eye,

As she paused at the arched  
door :

Then from amid the armed train,

She call'd to her William of  
Deloraine.<sup>15</sup>

## XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was  
he,

As e'er couch'd Border lance by  
knee ;

Through Solway sands, through  
Tarras moss,

Blindfold, he knew the paths to  
cross ;

By wily turns, by desperate  
bounds,

Had baffled Percy's best blood-  
hounds ;<sup>16</sup>

In Eske or Liddel, fords were  
none,

But he would ride them, one by  
one ;

Alike to him was time or tide,

December's snow, or July's pride ;

Alike to him was tide or time,

Moonless midnight, or matin

prime :

Steady of heart, and stout of  
hand,  
As ever drove prey from Cumber-  
land ;  
Five times outlawed had he been,  
By England's King, and Scot-  
land's Queen.

## XXII.

“Sir William of Deloraine, good  
at need,  
Mount thee on the wightest steed ;  
Spare not to spur, nor stint to  
ride,  
Until thou come to fair Tweed-  
side ;  
And in Melrose's holy pile  
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's  
aisle.  
Greet the Father well from me ;  
Say that the fated hour is  
come,  
And to-night he shall watch  
with thee,  
To win the treasure of the  
tomb :  
For this will be St. Michael's  
night,  
And, though stars be dim, the  
moon is bright ;  
And the Cross, of bloody red,  
Will point to the grave of the  
mighty dead.

## XXIII.

“What he gives thee, see thou  
keep ;  
Stay not thou for food or sleep :  
Be it scroll, or be it book,  
Into it, Knight, thou must not  
look ;  
If thou readest, thou art lorn !  
Better had'st thou ne'er been  
born.”—

## XXIV.

“O swiftly can speed my dapple-  
grey steed,  
Which drinks of the Teviot  
clear ;  
Ere break of day,” the Warrior  
'gan say,  
“Again will I be here :  
And safer by none may thy errand  
be done,  
Than, noble dame, by me ;  
Letter nor line know I never a one,  
Wer't my neck-verse at Hairi-  
bee.”

## XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,  
And soon the steep descent he  
past,  
Soon cross'd the sounding barbi-  
can,  
And soon the Teviot side he won.  
Eastward the wooded path he  
rode,  
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod ;  
He passed the Peel of Goldiland,  
And cross'd old Borthwick's  
roaring strand ;  
Dimly he view'd the Moat-hill's  
mound,  
Where Druid shades still flitted  
round :<sup>17</sup>  
In Hawick twinkled many a  
light ;  
Behind him soon they set in  
night ;  
And soon he spurr'd his courser  
keen  
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.<sup>18</sup>

## XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watch-  
men mark ;—  
“Stand, ho ! thou courier of  
the dark.”—



“For Branksome, ho!” the  
 knight rejoin’d,  
 And left the friendly tower behind.  
 He turn’d him now from Teviot-  
 side,  
 And, guided by the tinkling  
 rill,  
 Northward the dark ascent did  
 ride,  
 And gained the moor at  
 Horsliehill;  
 Broad on the left before him lay,  
 For many a mile, the Roman way.

## XXVII.

A moment now he slack’d his  
 speed,  
 A moment breathed his panting  
 steed;  
 Drew saddle-girth and corslet-  
 band,  
 And loosen’d in the sheath his  
 brand.  
 On Minto-craggs the moonbeams  
 glint,<sup>19</sup>  
 Where Barnhill hew’d his bed of  
 flint;  
 Who flung his outlaw’d limbs to  
 rest,  
 Where falcons hang their giddy  
 nest,  
 Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle  
 eye  
 For many a league his prey could  
 spy;  
 Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes  
 borne,  
 The terrors of the robber’s horn;  
 Cliffs, which, for many a later  
 year,  
 The warbling Doric reed shall  
 hear,  
 When some sad swain shall teach  
 the grove,  
 Ambition is no cure for love!

## XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence pass’d  
 Deloraine,  
 To ancient Riddel’s fair domain,<sup>20</sup>  
 Where Aill, from mountains  
 freed,  
 Down from the lakes did raving  
 come;  
 Each wave was crested with  
 tawny foam,  
 Like the mane of a chestnut  
 steed.  
 In vain! no torrent, deep or  
 broad,  
 Might bar the bold moss-trooper’s  
 road.

## XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk  
 low,  
 And the water broke o’er the  
 saddlebow;  
 Above the foaming tide, I ween,  
 Scarce half the charger’s neck  
 was seen;  
 For he was barded from counter  
 to tail,  
 And the rider was armed complete  
 in mail;  
 Never heavier man and horse  
 Stemm’d a midnight torrent’s  
 force.  
 The warrior’s very plume, I say,  
 Was daggled by the dashing  
 spray;  
 Yet, through good heart, and Our  
 Ladye’s grace,  
 At length he gain’d the landing  
 place.

## XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-  
 man won,  
 And sternly shook his plumed  
 head,

As glanced his eye o'er Halidon ;  
 For on his soul the slaughter  
 red  
 Of that unhallow'd morn arose  
 When first the Scott and Carr  
 were foes ;  
 When royal James beheld the  
 fray,  
 Prize to the victor of the day ;  
 When Home and Douglas, in the  
 van,  
 Bore down Buccleuch's retiring  
 clan,  
 Till gallant Cessford's heart-  
 blood dear  
 Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border  
 spear.

## XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,  
 And soon the hated heath was  
 past ;  
 And far beneath, in lustre wan,  
 Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed  
 ran :  
 Like some tall rock with lichens  
 grey,  
 Seem'd dimly huge, the dark  
 Abbaye.  
 When Hawick he pass'd, had  
 curfew rung,  
 Now midnight lauds were in  
 Melrose sung.  
 The sound, upon the fitful gale,  
 In solemn wise did rise and fall,  
 Like that wild harp, whose magic  
 tone  
 Is waken'd by the winds alone.  
 But when Melrose he reach'd,  
 'twas silence all ;  
 He meetly stabled his steed in  
 stall,  
 And sought the convent's lonely  
 wall.<sup>21</sup>

HERE paused the harp ; and with  
 its swell  
 The Master's fire and courage  
 fell ;  
 Dejectedly, and low, he bow'd,  
 And, gazing timid on the crowd,  
 He seem'd to seek, in every eye,  
 If they approved his minstrelsy ;  
 And, diffident of present praise,  
 Somewhat he spoke of former  
 days,  
 And how old age, and wand'ring  
 long,  
 Had done his hand and harp some  
 wrong.  
 The Duchess, and her daughters  
 fair,  
 And every gentle lady there,  
 Each after each, in due degree,  
 Gave praises to his melody ;  
 His hand was true, his voice was  
 clear,  
 And much they long'd the rest to  
 hear.  
 Encouraged thus, the Aged Man,  
 After meet rest, again began.

## CANTO SECOND.

## I.

IF thou would'st view fair Melrose  
 aright,  
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;  
 For the gay beams of lightsome  
 day  
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.  
 When the broken arches are  
 black in night,  
 And each shafted oriel glimmers  
 white ;  
 When the cold light's uncertain  
 shower  
 Streams on the ruin'd central  
 tower ;

When buttress and buttress,  
 alternately,  
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
 When silver edges the imagery,  
 And the scrolls that teach thee to  
 live and die ;  
 When distant Tweed is heard to  
 rave,  
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the  
 dead man's grave,  
 Then go—but go alone the while—  
 Then view St. David's ruin'd  
 pile ;<sup>22</sup>  
 And, home returning, soothly  
 swear,  
 Was never scene so sad and fair !

## II.

Short halt did Deloraine make  
 there ;  
 Little reck'd he of the scene so  
 fair :  
 With dagger's hilt, on the wicket  
 strong,  
 He struck full loud, and struck  
 full long.  
 The porter hurried to the gate—  
 "Who knocks so loud, and knocks  
 so late ?"  
 "From Branksome I," the warrior  
 cried ;  
 And straight the wicket open'd  
 wide :  
 For Branksome's Chiefs had in  
 battle stood,  
 To fence the rights of fair  
 Melrose ;  
 And lands and livings, many a  
 rood,  
 Had gifted the shrine for their  
 souls' repose.

## III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said ;  
 The porter bent his humble head ;

With torch in hand, and feet  
 unshod,  
 And noiseless step, the path he  
 trod :  
 The arched cloister, far and wide,  
 Rang to the warrior's clanking  
 stride,  
 Till, stooping low his lofty crest,  
 He enter'd the cell of the ancient  
 priest,  
 And lifted his barred aventayle,  
 To hail the Monk of St. Mary's  
 aisle.

## IV.

"The Ladye of Branksome greets  
 thee by me,  
 Says, that the fated hour is  
 come,  
 And that to-night I shall watch  
 with thee,  
 To win the treasure of the  
 tomb."  
 From sackcloth couch the Monk  
 arose,  
 With toil his stiffen'd limbs he  
 rear'd ;  
 A hundred years had flung their  
 snows  
 On his thin locks and floating  
 beard.

## V.

And strangely on the Knight  
 look'd he,  
 And his blue eyes gleam'd wild  
 and wide ;  
 "And, darest thou, Warrior !  
 seek to see  
 What heaven and hell alike  
 would hide ?  
 My breast, in belt of iron pent,  
 With shirt of hair and scourge  
 of thorn ;

For threescore years, in penance  
spent,

My knees those flinty stones  
have worn ;

Yet all too little to atone  
For knowing what should ne'er  
be known.

Would'st thou thy every future  
year

In ceaseless prayer and pen-  
ance drie,

Yet wait thy latter end with  
fear—

Then, daring Warrior, follow  
me !”

#### VI.

“Penance, father, will I none ;  
Prayer know I hardly one ;

For mass or prayer can I rarely  
tarry,

Save to patter an Ave Mary,  
When I ride on a Border foray.”

Other prayer can I none ;  
So speed me my errand, and let  
me be gone.”

#### VII.

Again on the Knight look'd the  
Churchman old,

And again he sighed heavily ;  
For he had himself been a warrior  
bold,

And fought in Spain and Italy.  
And he thought on the days that  
were long since by,

When his limbs were strong, and  
his courage was high :—

Now, slow and faint, he led the way,  
Where, cloister'd round, the  
garden lay ;

The pillar'd arches were over their  
head,

And beneath their feet were the  
bones of the dead.

#### VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets  
bright,

Glisten'd with the dew of night ;  
Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd  
there,

But was carved in the cloister-  
arches as fair.

The Monk gazed long on the  
lovely moon,

Then into the night he  
looked forth ;

And red and bright the  
streamers light

Were dancing in the glowing  
north.

So had he seen, in fair Castile,  
The youth in glittering  
squadrons start ;<sup>24</sup>

Sudden the flying jennet wheel,  
And hurl the unexpected dart.  
He knew, by the streamers that  
shot so bright,

That spirits were riding the  
northern light.

#### IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,  
They enter'd now the chancel  
tall ;

The darken'd roof rose high aloof  
On pillars lofty and light and  
small :

The key-stone, that lock'd each  
ribbed aisle,

Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-  
feuille ;

The corbells were carved  
grotesque and grim ;

And the pillars, with cluster'd  
shafts so trim,

With base and with capital  
flourish'd around,

Seem'd bundles of lances which  
garlands had bound.

## X.

Full many a scutcheon and  
 banner riven,  
 Shook to the cold night-wind of  
 heaven,  
 Around the screened altar's  
 pale ;  
 And there the dying lamps did  
 burn,  
 Before thy low and lonely urn,  
 O gallant Chief of Otterburne !<sup>25</sup>  
 And thine, dark Knight of  
 Liddesdale !<sup>26</sup>  
 O fading honours of the dead !  
 O high ambition, lowly laid !

## XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone<sup>27</sup>  
 Through slender shafts of shapely  
 stone,  
 By foliaged tracery combined ;  
 Thou would'st have thought  
 some fairy's hand  
 'Twixt poplars straight the ozier  
 wand,  
 In many a freakish knot, had  
 twined ;  
 Then framed a spell, when the  
 work was done,  
 And changed the willow-wreaths  
 to stone.  
 The silver light, so pale and faint,  
 Shew'd many a prophet, and  
 many a saint,  
 Whose image on the glass was  
 dyed ;  
 Full in the midst, his Cross of  
 Red  
 Triumphant Michael brandished,  
 And trampled the Apostate's  
 pride.  
 The moon-beam kiss'd the holy  
 pane,  
 And threw on the pavement a  
 bloody stain.

## XII.

They sate them down on a  
 marble stone,—  
 (A Scottish monarch slept  
 below ;)  
 Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn  
 tone :—  
 "I was not always a man of  
 woe ;  
 For Paynim countries I have trod,  
 And fought beneath the Cross of  
 God :  
 Now, strange to my eyes thine  
 arms appear,  
 And their iron clang sounds  
 strange to my ear.

## XIII.

"In these far climes it was my  
 lot  
 To meet the wondrous Michael  
 Scott ;<sup>28</sup>  
 A wizard, of such dreaded fame,  
 That when, in Salamanca's cave,<sup>29</sup>  
 Him listed his magic wand to  
 wave,  
 The bells would ring in Notre  
 Dame !<sup>30</sup>  
 Some of his skill he taught to me ;  
 And, Warrior, I could say to thee  
 The words that cleft Eildon hills  
 in three,<sup>31</sup>  
 And bridled the Tweed with a  
 curb of stone :  
 But to speak them were a deadly  
 sin ;  
 And for having but thought them  
 my heart within,  
 A treble penance must be done.

## XIV.

"When Michael lay on his dying  
 bed,  
 His conscience was awakened :

He bethought him of his sinful deed,  
 And he gave me a sign to come  
 with speed.  
 I was in Spain when the morning  
 rose,  
 But I stood by his bed ere evening  
 close.  
 The words may not again be said,  
 That he spoke to me, on death-  
 bed laid;  
 They would rend this Abbaye's  
 massy nave,  
 And pile it in heaps above his  
 grave.

## XV.

"I swore to bury his Mighty  
 Book,  
 That never mortal might therein  
 look;  
 And never to tell where it was  
 hid,  
 Save at his Chief of Branksome's  
 need:  
 And when that need was past  
 and o'er,  
 Again the volume to restore.  
 I buried him on St. Michael's  
 night,  
 When the bell toll'd one, and the  
 moon was bright,  
 And I dug his chamber among  
 the dead,  
 When the floor of the chancel  
 was stained red,  
 That his patron's cross might  
 over him wave,  
 And scare the fiends from the  
 Wizard's grave.

## XVI.

"It was a night of woe and  
 dread,  
 When Michael in the tomb I laid!

Strange sounds along the chancel  
 pass'd,  
 The banners waved without a  
 blast"—  
 —Still spoke the Monk, when the  
 bell toll'd one!—  
 I tell you, that a braver man  
 Than William of Deloraine, good  
 at need,  
 Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a  
 steed;  
 Yet somewhat was he chill'd with  
 dread,  
 And his hair did bristle upon his  
 head.

## XVII.

"Lo, Warrior! now, the Cross  
 of Red  
 Points to the grave of the mighty  
 dead;  
 Within it burns a wondrous light,  
 To chase the spirits that love the  
 night:  
 That lamp shall burn unquench-  
 ably,  
 Until the eternal doom shall be."<sup>32</sup>  
 Slow moved the Monk to the  
 broad flag-stone,  
 Which the bloody Cross was  
 traced upon:  
 He pointed to a secret nook;  
 An iron bar the Warrior took;  
 And the Monk made a sign with  
 his wither'd hand,  
 The grave's huge portal to  
 expand.

## XVIII.

With beating heart to the task  
 he went;  
 His sinewy frame o'er the grave-  
 stone bent;  
 With bar of iron heaved amain,  
 Till the toil-drops fell from his  
 brows, like rain.

It was by dint of passing strength,  
That he moved the massy stone  
at length.

I would you had been there, to  
see

How the light broke forth so  
gloriously,

Stream'd upward to the chancel  
roof,

And through the galleries far  
aloof!

No earthly flame blazed e'er so  
bright :

It shone like heaven's own blessed  
light,

And, issuing from the tomb,  
Show'd the Monk's cowl, and

visage pale,  
Danced on the dark-brow'd

Warrior's mail,  
And kiss'd his waving plume.

## XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,  
As if he had not been dead a day.

His hoary beard in silver roll'd,  
He seem'd some seventy winters

old ;

A palmer's amice wrapp'd him  
round,

With a wrought Spanish  
baldric bound,

Like a pilgrim from beyond  
the sea :

His left hand held his Book of  
Might ;

A silver cross was in his right ;  
The lamp was placed beside

his knee :

High and majestic was his look,  
At which the fellest fiends had

shook,  
And all unruffled was his face :

They trusted his soul had gotten  
grace.

## XX.

Often had William of Deloraine  
Rode through the battle's bloody

plain,  
And trampled down the warriors

slain,  
And neither known remorse

nor awe ;  
Yet now remorse and awe he

own'd ;  
His breath came thick, his head

swam round,  
When this strange scene of

death he saw.  
Bewilder'd and unnerved he stood,

And the priest pray'd fervently  
and loud :

With eyes averted prayed he ;  
He might not endure the sight to

see,  
Of the man he had loved so

brotherly.

## XXI.

And when the priest his death-  
prayer had pray'd,

Thus unto Deloraine he said :—  
“Now, speed thee what thou

hast to do,  
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue ;

For those, thou may'st not look  
upon,

Are gathering fast round the  
yawning stone !”—

Then Deloraine, in terror, took<sup>33</sup>  
From the cold hand the Mighty

Book,  
With iron clasp'd, and with iron

bound :

He thought, as he took it, the  
dead man frown'd ;

But the glare of the sepulchral  
light,

Perchance, had dazzled the  
warrior's sight.

## XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er  
 the tomb,  
 The night return'd in double  
 gloom ;  
 For the moon had gone down,  
 and the stars were few ;  
 And, as the Knight and Priest  
 withdrew,  
 With wavering steps and dizzy  
 brain,  
 They hardly might the postern  
 gain.  
 'Tis said, as through the aisles  
 they pass'd,  
 They heard strange noises on the  
 blast ;  
 And through the cloister-galleries  
 small,  
 Which at mid-height thread the  
 chancel wall,  
 Loud sobs, and laughter louder,  
 ran,  
 And voices unlike the voice of  
 man ;  
 As if the fiends kept holiday,  
 Because these spells were brought  
 to day.  
 I cannot tell how the truth may  
 be ;  
 I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

## XXIII.

"Now, hie thee hence," the  
 Father said,  
 "And when we are on death-bed  
 laid,  
 O may our dear Ladye, and sweet  
 St. John,  
 Forgive our souls for the deed  
 we have done !"  
 The Monk return'd him to his  
 cell,  
 And many a prayer and  
 penance sped ;

When the convent met at the  
 noontide bell—  
 The Monk of St. Mary's  
 aisle was dead !  
 Before the cross was the body  
 laid,  
 With hands clasp'd fast, as if  
 still he pray'd.

## XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the  
 morning wind,  
 And strove his hardihood to find :  
 He was glad when he pass'd the  
 tombstones grey,  
 Which girdle round the fair  
 Abbaye ;  
 For the mystic Book, to his  
 bosom prest,  
 Felt like a load upon his breast ;  
 And his joints, with nerves of  
 iron twined,  
 Shook, like the aspen leaves in  
 wind.  
 Full fain was he when the dawn  
 of day  
 Began to brighten Cheviot grey ;  
 He joy'd to see the cheerful light,  
 And he said Ave Mary, as well  
 as he might.

## XXV.

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot  
 grey,  
 The sun had brighten'd the  
 Carter's side ;  
 And soon beneath the rising day  
 Smiled Branksome Towers and  
 Teviot's tide.  
 The wild birds told their warbling  
 tale,  
 And waken'd every flower that  
 blows ;



And peeped forth the violet pale,  
 And spread her breast the  
 mountain rose.  
 And lovelier than the rose so red,  
 Yet paler than the violet pale,  
 She early left her sleepless bed,  
 The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

## XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early  
 awake,  
 And don her kirtle so hastilie ;  
 And the silken knots, which in  
 hurry she would make,  
 Why tremble her slender  
 fingers to tie ;  
 Why does she stop, and look  
 often around,  
 As she glides down the secret  
 stair ;  
 And why does she pat the shaggy  
 blood-hound,  
 As he rouses him up from his  
 lair ;  
 And, though she passes the  
 postern alone,  
 Why is not the watchman's bugle  
 blown ?

## XXVII.

The ladye steps in doubt and  
 dread,  
 Lest her watchful mother hear  
 her tread ;  
 The lady caresses the rough  
 blood-hound,  
 Lest his voice should waken the  
 castle round,  
 The watchman's bugle is not  
 blown,  
 For he was her foster-father's son ;  
 And she glides through the  
 greenwood at dawn of light  
 To meet Baron Henry, her own  
 true knight.

## XXVIII.

The Knight and ladye fair are  
 met,  
 And under the hawthorn's boughs  
 are set.  
 A fairer pair were never seen  
 To meet beneath the hawthorn  
 green.  
 He was stately, and young, and  
 tall ;  
 Dreaded in battle, and loved in  
 hall :  
 And she, when love, scarce told,  
 scarce hid,  
 Lent to her cheek a livelier red ;  
 When the half sigh her swelling  
 breast  
 Against the silken ribbon prest ;  
 When her blue eyes their secret  
 told,  
 Though shaded by her locks of  
 gold—  
 Where would you find the peer-  
 less fair,  
 With Margaret of Branksome  
 might compare !

## XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I  
 see  
 You listen to my minstrelsy ;  
 Your waving locks ye backward  
 throw,  
 And sidelong bend your necks of  
 snow :  
 Ye ween to hear a melting tale,  
 Of two true lovers in a dale ;  
 And how the Knight, with  
 tender fire,  
 To paint his faithful passion  
 strove ;  
 Swore he might at her feet  
 expire,  
 But never, never cease to  
 love ;

And how she blush'd, and how  
 she sigh'd,  
 And, half consenting, half denied,  
 And said that she would die a  
 maid ;—  
 Yet, might the bloody feud be  
 stay'd,  
 Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,  
 Margaret of Branksome's choice  
 should be.

## XXX.

Alas ! fair dames, your hopes are  
 vain !  
 My harp has lost the enchanting  
 strain ;  
 Its lightness would my age  
 reprove :  
 My hairs are grey, my limbs are  
 old,  
 My heart is dead, my veins are  
 cold :  
 I may not, must not, sing of  
 love.

## XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by  
 eld,  
 The Baron's Dwarf his courser  
 held,<sup>34</sup>  
 And held his crested helm and  
 spear :  
 That Dwarf was scarce an earthly  
 man,  
 If the tales were true that of him  
 ran  
 Through all the Border, far  
 and near.  
 'Twas said, when the Baron  
 a-hunting rode  
 Through Reedsdale's glens, but  
 rarely trod,  
 He heard a voice cry, " Lost !  
 lost ! lost !"  
 And, like tennis-ball by racket  
 toss'd,

A leap, of thirty feet and  
 three,  
 Made from the gorse this elfin  
 shape,  
 Distorted like some dwarfish  
 ape,  
 And lighted at Lord Cran-  
 stoun's knee.  
 Lord Cranstoun was some whit  
 dismay'd ;  
 'Tis said that five good miles  
 he rade,  
 To rid him of his company ;  
 But where he rode one mile, the  
 Dwarf ran four,  
 And the Dwarf was first at the  
 castle door.

## XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said :  
 This elvish Dwarf with the Baron  
 staid ;  
 Little he ate, and less he spoke,  
 Nor mingled with the menial  
 flock :  
 And oft apart his arms he toss'd,  
 And often mutter'd " Lost ! lost !  
 lost !"  
 He was waspish, arch, and  
 litherlie,  
 But well Lord Cranstoun served  
 he :  
 And he of his service was full fain ;  
 For once he had been ta'en or slain,  
 An it had not been for his  
 ministry.  
 All between Home and Hermi-  
 tage,  
 Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's  
 Goblin-Page.

## XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,  
 And took with him this elvish  
 Page,

To Mary's Chapel of the  
 Lowes :  
 For there, beside our Ladye's  
 lake,  
 An offering he had sworn to make,  
 And he would pay his vows.  
 But the Ladye of Branksome  
 gather'd a band  
 Of the best that would ride at  
 her command :<sup>35</sup>  
 The trysting place was New-  
 ark Lee.  
 Wat of Harden came thither  
 amain,  
 And thither came John of  
 Thirlestane,  
 And thither came William of  
 Deloraine ;  
 They were three hundred spears  
 and three.  
 Through Douglas-burn, up Yar-  
 row stream,  
 Their horses prance, their lances  
 gleam.  
 They came to St. Mary's lake ere  
 day ;  
 But the chapel was void, and the  
 Baron away.  
 They burn'd the chapel for very  
 rage,  
 And cursed Lord Cranstoun's  
 Goblin-Page.

## XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good  
 green wood,  
 As under the aged oak he stood,  
 The Baron's courser pricks his  
 ears,  
 As if a distant noise he hears.  
 The Dwarf waves his long lean  
 arm on high,  
 And signs to the lovers to part  
 and fly ;

No time was then to vow or sigh.  
 Fair Margaret through the hazel  
 grove,  
 Flew like the startled cushat-  
 dove :  
 The Dwarf the stirrup held and  
 rein ;  
 Vaulted the Knight on his steed  
 amain,  
 And, pondering deep that morn-  
 ing's scene,  
 Rode eastward through the  
 hawthorns green.

WHILE thus he pour'd the  
 lengthen'd tale  
 The Minstrel's voice began to fail :  
 Full slyly smiled the observant  
 page,  
 And gave the wither'd hand of age  
 A goblet, crown'd with mighty  
 wine,  
 The blood of Velez' scorched vine.  
 He raised the silver cup on high,  
 And, while the big drop fill'd his  
 eye,  
 Pray'd God to bless the Duchess  
 long,  
 And all who cheer'd a son of  
 song.  
 The attending maidens smiled to  
 see  
 How long, how deep, how  
 zealously,  
 The precious juice the Minstrel  
 quaff'd ;  
 And he, embolden'd by the  
 draught,  
 Look'd gaily back to them, and  
 laugh'd.  
 The cordial nectar of the bowl  
 Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd  
 his soul ;  
 A lighter, livelier prelude ran,  
 Ere thus his tale again began.

## CANTO THIRD.

## I.

AND said I that my limbs were  
old,  
And said I that my blood was  
cold,  
And that my kindly fire was fled,  
And my poor wither'd heart was  
dead,

And that I might not sing of  
love?—  
How could I to the dearest theme,  
That ever warm'd a minstrel's  
dream,

So foul, so false a recreant  
prove!  
How could I name love's very  
name,  
Nor wake my heart to notes of  
flame!

## II.

In peace, Love tunes the  
shepherd's reed;  
In war, he mounts the warrior's  
steed;  
In halls, in gay attire is seen;  
In hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the court, the camp,  
the grove,  
And men below, and saints above;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is  
love.

## III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I  
ween,  
While, pondering deep the tender  
scene,  
He rode through Branksome's  
hawthorn green.  
But the page shouted wild and  
shrill,  
And scarce his helmet could  
he don,

When downward from the  
shady hill

A stately knight came prick-  
ing on.

That warrior's steed, so dapple-  
gray,

Was dark with sweat, and  
splashed with clay;

His armour red with many a  
stain:

He seem'd in such a weary plight,  
As if he had ridden the live-long  
night;

For it was William of Deloraine.

## IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,  
When, dancing in the sunny  
beam,

He mark'd the crane on the  
Baron's crest;

For his ready spear was in his rest.  
Few were the words, and stern  
and high,

That mark'd the foemen's  
feudal hate;

For question fierce, and proud  
reply,

Gave signal soon of dire  
debate.

Their very coursers seem'd to  
know

That each was other's mortal foe,  
And snorted fire, when wheel'd  
around,

To give each knight his vantage-  
ground.

## V.

In rapid round the Baron bent;

He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a  
prayer;

The prayer was to his patron  
saint,

The sigh was to his ladye fair.

Stout Deloraine nor sigh'd nor  
 pray'd,  
 Nor saint, nor ladye, call'd to aid;  
 But he stoop'd his head, and  
 couch'd his spear,  
 And spurred his steed to full  
 career.  
 The meeting of these champions  
 proud  
 Seem'd like the bursting thunder-  
 cloud.

## VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer  
 lent!  
 The stately Baron backwards  
 bent;  
 Bent backwards to his horse's  
 tail,  
 And his plumes went scattering  
 on the gale:  
 The tough ash spear, so stout  
 and true,  
 Into a thousand flinders flew.  
 But Cranstoun's lance, of more  
 avail,  
 Pierced through, like silk, the  
 Borderer's mail;  
 Through shield, and jack, and  
 acton, past,  
 Deep in his bosom broke at  
 last.—  
 Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,  
 Till, stumbling in the mortal  
 shock,  
 Down went the steed, the girthing  
 broke,  
 Hurl'd on a heap lay man and  
 horse.  
 The Baron onward pass'd his  
 course;  
 Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his  
 brain—  
 His foe lay stretch'd upon the  
 plain.

## VII.

But when he rein'd his courser  
 round,  
 And saw his foeman on the ground  
 Lie senseless as the bloody clay,  
 He bade his page to stanch the  
 wound,  
 And there beside the warrior  
 stay,  
 And tend him in his doubtful  
 state,  
 And lead him to Branksome  
 castle-gate:  
 His noble mind was inly moved  
 For the kinsman of the maid he  
 loved.  
 "This shalt thou do without  
 delay:  
 No longer here myself may stay;  
 Unless the swifter I speed away,  
 Short shrift will be at my dying  
 day."

## VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun  
 rode;  
 The Goblin Page behind abode;  
 His lord's command he ne'er  
 withstood,  
 Though small his pleasure to do  
 good.  
 As the corslet off he took,  
 The dwarf espied the Mighty  
 Book!  
 Much he marvell'd a knight of  
 pride,  
 Like a book-bosom'd priest should  
 ride:<sup>36</sup>  
 He thought not to search or  
 stanch the wound,  
 Until the secret he had found.

## IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,  
 Resisted long the elfin grasp:

For when the first he had undone,  
 It closed as he the next begun.  
 Those iron clasps, that iron  
 band,  
 Would not yield to unchristen'd  
 hand,  
 Till he smear'd the cover o'er  
 With the Borderer's curdled gore;  
 A moment then the volume  
 spread,  
 And one short spell therein he  
 read,  
 It had much of glamour might,  
 Could make a ladye seem a  
 knight;  
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall  
 Seem tapestry in lordly hall;  
 A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,  
 A sheeling seem a palace large,  
 And youth seem age, and age  
 seem youth—  
 All was delusion, nought was  
 truth.<sup>37</sup>

## X.

He had not read another spell,  
 When on his cheek a buffet  
 fell,  
 So fierce, it stretch'd him on the  
 plain,  
 Beside the wounded Deloraine.  
 From the ground he rose dis-  
 may'd,  
 And shook his huge and matted  
 head;  
 One word he mutter'd, and no  
 more,  
 "Man of age, thou smitest  
 sore!"—  
 No more the Elfin Page durst  
 try  
 Into the wondrous Book to pry;  
 The clasps, though smear'd with  
 Christian gore,  
 Shut faster than they were before.

He hid it underneath his cloak.—  
 Now, if you ask who gave the  
 stroke,  
 I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;  
 It was not given by man alive.<sup>38</sup>

## XI.

Unwillingly himself he address'd,  
 To do his master's high behest:  
 He lifted up the living corse,  
 And laid it on the weary horse;  
 He led him into Branksome Hall,  
 Before the beards of the warders  
 all;  
 And each did after swear and say,  
 There only pass'd a wain of hay.  
 He took him to Lord David's  
 tower,  
 Even to the Ladye's secret bower;  
 And, but that stronger spells  
 were spread,  
 And the door might not be  
 opened,  
 He had laid him on her very bed.  
 Whate'er he did of gramarye,  
 Was always done maliciously;  
 He flung the warrior on the  
 ground,  
 And the blood well'd freshly from  
 the wound.

## XII.

As he repass'd the outer court,  
 He spied the fair young child at  
 sport:  
 He thought to train him to the  
 wood;  
 For, at a word, be it understood,  
 He was always for ill, and never  
 for good.  
 Seem'd to the boy, some comrade  
 gay  
 Led him forth to the woods to  
 play;

On the drawbridge the warders  
stout  
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing  
out.

## XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,  
Until they came to a woodland  
brook ;

The running stream dissolved the  
spell,<sup>39</sup>

And his own elvish shape he  
took.

Could he have had his pleasure  
vilde,

He had crippled the joints of the  
noble child ;

Or, with his fingers long and  
lean,

Had strangled him in fiendish  
spleen :

But his awful mother he had in  
dread,

And also his power was limited ;  
So he but scowl'd on the startled  
child,

And darted through the forest  
wild ;

The woodland brook he bounding  
cross'd,

And laugh'd, and shouted,  
"Lost ! lost ! lost !" —

## XIV.

Full sore amazed at the wondrous  
change,

And frighten'd as a child might  
be,

At the wild yell and visage  
strange,

And the dark words of  
gramarye,

The child, amidst the forest  
bower,

Stood rooted like a lily flower ;

And when at length, with  
trembling pace,

He sought to find where  
Branksome lay,

He fear'd to see that grisly face  
Glare from some thicket on  
his way.

Thus, starting oft, he journey'd  
on,

And deeper in the wood is gone, —  
For aye the more he sought his  
way,

The farther still he went astray, —  
Until he heard the mountains  
round

Ring to the baying of a hound.

## XV.

And hark ! and hark ! the deep-  
mouth'd bark

Comes nigher still, and nigher :  
Bursts on the path a dark blood-  
hound,

His tawny muzzle track'd the  
ground,

And his red eye shot fire.

Soon as the wilder'd child saw he,  
He flew at him right furiously.

I ween you would have seen with  
joy

The bearing of the gallant boy,  
When, worthy of his noble sire,  
His wet cheek glow'd 'twixt fear  
and ire !

He faced the blood-hound man-  
fully,

And held his little bat on high ;  
So fierce he struck, the dog,  
afraid,

At cautious distance hoarsely  
bay'd,

But still in act to spring ;  
When dash'd an archer through  
the glade,

And when he saw the hound was stay'd,

He drew his tough bow-string ;  
But a rough voice cried, " Shoot  
not, hoy !

Ho ! shoot not, Edward—'Tis a  
boy ! "

## XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,  
And check'd his fellow's surly  
mood,

And quell'd the ban-dog's ire :  
He was an English yeoman good,  
And born in Lancashire.

Well could he hit a fallow-deer

Five hundred feet him fro ;  
With hand more true, and eye  
more clear,

No archer bended bow.  
His coal-black hair, shorn round  
and close,

Set off his sun-burn'd face :  
Old England's sign, St. George's  
cross,

His barret-cap did grace ;  
His bugle-horn hung by his side,  
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied ;  
And his short falchion, sharp and  
clear,

Had pierced the throat of many  
a deer.

## XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,  
Reach'd scanty to his knee ;

And, at his belt, of arrows keen  
A furbish'd sheaf bore he ;

His buckler, scarce in breadth a  
span,

No larger fence had he ;  
He never counted him a man,

Would strike below the knee :<sup>40</sup>  
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,  
And the leash, that was his blood-  
hound's band.

## XVIII.

He would not do the fair child  
harm,

But held him with his powerful  
arm,

That he might neither fight nor  
flee ;

For when the Red-Cross spied he,  
The boy strove long and violently.

" Now, by St. George," the archer  
cries,

" Edward, methinks we have a  
prize !

This boy's fair face, and courage  
free,

Show he is come of high de-  
gree."—

## XIX.

" Yes ! I am come of high degree,  
For I am the heir of bold

Buccleuch ;  
And, if thou dost not set me free,

False Southron, thou shalt  
dearly rue !

For Walter of Harden shall come  
with speed,

And William of Deloraine, good  
at need,

And every Scott, from Esk to  
Tweed ;

And, if thou dost not let me go,  
Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,

I'll have thee hang'd to feed the  
crow !"—

## XX.

" Gramercy, for thy good-will,  
fair boy !

My mind was never set so high ;  
But if thou art chief of such a  
clan,

And art the son of such a man,  
And ever comest to thy command,

Our wardens had need to keep  
good order ;



My bow of yew to a hazel wand,  
 Thou'lt make them work upon  
 the Border.  
 Meantime, be pleased to come  
 with me,  
 For good Lord Dacre shalt thou  
 see ;  
 I think our work is well begun,  
 When we have taken thy father's  
 son."

## XXI.

Although the child was led away,  
 In Branksome still he seem'd to  
 stay,  
 For so the Dwarf his part did  
 play ;  
 And, in the shape of that young  
 boy,  
 He wrought the castle much  
 annoy.  
 The comrades of the young  
 Buccleuch  
 He pinch'd, and beat, and over-  
 threw ;  
 Nay, some of them he wellnigh  
 slew.  
 He tore Dame Maudlin's silken  
 tire,  
 And, as Sym Hall stood by the  
 fire,  
 He lighted the match of his  
 bandelier,  
 And wofully scorch'd the hack-  
 buteer.  
 It may be hardly thought or said,  
 The mischief that the urchin made,  
 Till many of the castle guess'd,  
 That the young Baron was  
 possess'd !

## XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held  
 The noble Ladye had soon  
 dispell'd ;

But she was deeply busied then  
 To tend the wounded Deloraine.  
 Much she wonder'd to find him  
 lie,  
 On the stone threshold  
 stretch'd along ;  
 She thought some spirit of the  
 sky  
 Had done the bold moss-  
 trooper wrong ;  
 Because, despite her precept  
 dread,  
 Perchance he in the Book had  
 read ;  
 But the broken lance in his bosom  
 stood,  
 And it was earthly steel and wood.

## XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the  
 wound,  
 And with a charm she stanch'd  
 the blood ;<sup>41</sup>  
 She bade the gash be cleansed  
 and bound :  
 No longer by his couch she  
 stood ;  
 But she has ta'en the broken  
 lance,  
 And wash'd it from the clotted  
 gore,  
 And salv'd the splinter o'er  
 and o'er.<sup>42</sup>  
 William of Deloraine, in trance,  
 Whene'er she turn'd it round  
 and round,  
 Twisted as if she gall'd his  
 wound.  
 Then to her maidens she did  
 say,  
 That he should be whole man  
 and sound,  
 Within the course of a night  
 and day.

Full long she toil'd ; for she did  
 rue  
 Mishap to friend so stout and  
 true.

## XXIV.

So pass'd the day—the evening  
 fell,  
 'Twas near the time of curfew bell ;  
 The air was mild, the wind was  
 calm,  
 The stream was smooth, the dew  
 was balm ;  
 E'en the rude watchman, on the  
 tower,  
 Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely  
 hour.  
 Far more fair Margaret loved and  
 bless'd  
 The hour of silence and of rest.  
 On the high turret sitting lone,  
 She waked at times the lute's  
 soft tone ;  
 Touch'd a wild note, and all  
 between  
 Thought of the bower of haw-  
 thorns green.  
 Her golden hair stream'd free  
 from band,  
 Her fair cheek rested on her hand,  
 Her blue eyes sought the west  
 afar,  
 For lovers love the western star.

## XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst  
 Pen,  
 That rises slowly to her ken,  
 And, spreading broad its waver-  
 ing light,  
 Shakes its loose tresses on the  
 night ?  
 Is yon red glare the western  
 star ?—  
 O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war !

Scarce could she draw her  
 tighten'd breath,  
 For well she knew the fire of  
 death !

## XXVI.

The Warder view'd it blazing  
 strong,  
 And blew his war-note loud and  
 long,  
 Till, at the high and haughty sound,  
 Rock, wood, and river, rung  
 around.  
 The blast alarm'd the festal hall,  
 And startled forth the warriors all ;  
 Far downward, in the castle-yard,  
 Full many a torch and cresset  
 glared ;  
 And helms and plumes, confusedly  
 toss'd,  
 Were in the blaze half-seen, half-  
 lost ;  
 And spears in wild disorder shook,  
 Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

## XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair  
 Was redden'd by the torches'  
 glare,  
 Stood in the midst, with gesture  
 proud,  
 And issued forth his mandates  
 loud :—  
 " On Penchryst glows a bale of  
 fire,<sup>43</sup>  
 And three are kindling on Priest-  
 haughswire ;  
 Ride out, ride out,  
 The foe to scout !  
 Mount, mount for Branksome,  
 every man !  
 Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone  
 clan,  
 That ever are true and  
 stout—

Ye need not send to Liddesdale ;  
 For when they see the blazing  
   bale,  
 Elliots and Armstrongs never  
   fail.—  
 Ride, Alton, ride, for death and  
   life !  
 And warn the Warder of the strife.  
 Young Gilbert, let our beacon  
   blaze,  
 Our kin, and clan, and friends, to  
   raise." 44

## XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret  
   head,  
 Heard, far below, the coursers'  
   tread,  
   While loud the harness rung,  
 As to their seats, with clamour  
   dread,  
   The ready horsemen sprung :  
 And trampling hoofs, and iron  
   coats,  
 And leaders' voices, mingled notes,  
   And out ! and out !  
   In hasty route,  
   The horsemen gallop'd forth ;  
 Dispersing to the south to scout,  
   And east, and west, and north,  
 To view their coming enemies,  
 And warn their vassals and allies.

## XXIX.

The ready page, with hurried  
   hand,  
 Awaked the need-fire's slumbering  
   brand,  
   And ruddy blush'd the heaven :  
 For a sheet of flame, from the  
   turret high,  
 Waved like a blood-flag on the  
   sky,  
   All flaring and uneven ;

And soon a score of fires, I ween,  
 From height, and hill, and cliff,  
   were seen ;  
 Each with warlike tidings  
   fraught ;  
 Each from each the signal caught ;  
 Each after each they glanced to  
   sight,  
 As stars arise upon the night.  
 They gleam'd on many a dusky  
   tarn,  
 Haunted by the lonely earn ;  
 On many a cairn's grey pyramid,  
 Where urns of mighty chiefs lie  
   hid ; 45  
 Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,  
 From Soltra and Dumpender  
   Law ;  
 And Lothian heard the Regent's  
   order,  
 That all should bowne them for  
   the Border.

## XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome  
   rang  
   The ceaseless sound of steel ;  
 The castle-bell, with backward  
   clang,  
   Sent forth the larum peal ;  
 Was frequent heard the heavy  
   jar,  
 Where massy stone and iron bar  
 Were piled on echoing keep and  
   tower,  
 To whelm the foe with deadly  
   shower ;  
 Was frequent heard the changing  
   guard,  
 And watch-word from the sleepless  
   ward ;  
 While, wearied by the endless din,  
 Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd  
   within.

## XXXI.

The noble Dame, amid the broil,  
Shared the grey Seneschal's high  
toil,

And spoke of danger with a smile ;  
Cheer'd the young knights, and  
council sage

Held with the chiefs of riper age.  
No tidings of the foe were brought,  
Nor of his numbers knew they  
aught,  
Nor what in time of truce he  
sought.

Some said, that there were  
thousands ten ;  
And others ween'd that it was  
nought

But Leven Clans, or Tynedale  
men,  
Who came to gather in black-  
mail ;

And Liddesdale, with small avail,  
Might drive them lightly back  
agen.

So pass'd the anxious night away,  
And welcome was the peep of  
day.

CEASED the high sound—the  
listening throng

Applaud the Master of the Song ;  
And marvel much, in helpless age,  
So hard should be his pilgrimage.  
Had he no friend—no daughter  
dear,

His wandering toil to share and  
cheer ;

No son to be his father's stay,  
And guide him on the rugged  
way ?

“Ay, once he had—but he was  
dead !”

Upon the harp he stoop'd his  
head,

And busied himself the strings  
withal ;

To hide the tear that fain would  
fall.

In solemn measure, soft and slow,  
Arose a father's notes of woe.

## CANTO FOURTH.

## I.

SWEET Teviot ! on thy silver tide  
The glaring bale-fires blaze no  
more ;

No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
Along thy wild and willow'd  
shore ;

Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or  
hill,

All, all is peaceful, all is still,  
As if thy waves, since Time was  
born,

Since first they roll'd upon the  
Tweed,

Had only heard the shepherd's  
reed,

Nor started at the bugle-horn.

## II.

Unlike the tide of human time,  
Which, though it change in  
ceaseless flow,

Retains each grief, retains each  
crime

Its earliest course was doom'd  
to know ;

And, darker as it downward  
bears,

Is stain'd with past and present  
tears.

Low as that tide has ebb'd with  
me,

It still reflects to Memory's eye  
The hour my brave, my only boy,  
Fell by the side of great Dundee.

Why, when the volleying musket  
 play'd  
 Against the bloody Highland  
 blade,  
 Why was not I beside him laid!—  
 Enough—he died the death of  
 fame;  
 Enough—he died with conquering  
 Græme.

## III.

Now over Border, dale and fell,  
 Full wide and far was terror  
 spread;  
 For pathless marsh, and mountain  
 cell,  
 The peasant left his lowly shed.<sup>46</sup>  
 The frighten'd flocks and herds  
 were pent  
 Beneath the peel's rude battle-  
 ment;  
 And maids and matrons dropp'd  
 the tear,  
 While ready warriors seized the  
 spear.  
 From Branksome's towers, the  
 watchman's eye  
 Dun wreaths of distant smoke can  
 spy,  
 Which, curling in the rising sun,  
 Show'd southern ravage was  
 begun.<sup>47</sup>

## IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward  
 cried—  
 “Prepare ye all for blows and  
 blood!  
 Watt Tiulinn,<sup>48</sup> from the Liddel-  
 side,  
 Comes wading through the  
 flood.  
 Full oft the Tynedale snatchers  
 knock  
 At his lone gate, and prove  
 the lock;

It was but last St. Barnabright  
 They sieged him a whole summer  
 night,  
 But fled at morning; well they  
 knew,  
 In vain he never twang'd the yew.  
 Right sharp has been the evening  
 shower,  
 That drove him from his Liddel  
 tower;  
 And, by my faith,” the gate-ward  
 said,  
 “I think 'twill prove a Warden-  
 Raid.”

## V.

While thus he spoke, the bold  
 yeoman  
 Enter'd the echoing barbican.  
 He led a small and shaggy nag,  
 That through a bog, from hag to  
 hag,  
 Could bound like any Billhope  
 stag.<sup>49</sup>  
 It bore his wife and children  
 twain;  
 A half-clothed serf was all their  
 train;  
 His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-  
 brow'd,  
 Of silver brooch and bracelet  
 proud,  
 Laugh'd to her friends among the  
 crowd.  
 He was of stature passing tall,  
 But sparely form'd, and lean  
 withal;  
 A batter'd morion on his brow;  
 A leather jack, as fence enow,  
 On his broad shoulders loosely  
 hung;  
 A border axe behind was slung;  
 His spear, six Scottish ells in  
 length,  
 Seem'd newly dyed with gore;

His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,  
His hardy partner bore.

## VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show

The tidings of the English foe :—  
“ Belted Will Howard <sup>50</sup> is marching here,

And hot Lord Dacre, <sup>51</sup> with many a spear,

And all the German hackbutmen, <sup>52</sup>

Who have long lain at Askerten :  
They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,

And burn'd my little lonely tower :  
The fiend receive their souls therefor !

It had not been burnt this year and more.

Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,

Served to guide me on my flight ;  
But I was chased the livelong night.

Black John or Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme,

Fast upon my traces came,  
Until I turn'd at Priestthaugh Scrogg,

And shot their horses in the bog,

Slew Fergus with my lance outright—

I had him long at high despite :  
He drove my cows last Fastern's night.”

## VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,

Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale ;

As far as they could judge by ken,

Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand

Three thousand armed Englishmen ;

Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,

From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,

Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.

There was saddling and mounting in haste,

There was pricking o'er moor and lea ;

He that was last at the trysting-place

Was but lightly held of his gaye ladye.

## VIII.

From fair St. Mary's silver wave,  
From dreary Gamescleugh's dusky height,

His ready lances Thirlestane brave  
Array'd beneath a banner bright.

The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims,

To wreathe his shield, since royal James,

Encamp'd by Fala's mossy wave,  
The proud distinction grateful gave,

For faith 'mid feudal jars ;

What time, save Thirlestane alone,

Of Scotland's stubborn barons none

Would march to southern wars ;

And hence, in fair remembrance worn,

Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne ;

Hence his high motto shines  
 reveal'd—  
 "Ready, aye ready," for the  
 field.<sup>53</sup>

## IX.

An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,  
 With many a moss-trooper,  
 came on :

And azure in a golden field,  
 The stars and crescent graced his  
 shield,

Without the bend of Murdie-  
 ston.<sup>54</sup>

Wide lay his lands round Oak-  
 wood tower,

And wide round haunted Castle-  
 Ower ;

High over Borthwick's mountain  
 flood,

His wood-embosom'd mansion  
 stood ;

In the dark glen, so deep below,  
 The herds of plunder'd England  
 low ;

His bold retainers' daily food,  
 And bought with danger, blows,  
 and blood.

Marauding chief ! his sole delight  
 The moonlight raid, the morning  
 fight ;

Not even the Flower of Yarrow's  
 charms,

In youth, might tame his rage for  
 arms ;

And still, in age, he spurn'd at  
 rest,

And still his brows the helmet  
 press'd,

Albeit the blanched locks below  
 Were white as Dinlay's spotless  
 snow ;

Five stately warriors drew the  
 sword

Before their father's band ;

A braver knight than Harden's  
 lord  
 Ne'er belted on a brand.

## X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart  
 band,<sup>55</sup>

Came trooping down the Tod-  
 shawhill ;

By the sword they won their  
 land,

And by the sword they hold it  
 still.

Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,  
 How thy sires won fair Eskdale.—

Earl Morton was lord of that  
 valley fair,

The Beattisons were his vassals  
 there.

The Earl was gentle, and mild of  
 mood,

The vassals were warlike, and  
 fierce, and rude ;

High of heart, and haughty of  
 word,

Little they reck'd of a tame liege  
 lord.

The Earl into fair Eskdale came,  
 Homage and seignory to claim :

Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot  
 he sought,

Saying, "Give thy best steed, as  
 a vassal ought."

"Dear to me is my bonny white  
 steed,

Oft has he help'd me at pinch of  
 need ;

Lord and Earl though thou be,  
 I trow,

I can rein Bucksfoot better than  
 thou."

Word on word gave fuel to fire,  
 Till so highly blazed the Beattison's  
 ire,

But that the Earl the flight had  
ta'en,  
The vassals there their lord had  
slain.  
Sore he plied both whip and  
spur,  
As he urged his steed through  
Eskdale muir ;  
And it fell down a weary weight,  
Just on the threshold of Brank-  
some gate.

## XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man to  
see,  
Full fain avenged would he be.  
In haste to Branksome's Lord he  
spoke,  
Saying—"Take these traitors to  
thy yoke ;  
For a cast of hawks, and a purse  
of gold,  
All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have  
and hold :  
Beshrew thy heart, of the Beatti-  
sons' clan  
If thou leavest on Eske a landed  
man ;  
But spare Woodkerrick's lands  
alone,  
For he lent me his horse to escape  
upon."  
A glad man then was Branksome  
bold,  
Down he flung him the purse of  
gold ;  
To Eskdale soon he spurrd  
amain,  
And with him five hundred riders  
has ta'en.  
He left his merry men in the mist  
of the hill,  
And bade them hold them close  
and still ;

And alone he wended to the plain,  
To meet with the Galliard and all  
his train.

To Gilbert the Galliard thus he  
said :—

"Know thou me for thy liege-  
lord and head,

Deal not with me as with Morton  
tame,

For Scotts play best at the  
roughest game.

Give me in peace my heriot due,  
Thy bonny white steed, or thou  
shalt rue.

If my horn I three times wind,  
Eskdale shall long have the sound  
in mind."

## XII.

Loudly the Beattison laugh'd in  
scorn ;

"Little care we for thy winded  
horn.

Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot,  
To yield his steed to a haughty  
Scott.

Wend thou to Branksome back  
on foot,

With rusty spur and miry boot."  
He blew his bugle so loud and  
hoarse,

That the dun deer started at fair  
Craikcross ;

He blew again so loud and clear,  
Through the grey mountain-mist  
there did lances appear ;

And the third blast rang with such  
a din,

That the echoes answer'd from  
Pentoun-linn,

And all his riders came lightly in.  
Then had you seen a gallant  
shock,

When saddles were emptied, and  
lances broke !



For each scornful word the  
 Galliard had said,  
 A Beattison on the field was laid.  
 His own good sword the chieftain  
 drew,  
 And he bore the Galliard through  
 and through ;  
 Where the Beattisons' blood mix'd  
 with the rill,  
 The Galliard's-Haugh men call it  
 still.  
 The Scotts have scatter'd the  
 Beattison clan,  
 In Eskdale they left but one  
 landed man.  
 The valley of Eske, from the  
 mouth to the source,  
 Was lost and won for that bonny  
 white horse.

## XIII.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Head-  
 shaw came,  
 And warriors more than I may  
 name ;  
 From Yarrow-cleugh to Hind-  
 haugh-swaire,  
 From Woodhouselie to Chester-  
 glen,  
 Troop'd man and horse, and bow  
 and spear ;  
 Their gathering word was  
 Bellenden.<sup>56</sup>  
 And better hearts o'er Border sod  
 To siege or rescue never rode.  
 The Ladye mark'd the aids  
 come in,  
 And high her heart of pride  
 arose :  
 She bade her youthful son  
 attend,  
 That he might know his father's  
 friend,  
 And learn to face his foes.

sc.

“The boy is ripe to look on  
 war ;  
 I saw him draw a cross-bow  
 stiff,  
 And his true arrow struck afar  
 The raven's nest upon the  
 cliff ;  
 The red cross, on a southern  
 breast,  
 Is broader than the raven's nest :  
 Thou, Whitslade, shalt teach him  
 his weapon to wield,  
 And o'er him hold his father's  
 shield.”

## XIV.

Well may you think, the wily page  
 Cared not to face the Ladye sage.  
 He counterfeited childish fear,  
 And shriek'd, and shed full many  
 a tear,  
 And moan'd and plain'd in  
 manner wild.  
 The attendants to the Ladye  
 told,  
 Some fairy, sure, had changed  
 the child,  
 That wont to be so free and  
 bold.  
 Then wrathful was the noble  
 dame ;  
 She blush'd blood-red for very  
 shame :—  
 “Hence ! ere the clan his faintness  
 view ;  
 Hence with the weakling to  
 Buccleuch !—  
 Watt Tinnin, thou shalt be his  
 guide  
 To Rangleburn's lonely side.—  
 Sure some fell fiend has cursed  
 our line,  
 That coward should e'er be son  
 of mine !”

B

## XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,  
To guide the counterfeited lad.  
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight  
Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,  
He bolted, sprung, and rear'd  
amain,

Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.  
It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil  
To drive him but a Scottish  
mile;

But as a shallow brook they  
cross'd,  
The elf, amid the running  
stream,

His figure changed, like form  
in dream,

And fled, and shouted, "Lost!  
lost! lost!"

Full fast the urchin ran and  
laugh'd,

But faster still a cloth-yard shaft  
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's  
yew,

And pierced his shoulder through  
and through.

Although the imp might not be  
slain,

And though the wound soon heal'd  
again,

Yet, as he ran, he yell'd for pain;  
And Wat of Tinlinn, much aghast,  
Rode back to Branksome fiery  
fast.

## XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he  
stood,

That looks o'er Branksome's  
towers and wood;

And martial murmurs, from  
below,

Proclaim'd the approaching  
southern foe.

Through the dark wood, in  
mingled tone,  
Were Border pipes and bugles  
blown;

The coursers' neighing he could  
ken,

A measured tread of marching  
men;

While broke at times the solemn  
hum,

The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;  
And banners tall, of crimson  
sheen,

Above the copse appear;

And, glistening through the  
hawthorns green,

Shine helm, and shield, and  
spear.

## XVII.

Light forayers, first, to view the  
ground,

Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely  
round;

Behind, in close array, and fast,  
The Kendal archers, all in  
green,

Obedient to the bugle blast,  
Advancing from the wood  
were seen.

To back and guard the archer  
band,

Lord Dacre's bill-men were at  
hand:

A hardy race, on Irthing bred,  
With kirtles white, and crosses  
red,

Array'd beneath the banner tall,  
That stream'd o'er Acre's con-  
quer'd wall;

And minstrels, as they march'd  
in order,

Play'd, "Noble Lord Dacre, he  
dwells on the Border."

## XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow,  
 The mercenaries, firm and slow,  
 Moved on to fight, in dark  
 array,  
 By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,  
 Who brought the band from  
 distant Rhine,  
 And sold their blood for foreign  
 pay.

The camp their home, their law  
 the sword,  
 They knew no country, own'd no  
 lord :<sup>57</sup>

They were not arm'd like  
 England's sons,  
 But bore the levin-darting guns ;  
 Buff coats, all frounced and  
 'broider'd o'er,  
 And morsing-horns and scarfs  
 they wore ;  
 Each better knee was bared, to  
 aid  
 The warriors in the escalade ;  
 All, as they march'd, in rugged  
 tongue,  
 Songs of Teutonic feuds they  
 sung.

## XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,  
 And louder still the minstrels  
 blew,  
 When, from beneath the green-  
 wood tree,  
 Rode forth Lord Howard's  
 chivalry ;  
 His men-at-arms, with glaive  
 and spear,  
 Brought up the battle's glittering  
 rear,  
 There many a youthful knight,  
 full keen  
 To gain his spurs, in arms was  
 seen ;

With favour in his crest, or glove,  
 Memorial of his ladye-love.  
 So rode they forth in fair array,  
 Till full their lengthen'd lines  
 display ;  
 Then call'd a halt, and made a  
 stand,  
 And cried, " St. George, for  
 merry England ! "

## XX.

Now every English eye, intent  
 On Branksome's armed towers  
 was bent ;  
 So near they were, that they  
 might know  
 The straining harsh of each cross-  
 bow ;  
 On battlement and bartizan  
 Gleam'd axe, and spear, and  
 partisan ;  
 Falcon and culver, on each  
 tower,  
 Stood prompt their deadly hail  
 to shower ;  
 And flashing armour frequent  
 broke  
 From eddying whirls of sable  
 smoke,  
 Where upon tower and turret  
 head,  
 The seething pitch and molten  
 lead  
 Reek'd, like a witch's caldron red.  
 While yet they gaze, the bridges  
 fall,  
 The wicket opes, and from the  
 wall  
 Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

## XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,  
 His white beard o'er his breast-  
 plate spread ;

Unbroke by age, erect his seat,  
 He ruled his eager courser's gait;  
 Forced him, with chasten'd fire,  
 to prance,  
 And, high curvetting, slow  
 advance :

In sign of truce, his better hand  
 Display'd a peeled willow wand ;  
 His squire, attending in the rear,  
 Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.  
 When they espied him riding out,  
 Lord Howard and Lord Dacre  
 stout  
 Sped to the front of their array,  
 To hear what this old knight  
 should say.

## XXII.

“Ye English warden lords, of  
 you  
 Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,  
 Why, 'gainst the truce of Border  
 tide,  
 In hostile guise ye dare to ride,  
 With Kendal bow, and Gilsland  
 brand,  
 And all yon mercenary band,  
 Upon the bounds of fair Scot-  
 land?  
 My Ladye reads you swith return ;  
 And, if but one poor straw you  
 burn,  
 Or do our towers so much molest,  
 As scare one swallow from her  
 nest,  
 St. Mary ! but we'll light a brand  
 Shall warm your hearths in  
 Cumberland.”

## XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,  
 But calmer Howard took the  
 word :

“May't please thy Dame, Sir  
 Seneschal,  
 To seek the castle's outward wall,  
 Our pursuivant - at - arms shall  
 show  
 Both why we came, and when  
 we go.”  
 The message sped, the noble  
 Dame  
 To the wall's outward circle  
 came ;  
 Each chief around lean'd on his  
 spear,  
 To see the pursuivant appear.  
 All in Lord Howard's livery  
 dress'd,

The lion argent deck'd his breast ;  
 He led a boy of blooming hue—  
 O sight to meet a mother's view !  
 It was the heir of great Buc-  
 cleuch.

Obeisance meet the herald made,  
 And thus his master's will he  
 said :—

## XXIV.

“It irks, high Dame, my noble  
 Lords,  
 'Gainst ladye fair to draw their  
 swords ;  
 But yet they may not tamely see,  
 All through the Western  
 Wardenry,  
 Your law-contemning kinsmen  
 ride,  
 And burn and spoil the Border-  
 side ;  
 And ill beseems your rank and  
 birth  
 To make your towers a flemens-  
 firth.

We claim from thee William of  
 Deloraine,  
 That he may suffer march-treason<sup>58</sup>  
 pain.

It was but last St. Cuthbert's  
 even  
 He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven,  
 Harried the lands of Richard  
 Musgrave,  
 And slew his brother by dint of  
 glaive.  
 Then, since a lone and widow'd  
 Dame  
 These restless riders may not  
 tame,  
 Either receive within thy towers  
 Two hundred of my master's  
 powers,  
 Or straight they sound their  
 warrison,  
 And storm and spoil thy garrison:  
 And this fair boy, to London led,  
 Shall good King Edward's page  
 be bred."

## XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did  
 cry,  
 And stretch'd his little arms on  
 high;  
 Implored for aid each well-known  
 face,  
 And strove to seek the Dame's  
 embrace.  
 A moment changed that Ladye's  
 cheer,  
 Gush'd to her eye the unbidden  
 tear;  
 She gazed upon the leaders round,  
 And dark and sad each warrior  
 frown'd;  
 Then, deep within her sobbing  
 breast  
 She lock'd the struggling sigh to  
 rest;  
 Unalter'd and collected stood,  
 And thus replied, in dauntless  
 mood:—

## XXVI.

"Say to your Lords of high  
 emprise,  
 Who war on women and on boys,  
 That either William of Deloraine  
 Will cleanse him, by oath, of  
 march-treason stain;<sup>59</sup>  
 Or else he will the combat take  
 'Gainst Musgrave, for his  
 honour's sake.  
 No knight in Cumberland so  
 good,  
 But William may count with him  
 kin and blood.  
 Knighthood he took of Douglas'  
 sword,<sup>60</sup>  
 When English blood swell'd  
 Ancram's ford;<sup>61</sup>  
 And but Lord Dacre's steed was  
 wight,  
 And bare him ably in the flight,  
 Himself had seen him dubb'd a  
 knight.  
 For the young heir of Brank-  
 some's line,  
 God be his aid, and God be mine;  
 Through me no friend shall meet  
 his doom  
 Here, while I live, no foe finds  
 room.  
 Then, if thy Lords their purpose  
 urge,  
 Take our defiance loud and  
 high;  
 Our slogan is their lyke-wake  
 dirge,  
 Our moat, the grave where  
 they shall lie."

## XXVII.

Proud she look'd round, applause  
 to claim—  
 Then lighten'd Thirlestane's eye  
 of flame;

His bugle Wat of Harden blew ;  
 Pensils and pennons wide were  
 flung,  
 To heaven the Border slogan  
 rung,  
 "St. Mary for the young  
 Buccleuch !"  
 The English war-cry answer'd  
 wide,  
 And forward bent each southern  
 spear ;  
 Each Kendal archer made a stride,  
 And drew the bowstring to his  
 ear ;  
 Each minstrel's war-note loud  
 was blown :—  
 But, ere a gray-goose shaft had  
 flown,  
 A horseman gallop'd from the  
 rear.

## XXVIII.

"Ah ! noble Lords !" he breath-  
 less said,  
 "What treason has your march  
 betray'd ?  
 What make you here, from aid  
 so far,  
 Before you walls, around you  
 war ?  
 Your foemen triumph in the  
 thought,  
 That in the toils the lion's caught.  
 Already on dark Ruberslaw  
 The Douglas holds his weapon-  
 schaw ;  
 The lances, waving in his train,  
 Clothe the dun heath like autumn  
 grain ;  
 And on the Liddel's northern  
 strand,  
 To bar retreat to Cumberland,  
 Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-  
 men good,  
 Beneath the eagle and the rood ;

And Jedwood, Eske, and  
 Teviotdale,  
 Have to proud Angus come ;  
 And all the Merse and Lauder-  
 dale  
 Have risen with haughty  
 Home.  
 An exile from Northumberland,  
 In Liddesdale I've wander'd  
 long ;  
 But still my heart was with  
 merry England,  
 And cannot brook my  
 country's wrong ;  
 And hard I've spurr'd all night,  
 to show  
 The mustering of the coming  
 foe."

## XXIX.

"And let them come !" fierce  
 Dacre cried ;  
 "For soon yon crest, my father's  
 pride,  
 That swept the shores of Judah's  
 sea,  
 And waved in gales of Galilee,  
 From Branksome's highest towers  
 display'd,  
 Shall mock the rescue's lingering  
 aid !—  
 Level each harquebuss on row ;  
 Draw, merry archers, draw the  
 bow ;  
 Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,  
 Dacre for England, win or die !"

## XXX.

"Yet hear," quoth Howard,  
 "calmly hear,  
 Nor deem my words the words  
 of fear :  
 For who, in field or foray slack,  
 Saw the blanche lion e'er fall  
 back ?<sup>6a</sup>

But thus to risk our Border  
flower  
In strife against a kingdom's  
power,  
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst  
thousands three,  
Certes, were desperate policy.  
Nay, take the terms the Ladye  
made,  
Ere conscious of the advancing  
aid:  
Let Musgrave meet fierce  
Deloraine<sup>63</sup>  
In single fight, and, if he gain,  
He gains for us; but if he's  
cross'd,  
'Tis but a single warrior lost:  
The rest, retreating as they  
came,  
Avoid defeat, and death, and  
shame."

## XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre  
brook  
His brother Warden's sage  
rebuke;  
And yet his forward step he  
staid,  
And slow and sullenly obey'd.  
But ne'er again the Border side  
Did these two lords in friendship  
ride;  
And this slight discontent, men  
say,  
Cost blood upon another day.

## XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again  
Before the castle took his  
stand;  
His trumpet call'd, with parleying  
strain,  
The leaders of the Scottish  
band;

And he defied, in Musgrave's  
right,  
Stout Deloraine to single fight;  
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,  
And thus the terms of fight he  
said:—

"If in the lists good Musgrave's  
sword

Vanquish the Knight of  
Deloraine,  
Your youthful chieftain, Brank-  
some's Lord,  
Shall hostage for his clan  
remain:

If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,  
The boy his liberty shall have.

Howe'er it falls, the English  
band,

Unharming Scots, by Scots  
unharm'd,

In peaceful march, like meu  
unarm'd,

Shall straight retreat to  
Cumberland."

## XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,  
The proffer pleased each Scottish  
chief,

Though much the Ladye sage  
giansay'd;

For though their hearts were  
brave and true,

From Jedwood's recent sack they  
knew,

How tardy was the Regent's  
aid:

And you may guess the noble  
Dame

Durst not the secret prescience  
own,

Sprung from the art she might  
not name,

By which the coming help was  
known.

Closed was the compact, and agreed  
 That lists should be enclosed  
 with speed,  
 Beneath the castle, on a lawn :  
 They fix'd the morrow for the  
 strife,  
 On foot, with Scottish axe and  
 knife,  
 At the fourth hour from peep  
 of dawn ;  
 When Deloraine, from sickness  
 freed,  
 Or else a champion in his stead,  
 Should for himself and chieftain  
 stand,  
 Against stout Musgrave, hand to  
 hand.

## XXXIV.

I know right well, that, in their  
 lay,  
 Full many minstrels sing and say,  
 Such combat should be made  
 on horse,  
 On foaming steed, in full career,  
 With brand to aid, when as the  
 spear  
 Should shiver in the course :  
 But he, the jovial Harper,<sup>64</sup> taught  
 Me, yet a youth, how it was  
 fought,  
 In guise which now I say ;  
 He knew each ordinance and  
 clause  
 Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-  
 laws,<sup>65</sup>  
 In the old Douglas' day.  
 He brook'd not, he, that scoffing  
 tongue  
 Should tax his minstrelsy with  
 wrong,  
 Or call his song untrue :  
 For this, when they the goblet  
 plied,

And such rude taunt had chafed  
 his pride,  
 The Bard of Reull he slew.  
 On Teviot's side, in fight they  
 stood,  
 And tuneful hands were stain'd  
 with blood ;  
 Where still the thorn's white  
 branches wave,  
 Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

## XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,  
 That dragg'd my master to his  
 tomb ;  
 How Ousenam's maidens tore  
 their hair,  
 Wept till their eyes were dead  
 and dim,  
 And wrung their hands for love  
 of him,  
 Who died at Jedwood Air ?  
 He died !—his scholars, one by  
 one,  
 To the cold silent grave are  
 gone ;  
 And I, alas ! survive alone,  
 To muse o'er rivalries of yore,  
 And grieve that I shall hear no  
 more  
 The strains, with envy heard  
 before ;  
 For, with my minstrel brethren  
 fled,  
 My jealousy of song is dead.

HE paused : the listening dames  
 again  
 Applaud the hoary Minstrel's  
 strain.  
 With many a word of kindly  
 cheer,—  
 In pity half, and half sincere,—



Marvell'd the Duchess how so  
well

His legendary song could tell—  
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ;  
Of feuds, whose memory was not ;  
Of forests, now laid waste and  
bare ;  
Of towers, which harbour now  
the hare ;  
Of manners, long since changed  
and gone ;  
Of chiefs, who under their grey  
stone  
So long had slept, that fickle  
Fame  
Had blotted from her rolls their  
name,  
And twined round some new  
minion's head  
The fading wreath for which they  
bled ;  
In sooth, 'twas strange, this old  
man's verse  
Could call them from their  
marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well-  
pleased ; for ne'er  
Was flattery lost on poet's ear :  
A simple race ! they waste their  
toil  
For the vain tribute of a smile ;  
E'en when in age their flame  
expires,  
Her dulcet breath can fan its  
fires :  
Their drooping fancy wakes at  
praise,  
And strives to trim the short-  
lived blaze.

Smiled then, well-pleased, the  
Aged Man,  
And thus his tale continued ran.

## CANTO FIFTH.

## I.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err,  
Who say, that when the Poet  
dies,  
Mute Nature mourns her  
worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies :  
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern  
lone,  
For the departed Bard make  
moan ;  
That mountains weep in crystal  
rill ;  
That flowers in tears of balm  
distil ;  
Through his loved groves that  
breezes sigh,  
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;  
And rivers teach their rushing  
wave  
To murmur dirges round his  
grave.

## II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal  
urn  
Those things inanimate can  
mourn ;  
But that the stream, the wood,  
the gale,  
Is vocal with the plaintive wail  
Of those, who, else forgotten  
long,  
Lived in the poet's faithful song,  
And, with the poet's parting  
breath,  
Whose memory feels a second  
death.  
The Maid's pale shade, who wails  
her lot,  
That love, true love, should be  
forgot,

From rose and hawthorn shakes  
the tear

Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier :  
The phantom Knight, his glory  
fled,

Mourns o'er the field he heap'd  
with dead ;

Mounts the wild blast that sweeps  
amain,

And shrieks along the battle-plain.  
The Chief, whose antique crownlet  
long

Still sparkled in the feudal song,  
Now, from the mountain's misty  
throne,

Sees, in the thanedom once his  
own,

His ashes undistinguish'd lie,  
His place, his power, his memory  
die :

His groans the lonely caverns  
fill,

His tears of rage impel the rill :  
All mourn the Minstrel's harp  
unstrung,

Their name unknown, their praise  
unsung.

### III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,  
The terms of truce were scarcely  
made,

When they could spy, from  
Branksome's towers,

The advancing march of martial  
powers.

Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,  
And trampling steeds were faintly  
heard ;

Bright spears, above the columns  
dun,

Glanced momentary to the sun ;  
And feudal banners fair display'd

The bands that moved to Brank-  
some's aid.

### IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy  
clan,

From the fair Middle Marches  
came ;

The Bloody Heart blazed in the  
van,

Announcing Douglas, dreaded  
name !<sup>66</sup>

Vails not to tell what steeds did  
spurn,

Where the Seven Spears of  
Wedderburne

Their men in battle-order set ;  
And Swinton laid the lance in  
rest,

That tamed of yore the sparkling  
crest

Of Clarence's Plantagenet.<sup>67</sup>

Nor list I say what hundreds  
more,

From the rich Merse and  
Lammermore,

And Tweed's fair borders, to the  
war,

Beneath the crest of Old Dunbar,  
And Hepburn's mingled banners  
come,

Down the steep mountain glitter-  
ing far,

And shouting still, "A Home !  
a Home !"<sup>68</sup>

### V.

Now squire and knight, from  
Branksome sent,

On many a courteous message  
went ;

To every chief and lord they paid  
Meet thanks for prompt and  
powerful aid ;

And told them,—how a truce was  
made,

And how a day of fight was  
 ta'en  
 'Twixt Musgrave and stout  
 Deloraine ;  
 And how the Ladye pray'd  
 them dear,  
 That all would stay the fight to  
 see,  
 And deign, in love and courtesy,  
 To taste of Branksome cheer.  
 Nor, while they bade to feast each  
 Scot,  
 Were England's noble Lords  
 forgot.  
 Himself, the hoary Seneschal  
 Rode forth, in seemly terms to call  
 Those gallant foes to Branksome  
 Hall.  
 Accepted Howard, than whom  
 knight  
 Was never dubb'd, more bold in  
 fight ;  
 Nor, when from war and armour  
 free,  
 More famed for stately courtesy :  
 But angry Dacre rather chose  
 In his pavilion to repose.

## VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you  
 ask,  
 How these two hostile armies  
 met ?  
 Deeming it were no easy task  
 To keep the truce which here  
 was set ;  
 Where martial spirits, all on fire,  
 Breathed only blood and mortal  
 ire.—  
 By mutual inroads, mutual blows,  
 By habit, and by nation, foes,  
 They met on Teviot's strand ;  
 They met and sate them mingled  
 down,

Without a threat, without a  
 frown,  
 As brothers meet in foreign  
 land:  
 The hands, the spear that lately  
 grasp'd,  
 Still in the mailed gauntlet clasp'd,  
 Were interchanged in greeting  
 dear ;  
 Visors were raised, and faces  
 shown,  
 And many a friend, to friend  
 made known,  
 Partook of social cheer.  
 Some drove the jolly bowl about ;  
 With dice and draughts some  
 chased the day ;  
 And some, with many a merry  
 shout,  
 In riot, revelry, and rout,  
 Pursued the foot-ball play.<sup>69</sup>

## VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles  
 blown,  
 Or sign of war been seen,  
 Those bands, so fair together  
 ranged,  
 Those hands, so frankly inter-  
 changed,  
 Had dyed with gore the green :  
 The merry shout by Teviot-side  
 Had sunk in war-cries wild and  
 wide,  
 And in the groan of death ;  
 And whingers, now in friendship  
 bare,  
 The social meal to part and share,  
 Had found a bloody sheath.  
 'Twixt truce and war, such sudden  
 change  
 Was not infrequent, nor held  
 strange,

In the old Border-day :<sup>70</sup>  
 But yet on Branksome's towers  
 and town,  
 In peaceful merriment, sunk down  
 The sun's declining ray.

## VIII.

The blithsome signs of wassel  
 gay  
 Decay'd not with the dying day ;  
 Soon through the latticed windows  
 tall

Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,  
 Divided square by shafts of stone,  
 Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;  
 Nor less the gilded rafters rang  
 With merry harp and beakers'  
 clang :

And frequent, on the darkening  
 plain,

Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle  
 ran,

As bands, their stragglers to  
 regain,

Give the shrill watchword of  
 their clan ;<sup>71</sup>

And revellers, o'er their bowls,  
 proclaim

Douglas or Dacre's conquering  
 name.

## IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter  
 still,

At length the various clamours  
 died :

And you might hear, from Brank-  
 some hill,

No sound but Teviot's rushing  
 tide ;

Save when the changing sentinel  
 The challenge of his watch could  
 tell ;

And save, where, through the dark  
 profound,  
 The clanging axe and hammer's  
 sound

Rung from the nether lawn ;  
 For many a busy hand toil'd there,  
 Strong pales to shape, and beams  
 to square,

The lists' dread barriers to prepare  
 Against the morrow's dawn.

## X.

Margaret from hall did soon  
 retreat,

Despite the Dame's reproving  
 eye ;

Nor mark'd she, as she left her  
 seat,

Full many a stifled sigh ;

For many a noble warrior strove  
 To win the Flower of Teviot's  
 love,

And many a bold ally.—

With throbbing head and anxious  
 heart,

All in her lonely bower apart,

In broken sleep she lay :

By times, from silken couch she  
 rose ;

While yet the banner'd hosts  
 repose,

She view'd the dawning day :

Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,  
 First woke the loveliest and the  
 best.

## XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,

Which in the tower's tall shadow  
 lay ;

Where coursers' clang, and stamp,  
 and snort,

Had rung the livelong yester-  
 day ;

Now still as death ; till stalking  
slow,—

The jingling spurs announced  
his tread,—  
A stately warrior pass'd below ;  
But when he raised his plumed  
head—

Blessed Mary ! can it be ?—  
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,  
He walks through Branksome's  
hostile towers,

With fearless step and free.  
She dared not sign, she dared not  
speak—

Oh ! if one page's slumbers break,  
His blood the price must pay !  
Not all the pearls Queen Mary  
wears,

Not Margaret's yet more precious  
tears,  
Shall buy his life a day.

## XII.

Yet was his hazard small ; for well  
You may bethink you of the spell  
Of that sly urchin page ;

This to his lord he did impart,  
And made him seem, by glamour  
art,

A knight from Hermitage.  
Unchallenged thus, the warder's  
post,

The court, unchallenged, thus he  
cross'd,

For all the vassalage :  
But O ! what magic's quaint  
disguise

Could blind fair Margaret's azure  
eyes !

She started from her seat ;  
While with surprise and fear she  
strove,  
And both could scarcely master  
love—  
Lord Henry's at her feet.

## XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose  
bad

That foul malicious urchin had  
To bring this meeting round ;  
For happy love's a heavenly sight,  
And by a vile malignant sprite  
In such no joy is found ;

And oft I've deem'd, perchance  
he thought

Their erring passion might have  
wrought

Sorrow, and sin, and shame ;  
And death to Cranstoun's gallant  
Knight,

And to the gentle ladye bright,  
Disgrace, and loss of fame.

But earthly spirit could not tell  
The heart of them that loved so  
well.

True love's the gift which God has  
given

To man alone beneath the heaven :  
It is not fantasy's hot fire,

Whose wishes, soon as  
granted, fly ;

— It liveth not in fierce desire,  
With dead desire it doth not  
die ;

It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind  
to mind,

In body and in soul can bind.—  
Now leave we Margaret and her  
Knight,

To tell you of the approaching  
fight.

## XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles  
blew,

The pipe's shrill port aroused  
each clan ;

In haste, the deadly strife to  
view,  
The trooping warriors eager  
ran :  
Thick round the lists their lances  
stood,  
Like blasted pines in Etrick  
wood ;  
To Branksome many a look they  
threw,  
The combatants' approach to  
view,  
And bandied many a word of  
boast,  
About the knight each favour'd  
most.

## XV.

Meantime full anxious was the  
Dame ;  
For now arose disputed claim,  
Of who should fight for Deloraine,  
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirle-  
staine :  
They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,  
And frowning brow on brow was  
bent ;  
But yet not long the strife—  
for, lo !  
Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,  
Strong, as it seem'd, and free from  
pain,  
In armour sheath'd from top to  
toe,  
Appear'd, and craved the combat  
due.  
The Dame her charm successful  
knew,  
And the fierce chiefs their claims  
withdrew.

## XVI.

When for the lists they sought  
the plain,  
The stately Ladye's silken rein

Did noble Howard hold ;  
Unarmed by her side he walk'd,  
And much, in courteous phrase,  
they talk'd  
Of feats of arms of old.  
Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff  
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of  
buff,  
With satin slash'd and lined ;  
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,  
His cloak was all of Poland fur,  
His hose with silver twined ;  
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen  
felt,  
Hung in a broad and studded belt ;  
Hence, in rude phrase, the  
Borderers still  
Call'd noble Howard, Belted Will.

## XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the  
Dame,  
Fair Margaret on her palfrey  
came,  
Whose foot-cloth swept the  
ground :  
White was her wimple, and her  
veil,  
And her loose locks a chaplet pale  
Of whitest roses bound ;  
The lordly Angus, by her side,  
In courtesy to cheer her tried ;  
Without his aid, her hand in vain  
Had strove to guide her broider'd  
rein.  
He deem'd, she shudder'd at the  
sight  
Of warriors met for mortal fight ;  
But cause of terror, all unguess'd,  
Was fluttering in her gentle  
breast,  
When, in their chairs of crimson  
placed,  
The Dame and she the barriers  
graced.

## XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young  
 Buccleuch,  
 An English knight led forth to  
 view ;  
 Scarce rued the boy his present  
 plight,  
 So much he long'd to see the  
 fight.  
 Within the lists, in knightly pride,  
 High Home and haughty Dacre  
 ride ;  
 Their leading staffs of steel they  
 wield,  
 As marshals of the mortal field ;  
 While to each knight their care  
 assign'd  
 Like vantage of the sun and wind.  
 Then heralds hoarse did loud  
 proclaim,  
 In King and Queen, and Warden's  
 name,  
 That none, while lasts the strife,  
 Should dare, by look, or sign, or  
 word,  
 Aid to a champion to afford,  
 On peril of his life ;  
 And not a breath the silence broke,  
 Till thus the alternate Heralds  
 spoke :—

## XIX.

## ENGLISH HERALD.

“Here standeth Richard of  
 Musgrave,  
 Good knight and true, and freely  
 born,  
 Amends from Deloraine to crave,  
 For foul despiteous scathe and  
 scorn.  
 He sayeth, that William of  
 Deloraine  
 Is traitor false by Border laws ;

This with his sword he will  
 maintain,  
 So help him God, and his good  
 cause !”

## XX.

## SCOTTISH HERALD.

“Here standeth William of  
 Deloraine,  
 Good knight and true, of noble  
 strain,  
 Who sayeth, that toul treason's  
 stain,  
 Since he bore arms, ne'er soil'd  
 his coat ;  
 And that, so help him God  
 above !  
 He will on Musgrave's body  
 prove,  
 He lies most foully in his  
 throat.”

## LORD DACRE.

“Forward, brave champions, to  
 the fight !  
 Sound trumpets !”——

## LORD HOME.

——“God defend the right !”——  
 Then, Teviot ! how thine echoes  
 rang,  
 When bugle-sound and trumpet-  
 clang  
 Let loose the martial foes,  
 And in mid list, with shield poised  
 high,  
 And measured step and wary eye,  
 The combatants did close.

## XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,  
 Ye lovely listeners, to hear  
 How to the axe the helms did  
 sound,  
 And blood pour'd down from  
 many a wound ;

For desperate was the strife and long,  
 And either warrior fierce and strong.  
 But, were each dame a listening knight,  
 I well could tell how warriors fight!  
 For I have seen war's lightning flashing,  
 Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,  
 Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,  
 And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife,  
 To yield a step for death or life.—

## XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow  
 Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain;  
 He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave,  
 No! no!  
 Thence never shalt thou rise again!  
 He chokes in blood—some friendly hand  
 Undo the visor's barred band,  
 Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,  
 And give him room for life to gasp!—  
 O, bootless aid!—haste, holy Friar,  
 Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!  
 Of all his guilt let him be shriven,  
 And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

## XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped;—  
 His naked foot was dyed with red,  
 As through the lists he ran;

Unmindful of the shouts on high,  
 That hail'd the conqueror's victory,  
 He raised the dying man;  
 Loose waved his silver beard and hair,  
 As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer;  
 And still the crucifix on high  
 He holds before his darkening eye;  
 And still he bends an anxious ear,  
 His faltering penitence to hear;  
 Still props him from the bloody sod,  
 Still, even when soul and body part,  
 Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,  
 And bids him trust in God!  
 Unheard he prays;—the death-pang's o'er!  
 Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

## XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,  
 Or musing o'er the piteous sight,  
 The silent victor stands;  
 His beaver did he not unclasp,  
 Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp  
 Of gratulating hands.  
 When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,  
 Mingled with seeming terror, rise  
 Among the Scottish bands;  
 And all, amid the throng'd array,  
 In panic haste gave open way  
 To a half-naked ghastly man,  
 Who downward from the castle ran:



He cross'd the barriers at a  
bound,  
And wild and haggard look'd  
around,

As dizzy, and in pain ;  
And all, upon the armed ground,  
Knew William of Deloraine !

Each ladye sprung from seat  
with speed ;

Vaulted each marshal from his  
steed ;

“And who art thou,” they  
cried,

“Who hast this battle fought  
and won ?”—

His plumed helm was soon  
undone—

“Cranstoun of Teviot-side !  
For this fair prize I've fought  
and won,”—

And to the Ladye led her son.

## XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she  
kiss'd,

And often press'd him to her  
breast ;

For, under all her dauntless  
show,

Her heart had throbb'd at every  
blow ;

Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd  
she greet,

Though low he kneeled at her  
feet.

Me lists not tell what words were  
made,

What Douglas, Home, and  
Howard, said—

—For Howard was a generous  
foe—

And how the clan united pray'd

The Ladye would the feud fore-  
go,

And deign to bless the nuptial  
hour

Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's  
Flower.

## XXVI.

She look'd to river, look'd to  
hill,

Thought on the Spirit's  
prophecy,

Then broke her silence stern  
and still,—

“Not you, but Fate, has  
vanquish'd me.

Their influence kindly stars may  
shower

On Teviot's tide and Branksome's  
tower,

For pride is quell'd, and love is  
free.”—

She took fair Margaret by the  
hand,

Who, breathless, trembling,  
scarce might stand ;

That hand to Cranstoun's lord  
gave she :—

“As I am true to thee and thine,  
Do thou be true to me and mine !

This clasp of love our bond  
shall be ;

For this is your betrothing day,  
And all these noble lords shall

stay,

To grace it with their com-  
pany.”—

## XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,  
Much of the story she did gain ;

How Cranstoun fought with  
Deloraine,

And of his page, and of the Book  
Which from the wounded knight

he took ;

And how he sought her castle  
high,

That morn, by help of gramarye ;  
How, in Sir William's armour  
dight,

Stolen by his page, while slept  
the knight,

He took on him the single fight.  
But half his tale he left unsaid,  
And linger'd till he join'd the  
maid.—

Cared not the Ladye to betray  
Her mystic arts in view of day ;  
But well she thought, ere mid-  
night came,

Of that strange page the pride to  
tame,

From his foul hands the Book to  
save,

And send it back to Michael's  
grave.—

Needs not to tell each tender  
word

'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt  
Cranstoun's lord ;

Nor how she told of former woes,  
And how her bosom fell and rose,  
While he and Musgrave bandied  
blows.—

Needs not these lovers' joys to  
tell :

One day, fair maids, you'll know  
them well.

### XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some  
chance

Had waken'd from his deathlike  
trance ;

And taught that, in the listed  
plain,

Another, in his arms and shield,  
Against fierce Musgrave axe did  
wield,

Under the name of Deloraine.

Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he  
ran,

And hence his presence scared  
the clan,

Who held him for some fleeting  
wraith,

And not a man of blood and  
breath.

Not much this new ally he  
loved,

Yet, when he saw what hap  
had proved,

He greeted him right heartlie :  
He would not waken old debate,  
For he was void of rancorous  
hate,

Though rude, and scant of  
courtesy ;

In raids he spilt but seldom  
blood,

Unless when men-at-arms with-  
stood,

Or, as was meet, for deadly  
feud.

He ne'er bore grudge for  
stalwart blow,

Ta'en in fair fight from gallant  
foe :

And so 'twas seen of him, e'en  
now,

When on dead Musgrave he  
look'd down ;

Grief darken'd on his rugged  
brow,

Though half disguised with  
a frown ;

And thus, while sorrow bent his  
head,

His foeman's epitaph he made.

### XXIX.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest  
thou here !

I ween, my deadly enemy ;

For, if I slew thy brother dear,  
 Thou slew'st a sister's son to  
 me ;  
 And when I lay in dungeon dark,  
 Of Naworth Castle, long  
 months three,  
 Till ransom'd for a thousand mark,  
 Dark Musgrave, it was long of  
 thee.  
 And, Musgrave, could our fight  
 be tried,  
 And thou wert now alive, as I,  
 No mortal man should us divide,  
 Till one, or both of us, did  
 die :  
 Yet rest thee God ! for well I  
 know  
 I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.  
 In all the northern counties here,  
 Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and  
 spear,  
 Thou wert the best to follow  
 gear !  
 'Twas pleasure, as we look'd  
 behind,  
 To see how thou the chase  
 could'st wind,  
 Cheer the dark blood-hound on  
 his way,  
 And with the bugle rouse the  
 fray !<sup>72</sup>  
 I'd give the lands of Deloraine,  
 Dark Musgrave were alive  
 again."—

## XXX.

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's  
 band  
 Were bowning back to Cumber-  
 land.  
 They raised brave Musgrave from  
 the field,  
 And laid him on his bloody shield ;  
 On levell'd lances, four and four,  
 By turns, the noble burden bore.

Before, at times, upon the gale,  
 Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive  
 wail ;  
 Behind, four priests, in sable  
 stole,  
 Sung requiem for the warrior's  
 soul :  
 Around, the horsemen slowly  
 rode ;  
 With trailing pikes the spearmen  
 trode ;  
 And thus the gallant knight they  
 bore,  
 Through Liddesdale to Leven's  
 shore ;  
 Thence to Holme Coltrame's  
 lofty nave,  
 And laid him in his father's grave.

THE harp's wild notes, though  
 hush'd the song,  
 The mimic march of death  
 prolong ;  
 Now seems it far, and now  
 a-near,  
 Now meets, and now eludes the  
 ear ;  
 Now seems some mountain side  
 to sweep,  
 Now faintly dies in valley deep ;  
 Seems now as if the Minstrel's  
 wail,  
 Now the sad requiem, loads the  
 gale ;  
 Last, o'er the warrior's closing  
 grave,  
 Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade  
 him tell,  
 Why he, who touch'd the harp  
 so well,  
 Should thus, with ill-rewarded  
 toil,  
 Wander a poor and thankless soil,

When the more generous  
Southern Land  
Would well requite his skilful  
hand.

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er  
His only friend, his harp, was  
dear,  
Liked not to hear it rank'd so  
high  
Above his flowing poesy :  
Less liked he still, that scornful  
jeer  
Misprised the land he loved so  
dear ;  
High was the sound, as thus again  
The Bard resumed his minstrel  
strain.

### CANTO SIXTH.

#### I.

BREATHES there the man, with  
soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native  
land !  
Whose heart hath ne'er within  
him burn'd,  
As home his footsteps he hath  
turn'd,  
From wandering on a foreign  
strand !  
If such there breathe, go, mark  
him well ;  
For him no Minstrel raptures  
swell ;  
High though his titles, proud his  
name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can  
claim ;  
Despite those titles, power, and  
pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he  
sprung,  
Unwept, unhonour'd, and un-  
sung.

#### II.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
Land of brown heath and shaggy  
wood,  
Land of the mountain and the  
flood,  
Land of my sires ! what mortal  
hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band,  
That knits me to thy rugged  
strand !  
Still, as I view each well-known  
scene,  
Think what is now, and what  
hath been,  
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and  
streams were left ;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.  
By Yarrow's streams still let me  
stray,  
Though none should guide my  
feeble way ;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick  
break,  
Although it chill my wither'd  
cheek ;  
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,  
Though there, forgotten and  
alone,  
The Bard may draw his parting  
groan.

#### III.

Not scorn'd like me ! to Brank-  
some Hall  
The Minstrels came, at festive  
call ;

Trooping they came, from near  
and far,  
The jovial priests of mirth and  
war;  
Alike for feast and fight prepared,  
Battle and banquet both they  
shared.

Of late, before each martial clan,  
They blew their death-note in the  
van,

But now, for every merry mate,  
Rose the portcullis' iron grate;  
They sound the pipe, they strike  
the string,  
They dance, they revel, and they  
sing,  
Till the rude turrets shake and  
ring.

## IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare  
The splendour of the spousal  
rite,

How muster'd in the chapel fair  
Both maid and matron, squire  
and knight;

Me lists not tell of owches rare,  
Of mantles green, and braided  
hair,

And kirtles furr'd with miniver;  
What plumage waved the altar  
round,

How spurs and ringing chainlets  
sound;

And hard it were for bard to speak  
The changeful hue of Margaret's  
cheek;

That lovely hue which comes and  
flies,

As awe and shame alternate rise!

## V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye  
high  
Chapel or altar came not nigh;

Nor durst the rites of spousal  
grace,

So much she fear'd each holy  
place.

False slanders these:—I trust  
right well

She wrought not by forbidden  
spell;<sup>73</sup>

For mighty words and signs have  
power

O'er sprites in planetary hour:  
Yet scarce I praise their venturous  
part,

Who tamper with such dangerous  
art.

But this for faithful truth I  
say,

The Ladye by the altar  
stood,

Of sable velvet her array,  
And on her head a crimson  
hood,

With pearls embroider'd and  
entwined,

Guarded with gold, with ermine  
lined;

A merlin sat upon her wrist<sup>74</sup>  
Held by a leash of silken twist.

## VI.

The spousal rites were ended  
soon:

'Twas now the merry hour of  
noon,

And in the lofty arched hall  
Was spread the gorgeous festival.

Steward and squire, with heedful  
haste,

Marshall'd the rank of every  
guest;

Pages, with ready blade, were  
there,

The mighty meal to carve and  
share:

O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,  
 And princely peacock's gilded train,<sup>75</sup>  
 And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,  
 And cygnet from St. Mary's wave;  
 O'er ptarmigan and venison,  
 The priest had spoke his benison.  
 Then rose the riot and the din,  
 Above, beneath, without, within!  
 For, from the lofty balcony,  
 Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery:  
 Their clanging bowls old warriors  
 quaff'd,  
 Loudly they spoke, and loudly  
 laugh'd;  
 Whisper'd young knights, in tone  
 more mild,  
 To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.  
 The hooded hawks, high perch'd  
 on beam,  
 The clamour join'd with whistling  
 scream,  
 And flapp'd their wings, and  
 shook their bells,  
 In concert with the stag-hounds'  
 yells.  
 Round go the flasks of ruddy  
 wine,  
 From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the  
 Rhine;  
 Their tasks the busy sewers ply,  
 And all is mirth and revelry.

## VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still  
 No opportunity of ill,  
 Strove now, while blood ran hot  
 and high,  
 To rouse debate and jealousy;  
 Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,  
 By nature fierce, and warm with  
 wine,

And now in humour highly cross'd,  
 About some steeds his band had  
 lost,  
 High words to words succeeding  
 still,  
 Smote, with his gauntlet, stout  
 Hunthill;<sup>76</sup>  
 A hot and hardy Rutherford,  
 Whom men called Dickon Draw-  
 the-sword.  
 He took it on the page's saye,  
 Hunthill had driven these steeds  
 away.  
 Then Howard, Home, and  
 Douglas rose,  
 The kindling discord to compose:  
 Stern Rutherford right little  
 said,  
 But bit his glove,<sup>77</sup> and shook his  
 head.—  
 A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,  
 Stout Conrad, cold, and drench'd  
 in blood,  
 His bosom gored with many a  
 wound,  
 Was by a woodman's lyme-dog  
 found;  
 Unknown the manner of his death,  
 Gone was his brand, both sword  
 and sheath;  
 But ever from that time, 'twas  
 said,  
 That Dickon wore a Cologne  
 blade.

## VIII.

The dwarf, who fear'd his master's  
 eye  
 Might his foul treachery espie,  
 Now sought the castle buttery,  
 Where many a yeoman, bold and  
 free,  
 Revell'd as merrily and well  
 As those that sat in lordly selle.

Watt Tinlinn, there, did frankly  
raise  
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-  
Braes ;  
And he, as by his breeding bound,  
To Howard's merry-men sent it  
round.

To quit them, on the English side,  
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,  
"A deep carouse to yon fair  
bride !"—

At every pledge, from vat and pail,  
Foam'd forth in floods the nut-  
brown ale ;

While shout the riders every one ;  
Such day of mirth ne'er cheer'd  
their clan,

Since old Buccleuch the name did  
gain,

When in the cleuch the buck was  
ta'en.<sup>78</sup>

## IX.

The wily page, with vengeful  
thought,

Remember'd him of Tinlinn's  
yew,

And swore, it should be dearly  
bought

That ever he the arrow drew.

First, he the yeoman did molest,  
With bitter gibe and taunting jest ;  
Told, how he fled at Solway strife,  
And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd  
his wife ;

Then, shunning still his powerful  
arm,

At unawares he wrought him  
harm ;

From trencher stole his choicest  
cheer,

Dash'd from his lips his can of beer ;  
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,  
With bodkin pierced him to the  
bone :

The venom'd wound, and festering  
joint,

Long after rued that bodkin's  
point.

The startled yeoman swore and  
spurn'd,

And board and flagons overturn'd.  
Riot and clamour wild began ;

Back to the hall the Urchin ran ;

Took in a darkling nook his post,

And grinn'd, and mutter'd, "Lost !  
lost ! lost !"

## X.

By this, the Dame, lest farther  
fray

Should mar the concord of the day,  
Had bid the Minstrels tune their  
lay.

And first stept forth old Albert  
Græme,

The Minstrel of that ancient  
name:<sup>79</sup>

Was none who struck the harp  
so well,

Within the Land Debateable ;  
Well friended, too, his hardy  
kin,

Whoever lost, were sure to win ;  
They sought the beeves that made  
their broth,

In Scotland and in England both.  
In homely guise, as nature bade,

His simple song the Borderer said.

## XI.

## ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,  
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle  
wall,<sup>80</sup>)

And she would marry a Scottish  
knight,

For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,  
 When he shone fair on Carlisle  
 wall ;  
 But they were sad ere day was  
 done,  
 Though Love was still the lord  
 of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel  
 fine,  
 Where the sun shines fair on  
 Carlisle wall ;  
 Her brother gave but a flask of  
 wine,  
 For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow  
 and lea,  
 Where the sun shines fair on  
 Carlisle wall,  
 And he swore her death, ere he  
 would see  
 A Scottish knight the lord of all !

## XII.

That wine she had not tasted well,  
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle  
 wall,)

When dead, in her true love's  
 arms, she fell,  
 For Love was still the lord of all !

He pierced her brother to the  
 heart,

Where the sun shines fair on  
 Carlisle wall :—

So perish all would true love part,  
 That Love may still be lord of  
 all !

And then he took the cross divine,  
 (Where the sun shines fair on  
 Carlisle wall,)

And died for her sake in Palestine,  
 So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful  
 prove,

(The sun shines fair on Carlisle  
 wall,)

Pray for their souls who died for  
 love,

For Love shall still be lord of all !

## XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,  
 Arose a bard of loftier port ;

For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,  
 Renown'd in haughty Henry's  
 court :

There rung thy harp, unrivall'd  
 long,

Fitztraver of the silver song !

The gentle Surrey loved his  
 lyre—

Who has not heard of Surrey's  
 fame ?<sup>81</sup>

His was the hero's soul of fire,  
 And his the bard's immortal  
 name,

And his was love, exalted high  
 By all the glow of chivalry.

## XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar,  
 And oft, within some olive  
 grove,

When even came with twinkling  
 star,

They sung of Surrey's absent  
 love.

His step the Italian peasant stay'd,  
 And deem'd, that spirits from  
 on high,

Round where some hermit saint  
 was laid,

Were breathing heavenly  
 melody ;

So sweet did harp and voice  
 combine,

To praise the name of Geraldine.



## XV.

Fitztraver! O what tongue may  
say

The pangs thy faithful bosom  
knew,

When Surrey, of the deathless  
lay,

Ungrateful Tudor's sentence  
slew?

Regardless of the tyrant's frown,  
His harp call'd wrath and venge-  
ance down.

He left, for Naworth's iron towers,  
Windsor's green glades, and  
courtly bowers,

And faithful to his patron's  
name,

With Howard still Fitztraver  
came;

Lord William's foremost favourite  
he,

And chief of all his minstrelsy.

## XVI.

## FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-souls' eve, and Surrey's  
heart beat high;

He heard the midnight bell  
with anxious start,

Which told the mystic hour,  
approaching nigh,

When wise Cornelius promised,  
by his art,

To show to him the ladye of his  
heart,

Albeit betwixt them roar'd the  
ocean grim;

Yet so the sage had hight to play  
his part,

That he should see her form in  
life and limb,

And mark, if still she loved, and  
still she thought of him.

## XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of  
gramarye,

To which the wizard led the  
gallant Knight,

Save that before a mirror, huge  
and high,

A hallow'd taper shed a  
glimmering light

On mystic implements of magic  
might:

On cross, and character, and  
talisman,

And almagest, and altar, nothing  
bright:

For fitful was the lustre, pale  
and wan,

As watchlight by the bed of some  
departing man.

## XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror  
huge and high,

Was seen a self-emitted light  
to gleam;

And forms upon its breast the  
Earl 'gan spy,

Cloudy and indistinct, as  
feverish dream;

Till, slow arranging, and de-  
fined, they seem

To form a lordly and a lofty  
room,

Part lighted by a lamp with  
silver beam,

Placed by a couch of Agra's  
silken loom,

And part by moonshine pale, and  
part was hid in gloom.

## XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how  
passing fair

The slender form, which lay  
on couch of Ind!

O'er her white bosom stray'd her  
 hazel hair,  
 Pale her dear cheek, as if for  
 love she pined ;  
 All in her night-robe loose she  
 lay reclined,  
 And, pensive, read from tablet  
 eburnine,  
 Some strain that seem'd her  
 inmost soul to find :—  
 That favour'd strain was  
 Surrey's raptur'd line,  
 That fair and lovely form, the  
 Lady Geraldine.

## XX.

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the  
 lovely form,  
 And swept the goodly vision  
 all away—  
 So royal envy roll'd the murky  
 storm  
 O'er my beloved Master's  
 glorious day.  
 Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant !  
 Heaven repay  
 On thee, and on thy children's  
 latest line,  
 The wild caprice of thy despotic  
 sway,  
 The gory bridal bed, the  
 plunder'd shrine,  
 The murder'd Surrey's blood, the  
 tears of Geraldine !

## XXI.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs,  
 prolong  
 Applauses of Fitztraver's song ;  
 These hated Henry's name as  
 death,  
 And those still held the ancient  
 faith.—

Then, from his seat, with lofty  
 air,  
 Rose Harold, bard of brave St.  
 Clair ;  
 St. Clair, who, feasting high at  
 Home,  
 Had with that lord to battle  
 come.  
 Harold was born where restless  
 seas  
 Howl round the storm-swept  
 Orcades ;<sup>82</sup>  
 Where erst St. Clairs held princely  
 sway  
 O'er isle and islet, strait and  
 bay ;—  
 Still nods their palace to its fall,  
 Thy pride and sorrow, fair  
 Kirkwall !—<sup>83</sup>  
 Thence oft he mark'd fierce  
 Pentland rave,  
 As if grim Odin rode her wave ;  
 And watch'd, the whilst, with  
 visage pale,  
 And throbbing heart, the strug-  
 gling sail ;  
 For all of wonderful and wild  
 Had rapture for the lonely child.

## XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful  
 In these rude isles might fancy  
 cull ;  
 For thither came, in times afar,  
 Stern Lochlin's sons of roving  
 war,  
 The Norsemen, train'd to spoil  
 and blood,  
 Skill'd to prepare the raven's  
 food ;  
 Kings of the main their leaders  
 brave,  
 Their barks the dragons of the  
 wave.

And there, in many a stormy vale,  
 The Scald had told his wondrous  
 tale ;  
 And many a Runic column high  
 Had witness'd grim idolatry.  
 And thus had Harold, in his youth,  
 Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme  
 uncouth,—  
 Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous  
 curl'd,  
 Whose monstrous circle girds the  
 world ;<sup>84</sup>  
 Of those dread Maids,<sup>85</sup> whose  
 hideous yell  
 Maddens the battle's bloody  
 swell ;  
 Of Chiefs, who, guided through  
 the gloom  
 By the pale death-lights of the  
 tomb,  
 Ransack'd the graves of warriors  
 old,  
 Their falchions wrench'd from  
 corpses' hold,<sup>86</sup>  
 Waked the deaf tomb with war's  
 alarms,  
 And bade the dead arise to arms !  
 With war and wonder all on flame,  
 To Roslin's bowers young Harold  
 came,  
 Where, by sweet glen and green-  
 wood tree,  
 He learn'd a milder minstrelsy ;  
 Yet something of the Northern  
 spell  
 Mix'd with the softer numbers  
 well.

## XXIII.

HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay !  
 No haughty feat of arms I tell ;  
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
 That mourns the lovely Rosa-  
 belle.

—“ Moor, moor the barge, ye  
 gallant crew !  
 And, gentle ladye, deign to  
 stay !  
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,<sup>87</sup>  
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-  
 day.

“ The blackening wave is edged  
 with white :  
 To inch and rock the sea-mews  
 fly ;  
 The fishers have heard the Water-  
 Sprite,  
 Whose screams forbode that  
 wreck is nigh.

“ Last night the gifted Seer did  
 view  
 A wet shroud swathed round  
 ladye gay ;  
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravens-  
 heuch :  
 Why cross the gloomy firth  
 to-day ? ”—

“ 'Tis not because Lord Linde-  
 say's heir  
 To-night at Roslin leads the  
 ball,  
 But that my ladye-mother there  
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“ 'Tis not because the ring they  
 ride,  
 And Lindsay at the ring rides  
 well,  
 But that my sire the wine will  
 chide,  
 If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle. ”—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,  
 A wondrous blaze was seen to  
 gleam ;

'Twas broader than the watch-  
fire's light,  
And redder than the bright  
moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddied all the copse-wood  
glen ;

'Twas seen from Dryden's groves  
of oak,  
And seen from cavern'd Haw-  
thornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel  
proud,  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd  
lie,  
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmer'd all the dead  
men's mail.<sup>88</sup>

Blazed battlement and pinnet  
high,  
Blazed every rose-carved but-  
tress fair—  
So still they blaze, when fate is  
nigh  
The lordly line of high St.  
Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's  
barons bold  
Lie buried within that proud  
chappelle ;  
Each one the holy vault doth  
hold—  
But the sea holds lovely Rosa-  
belle !

And each St. Clair was buried  
there,  
With candle, with book, and  
with knell ;  
But the sea-caves rung, and the  
wild winds sung,  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

## XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous  
lay,  
Scarce mark'd the guests the  
darken'd hall,  
Though, long before the sinking  
day,

A wondrous shade involved  
them all :  
It was not eddying mist or fog,  
Drain'd by the sun from fen or  
bog ;

Of no eclipse had sages told ;  
And yet, as it came on apace,  
Each one could scarce his neigh-  
bour's face,  
Could scarce his own stretch'd  
hand behold.

A secret horror check'd the feast,  
And chill'd the soul of every  
guest ;

Even the high Dame stood half  
aghast,  
She knew some evil on the  
blast ;

The elvish page fell to the  
ground,  
And, shuddering, mutter'd,  
" Found ! found ! found ! "

## XXV.

Then sudden, through the  
darken'd air,  
A flash of lightning came ;  
So broad, so bright, so red the  
glare,  
The castle seem'd on flame.

Glanced every rafter of the hall,  
 Glanced every shield upon the  
 wall ;  
 Each trophied beam, each sculptured  
 stone,  
 Were instant seen, and instant  
 gone ;  
 Full through the guests' bedazzled  
 band  
 Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,  
 And fill'd the hall with smouldering  
 smoke,  
 As on the elvish page it broke.

It broke, with thunder long and  
 loud,  
 Dismay'd the brave, appall'd  
 the proud,—  
 From sea to sea the larum  
 rung ;  
 On Berwick wall, and at  
 Carlisle withal,  
 To arms the startled  
 warders sprung.  
 When ended was the dreadful  
 roar,  
 The elvish dwarf was seen no  
 more !

## XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome  
 Hall,  
 Some saw a sight, not seen by all ;  
 That dreadful voice was heard  
 by some,  
 Cry, with loud summons,  
 "GYLBIN, COME !"  
 And on the spot where burst  
 the brand,  
 Just where the page had  
 flung him down,  
 Some saw an arm, and some  
 a hand,  
 And some the waving of a  
 gown.

The guests in silence pray'd and  
 shook,  
 And terror dimm'd each lofty  
 look.  
 But none of all the astonish'd  
 train  
 Was so dismay'd as Deloraine ;  
 His blood did freeze, his brain  
 did burn,  
 'Twas fear'd his mind would  
 ne'er return ;  
 For he was speechless, ghastly,  
 wan,  
 Like him of whom the story ran,  
 Who spoke the spectre-hound  
 in Man.<sup>89</sup>  
 At length, by fits, he darkly told,  
 With broken hint, and shuddering  
 cold—  
 That he had seen, right certainly,  
*A shape with amice wrapp'd  
 around,  
 With a wrought Spanish baldric  
 bound,  
 Like pilgrim from beyond the  
 sea ;*  
 And knew—but how it matter'd  
 not—  
 It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

## XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror  
 pale,  
 All trembling heard the wondrous  
 tale ;  
 No sound was made, no word  
 was spoke,  
 Till noble Angus silence broke ;  
 And he a solemn sacred plight  
 Did to St. Bride of Douglas  
 make,<sup>90</sup>  
 That he a pilgrimage would  
 take  
 To Melrose Abbey, for the sake  
 Of Michael's restless sprite.

Then each, to ease his troubled  
 breast,  
 To some bless'd saint his prayers  
 address'd :  
 Some to St. Modan made their  
 vows,  
 Some to St. Mary of the Lowes,  
 Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,  
 Some to our Ladye of the Isle ;  
 Each did his patron witness make,  
 That he such pilgrimage would  
 take,  
 And monks should sing, and bells  
 should toll,  
 All for the weal of Michael's soul.  
 While vows were ta'en, and  
 prayers were pray'd,  
 'Tis said the noble dame, dismay'd,  
 Renounced, for aye, dark magic's  
 aid.

## XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,  
 Which after in short space befell ;  
 Nor how brave sons and daughters  
 fair  
 Bless'd Teviot's Flower, and  
 Cranstoun's heir :  
 After such dreadful scene, 'twere  
 vain  
 To wake the note of mirth again.  
 More meet it were to mark the  
 day  
 Of penitence and prayer  
 divine,  
 When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad  
 array,  
 Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

## XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth  
 vest,  
 And arms enfolded on his breast,  
 Did every pilgrim go ;  
 The standers - by might hear  
 uneath,

Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn  
 breath,  
 Through all the lengthen'd  
 row :  
 No lordly look, nor martial stride,  
 Gone was their glory, sunk their  
 pride,  
 Forgotten their renown ;  
 Silent and slow, like ghosts they  
 glide  
 To the high altar's hallow'd side,  
 And there they knelt them  
 down :  
 Above the suppliant chieftains  
 wave  
 The banners of departed brave ;  
 Beneath the letter'd stones were  
 laid  
 The ashes of their fathers dead ;  
 From many a garnish'd niche  
 around,  
 Stern saints and tortured martyrs  
 frown'd.

## XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,  
 With sable cowl and scapular,  
 And snow-white stoles, in order  
 due,  
 The holy Fathers, two and two,  
 In long procession came ;  
 Taper and host, and book they  
 bare,  
 And holy banner, flourish'd fair  
 With the Redeemer's name.  
 Above the prostrate pilgrim band  
 The mitred Abbot stretch'd his  
 hand,  
 And bless'd them as they  
 kneel'd ;  
 With holy cross he sign'd them  
 all,  
 And pray'd they might be sage  
 in hall,  
 And fortunate in field.

Then mass was sung, and prayers  
 were said,  
 And solemn requiem for the dead ;  
 And bells toll'd out their mighty  
 peal,  
 For the departed spirit's weal ;  
 And ever in the office close  
 The hymn of intercession rose ;  
 And far the echoing aisles prolong  
 The awful burthen of the song,—  
 DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,  
 SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA ;  
 While the pealing organ rung ;  
 Were it meet with sacred strain  
 To close my lay, so light and  
 vain,  
 Thus the holy Fathers sung.

## XXXI.

## HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful  
 day,  
 When heaven and earth shall  
 pass away,  
 What power shall be the sinner's  
 stay ?  
 How shall he meet that dreadful  
 day ?  
 When, shriveling like a parched  
 scroll,  
 The flaming heavens together roll ;  
 When louder yet, and yet more  
 dread,  
 Swells the high trump that wakes  
 the dead !  
 Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
 When man to judgment wakes  
 from clay,  
 Be THOU the trembling sinner's  
 stay,  
 Though heaven and earth shall  
 pass away !

HUSH'D is the harp—the  
 Minstrel gone.  
 And did he wander forth alone ?  
 Alone, in indigence and age,  
 To linger out his pilgrimage ?  
 No ; close beneath proud Newark's  
 tower,  
 Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower ;  
 A simple hut ; but there was seen  
 The little garden hedged with  
 green,  
 The cheerful hearth, and lattice  
 clean.  
 There shelter'd wanderers, by the  
 blaze,  
 Oft heard the tale of other days ;  
 For much he loved to ope his  
 door,  
 And give the aid he begg'd before.  
 So pass'd the winter's day ; but  
 still,  
 When summer smiled on sweet  
 Bowhill,  
 And July's eve, with balmy  
 breath,  
 Waved the blue-bells on Newark  
 heath ;  
 When throstles sung in Harehead-  
 shaw,  
 And corn was green on Carter-  
 haugh,  
 And flourish'd, broad, Black-  
 andro's oak,  
 The aged Harper's soul awoke !  
 Then would he sing achievements  
 high,  
 And circumstance of chivalry,  
 Till the rapt traveller would stay,  
 Forgetful of the closing day ;  
 And noble youths, the strain to  
 hear,  
 Forsook the hunting of the deer ;  
 And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,  
 Bore burden to the Minstrel's  
 song.

# MARMION.

A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD, IN SIX CANTOS.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY LORD MONTAGU,

&c. &c. &c.

THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It is hardly to be expected, that an Author whom the Public have honoured with some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the Author of *Marmion* must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation which his first Poem may have procured him. The present story turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character; but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprise his readers, at the outset, of the date of his Story, and to prepare them for the manners of the Age in which it is laid. Any Historical Narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeded his plan of a Romantic Tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the Public.

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 9th September, 1513.

ASHESTIEL, 1808.

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO

### FIRST.

TO

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, ESQ.

*Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.*

NOVEMBER'S sky is chill and drear,  
NOVEMBER'S leaf is red and sear:  
Late, gazing down the steepy  
linn,  
That hems our little garden in,

Low in its dark and narrow glen,  
You scarce the rivulet might ken,  
So thick the tangled greenwood  
grew,  
So feeble trill'd the streamlet  
through:  
Now, murmuring hoarse, and  
frequent seen  
Through bush and brier, no  
longer green,  
An angry brook, it sweeps the  
glade,  
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,



And, foaming brown with doubled  
speed,  
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing  
red  
Upon our Forest hills is shed ;  
No more, beneath the evening  
beam,  
Fair Tweed reflects their purple  
gleam ;

Away hath pass'd the heather-bell  
That bloom'd so rich on  
Needpath-fell ;  
Sallow his brow, and russet bare  
Are now the sister-heights of Yair.  
The sheep, before the pinching  
heaven,  
To shelter'd dale and down are  
driven,

Where yet some faded herbage  
pines,  
And yet a watery sunbeam shines :  
In meek despondency they eye  
The wither'd sward and wintry  
sky,

And far beneath their summer  
hill,  
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill :  
The shepherd shifts his mantle's  
fold,

And wraps him closer from the  
cold ;

His dogs, no merry circles wheel,  
But, shivering, follow at his heel ;  
A cowering glance they often  
cast,  
As deeper moans the gathering  
blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold,  
and wild,  
As best befits the mountain child,  
Feel the sad influence of the hour,  
And wail the daisy's vanished  
flower ;

sc.

Their summer gambols tell, and  
mourn,  
And anxious ask,—Will spring  
return,  
And birds and lambs again be gay,  
And blossoms clothe the haw-  
thorn spray ?

Yes, prattlers, yes. The  
daisy's flower  
Again shall paint your summer  
bower ;  
Again the hawthorn shall supply  
The garlands you delight to tie ;  
The lambs upon the lea shall  
bound,  
The wild birds carol to the round,  
And while you frolic light as they,  
Too short shall seem the summer  
day.

To mute and to material things  
New life revolving summer brings ;  
The genial call dead Nature hears,  
And in her glory reappears.

But oh ! my country's wintry  
state

What second spring shall  
renovate ?

What powerful call shall bid arise  
The buried warlike and the wise ;  
The mind that thought for  
Britain's weal,

The hand that grasp'd the victor  
steel ?

The vernal sun new life bestows  
Even on the meanest flower that  
blows ;

But vainly, vainly may he shine,  
Where glory weeps o'er NELSON'S  
shrine ;

And vainly pierce the solemn  
gloom,

That shrouds, O PITT, thy  
hallowed tomb !

c

Deep grav'd in every British  
heart,  
O never let those names depart !  
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his  
grave,  
Who victor died on Gadite wave ;  
To him, as to the burning levin,  
Short, bright, resistless course  
was given.  
Where'er his country's foes were  
found,  
Was heard the fated thunder's  
sound,  
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,  
Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd,—and  
was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd  
worth,  
Who bade the conqueror go forth,  
And launch'd that thunderbolt of war  
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar ;  
Who, born to guide such high  
emprize,  
For Britain's weal was early wise ;  
Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,  
For Britain's sins, an early grave !  
His worth, who, in his mightiest  
hour,  
A bauble held the pride of power,  
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,  
And served his Albion for herself ;  
Who, when the frantic crowd  
amain  
Strain'd at subjection's bursting  
rein,  
O'er their wild mood full conquest  
gain'd,  
The pride, he would not crush,  
restrain'd,  
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier  
cause,  
And brought the freeman's arm,  
to aid the freeman's laws.

Had'st thou but lived, though  
stripp'd of power,  
A watchman on the lonely tower,  
Thy thrilling trump had roused  
the land,  
When fraud or danger were at  
hand ;  
By thee, as by the beacon-light,  
Our pilots had kept course aright ;  
As some proud column, though  
alone,  
Thy strength had propp'd the  
tottering throne :  
Now is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-light is quench'd in  
smoke,  
The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
The warder silent on the hill !

Oh think, how to his latest day,  
When Death, just hovering,  
claim'd his prey,  
With Palinure's unalter'd mood,  
Firm at his dangerous post he  
stood ;  
Each call for needful rest repell'd,  
With dying hand the rudder held,  
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,  
The steerage of the realm gave  
way !  
Then, while on Britain's thousand  
plains,  
One unpolluted church remains,  
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent  
around  
The bloody tocsin's maddening  
sound,  
But still, upon the hallow'd day,  
Convoke the swains to praise and  
pray ;  
While faith and civil peace are dear,  
Grace this cold marble with a  
tear,—  
He, who preserved them, PITT,  
lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous  
 sigh,  
 Because his rival slumbers nigh ;  
 Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,  
 Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.  
 For talents mourn, untimely lost,  
 When best employ'd, and wanted  
 most ;  
 Mourn genius high, and lore  
 profound,  
 And wit that loved to play, not  
 wound ;  
 And all the reasoning powers  
 divine,  
 To penetrate, resolve, combine ;  
 And feelings keen, and fancy's  
 glow,—  
 They sleep with him who sleeps  
 below :  
 And, if thou mourn'st they could  
 not save  
 From error him who owns this  
 grave,  
 Be every harsher thought sup-  
 press'd,  
 And sacred be the last long  
 rest.  
*Here*, where the end of earthly  
 things  
 Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and  
 kings ;  
 Where stiff the hand, and still  
 the tongue,  
 Of those who fought, and spoke,  
 and sung ;  
*Here*, where the fretted aisles  
 prolong  
 The distant notes of holy song,  
 As if some angel spoke agen,  
 "All peace on earth, good-will to  
 men ;"  
 If ever from an English heart,  
 O, *here* let prejudice depart,  
 And, partial feeling cast aside,  
 Record, that Fox a Briton died !

When Europe crouch'd to  
 France's yoke,  
 And Austria bent, and Prussia  
 broke,  
 And the firm Russian's purpose  
 brave,  
 Was barter'd by a timorous slave,  
 Even then dishonour's peace he  
 spurn'd,  
 The sullied olive-branch return'd,  
 Stood for his country's glory fast,  
 And nail'd her colours to the  
 mast !  
 Heaven, to reward his firmness,  
 gave  
 A portion in this honour'd grave,  
 And ne'er held marble in its trust  
 Of two such wondrous men the  
 dust.

With more than mortal powers  
 endow'd,  
 How high they soar'd above the  
 crowd !  
 Theirs was no common party race,  
 Jostling by dark intrigue for  
 place ;  
 Like fabled Gods, their mighty war  
 Shook realms and nations in its  
 jar ;  
 Beneath each banner proud to  
 stand,  
 Look'd up the noblest of the land,  
 Till through the British world  
 were known  
 The names of PITT and Fox  
 alone.  
 Spells of such force no wizard  
 grave  
 E'er framed in dark Thessalian  
 cave,  
 Though his could drain the ocean  
 dry,  
 And force the planets from the  
 sky.

These spells are spent, and, spent  
 with these,  
 The wine of life is on the lees.  
 Genius, and taste, and talent  
 gone,  
 For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,  
 Where—taming thought to human  
 pride!—  
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by  
 side.  
 Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,  
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;  
 O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem  
 sound,  
 And Fox's shall the notes rebound.  
 The solemn echo seems to cry,—  
 " Here let their discord with them  
 die.  
 Speak not for those a separate  
 doom,  
 Whom Fate made Brothers in the  
 tomb ;  
 But search the land of living men,  
 Where wilt thou find their like  
 agen ? "

Rest, ardent Spirits ! till the  
 cries  
 Of dying Nature bid you rise ;  
 Not even your Britain's groans  
 can pierce  
 The leaden silence of your hearse ;  
 Then, O, how impotent and vain  
 This grateful tributary strain !  
 Though not unmark'd from  
 northern clime,  
 Ye heard the Border Minstrel's  
 rhyme :  
 His Gothic harp has o'er you rung ;  
 The Bard you deign'd to praise,  
 your deathless names has  
 sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,  
 My wilder'd fancy still beguile !

From this high theme how can I  
 part,  
 Ere half unloaded is my heart !  
 For all the tears e'er sorrow drew,  
 And all the raptures fancy knew,  
 And all the keener rush of blood,  
 That throbs through bard in bard-  
 like mood,  
 Were here a tribute mean and low,  
 Though all their mingled streams  
 could flow—  
 Woe, wonder, and sensation high,  
 In one spring-tide of ecstasy !—  
 It will not be—it may not last—  
 The vision of enchantment's past :  
 Like frostwork in the morning ray,  
 The fancied fabric melts away ;  
 Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone,  
 And long, dim, lofty aisle, are  
 gone ;  
 And, lingering last, deception dear,  
 The choir's high sounds die on  
 my ear.  
 Now slow return the lonely down,  
 The silent pastures bleak and  
 brown,  
 The farm begirt with copsewood  
 wild,  
 The gambols of each frolic child,  
 Mixing their shrill cries with the  
 tone  
 Of Tweed's dark waters rushing  
 on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to  
 run,  
 Thus Nature disciplines her son :  
 Meeter, she says, for me to stray,  
 And waste the solitary day,  
 In plucking from yon fen the reed,  
 And watch it floating down the  
 Tweed ;  
 Or idly list the shrilling lay,  
 With which the milkmaid cheers  
 her way,

Marking its cadence rise and fall,  
 As from the field, beneath her pail,  
 She trips it down the uneven dale :  
 Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,  
 The ancient shepherd's tale to  
 learn ;  
 Though oft he stop in rustic fear,  
 Lest his old legends tire the ear  
 Of one, who, in his simple mind,  
 May boast of book-learn'd taste  
 refined.

But thou, my friend, can'st fitly  
 tell,  
 (For few have read romance so  
 well,)  
 How still the legendary lay  
 O'er poet's bosom holds its sway ;  
 How on the ancient minstrel strain  
 Time lays his palsied hand in vain ;  
 And how our hearts at doughty  
 deeds,  
 By warriors wrought in steely  
 weeds,  
 Still throb for fear and pity's sake ;  
 As when the Champion of the Lake  
 Enters Morgana's fated house,  
 Or in the Chapel Perilous,  
 Despising spells and demons'  
 force,  
 Holds converse with the unburied  
 corse ;<sup>91</sup>  
 Or when, Dame Ganore's grace  
 to move,  
 (Alas, that lawless was their love!)  
 He sought proud Tarquin in his  
 den,  
 And freed full sixty knights ; or  
 when,  
 A sinful man, and unconfess'd,  
 He took the Sangreal's holy quest,  
 And, slumbering, saw the vision  
 high,  
 He might not view with waking  
 eye.<sup>92</sup>

The mightiest chiefs of British  
 song  
 Scorn'd not such legends to  
 prolong :  
 They gleam through Spenser's  
 elfin dream,  
 And mix in Milton's heavenly  
 theme ;  
 And Dryden, in immortal strain,  
 Had raised the Table Round  
 again,<sup>93</sup>  
 But that a ribald King and Court  
 Bade him toil on, to make them  
 sport ;  
 Demanded for their niggard pay,  
 Fit for their souls, a looser lay,  
 Licentious satire, song, and play ;  
 The world defrauded of the high  
 design,  
 Profaned the God-given strength,  
 and marr'd the lofty line.

Warm'd by such names, well  
 may we then,  
 Though dwindled sons of little  
 men,  
 Essay to break a feeble lance  
 In the fair fields of old romance ;  
 Or seek the moated castle's cell,  
 Where long through talisman and  
 spell,  
 While tyrants ruled, and damsels  
 wept,  
 Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept :  
 'There sound the harpings of the  
 North,  
 Till he awake and sally forth,  
 On venturous quest to prick again,  
 In all his arms, with all his train,  
 Shield, lance, and brand, and  
 plume, and scarf,  
 Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and  
 dwarf,  
 And wizard with his wand of might,  
 And errant maid on palfrey white.

Around the Genius weave their  
 spells,  
 Pure Love, who scarce his passion  
 tells ;  
 Mystery, half-veil'd and half-  
 reveal'd ;  
 And Honour, with his spotless  
 shield ;  
 Attention, with fix'd eye ; and  
 Fear,  
 That loves the tale she shrinks to  
 hear ;  
 And gentle Courtesy ; and Faith,  
 Unchanged by sufferings, time,  
 or death ;  
 And Valour, lion-mettled lord,  
 Leaning upon his own goodsword.

Well has thy fair achievement  
 shown,  
 A worthy meed may thus be won ;  
 Ytene's oaks — beneath whose  
 shade  
 Their theme the merry minstrels  
 made,  
 Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,<sup>94</sup>  
 And that Red King, who, while  
 of old,  
 Through Boldrewood the chase  
 he led,  
 By his loved huntsman's arrow  
 bled—  
 Ytene's oaks have heard again  
 Renew'd such legendary strain ;  
 For thou hast sung, how He of  
 Gaul,  
 That Amadis so famed in hall,  
 For Oriana, foil'd in fight  
 The Necromancer's felon might ;  
 And well in modern verse hast  
 wove  
 Partenopex's mystic love :  
 Hear, then, attentive to my lay,  
 A knightly tale of Albion's elder  
 day.

## CANTO FIRST.

## The Castle.

## I.

DAY set on Norham's castled  
 steep,<sup>95</sup>  
 And Tweed's fair river, broad and  
 deep,  
 And Cheviot's mountains lone :  
 The battled towers, the donjon  
 keep,<sup>96</sup>  
 The loophole grates, where cap-  
 tives weep,  
 The flanking walls that round it  
 sweep,  
 In yellow lustre shone.  
 The warriors on the turrets high,  
 Moving athwart the evening sky,  
 Seem'd forms of giant height :  
 Their armour, as it caught the  
 rays,  
 Flash'd back again the western  
 blaze,  
 In lines of dazzling light.

## II.

Saint George's banner, broad and  
 gay,  
 Now faded, as the fading ray  
 Less bright, and less, was flung ;  
 The evening gale had scarce the  
 power  
 To wave it on the Donjon Tower,  
 So heavily it hung.  
 The scouts had parted on their  
 search,  
 The Castle gates were barr'd ;  
 Above the gloomy portal arch,  
 Timing his footsteps to a march,  
 The Warder kept his guard ;  
 Low humming, as he paced along,  
 Some ancient Border gathering  
 song.

## III.

A distant trampling sound he  
hears ;  
He looks abroad, and soon  
appears,  
O'er Horncliff-hill a plump of  
spears,  
Beneath a pennon gay ;  
A horseman, darting from the  
crowd,  
Like lightning from a summer  
cloud,  
Spurs on his mettled courser  
proud,  
Before the dark array.  
Beneath the sable palisade,  
That closed the Castle barricade,  
His bugle horn he blew ;  
The warder hasted from the wall,  
And warn'd the Captain in the  
hall,  
For well the blast he knew ;  
And joyfully that knight did  
call,  
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

## IV.

“Now broach ye a pipe of  
Malvoisie,  
Bring pasties of the doe,  
And quickly make the entrance  
free,  
And bid my heralds ready be,  
And every minstrel sound his  
glee,  
And all our trumpets blow ;  
And, from the platform, spare ye  
not  
To fire a noble salvo-shot ;  
Lord MARMION waits below !”  
Then to the Castle's lower  
ward  
Sped forty yeomen tall,

The iron-studded gates unbarr'd,  
Raised the portcullis' ponderous  
guard,  
The lofty palisade unsparr'd  
And let the drawbridge fall.

## V.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion  
rode,  
Proudly his red-roan charger  
trode,  
His helm hung at the saddle-  
bow ;  
Well by his visage you might  
know  
He was a stalworth knight, and  
keen,  
And had in many a battle been ;  
The scar on his brown cheek  
reveal'd  
A token true of Bosworth field ;  
His eyebrow dark, and eye of  
fire,  
Show'd spirit proud, and prompt  
to ire ;  
Yet lines of thought upon his  
cheek  
Did deep design and counsel  
speak.  
His forehead, by his casque worn  
bare,  
His thick mustache, and curly  
hair,  
Coal-black, and grizzled here and  
there,  
But more through toil than  
age ;  
His square-turn'd joints, and  
strength of limb,  
Show'd him no carpet knight so  
trim,  
But in close fight a champion  
grim,  
In camps a leader sage.

## VI.

Well was he arm'd from head to  
 heel,  
 In mail and plate of Milan steel ; 97  
 But his strong helm, of mighty  
 cost,  
 Was all with burnish'd gold  
 emboss'd ;  
 Amid the plumage of the crest,  
 A falcon hover'd on her nest,  
 With wings outspread, and for-  
 ward breast ;  
 E'en such a falcon, on his shield,  
 Soar'd sable in an azure field :  
 The golden legend bore aright,  
**Who checks at me, to death is  
 dight.**<sup>98</sup>  
 Blue was the charger's broider'd  
 rein ;  
 Blue ribbons deck'd his arching  
 mane ;  
 The knightly housing's ample fold  
 Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with  
 gold.

## VII.

Behind him rode two gallant  
 squires,  
 Of noble name, and knightly  
 sires ;  
 They burn'd the gilded spurs to  
 claim ;  
 For well could each a war-horse  
 tame,  
 Could draw the bow, the sword  
 could sway,  
 And lightly bear the ring away ;  
 Nor less with courteous precepts  
 stored,  
 Could dance in hall, and carve at  
 board,  
 And frame love-ditties passing  
 rare,  
 And sing them to a lady fair.

## VIII.

Four men-at-arms came at their  
 backs,  
 With halbert, bill, and battle-axe :  
 They bore Lord Marmion's lance  
 so strong,  
 And led his sumpter-mules along,  
 And ambling palfrey, when at need  
 Him listed ease his battle-steed.  
 The last and trustiest of the four,  
 On high his forky pennon bore ;  
 Like swallow's tail, in shape and  
 hue,  
 Flutter'd the streamer glossy  
 blue,  
 Where, blazon'd sable, as before,  
 The towering falcon seem'd to  
 soar.  
 Last, twenty yeomen, two and  
 two,  
 In hosen black, and jerkins blue,  
 With falcons broider'd on each  
 breast,  
 Attended on their lord's behest.  
 Each, chosen for an archer good,  
 Knew hunting-craft by lake or  
 wood ;  
 Each one a six-foot bow could  
 bend,  
 And far a cloth-yard shaft could  
 send ;  
 Each held a boar-spear tough and  
 strong,  
 And at their belts their quivers  
 rung.  
 Their dusty palfreys, and array,  
 Show'd they had march'd a weary  
 way.

## IX.

'Tis meet that I should tell you  
 now,  
 How fairly arm'd, and order'd  
 how,  
 The soldiers of the guard,



With musket, pike, and morion,  
 To welcome noble Marmion,  
 Stood in the Castle-yard ;  
 Minstrels and trumpeters were  
 there,  
 The gunner held his linstock  
 yare,  
 For welcome-shot prepared :  
 Enter'd the train, and such a  
 clang,  
 As then through all his turrets  
 rang,  
 Old Norham never heard.

## X.

The guards their morrice-pikes  
 advanced,  
 The trumpets flourish'd brave,  
 The cannon from the ramparts  
 glanced,  
 And thundering welcome gave.  
 A blithe salute, in martial sort,  
 The minstrels well might sound,  
 For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the  
 court,  
 He scatter'd angels round.  
 "Welcome to Norham, Marmion !  
 Stout heart, and open hand !  
 Well dost thou brook thy gallant  
 roan,  
 Thou flower of English land !"

## XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts  
 deck,  
 With silver scutcheon round their  
 neck,  
 Stood on the steps of stone,  
 By which you reach the donjon  
 gate,  
 And there, with herald pomp and  
 state,  
 They hail'd Lord Marmion :

They hail'd him Lord of  
 Fontenaye,  
 Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,  
 Of Tamworth tower and  
 town ;<sup>99</sup>  
 And he, their courtesy to requite,  
 Gave them a chain of twelve  
 marks' weight,  
 All as he lighted down.  
 "Now, largesse, largesse,<sup>100</sup> Lord  
 Marmion,  
 Knight of the crest of gold !  
 A blazon'd shield, in battle won,  
 Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

## XII.

They marshall'd him to the  
 Castle-hall,  
 Where the guests stood all  
 aside,  
 And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-  
 call,  
 And the heralds loudly cried,  
 —"Room, lordings, room for  
 Lord Marmion,  
 With the crest and helm of  
 gold !  
 Full well we know the trophies  
 won  
 In the lists at Cottiswold :  
 There, vainly Ralph de Wilton  
 strove  
 'Gainst Marmion's force to  
 stand ;  
 To him he lost his lady-love,  
 And to the King his land.  
 Ourselves beheld the listed field,  
 A sight both sad and fair ;  
 We saw Lord Marmion pierce his  
 shield,  
 And saw his saddle bare ;  
 We saw the victor win the crest  
 He wears with worthy pride ;  
 And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,  
 His foeman's scutcheon tied.

Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight!

Room, room, ye gentles gay,  
For him who conquer'd in the right,  
Marmion of Fontenaye!"

## XIII.

Then stepp'd to meet that noble Lord,

Sir Hugh the Heron bold,  
Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,  
And Captain of the Hold.<sup>101</sup>

He led Lord Marmion to the deas,

Raised o'er the pavement high,  
And placed him in the upper place—

They feasted full and high :  
The whiles a Northern harper rude

Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,  
" *How the fierce Thirwalls, and  
Ridleys all,*<sup>102</sup>

*Stout Willimondswick,  
And Hardriding Dick,  
And Hughie of Hawdon, and  
Will o' the Wall,*

*Have set on Sir Albany Feather-  
stonhaugh,  
And taken his life at the Dead-  
man's-shaw."*

Scantily Lord Marmion's ear  
could brook

The harper's barbarous lay ;  
Yet much he praised the pains  
he took,

And well those pains did  
pay :

For lady's suit, and minstrel's  
strain,

By knight should ne'er be heard  
in vain.

## XIV.

"Now, good Lord Marmion,"  
Heron says,

"Of your fair courtesy,  
I pray you bide some little space  
In this poor tower with me.

Here may you keep your arms  
from rust,

May breathe your war-horse  
well ;

Seldom hath pass'd a week but  
giust

Or feat of arms befell :

The Scots can rein a mettled  
steed ;

And love to couch a spear ;—  
Saint George ! a stirring life they  
lead,

That have such neighbours  
near.

Then stay with us a little space,  
Our northern wars to learn ;

I pray you, for your lady's grace!"  
Lord Marmion's brow grew  
stern.

## XV.

The Captain mark'd his alter'd  
look,

And gave a squire the sign ;  
A mighty wassail-bowl he took,  
And crown'd it high in wine.

"Now pledge me here, Lord  
Marmion :

But first I pray thee fair,  
Where hast thou left that page  
of thine,

That used to serve thy cup of  
wine,

Whose beauty was so rare ?  
When last in Raby towers we met,  
The boy I closely eyed,

And often mark'd his cheeks were  
wet,

With tears he fain would hide :

His was no rugged horse-boy's  
 hand,  
 To burnish shield or sharpen  
 brand,  
 Or saddle battle-steed ;  
 But meeter seem'd for lady fair,  
 To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,  
 Or through embroidery, rich and  
 rare,  
 The slender silk to lead :  
 His skin was fair, his ringlets  
 gold,  
 His bosom—when he sigh'd,  
 The russet doublet's rugged fold  
 Could scarce repel its pride !  
 Say, hast thou given that lovely  
 youth  
 To serve in lady's bower ?  
 Or was the gentle page, in sooth,  
 A gentle paramour ?”

## XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook  
 such jest ;  
 He roll'd his kindling eye,  
 With pain his rising wrath  
 suppress'd,  
 Yet made a calm reply :  
 “That boy thou thought'st so  
 goodly fair,  
 He might not brook the  
 northern air ;  
 More of his fate if thou wouldst  
 learn,  
 I left him sick in Lindisfarn :  
 Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,  
 Why does thy lovely lady gay  
 Disdain to grace the hall to-day ?  
 Or has that dame, so fair and sage,  
 Gone on some pious pilgrim-  
 age ?” —  
 He spoke in covert scorn, for fame  
 Whisper'd light tales of Heron's  
 dame.

## XVII.

Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the  
 taunt,  
 Careless the Knight replied,  
 “No bird, whose feathers gaily  
 flaunt,  
 Delights in cage to bide :  
 Norham is grim and grated close,  
 Hemm'd in by battlement and  
 fosse,  
 And many a darksome tower ;  
 And better loves my lady bright  
 To sit in liberty and light,  
 In fair Queen Margaret's bower.  
 We hold our greyhound in our  
 hand,  
 Our falcon on our glove ;  
 But where shall we find leash or  
 band,  
 For dame that loves to rove ?  
 Let the wild falcon soar her  
 swing,  
 She'll stoop when she has tired  
 her wing.” —

## XVIII.

“Nay, if with Royal James's  
 bride  
 The lovely Lady Heron bide,  
 Behold me here a messenger,  
 Your tender greetings prompt to  
 bear ;  
 For, to the Scottish court ad-  
 dress'd,  
 I journey at our King's behest,  
 And pray you, of your grace,  
 provide  
 For me, and mine, a trusty guide.  
 I have not ridden in Scotland since  
 James back'd the cause of that  
 mock prince,  
 Warbeck, that Flemish counter-  
 feit,  
 Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.

Then did I march with Surrey's  
power,  
What time we razed old Ayton  
tower." <sup>103</sup>

## XIX.

"For such-like need, my lord, I  
trow,  
Norham can find you guides enow;  
For here be some have prick'd as  
far,  
On Scottish ground, as to  
Dunbar;  
Have drunk the monks of St.  
Bothan's ale,  
And driven the beeves of Lauder-  
dale;  
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's  
goods,  
And given them light to set their  
hoods." <sup>104</sup>

## XX.

"Now, in good sooth," Lord  
Marmion cried,  
"Were I in warlike wise to ride,  
A better guard I would not lack,  
Than your stout forayers at my  
back;  
But, as in form of peace I go,  
A friendly messenger, to know,  
Why through all Scotland, near  
and far,  
Their King is mustering troops  
for war,  
The sight of plundering Border  
spears  
Might justify suspicious fears,  
And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil,  
Break out in some unseemly broil:  
A herald were my fitting guide;  
Or friar, sworn in peace to bide;  
Or pardoner, or travelling priest,  
Or strolling pilgrim, at the least."

## XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,  
And pass'd his hand across his  
face.  
—"Fain would I find the guide  
you want,  
But ill may spare a pursuivant,  
The only men that safe can ride  
Mine errands on the Scottish  
side:  
And though a bishop built this  
fort,  
Few holy brethren here resort;  
Even our good chaplain, as I  
ween,  
Since our last siege, we have not  
seen:  
The mass he might not sing or  
say,  
Upon one stinted meal a-day;  
So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,  
And pray'd for our success the  
while.  
Our Norham vicar, woe betide,  
Is all too well in case to ride;  
The priest of Shoreswood <sup>105</sup>—he  
could rein  
The wildest war-horse in your  
train;  
But then, no spearman in the hall  
Will sooner swear, or stab, or  
brawl.  
Friar John of Tillmouth were the  
man:  
A blithesome brother at the can,  
A welcome guest in hall and  
bower,  
He knows each castle, town, and  
tower,  
In which the wine and ale is  
good,  
"Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.  
But that good man, as ill befalls,  
Hath seldom left our castle walls,

Since, on the vigil of St. Bede,  
 In evil hour, he cross'd the Tweed,  
 To teach Dame Alison her creed.  
 Old Bughtrig found him with his  
 wife ;  
 And John, an enemy to strife,  
 Sans frock and hood, fled for his  
 life.  
 The jealous churl hath deeply  
 swore,  
 That, if again he venture o'er,  
 He shall shrieve penitent no more.  
 Little he loves such risks, I know ;  
 Yet, in your guard, perchance  
 will go."

## XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-  
 board,  
 Carved to his uncle and that lord,  
 And reverently took up the word.  
 " Kind uncle, woe were we each  
 one,  
 If harm should hap to brother  
 John.  
 He is a man of mirthful speech,  
 Can many a game and gambol  
 teach :  
 Full well at tables can he play,  
 And sweep at bowls the stake  
 away.  
 None can a lustier carol bawl,  
 The needfullest among us all,  
 When time hangs heavy in the  
 hall,  
 And snow comes thick at  
 Christmas tide,  
 And we can neither hunt, nor  
 ride  
 A foray on the Scottish side.  
 The vow'd revenge of Bughtrig  
 rude,  
 May end in worse than loss of  
 hood.

Let Friar John, in safety, still  
 In chimney-corner snore his fill,  
 Roast hissing crabs, or flagons  
 swill :  
 Last night, to Norham there  
 came one,  
 Will better guide Lord  
 Marmion."—  
 " Nephew," quoth Heron, " by  
 my fay,  
 Well hast thou spoke ; say forth  
 thy say."—

## XXIII.

" Here is a holy Palmer come,  
 From Salem first, and last from  
 Rome ;  
 One, that hath kiss'd the blessed  
 tomb,  
 And visited each holy shrine,  
 In Araby and Palestine ;  
 On hills of Armenie hath been,  
 Where Noah's ark may yet be  
 sen ;  
 By that Red Sea, too, hath he  
 trod,  
 Which parted at the prophet's  
 rod ;  
 In Sinai's wilderness he saw  
 The Mount, where Israel heard  
 the law,  
 'Mid thunder-dint, and flashing  
 levin,  
 And shadows, mists, and dark-  
 ness, given.  
 He shows Saint James's cockle-  
 shell ;  
 Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell ;  
 And of that Grot where Olives  
 nod,  
 Where, darling to each heart and  
 eye,  
 From all the youth of Sicily,  
 Saint Rosalie retired to God <sup>106</sup>

## XXIV.

“To stout Saint George of  
Norwich merry,  
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,  
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint  
Bede,  
For his sins’ pardon hath he pray’d.  
He knows the passes of the North,  
And seeks far shrines beyond the  
Forth ;  
Little he eats, and long will wake,  
And drinks but of the stream or lake.  
This were a guide o’er moor and  
dale ;  
But, when our John hath quaff’d  
his ale,  
As little as the wind that blows,  
And warms itself against his nose,  
Kens he, or cares, which way he  
goes.”

## XXV.

“Gramercy !” quoth Lord Mar-  
mion,  
“Full loth were I, that Friar John,  
That venerable man, for me,  
Were placed in fear or jeopardy.  
If this same Palmer will me lead  
From hence to Holy-Rood,  
Like his good saint, I’ll pay his  
meed,  
Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,  
With angels fair and good.  
I love such holy rambles ; still  
They know to charm a weary hill,  
With song, romance, or lay :  
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,  
Some lying legend, at the least,  
They bring to cheer the way.”

## XXVI.

“Ah ! noble sir,” young Selby  
said,  
And finger on his lip he laid,

“This man knows much, per-  
chance e’en more  
Than he could learn by holy lore.  
Still to himself he’s muttering,  
And shrinks as at some unseen  
thing.  
Last night we listen’d at his  
cell ;  
Strange sounds we heard, and,  
sooth to tell,  
He murmur’d on till morn, how-  
e’er  
No living mortal could be near.  
Sometimes I thought I heard it  
plain,  
As other voices spoke again.  
I cannot tell—I like it not—  
Friar John hath told us it is wrote,  
No conscience clear, and void of  
wrong,  
Can rest awake, and pray so long.  
Himself still sleeps before his  
beads  
Have mark’d ten aves, and two  
creeds.”<sup>107</sup>

## XXVII.

“Let pass,” quoth Marmion ; “by  
my fay,  
This man shall guide me on my  
way,  
Although the great arch-fiend and  
he  
Had sworn themselves of com-  
pany.  
So please you, gentle youth, to  
call  
This Palmer<sup>108</sup> to the Castle-hall.”  
The summon’d Palmer came in  
place :  
His sable cowl o’erhung his face ;  
In his black mantle was he clad,  
With Peter’s keys, in cloth of red,  
On his broad shoulders wrought ;

The scallop shell his cap did  
deck ;  
The crucifix around his neck  
Was from Loretto brought ;  
His sandals were with travel  
tore,  
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he  
wore ;  
The faded palm-branch in his hand  
Show'd pilgrim from the Holy  
Land.

## XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in  
hall,  
Nor lord, nor knight, was there  
more tall,  
Or had a statelier step withal,  
Or look'd more high and keen ;  
For no saluting did he wait,  
But strode across the hall of  
state,  
And fronted Marmion where he  
sate,

As he his peer had been.  
But his gaunt frame was worn  
with toil ;  
His cheek was sunk, alas the  
while !  
And when he struggled at a  
smile,

His eye look'd haggard wild :  
Poor wretch ! the mother that him  
bare,  
If she had been in presence there,  
In his wan face, and sun-burn'd  
hair,

She had not known her child.  
Danger, long travel, want, or  
woe,  
Soon change the form that best  
we know—  
For deadly fear can time outgo,  
And blanch at once the hair ;

Hard toil can roughen form and  
face,  
And want can quench the eye's  
bright grace,  
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace  
More deeply than despair.  
Happy whom none of these befall,  
But this poor Palmer knew them  
all.

## XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did  
ask ;  
The Palmer took on him the task,  
So he would march with morning  
tide,  
To Scottish court to be his guide.  
“ But I have solemn vows to pay,  
And may not linger by the way,  
To fair St. Andrews bound,  
Within the ocean-cave to pray,  
Where good Saint Rule his holy  
lay,  
From midnight to the dawn of  
day,

Sung to the billows' sound ;<sup>109</sup>  
Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed  
well,  
Whose spring can frenzied dreams  
dispel,

And the crazed brain restore :<sup>110</sup>  
Saint Mary grant, that cave or  
spring  
Could back to peace my bosom  
bring,  
Or bid it throb no more ! ”

## XXX.

And now the midnight draught of  
sleep,  
Where wine and spices richly  
steep,  
In massive bowl of silver deep,  
The page presents on knee.

Lord Marmion drank a fair good  
rest,  
The Captain pledged his noble  
guest,  
The cup went through among the  
rest,  
Who drain'd it merrily ;  
Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,  
Though Selby press'd him  
courteously.  
This was a sign the feast was o'er ;  
It hush'd the merry wassel roar,  
The minstrels ceased to sound.  
Soon in the castle nought was  
heard,  
But the slow footstep of the guard,  
Pacing his sober round.

## XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion  
rose :  
And first the chapel doors unclose ;  
Then, after morning rites were  
done,  
(A hasty mass from Friar John,)  
And knight and squire had broke  
their fast,  
On rich substantial repast,  
Lord Marmion's bugles blew to  
horse :  
Then came the stirrup-cup in  
course :  
Between the Baron and his host,  
No point of courtesy was lost ;  
High thanks were by Lord  
Marmion paid,  
Solemn excuse the Captain made,  
Till, filing from the gate, had  
pass'd  
That noble train, their Lord the  
last.  
Then loudly rung the trumpet call ;  
Thunder'd the cannon from the  
wall,  
And shook the Scottish shore ;

Around the castle eddied slow,  
Volumes of smoke as white as  
snow,  
And hid its turrets hoar ;  
Till they roll'd forth upon the air,  
And met the river breezes there,  
Which gave again the prospect  
fair.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO  
SECOND.

TO THE

REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.

*Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.*

THE scenes are desert now, and  
bare,  
Where flourish'd once a forest  
fair,<sup>111</sup>  
When these waste glens with  
copse were lined,  
And peopled with the hart and  
hind.  
Yon Thorn — perchance whose  
prickly spears  
Have fenced him for three hundred  
years,  
While fell around his green  
compeers—  
Yon lonely Thorn, would he could  
tell  
The changes of his parent dell,  
Since he, so grey and stubborn  
now,  
Waved in each breeze a sapling  
bough ;  
Would he could tell how deep  
the shade  
A thousand mingled branches  
made ;  
How broad the shadows of the  
oak,  
How clung the rowan to the rock,



And through the foliage show'd  
 his head,  
 With narrow leaves and berries  
 red ;  
 What pines on every mountain  
 sprung,  
 O'er every dell what birches hung,  
 In every breeze what aspens  
 shook,  
 What alders shaded every brook !

“ Here, in my shade,” methinks  
 he'd say, .

“ The mighty stag at noon-tide  
 lay :

The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,  
 (The neighbouring dingle bears  
 his name,)

With lurching step around me  
 prowl,

And stop, against the moon to  
 howl ;

The mountain-boar, on battle  
 set,

His tusks upon my stem would  
 whet ;

While doe, and roe, and red-deer  
 good,

Have bounded by, through gay  
 green-wood.

Then oft, from Newark's riven  
 tower,

Sallied a Scottish monarch's  
 power :

A thousand vassals muster'd  
 round,

With horse, and hawk, and  
 horn, and hound ;

And I might see the youth intent,  
 Guard every pass with crossbow  
 bent ;

And through the brake the rangers  
 stalk,

And falc'ners hold the ready  
 hawk ;

And foresters, in green-wood  
 trim ;

Lead in the leash the gazehounds  
 grim,

Attentive, as the bratchet's bay  
 From the dark covert drove the  
 prey,

To slip them as he broke away.

The startled quarry bounds amain,

As fast the gallant greyhounds  
 strain ;

Whistles the arrow from the bow,

Answers the harquebuss below ;

While all the rocking hills reply,

To hoof-clang, hound, and

hunters' cry,

And bugles ringing lightsomely.”

Of such proud huntings, many  
 tales

Yet linger in our lonely dales,

Up pathless Etrick and on  
 Yarrow,

Where erst the outlaw drew his  
 arrow.

But not more blithe that silvan  
 court,

Than we have been at humbler  
 sport ;

Though small our pomp, and  
 mean our game,

Our mirth, dear Marriott, was  
 the same.

Remember'st thou my greyhounds  
 true ?

O'erholt or hill there never flew,  
 From slip or leash there never  
 sprang,

More fleet of foot, or sure of  
 fang.

Nor dull, between each merry  
 chase,

Pass'd by the intermitted space ;

For we had fair resource in store,  
 In Classic and in Gothic lore :

We mark'd each memorable scene,  
 And held poetic talk between ;  
 Nor hill, nor brook, we paced  
 along,  
 But had its legend or its song.  
 All silent now—for now are still  
 Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill !  
 No longer, from thy mountains  
 dun,  
 The yeoman hears the well-known  
 gun,  
 And while his honest heart glows  
 warm,  
 At thought of his paternal farm,  
 Round to his mates a brimmer  
 fills,  
 And drinks, "The Chieftain of  
 the Hills !"  
 No fairy forms, in Yarrow's  
 bowers,  
 Trip o'er the walks, or tend the  
 flowers,  
 Fair as the elves whom Janet  
 saw  
 By moonlight dance on Carter-  
 haugh ;  
 No youthful Baron 's left to grace  
 The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,  
 And ape, in manly step and tone,  
 The majesty of Oberon :  
 And she is gone, whose lovely  
 face  
 Is but her least and lowest grace ;  
 Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere  
 given,  
 To show our earth the charms of  
 Heaven,  
 She could not glide along the  
 air,  
 With form more light, or face  
 more fair.  
 No more the widow's deafen'd  
 ear  
 Grows quick that lady's step to  
 hear :

At noontide she expects her not,  
 Nor busies her to trim the cot ;  
 Pensive she turns her humming  
 wheel,  
 Or pensive cooks her orphans'  
 meal ;  
 Yet blesses, ere she deals their  
 bread,  
 The gentle hand by which they're  
 fed.

From Yair,—which hills so  
 closely bind,  
 Scarce can the Tweed his passage  
 find,  
 Though much he fret, and chafe,  
 and toil,  
 Till all his eddying currents  
 boil,—  
 Her long-descended lord is gone,  
 And left us by the stream alone.  
 And much I miss those sportive  
 boys,  
 Companions of my mountain joys,  
 Just at the age 'twixt boy and  
 youth,  
 When thought is speech, and  
 speech is truth.  
 Close to my side, with what  
 delight  
 They press'd to hear of Wallace  
 wight,  
 When, pointing to his airy mound,  
 I call'd his ramparts holy ground !  
 Kindled their brows to hear me  
 speak ;  
 And I have smiled, to feel my  
 cheek,  
 Despite the difference of our  
 years,  
 Return again the glow of theirs.  
 Ah, happy boys ! such feelings  
 pure,  
 They will not, cannot, long  
 endure ;

Condemn'd to stem the world's  
 rude tide,  
 You may not linger by the side ;  
 For Fate shall thrust you from  
 the shore,  
 And Passion ply the sail and oar.  
 Yet cherish the remembrance  
 still,  
 Of the lone mountain, and the rill ;  
 For trust, dear boys, the time  
 will come,  
 When fiercer transport shall be  
 dumb,  
 And you will think right fre-  
 quently,  
 But, well I hope, without a sigh,  
 On the free hours that we have  
 spent  
 Together, on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing on companions  
 gone,  
 We doubly feel ourselves alone,  
 Something, my friend, we yet  
 may gain ;  
 There is a pleasure in this pain :  
 It soothes the love of lonely rest,  
 Deep in each gentler heart im-  
 press'd.  
 'Tis silent amid worldly toils,  
 And stifled soon by mental broils ;  
 But, in a bosom thus prepared,  
 Its still small voice is often heard,  
 Whispering a mingled sentiment,  
 'Twixt resignation and content.  
 Oft in my mind such thoughts  
 awake,  
 By lone Saint Mary's silent lake ;<sup>112</sup>  
 Thou know'st it well,—nor fen,  
 nor sedge,  
 Pollute the pure lake's crystal  
 edge ;  
 Abrupt and sheer, the mountains  
 sink  
 At once upon the level brink ;

And just a trace of silver sand  
 Marks where the water meets the  
 land.  
 Far in the mirror, bright and  
 blue,  
 Each hill's huge outline you may  
 view ;  
 Shaggy with heath, but lonely  
 bare,  
 Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake,  
 is there,  
 Save where, of land, yon slender  
 line  
 Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd  
 pine.  
 Yet even this nakedness has  
 power,  
 And aids the feeling of the hour :  
 Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you  
 spy,  
 Where living thing conceal'd  
 might lie ;  
 Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,  
 Where swain, or woodman lone,  
 might dwell ;  
 There's nothing left to fancy's  
 guess,  
 You see that all is loneliness :  
 And silence aids—though the  
 steep hills  
 Send to the lake a thousand rills ;  
 In summer tide, so soft they  
 weep,  
 The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;  
 Your horse's hoof-tread sounds  
 too rude,  
 So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or  
 ear,  
 But well I ween the dead are  
 near ;  
 For though, in feudal strife, a  
 foe  
 Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,<sup>113</sup>

Yet still, beneath the hallow'd  
soil,  
The peasant rests him from his  
toil,  
And, dying, bids his bones be laid,  
Where erst his simple fathers  
pray'd.

If age had tamed the passions'  
strife,  
And fate had cut my ties to life,  
Here, have I thought, 'twere  
sweet to dwell,  
And rear again the chaplain's  
cell,  
Like that same peaceful hermitage,  
Where Milton long'd to spend his  
age.  
'Twere sweet to mark the setting  
day,  
On Bourhope's lonely top decay;  
And, as it faint and feeble died  
On the broad lake, and mountain's  
side,  
To say, "Thus pleasures fade  
away;  
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,  
And leave us dark, forlorn, and  
grey;"  
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd  
tower,  
And think on Yarrow's faded  
Flower:  
And when that mountain-sound I  
heard,  
Which bids us be for storm  
prepared,  
The distant rustling of his wings,  
As up his force the Tempest brings,  
'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors  
rave,  
To sit upon the Wizard's grave;  
That Wizard Priest's, whose  
bones are thrust  
From company of holy dust; <sup>114</sup>

On which no sunbeam ever  
shines—  
(So superstition's creed divines)—  
Thence view the lake, with sullen  
roar,  
Heave her broad billows to the  
shore;  
And mark the wild-swans mount  
the gale,  
Spread wide through mist their  
snowy sail,  
And ever stoop again, to lave  
Their bosoms on the surging  
wave:  
Then, when against the driving  
hail  
No longer might my plaid avail,  
Back to my lonely home retire,  
And light my lamp, and trim my  
fire;  
There ponder o'er some mystic  
lay,  
Till the wild tale had all its  
sway,  
And, in the bittern's distant  
shriek,  
I heard unearthly voices speak,  
And thought the Wizard Priest  
was come,  
To claim again his ancient home!  
And bade my busy fancy range,  
To frame him fitting shape and  
strange,  
Till from the task my brow I  
clear'd,  
And smiled to think that I had  
fear'd.

But chief, 'twere sweet to think  
such life,  
(Though but escape from fortune's  
strife,)  
Something most matchless good  
and wise,  
A great and grateful sacrifice:

And deem each hour to musing  
 given,  
 A step upon the road to heaven.

Yet him, whose heart is ill at  
 ease,  
 Such peaceful solitudes displease :  
 He loves to drown his bosom's jar  
 Amid the elemental war :  
 And my black Palmer's choice  
 had been  
 Some ruder and more savage  
 scene,  
 Like that which frowns round  
 dark Loch-skene.<sup>115</sup>  
 There eagles scream from isle to  
 shore ;  
 Down all the rocks the torrents  
 roar ;  
 O'er the black waves incessant  
 driven,  
 Dark mists infect the summer  
 heaven ;  
 Through the rude barriers of the  
 lake,  
 Away its hurrying waters break,  
 Faster and whiter dash and curl,  
 Till down yon dark abyss they  
 hurl.  
 Rises the fog-smoke white as  
 snow,  
 Thunders the viewless stream  
 below,  
 Diving, as if condemn'd to lave  
 Some demon's subterranean cave,  
 Who, prison'd by enchanter's  
 spell,  
 Shakes the dark rock with groan  
 and yell.  
 And well that Palmer's form and  
 mien  
 Had suited with the stormy scene,  
 Just on the edge, straining his  
 ken  
 To view the bottom of the den,

Where, deep deep down, and far  
 within,  
 Toils with the rocks the roaring  
 linn ;  
 Then, issuing forth one foamy  
 wave,  
 And wheeling round the Giant's  
 Grave,  
 White as the snowy charger's  
 tail,  
 Drives down the pass of Moffat-  
 dale.  
 Marriott, thy harp, on Isis  
 strung,  
 To many a Border theme has  
 rung :  
 Then list to me, and thou shalt  
 know  
 Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

## CANTO SECOND.

## The Convent.

## I.

THE breeze, which swept away  
 the smoke,  
 Round Norham Castle roll'd,  
 When all the loud artillery spoke,  
 With lightning-flash, and thunder-  
 stroke,  
 As Marmion left the Hold.  
 It curl'd not Tweed alone, that  
 breeze,  
 For, far upon Northumbrian seas,  
 It freshly blew, and strong,  
 Where, from high Whitby's  
 cloister'd pile,<sup>116</sup>  
 Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy  
 Isle,<sup>117</sup>  
 It bore a bark along.  
 Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,  
 And bounded o'er the swelling  
 tide,  
 As she were dancing home ;

The merry seamen laugh'd, to  
see

Their gallant ship so lustily  
Furrow the green sea-foam.

Much joy'd they in their honour'd  
freight ;

For, on the deck, in chair of  
state,

The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,  
With five fair nuns, the galley  
graced.

## II.

'Twas sweet to see these holy  
maids,

Like birds escaped to green-wood  
shades,

Their first flight from the cage,  
How timid, and how curious too,  
For all to them was strange and  
new,

And all the common sights they  
view,

Their wonderment engage.  
One eyed the shrouds and swelling  
sail,

With many a benedicite ;  
One at the rippling surge grew  
pale,

And would for terror pray ;  
Then shriek'd, because the sea-  
dog, nigh,

His round black head, and spark-  
ling eye,

Rear'd o'er the foaming spray ;  
And one would still adjust her  
veil,

Disorder'd by the summer gale,  
Perchance lest some more worldly  
eye

Her dedicated charms might spy ;  
Perchance, because such action  
graced

Her fair-turn'd arm and slender  
waist.

Light was each simple bosom  
there,

Save two, who ill might pleasure  
share,—

The Abbess, and the Novice  
Clare.

## III.

The Abbess was of noble blood,  
But early took the veil and hood,  
Ere upon life she cast a look,  
Or knew the world that she  
forsook.

Fair too she was, and kind had  
been

As she was fair, but ne'er had  
seen

For her a timid lover sigh,  
Nor knew the influence of her  
eye.

Love, to her ear, was but a  
name,

Combined with vanity and shame ;  
Her hopes, her fears, her joys,  
were all

Bounded within the cloister wall :  
The deadliest sin her mind could  
reach,

Was of monastic rule the breach ;  
And her ambition's highest aim  
To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.

For this she gave her ample  
dower,

To raise the convent's eastern  
tower ;

For this, with carving rare and  
quaint,

She deck'd the chapel of the  
saint,

And gave the relic-shrine of cost,  
With ivory and gems emboss'd.

The poor her Convent's bounty  
blest,

The pilgrim in its halls found  
rest.

## IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid  
 rule  
 Reform'd on Benedictine school ;  
 Her cheek was pale, her form  
 was spare ;  
 Vigils, and penitence austere,  
 Had early quench'd the light of  
 youth,  
 But gentle was the dame, in  
 sooth ;  
 Though vain of her religious  
 sway,  
 She loved to see her maids obey.  
 Yet nothing stern was she in cell,  
 And the nuns loved their Abbess  
 well.  
 Sad was this voyage to the  
 dame ;  
 Summon'd to Lindisfarne, she  
 came,  
 There, with Saint Cuthbert's  
 Abbot old,  
 And Tynemouth's Prioress, to  
 hold  
 A chapter of Saint Benedict,  
 For inquisition stern and strict,  
 On two apostates from the faith,  
 And, if need were, to doom to  
 death.

## V.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,  
 Save this, that she was young  
 and fair ;  
 As yet a novice unprofess'd,  
 Lovely and gentle, but distress'd.  
 She was betroth'd to one now  
 dead,  
 Or worse, who had dishonour'd  
 fled.  
 Her kinsmen bade her give her  
 hand  
 To one, who loved her for her  
 land :

Herself, almost heart-broken  
 now,  
 Was bent to take the vestal vow,  
 And shroud, within Saint Hilda's  
 gloom,  
 Her blasted hopes and wither'd  
 bloom.

## VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow,  
 And seem'd to mark the waves  
 below ;  
 Nay, seem'd, so fix'd her look  
 and eye,  
 To count them as they glided by.  
 She saw them not—'twas seem-  
 ing all—  
 Far other scene her thoughts  
 recall,—  
 A sun-scorch'd desert, waste and  
 bare,  
 Nor waves, nor breezes, murmur'd  
 there ;  
 There saw she, where some care-  
 less hand  
 O'er a dead corpse had heap'd  
 the sand,  
 To hide it till the jackals come,  
 To tear it from the scanty  
 tomb.—  
 See what a woful look was given,  
 As she raised up her eyes to  
 heaven !

## VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and dis-  
 tress'd—  
 These charms might tame the  
 fiercest breast :  
 Harpers have sung, and poets  
 told,  
 That he, in fury uncontroll'd,  
 The shaggy monarch of the wood,  
 Before a virgin, fair and good,  
 Hath pacified his savage mood.

But passions in the human frame,  
 Oft put the lion's rage to shame :  
 And jealousy, by dark intrigue,  
 With sordid avarice in league,  
 Had practised with their bowl  
 and knife,  
 Against the mourner's harmless  
 life.  
 This crime was charged 'gainst  
 those who lay  
 Prison'd in Cuthbert's islet grey.

## VIII.

And now the vessel skirts the  
 strand  
 Of mountainous Northumberland ;  
 Towns, towers, and halls, suc-  
 cessive rise,  
 And catch the nuns' delighted  
 eyes.  
 Monk-Wearmouth soon behind  
 them lay,  
 And Tynemouth's priory and  
 bay ;  
 They mark'd, amid her trees, the  
 hall  
 Of lofty Seaton-Delaval ;  
 They saw the Blythe and Wans-  
 beck floods  
 Rush to the sea through sound-  
 ing woods ;  
 They pass'd the tower of  
 Widderington,  
 Mother of many a valiant son ;  
 At Coquet-isle their beads they tell  
 To the good Saint who own'd the  
 cell ;  
 Then did the Alne attention claim,  
 And Warkworth, proud of Percy's  
 name ;  
 And next, they cross'd themselves,  
 to hear  
 The whitening breakers sound so  
 near,

Where, boiling through the rocks,  
 they roar,  
 On Dunstanborough's cavern'd  
 shore ;  
 Thy tower, proud Bamborough,  
 mark'd they there,  
 King Ida's castle, huge and  
 square,  
 From its tall rock look grimly  
 down,  
 And on the swelling ocean frown ;  
 Then from the coast they bore  
 away,  
 And reach'd the Holy Island's bay.

## IX.

The tide did now its flood-mark  
 gain,  
 And girdled in the Saint's domain :  
 For, with the flow and ebb, its style  
 Varies from continent to isle ;  
 Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every  
 day,  
 The pilgrims to the shrine find  
 way ;  
 Twice every day, the waves efface  
 Of staves and sandall'd feet the  
 trace.  
 As to the port the galley flew,  
 Higher and higher rose to view  
 The Castle with its battled walls,  
 The ancient Monastery's halls,  
 A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,  
 Placed on the margin of the isle.

## X.

In Saxon strength that Abbey  
 frown'd,  
 With massive arches broad and  
 round,  
 That rose alternate, row and  
 row,  
 On ponderous columns, short  
 and low,  
 Built ere the art was known,



By pointed aisle, and shafted  
stalk,  
The arcades of an alley'd walk  
To emulate in stone.  
On the deep walls, the heathen  
Dane  
Had pour'd his impious rage in  
vain ;  
And needful was such strength to  
these,  
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,  
Scourged by the winds' eternal  
sway,  
Open to rovers fierce as they,  
Which could twelve hundred years  
withstand  
Winds, waves, and northern  
pirates' hand.  
Not but that portions of the pile,  
Rebuilt in a later style,  
Show'd where the spoiler's hand  
had been ;  
Not but the wasting sea-breeze  
keen  
Had worn the pillar's carving  
quaint,  
And moulder'd in his niche the  
saint,  
And rounded, with consuming  
power,  
The pointed angles of each tower ;  
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,  
Like veteran, worn, but un-  
subdued.

## XI.

Soon as they near'd his turrets  
strong,  
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's  
song,  
And with the sea-wave and the  
wind,  
Their voices, sweetly shrill,  
combined,  
And made harmonious close ;

Then, answering from the sandy  
shore,  
Half-drown'd amid the breakers'  
roar,  
According chorus rose :  
Down to the haven of the Isle,  
The monks and nuns in order  
file,  
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim ;  
Banner, and cross, and relics  
there,  
To meet Saint Hilda's maids,  
they bare ;  
And, as they caught the sounds  
on air,  
They echoed back the hymn.  
The islanders, in joyous mood,  
Rush'd emulously through the  
flood,  
To hale the bark to land ;  
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,  
Signing the cross, the Abbess  
stood,  
And bless'd them with her hand.

## XII.

Suppose we now the welcome  
said,  
Suppose the Convent banquet  
made :  
All through the holy dome,  
Through cloister, aisle, and  
gallery,  
Wherever vestal maid might pry,  
Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye,  
The stranger sisters roam :  
Till fell the evening damp with  
dew,  
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly  
blew,  
For there, even summer night is  
chill.  
Then, having stray'd and gazed  
their fill,  
They closed around the fire ;

And all, in turn, essay'd to paint  
 The rival merits of their saint,  
 A theme that ne'er can tire  
 A holy maid ; for, be it known,  
 That their saint's honour is their  
 own.

## XIII.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting  
 told,  
 How to their house three Barons  
 bold

Must menial service do ;<sup>118</sup>  
 While horns blow out a note of  
 shame,  
 And monks cry " Fye upon your  
 name !

In wrath, for loss of silvan game,  
 Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."—

" This, on Ascension-day, each  
 year,

While labouring on our harbour-  
 pier,

Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy  
 hear."

They told, how in their convent-  
 cell

A Saxon princess once did dwell,  
 The lovely Edelfled ;<sup>119</sup>

And how, of thousand snakes,  
 each one

Was changed into a coil of stone,  
 When holy Hilda pray'd ;

Themselves, within their holy  
 bound,

Their stony folds had often found.  
 They told, how sea-fowls' pinions  
 fail,

As over Whitby's towers they  
 sail,<sup>120</sup>

And, sinking down, with flutter-  
 ings faint,

They do their homage to the  
 saint.

## XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's  
 daughters fail,

To vie with these in holy tale ;  
 His body's resting-place, of old,  
 How oft their patron changed,  
 they told ;<sup>121</sup>

How, when the rude Dane burn'd  
 their pile,

The monks fled forth from Holy  
 Isle ;

O'er northern mountain, marsh,  
 and moor,

From sea to sea, from shore to  
 shore,

Seven years Saint Cuthbert's  
 corpse they bore.

They rested them in fair  
 Melrose ;

But though, alive, he loved  
 it well,

Not there his relics might  
 repose ;

For, wondrous tale to tell !  
 In his stone-coffin forth he rides,

A ponderous bark for river tides,  
 Yet light as gossamer it glides,

Downward to Tilmouth cell.  
 Nor long was his abiding there,

For southward did the saint  
 repair ;

Chester-le-Street, and Rippon,  
 saw

His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw  
 Hail'd him with joy and fear ;

And, after many wanderings past,  
 He chose his lordly seat at last,

Where his cathedral, huge and  
 vast,

Looks down upon the Wear :  
 There, deep in Durham's Gothic  
 shade,

His relics are in secret laid ;  
 But none may know the place,

Save of his holiest servants three,  
 Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,  
 Who share that wondrous  
 grace.

## XV.

Who may his miracles declare !  
 Even Scotland's dauntless king,  
 and heir,  
 (Although with them they led  
 Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,  
 And Lodon's knights, all  
 sheathed in mail,  
 And the bold men of Teviotdale,  
 Before his standard fled.<sup>122</sup>  
 'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,  
 Edged Alfred's falchion on the  
 Dane,  
 And turn'd the Conqueror back  
 again,<sup>123</sup>  
 When, with his Norman bowyer  
 band,  
 He came to waste Northumber-  
 land.

## XVI.

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would  
 learn  
 If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,  
 Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to  
 frame  
 The sea-born beads that bear his  
 name :<sup>124</sup>  
 Such tales had Whitby's fishers  
 told,  
 And said they might his shape  
 behold,  
 And hear his anvil sound ;  
 A deaden'd clang,—a huge dim  
 form,  
 Seen but, and heard, when gather-  
 ing storm  
 And night were closing round.  
 But this, as tale of idle fame,  
 The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

## XVII.

While round the fire such legends  
 go,  
 Far different was the scene of woe,  
 Where, in a secret aisle beneath,  
 Council was held of life and death.  
 It was more dark and lone that  
 vault,  
 Than the worst dungeon cell :  
 Old Colwulf<sup>125</sup> built it, for his  
 fault,  
 In penitence to dwell,  
 When he, for cowl and beads, laid  
 down  
 The Saxon battle-axe and crown.  
 This den, which, chilling every  
 sense  
 Of feeling, hearing, sight,  
 Was call'd the Vault of Penitence,  
 Excluding air and light,  
 Was, by the prelate Sexhelm,  
 made  
 A place of burial for such dead,  
 As, having died in mortal sin,  
 Might not be laid the church  
 within.  
 'Twas now a place of punishment ;  
 Whence if so loud a shriek were  
 sent,  
 As reach'd the upper air,  
 The hearers bless'd themselves,  
 and said,  
 The spirits of the sinful dead  
 Bemoan'd their torments there.

## XVIII.

But though, in the monastic pile,  
 Did of this penitential aisle  
 Some vague tradition go,  
 Few only, save the Abbot, knew  
 Where the place lay ; and still  
 more few  
 Were those, who had from him  
 the clew  
 To that dread vault to go.

Victim and executioner  
 Were blindfold when transported  
 there.  
 In low dark rounds the arches  
 hung,  
 From the rude rock the side-walls  
 sprung ;  
 The grave-stones, rudely sculptured  
 o'er,  
 Half sunk in earth, by time half  
 wore,  
 Were all the pavement of the  
 floor ;  
 The mildew-drops fell one by one,  
 With tinkling splash, upon the  
 stone.  
 A cresset, in an iron chain,  
 Which served to light this drear  
 domain,  
 With damp and darkness seem'd  
 to strive,  
 As if it scarce might keep alive ;  
 And yet it dimly served to show  
 The awful conclave met below.

## XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,  
 Were placed the heads of convents  
 three :  
 All servants of Saint Benedict,  
 The statutes of whose order strict  
 On iron table lay ;  
 In long black dress, on seats of  
 stone,  
 Behind were these three judges  
 shown  
 By the pale cresset's ray :  
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda's,  
 there,  
 Sat for a space with visage  
 bare,  
 Until, to hide her bosom's swell,  
 And tear-drops that for pity fell,  
 She closely drew her veil :

Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,  
 By her proud mien and flowing  
 dress,  
 Is Tynemouth's haughty  
 prioress,<sup>126</sup>  
 And she with awe looks pale :  
 And he, that Ancient Man, whose  
 sight  
 Has long been quench'd by age's  
 night,  
 Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,  
 Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace, is  
 shown  
 Whose look is hard and stern,—  
 Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his  
 style ;  
 For sanctity call'd, through the  
 isle,  
 The Saint of Lindisfarne.

## XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair ;  
 But, though an equal fate they  
 share,  
 Yet one alone deserves our care.  
 Her sex a page's dress belied ;  
 The cloak and doublet, loosely  
 tied,  
 Obscured her charms, but could  
 not hide.  
 Her cap down o'er her face she  
 drew ;  
 And, on her doublet breast,  
 She tried to hide the badge of  
 blue,  
 Lord Marmion's falcon crest.  
 But, at the Prioress' command,  
 A Monk undid the silken band,  
 That tied her tresses fair,  
 And raised the bonnet from her  
 head,  
 And down her slender form they  
 spread,  
 In ringlets rich and rare.

Constance de Beverley they know,  
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,  
Whom the church number'd with  
the dead,  
For broken vows, and convent  
fled.

## XXI.

When thus her face was given to  
view,  
(Although so pallid was her hue,  
It did a ghastly contrast bear  
To those bright ringlets glistening  
fair,)  
Her look composed, and steady  
eye,  
Bespoke a matchless constancy ;  
And there she stood so calm and  
pale,  
That, but her breathing did not  
fail,  
And motion slight of eye and  
head,  
And of her bosom, warranted  
That neither sense nor pulse she  
lacks,  
You might have thought a form  
of wax,  
Wrought to the very life, was  
there ;  
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

## XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,  
Such as does murder for a  
meed ;  
Who, but of fear, knows no  
control,  
Because his conscience, sear'd  
and foul,  
Feels not the import of his deed ;  
One, whose brute-feeling ne'er  
aspires  
Beyond his own more brute  
desires.

Such tools the Tempter ever  
needs,  
To do the savagest of deeds ;  
For them no vision'd terrors  
daunt,  
Their nights no fancied spectres  
haunt,  
One fear with them, of all most  
base,  
The fear of death,—alone finds  
place.  
This wretch was clad in frock and  
cowl,  
And shamed not loud to moan  
and howl,  
His body on the floor to dash,  
And crouch, like hound beneath  
the lash ;  
While his mute partner, standing  
near,  
Waited her doom without a tear.

## XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch  
might shriek,  
Well might her paleness terror  
speak !  
For there were seen in that dark  
wall,  
Two niches, narrow, deep and  
tall ;—  
Who enters at such grisly door,  
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.  
In each a slender meal was laid,  
Of roots, of water, and of bread :  
By each, in Benedictine dress,  
Two haggard monks stood motion-  
less ;  
Who, holding high a blazing  
torch,  
Show'd the grim entrance of the  
porch :  
Reflecting back the smoky beam,  
The dark-red walls and arches  
gleam.

Hewn stones and cement were  
display'd,  
And building tools in order laid.

## XXIV.

These executioners were chose,  
As men who were with mankind  
foes,  
And with despite and envy fired,  
Into the cloister had retired ;  
Or who, in desperate doubt of  
grace,  
Strove, by deep penance, to  
efface  
Of some foul crime the stain ;  
For, as the vassals of her will,  
Such men the Church selected  
still,  
As either joy'd in doing ill,  
Or thought more grace to  
gain,  
If, in her cause, they wrestled  
down  
Feelings their nature strove to  
own.  
By strange device were they  
brought there,  
They knew not how, nor knew  
not where.

## XXV.

And now that blind old Abbot  
rose,  
To speak the Chapter's doom,  
On those the wall was to enclose,  
Alive, within the tomb ;<sup>127</sup>  
But stopp'd, because that woful  
Maid,  
Gathering her powers, to speak  
essay'd.  
Twice she essay'd, and twice in  
vain ;  
Her accents might no utterance  
gain ;

Nought but imperfect murmurs  
slip  
From her convulsed and quivering  
lip ;

'Twixt each attempt all was so  
still,

You seem'd to hear a distant  
rill—

'Twas ocean's swells and  
falls ;

For though this vault of sin  
and fear

Was to the sounding surge so  
near,

A tempest there you scarce  
could hear,

So massive were the walls.

## XXVI.

At length, an effort sent apart  
The blood that curdled to her  
heart,

And light came to her eye,  
And colour dawn'd upon her  
cheek,

A hectic and a flutter'd streak,  
Like that left on the Cheviot  
peak,

By Autumn's stormy sky ;  
And when her silence broke at  
length,

Still as she spoke she gather'd  
strength,

And arm'd herself to bear.

It was a fearful sight to see  
Such high resolve and constancy,  
In form so soft and fair.

## XXVII.

"I speak not to implore your  
grace,

Well know I, for one minute's  
space

Successless might I sue ;

Nor do I speak your prayers to  
gain ;  
For if a death of lingering pain,  
To cleanse my sins, be penance  
vain,

Vain are your masses too.  
I listen'd to a traitor's tale,  
I left the convent and the veil ;  
For three long years I bow'd my  
pride,

A horse-boy in his train to ride ;  
And well my folly's meed he gave,  
Who forfeited, to be his slave,  
All here, and all beyond the  
grave.

He saw young Clara's face more  
fair,

He knew her of broad lands the  
heir,

Forgot his vows, his faith fore-  
swore,

And Constance was beloved no  
more.

'Tis an old tale, and often  
told ;

But did my fate and wish  
agree,

Ne'er had been read, in story  
old,

Of maiden true betray'd for  
gold,

That loved, or was avenged,  
like me !

## XXVIII.

"The King approved his  
favourite's aim ;

In vain a rival barr'd his claim,  
Whose fate with Clare's was  
plight,

For he attains that rival's fame  
With treason's charge — and on  
they came,

In mortal lists to fight.

Their oaths are said,  
Their prayers are pray'd,  
Their lances in the rest are  
laid,

They meet in mortal shock ;  
And, hark ! the throng, with  
thundering cry,

Shout, ' Marmion, Marmion ! to  
the sky,

De Wilton to the block !'

Say ye, who preach Heaven shall  
decide

When in the lists two champions  
ride,

Say, was Heaven's justice  
here ?

When, loyal in his love and faith,  
Wilton found overthrow or death,

Beneath a traitor's spear ?

How false the charge, how true  
he fell,

This guilty packet best can  
tell."—

Then drew a packet from her  
breast,

Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke  
the rest.

## XXIX.

"Still was false Marmion's bridal  
staid ;

To Whitby's convent fled the  
maid,

The hated match to shun.

'Ho ! shifts she thus ?' King  
Henry cried,

'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy  
bride,

If she were sworn a nun.'

One way remain'd — the King's  
command

Sent Marmion to the Scottish  
land :

I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd  
For Clara and for me :

This caitiff Monk, for gold, did swear,  
 He would to Whitby's shrine repair,  
 And, by his drugs, my rival fair  
 A saint in heaven should be.  
 But ill the dastard kept his oath,  
 Whose cowardice has undone us both.

## XXX.

“And now my tongue the secret tells,  
 Not that remorse my bosom swells,  
 But to assure my soul that none  
 Shall ever wed with Marmion.  
 Had fortune my last hope betray'd,  
 This packet, to the King convey'd,  
 Had given him to the headsman's stroke,  
 Although my heart that instant broke.—  
 Now, men of death, work forth your will,  
 For I can suffer, and be still;  
 And come he slow, or come he fast,  
 It is but Death who comes at last.

## XXXI.

“Yet dread me, from my living tomb,  
 Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!  
 If Marmion's late remorse should wake,  
 Full soon such vengeance will he take,  
 That you shall wish the fiery Dan  
 Had rather been your guest  
 again.

Behind, a darker hour ascends!  
 The altars quake, the crosier bends,  
 The ire of a despotic King  
 Rides forth upon destruction's wing;  
 Then shall these vaults, so strong  
 and deep,  
 Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;  
 Some traveller then shall find my bones  
 Whitening amid disjointed stones,  
 And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,  
 Marvel such relics here should be.”

## XXXII.

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air:  
 Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair;  
 The locks, that wont her brow to shade,  
 Stared up erectly from her head;  
 Her figure seem'd to rise more high;  
 Her voice, despair's wild energy  
 Had given a tone of prophecy.  
 Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;  
 With stupid eyes, the men of fate  
 Gazed on the light inspired form,  
 And listen'd for the avenging storm;  
 The judges felt the victim's dread;  
 No hand was moved, no word was said,  
 Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,  
 Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—  
 “Sister, let thy sorrows cease;  
 Sinful brother, part in peace!”



From that dire dungeon, place  
 of doom,  
 Of execution too, and tomb,  
 Paced forth the judges three ;  
 Sorrow it were, and shame, to  
 tell  
 The butcher-work that there  
 befell,  
 When they had glided from the  
 oell  
 Of sin and misery.

## XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey  
 That conclave to the upper day ;  
 But, ere they breathed the fresher  
 air,  
 They heard the shriekings of  
 despair,  
 And many a stifled groan :  
 With speed their upward way  
 they take,  
 (Such speed as age and fear can  
 make,)  
 And cross'd themselves for  
 terror's sake,  
 As hurrying, tottering on :  
 Even in the vesper's heavenly  
 tone,  
 They seem'd to hear a dying  
 groan,  
 And bade the passing knell to toll  
 For welfare of a parting soul.  
 Slow o'er the midnight wave it  
 swung,  
 Northumbrian rocks in answer  
 rung ;  
 To Warkworth cell the echoes  
 roll'd,  
 His beads the wakeful hermit  
 told,  
 The Bamborough peasant raised  
 his head,  
 But slept ere half a prayer he  
 said ;

sc.

So far was heard the mighty  
 knell,  
 The stag sprung up on Cheviot  
 Fell,  
 Spread his broad nostril to the  
 wind,  
 Listed before, aside, behind,  
 Then couch'd him down beside  
 the hind,  
 And quaked among the mountain  
 fern,  
 To hear that sound so dull and  
 stern.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO  
 THIRD.

TO

WILLIAM ERSKINE, ESQ.

*Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.*

LIKE April morning clouds, that  
 pass,  
 With varying shadow, o'er the  
 grass,  
 And imitate, on field and furrow,  
 Life's chequer'd scene of joy and  
 sorrow ;  
 Like streamlet of the mountain  
 north,  
 Now in a torrent racing forth,  
 Now winding slow its silver train,  
 And almost slumbering on the  
 plain ;  
 Like breezes of the autumn day,  
 Whose voice inconstant dies  
 away,  
 And ever swells again as fast,  
 When the ear deems its murmur  
 past ;  
 Thus various, my romantic theme  
 Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning  
 dream.

D

Yet pleased, our eye pursues the  
trace  
Of Light and Shade's inconstant  
race ;

Pleased, views the rivulet afar,  
Weaving its maze irregular ;  
And pleased, we listen as the  
breeze

Heaves its wild sigh through  
Autumn trees ;

Then, wild as cloud, or stream,  
or gale,

Flow on, flow unconfined, my  
Tale !

Need I to thee, dear Erskine,  
tell

I love the license all too well,  
In sounds now lowly, and now  
strong,

To raise the desultory song ?—  
Oft, when 'mid such capricious  
chime,

Some transient fit of lofty rhyme  
To thy kind judgment seem'd  
excuse

For many an error of the muse,  
Oft hast thou said, " If, still mis-  
spent,

Thine hours to poetry are  
lent,

Go, and to tame thy wandering  
course,

Quaff from the fountain at the  
source ;

Approach those masters, o'er  
whose tomb

Immortal laurels ever bloom :  
Instructive of the feebler bard,  
Still from the grave their voice is  
heard ;

From them, and from the paths  
they show'd,

Choose honour'd guide and  
practised road ;

Nor ramble on through brake  
and maze,  
With harpers rude of barbarous  
days.

" Or deem'st thou not our later  
time

Yields topic meet for classic  
rhyme ?

Hast thou no elegiac verse  
For Brunswick's venerable hearse ?

What ! not a line, a tear, a sigh,  
When valour bleeds for liberty ?—

Oh, hero of that glorious time,  
When, with unrivall'd light  
sublime—

Though martial Austria, and  
though all

The might of Russia, and the  
Gaul,

Though banded Europe stood her  
foes—

The star of Brandenburgh arose !  
Thou couldst not live to see her  
beam

For ever quench'd in Jena's  
stream.

Lamented Chief !—it was not  
given

To thee to change the doom of  
Heaven,

And crush that dragon in its  
birth,

Predestined scourge of guilty  
earth.

Lamented Chief !—not thine the  
power,

To save in that presumptuous  
hour,

When Prussia hurried to the field,  
And snatch'd the spear, but left  
the shield !

Valour and skill 'twas thine to try,  
And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to  
die

Ill had it seem'd thy silver hair  
 The last, the bitterest pang to  
 share,  
 For princedoms reft, and  
 scutcheons riven,  
 And birthrights to usurpers given ;  
 Thy land's, thy children's wrongs  
 to feel,  
 And witness woes thou couldst  
 not heal !  
 On thee relenting Heaven bestows  
 For honour'd life an honour'd  
 close ;  
 And when revolves, in time's sure  
 change,  
 The hour of Germany's revenge,  
 When, breathing fury for her sake,  
 Some new Arminius shall awake,  
 Her champion, ere he strike,  
 shall come  
 To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK'S  
 tomb.

“Or of the Red-Cross hero  
 teach,  
 Dauntless in dungeon as on  
 breach :  
 Alike to him the sea, the shore,  
 The brand, the bridle, or the oar :  
 Alike to him the war that calls  
 Its votaries to the shatter'd walls,  
 Which the grim Turk, besmear'd  
 with blood,  
 Against the Invincible made good ;  
 Or that, whose thundering voice  
 could wake  
 The silence of the polar lake,  
 When stubborn Russ, and metal'd  
 Swede,  
 On the warp'd wave their death-  
 game play'd ;  
 Or that, where Vengeance and  
 Affright  
 Howl'd round the father of the  
 fight,

Who snatch'd, on Alexandria's  
 sand,  
 The conqueror's wreath with  
 dying hand.

“Or, if to touch such chord be  
 thine,  
 Restore the ancient tragic line,  
 And emulate the notes that  
 rung  
 From the wild harp, which silent  
 hung  
 By silver Avon's holy shore,  
 Till twice an hundred years roll'd  
 o'er ;  
 When she, the bold Enchantress,  
 came,  
 With fearless hand and heart on  
 flame !  
 From the pale willow snatch'd  
 the treasure,  
 And swept it with a kindred  
 measure,  
 Till Avon's swans, while rung the  
 grove  
 With Montfort's hate and Basil's  
 love,  
 Awakening at the inspired strain,  
 Deem'd their own Shakspeare  
 lived again.”

Thy friendship thus thy judg-  
 ment wronging,  
 With praises not to me belonging,  
 In task more meet for mightiest  
 powers,  
 Wouldst thou engage my thrift-  
 less hours.  
 But say, my Erskine, hast thou  
 weigh'd  
 That secret power by all  
 obey'd,  
 Which warps not less the passive  
 mind,  
 Its source conceal'd or undefined ;

Whether an impulse, that has  
birth

Soon as the infant wakes on earth,  
One with our feelings and our  
powers,

And rather part of us than ours ;  
Or whether fittier term'd the sway  
Of habit, form'd in early day ?

Howe'er derived, its force confest  
Rules with despotic sway the  
breast,

And drags us on by viewless  
chain,

While taste and reason plead in  
vain.

Look east, and ask the Belgian  
why,

Beneath Batavia's sultry sky,  
He seeks not eager to inhale  
The freshness of the mountain  
gale,

Content to rear his whiten'd wall  
Beside the dank and dull canal ?  
He'll say, from youth he loved to  
see

The white sail gliding by the tree.  
Or see yon weatherbeaten hind,  
Whose sluggish herds before him  
wind,

Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged  
cheek

His northern clime and kindred  
speak ;

Through England's laughing  
meads he goes,  
And England's wealth around  
him flows ;

Ask, if it would content him well,  
At ease in those gay plains to  
dwell,

Where hedge-rows spread a  
verdant screen,

And spires and forests intervene,  
And the neat cottage peeps  
between ?

No! not for these will he exchange  
His dark Lochaber's boundless  
range :

Not for fair Devon's meads forsake  
Bennevis grey, and Garry's lake.

Thus while I ape the measure  
wild

Of tales that charm'd me yet a  
child,

Rude though they be, still with  
the chime

Return the thoughts of early time ;  
And feelings, roused in life's first  
day,

Glow in the line, and prompt the  
lay.

Then rise those crags, that  
mountain tower,  
Which charm'd my fancy's waken-  
ing hour.

Though no broad river swept  
along,

To claim, perchance, heroic song ;  
Though sigh'd no groves in  
summer gale,

To prompt of love a softer tale ;  
Though scarce a puny streamlet's  
speed

Claim'd homage from a shepherd's  
reed ;

Yet was poetic impulse given,  
By the green hill and clear blue  
heaven.

It was a barren scene, and wild,  
Where naked cliffs were rudely  
piled ;

But ever and anon between  
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green ;  
And well the lonely infant knew

Recesses where the wall-flower  
grew,

And honey-suckle loved to crawl  
Up the low crag and ruin'd  
wall.

I deem'd such nooks the sweetest  
 shade  
 The sun in all its round survey'd ;  
 And still I thought that shatter'd  
 tower  
 The mightiest work of human  
 power ;  
 And marvell'd as the aged hind  
 With some strange tale bewitch'd  
 my mind,  
 Of forayers, who, with headlong  
 force,  
 Down from that strength had  
 spurr'd their horse,  
 Their southern rapine to renew,  
 Far in the distant Cheviots blue,  
 And, home returning, fill'd the  
 hall  
 With revel, wassel-rout, and  
 brawl.  
 Methought that still with trump  
 and clang,  
 The gateway's broken arches rang ;  
 Methought grim features, seam'd  
 with scars,  
 Glared through the window's  
 rusty bars,  
 And ever, by the winter hearth,  
 Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,  
 Of lovers' slights, of ladies'  
 charms,  
 Of witches' spells, of warriors'  
 arms ;  
 Of patriot battles, won of old  
 By Wallace wight and Bruce the  
 bold ;  
 Of later fields of feud and fight,  
 When, pouring from their High-  
 land height,  
 The Scottish clans, in headlong  
 sway,  
 Had swept the scarlet ranks away.  
 While stretch'd at length upon  
 the floor,  
 Again I fought each combat o'er,  
 Pebbles and shells, in order laid,  
 The mimic ranks of war display'd ;  
 And onward still the Scottish  
 Lion bore,  
 And still the scatter'd Southron  
 fled before.  
 Still, with vain fondness, could  
 I trace,  
 Anew, each kind familiar face,  
 That brighten'd at our evening  
 fire !  
 From the thatch'd mansion's  
 grey-hair'd Sire,  
 Wise without learning, plain and  
 good,  
 And sprung of Scotland's gentler  
 blood ;  
 Whose eye, in age, quick, clear,  
 and keen,  
 Show'd what in youth its glance  
 had been ;  
 Whose doom discording neigh-  
 bours sought,  
 Content with equity unbought ;  
 To him the venerable Priest,  
 Our frequent and familiar guest,  
 Whose life and manners well  
 could paint  
 Alike the student and the saint ;  
 Alas ! whose speech too oft I  
 broke  
 With gambol rude and timeless  
 joke :  
 For I was wayward, bold, and wild,  
 A self-will'd imp, a grandame's  
 child ;  
 But half a plague, and half a jest,  
 Was still endured, beloved,  
 caress'd.  
 For me, thus nurtured, dost  
 thou ask  
 The classic poet's well-conn'd  
 task ?

Nay, Erskine, nay—On the wild  
 hill  
 Let the wild heath-bell flourish  
 still ;  
 Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,  
 But freely let the woodbine twine,  
 And leave untrimm'd the eglan-  
 tine :  
 Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft  
 thy praise  
 Hath given fresh vigour to my  
 lays ;  
 Since oft thy judgment could  
 refine  
 My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous  
 line ;  
 Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,  
 And in the minstrel spare the  
 friend.  
 Though wild as cloud, as stream,  
 as gale,  
 Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my  
 Tale !

## CANTO THIRD.

## The Hostel, or Inn.

## I.

THE livelong day Lord Marmion  
 rode :  
 The mountain path the Palmer  
 show'd,  
 By glen and streamlet winded  
 still,  
 Where stunted birches hid the  
 rill.  
 They might not choose the low-  
 land road,  
 For the Merse forayers were  
 abroad,  
 Who, fired with hate and thirst  
 of prey,  
 Had scarcely fail'd to bar their  
 way.

Oft on the trampling band, from  
 crown  
 Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd  
 down ;  
 On wing of jet, from his repose  
 In the deep heath, the black-cock  
 rose ;  
 Sprung from the gorse the timid  
 roe,  
 Nor waited for the bending bow ;  
 And when the stony path began,  
 By which the naked peak they wan,  
 Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.  
 The noon had long been pass'd  
 before  
 They gain'd the height of  
 Lammermoor ;  
 Thence winding down the  
 northern way  
 Before them, at the close of day,  
 Old Gifford's towers and hamlet  
 lay.

## II.

No summons calls them to the  
 tower,  
 To spend the hospitable hour.  
 To Scotland's camp the Lord  
 was gone ;  
 His cautious dame, in bower  
 alone,  
 Dreaded her castle to uncloze,  
 So late, to unknown friends or  
 foes.  
 On through the hamlet as they  
 paced,  
 Before a porch, whose front  
 was graced  
 With bush and flagon trimly  
 placed,  
 Lord Marmion drew his rein :  
 The village inn seem'd large,  
 though rude ;<sup>128</sup>  
 Its cheerful fire and hearty food  
 Might well relieve his train.

Down from their seats the horse-  
men sprung,  
With jingling spurs the court-  
yard rung ;  
They bind their horses to the  
stall,  
For forage, food, and firing call,  
And various clamour fills the hall :  
Weighing the labour with the  
cost,  
Toils everywhere the bustling  
host.

## III.

Soon, by the chimney's merry  
blaze,  
Through the rude hostel might  
you gaze ;  
Might see, where, in dark nook  
aloof,  
The rafters of the sooty roof  
Bore wealth of winter cheer ;  
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands  
store,  
And gammons of the tusky boar,  
And savoury haunch of deer.  
The chimney arch projected wide ;  
Above, around it, and beside,  
Were tools for housewives'  
hand ;  
Nor wanted, in that martial day,  
The implements of Scottish fray,  
The buckler, lance, and brand.  
Beneath its shade, the place of  
state,  
On oaken settle Marmion sate,  
And view'd around the blazing  
hearth.  
His followers mix in noisy mirth ;  
Whom with brown ale, in jolly  
tide,  
From ancient vessels ranged  
aside,  
Full actively their host supplied.

## IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial  
breast,  
And laughter theirs at little jest ;  
And oft Lord Marmion deign'd  
to aid,  
And mingle in the mirth they  
made ;  
For though, with men of high  
degree,  
The proudest of the proud was he,  
Yet, train'd in camps, he knew  
the art  
To win the soldier's hardy heart.  
They love a captain to obey,  
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as  
May ;  
With open hand, and brow as  
free,  
Lover of wine and minstrelsy ;  
Ever the first to scale a tower,  
As venturous in a lady's bower :—  
Such buxom chief shall lead his  
host  
From India's fires to Zembla's  
frost.

## V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,  
Right opposite the Palmer  
stood ;  
His thin dark visage seen but  
half,  
Half hidden by his hood.  
Still fix'd on Marmion was his  
look,  
Which he, who ill such gaze could  
brook,  
Strove by a frown to quell ;  
But not for that, though more  
than once  
Full met their stern encountering  
glance,  
The Palmer's visage fell.

## VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd  
 Was heard the burst of laughter loud ;  
 For still, as squire and archer stared  
 On that dark face and matted beard,  
 Their glee and game declined.  
 All gazed at length in silence drear,  
 Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear  
 Some yoeman, wondering in his fear,  
 Thus whisper'd forth his mind :—  
 " Saint Mary ! saw'st thou e'er  
 such sight ?  
 How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,  
 Whene'er the firebrand's fickle light  
 Glances beneath his cowl !  
 Full on our Lord he sets his eye ;  
 For his best palfrey, would not I  
 Endure that sullen scowl."

## VII.

But Marmion, as to chase the awe  
 Which thus had quell'd their hearts, who saw  
 The ever-varying fire-light show  
 That figure stern and face of woe,  
 Now call'd upon a squire :—  
 " Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not  
 some lay,  
 To speed the lingering night  
 away ?  
 We slumber by the fire."—

## VIII.

" So please you," thus the youth  
 rejoin'd,  
 " Our choicest minstrel's left  
 behind.  
 Ill may we hope to please your ear,  
 Accustom'd Constant's strains to hear.  
 The harp full deftly can he strike,  
 And wake the lover's lute alike ;  
 To dear Saint Valentine, no thrush  
 Sings livelier from a spring-tide  
 bush,  
 No nightingale her love-lorn tune  
 More sweetly warbles to the moon.  
 Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,  
 Detains from us his melody,  
 Lavish'd on rocks, and billows stern,  
 Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.  
 Now must I venture, as I may,  
 To sing his favourite roundelay."

## IX.

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,  
 The air he chose was wild and sad ;  
 Such have I heard, in Scottish land,  
 Rise from the busy harvest band,  
 When falls before the mountaineer,  
 On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear.  
 Now one shrill voice the notes  
 prolong,  
 Now a wild chorus swells the  
 song :  
 Oft have I listen'd, and stood still,  
 As it came soften'd up the hill,  
 And deem'd it the lament of men  
 Who languish'd for their native  
 glen ;



And thought how sad would be  
 such sound  
 On Susquehana's swampy ground,  
 Kentucky's wood-encumber'd  
 brake,  
 Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,  
 Where heart-sick exiles, in the  
 strain,  
 Recall'd fair Scotland's hills  
 again!

## X.

## SONG.

Where shall the lover rest,  
 Whom the fates sever  
 From his true maiden's breast,  
 Parted for ever?  
 Where, through groves deep and  
 high,  
 Sounds the far billow,  
 Where early violets die,  
 Under the willow.

*Chorus.*

*Eleu loro, &c.* Soft shall be his  
 pillow.

There, through the summer day,  
 Cool streams are laving;  
 There, while the tempests sway,  
 Scarce are boughs waving;  
 There, thy rest shalt thou take,  
 Parted for ever,  
 Never again to wake,  
 Never, O never!

*Chorus.*

*Eleu loro, &c.* Never, O never!

## XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,  
 He, the deceiver,  
 Who could win maiden's breast,  
 Ruin, and leave her?

In the lost battle,  
 Borne down by the flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle  
 With groans of the dying.

*Chorus.*

*Eleu loro, &c.* There shall he be  
 lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap  
 O'er the false-hearted;  
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
 Ere life be parted.  
 Shame and dishonour sit  
 By his grave ever;  
 Blessing shall hallow it,—  
 Never, O never!

*Chorus.*

*Eleu loro, &c.* Never, O never!

## XII.

It ceased, the melancholy sound;  
 And silence sunk on all around.  
 The air was sad; but sadder  
 still

It fell on Marmion's ear,  
 And plain'd as if disgrace and  
 ill,

And shameful death, were near.  
 He drew his mantle past his face,  
 Between it and the band,  
 And rested with his head a space,  
 Reclining on his hand.

His thoughts I scan not; but I  
 ween,

That, could their import have  
 been seen,

The meanest groom in all the  
 hall,

That e'er tied courser to a stall,  
 Would scarce have wish'd to be  
 their prey,

For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

## XIII.

High minds, of native pride and  
force,  
Most deeply feel thy pangs,  
Remorse!  
Fear, for their scourge, mean  
villains have,  
Thou art the torturer of the  
brave!  
Yet fatal strength they boast to  
steel  
Their minds to bear the wounds  
they feel,  
Even while they writhe beneath  
the smart  
Of civil conflict in the heart.  
For soon Lord Marmion raised  
his head,  
And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace  
said,—

“Is it not strange, that, as ye  
sung,  
Seem'd in mine ear a death-peal  
rung,  
Such as in nunneries they toll  
For some departing sister's soul?  
Say, what may this portend?”—  
Then first the Palmer silence  
broke,  
(The livelong day he had not  
spoke,)  
“The death of a dear friend.”<sup>129</sup>

## XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart  
and eye  
Ne'er changed in worst extremity;  
Marmion, whose soul could  
scantly brook,  
Even from his King, a haughty  
look;  
Whose accent of command con-  
troll'd,  
In camps, the boldest of the bold—

Thought, look, and utterance  
fail'd him now,  
Fall'n was his glance, and flush'd  
his brow;  
For either in the tone,  
Or something in the Palmer's  
look,  
So full upon his conscience  
strook,  
That answer he found none.  
Thus oft it haps, that when within  
They shrink at sense of secret sin,  
A feather daunts the brave;  
A fool's wild speech confounds  
the wise,  
And proudest princes veil their  
eyes  
Before their meanest slave.

## XV.

Well might he falter!—By his aid  
Was Constance Beverley betray'd.  
Not that he augur'd of the doom,  
Which on the living closed the  
tomb:  
But, tired to hear the desperate  
maid  
Threaten by turns, beseech, up-  
braid;  
And wroth, because in wild  
despair,  
She practised on the life of Clare;  
Its fugitive the Church he gave,  
Though not a victim, but a slave;  
And deem'd restraint in convent  
strange  
Would hide her wrongs, and her  
revenge.  
Himself, proud Henry's favourite  
peer,  
Held Romish thunders idle fear,  
Secure his pardon he might hold,  
For some slight mulct of penance-  
gold.

Thus judging, he gave secret way,  
 When the stern priests surprised  
 their prey ;  
 His train but deem'd the favourite  
 page  
 Was left behind, to spare his age ;  
 Or other if they deem'd, none  
 dared  
 To mutter what he thought and  
 heard :  
 Woe to the vassal, who durst pry  
 Into Lord Marmion's privacy !

## XVI.

His conscience slept—he deem'd  
 her well,  
 And safe secured in distant cell ;  
 But, waken'd by her favourite lay,  
 And that strange Palmer's boding  
 say,  
 That fell so ominous and drear,  
 Full on the object of his fear,  
 To aid remorse's venom'd throes,  
 Dark tales of convent-vengeance  
 rose ;  
 And Constance, late betray'd and  
 scorn'd,  
 All lovely on his soul return'd ;  
 Lovely as when, at treacherous  
 call,  
 She left her convent's peaceful  
 wall,  
 Crimson'd with shame, with  
 terror mute,  
 Dreading alike escape, pursuit,  
 Till love, victorious o'er alarms,  
 Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

## XVII.

"Alas !" he thought, "how  
 changed that mien !  
 How changed these timid looks  
 have been,

Since years of guilt, and of dis-  
 guise,  
 Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd  
 her eyes !  
 No more of virgin terror speaks  
 The blood that mantles in her  
 cheeks ;  
 Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,  
 Frenzy for joy, for grief despair ;  
 And I the cause—for whom were  
 given  
 Her peace on earth, her hopes in  
 heaven !—  
 Would," thought he, as the  
 picture grows,  
 "I on its stalk had left the  
 rose !  
 Oh, why should man's success  
 remove  
 The very charms that wake his  
 love !—  
 Her convent's peaceful solitude  
 Is now a prison harsh and rude ;  
 And, pent within the narrow cell,  
 How will her spirit chafe and  
 swell !  
 How brook the stern monastic  
 laws !  
 The penance how—and I the  
 cause !—  
 Vigil and scourge—perchance  
 even worse !"—  
 And twice he rose to cry, "To  
 horse !"—  
 And twice his Sovereign's man-  
 date came,  
 Like damp upon a kindling flame ;  
 And twice he thought, "Gave I  
 not charge  
 She should be safe, though not  
 at large ?  
 They durst not, for their island,  
 shred  
 One golden ringlet from her  
 head."

## XVIII.

While thus in Marmion's bosom  
strove

Repentance and reviving love,  
Like whirlwinds, whose contend-  
ing sway

I've seen Lord Vennachar obey,  
Their Host the Palmer's speech  
had heard,

And, talkative, took up the word :  
"Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, who  
stray

From Scotland's simple land  
away,

To visit realms afar,  
Full often learn the art to know  
Of future weal, or future woe,

By word, or sign, or star ;  
Yet might a knight his fortune  
hear,

If, knight-like, he despises fear,  
Not far from hence ; — if fathers  
old

Aright our hamlet legend told."  
These broken words the menials  
move,

(For marvels still the vulgar love,)  
And, Marmion giving license  
cold,

His tale the host thus gladly  
told :—

## XIX.

## THE HOST'S TALE.

"A Clerk could tell what years  
have flown

Since Alexander fill'd our throne,  
(Third monarch of that warlike  
name,)

And eke the time when here he  
came

To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord :  
A braver never drew a sword ;

A wiser never, at the hour  
Of midnight, spoke the word of  
power :

The same, whom ancient records  
call

The founder of the Goblin-Hall.<sup>130</sup>  
I would, Sir Knight, your longer  
stay

Gave you that cavern to survey.  
Of lofty roof, and ample size,  
Beneath the castle deep it lies :

To hew the living rock profound,  
The floor to pave, the arch to  
round,

There never toil'd a mortal arm,  
It all was wrought by word and  
charm ;

And I have heard my grandsire  
say,

That the wild clamour and affray  
Of those dread artisans of hell,  
Who labour'd under Hugo's spell,  
Sounded as loud as ocean's war,  
Among the caverns of Dunbar.

## XX.

"The King Lord Gifford's castle  
sought,

Deep labouring with uncertain  
thought ;

Even then he muster'd all his host,  
To meet upon the western coast :  
For Norse and Danish galleys  
plied

Their oars within the frith of  
Clyde.

There floated Haco's banner  
trim,<sup>131</sup>

Above Norweyan warriors grim,  
Savage of heart, and large of  
limb ;

Threatening both continent and  
isle,

Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and  
Kyle.

Lord Gifford, deep beneath the  
ground,  
Heard Alexander's bugle sound,  
And tarried not his garb to  
change,  
But, in his wizard habit strange,<sup>132</sup>  
Came forth,—a quaint and fearful  
sight ;  
His mantle lined with fox-skins  
white ;  
His high and wrinkled forehead  
bore  
A pointed cap, such as of yore  
Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi  
wore :  
His shoes were mark'd with cross  
and spell,  
Upon his breast a pentacle ;<sup>133</sup>  
His zone, of virgin parchment  
thin,  
Or, as some tell, of dead man's  
skin,  
Bore many a planetary sign,  
Combust, and retrograde, and  
trine ;  
And in his hand he held prepared,  
A naked sword without a guard.

## XXI.

“Dire dealings with the fiendish  
race  
Had mark'd strange lines upon  
his face ;  
Vigil and fast had worn him  
grim,  
His eyesight dazzled seem'd and  
dim,  
As one unused to upper day ;  
Even his own menials with dismay  
Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly  
Sire,  
In his unwonted wild attire ;  
Unwonted, for traditions run,  
He seldom thus beheld the sun.

‘I know,’ he said—his voice was  
hoarse,  
And broken seem'd its hollow  
force,—  
‘I know the cause, although  
untold,  
Why the King seeks his vassal's  
hold :  
Vainly from me my liege would  
know  
His kingdom's future weal or  
woe ;  
But yet, if strong his arm and  
heart,  
His courage may do more than  
art.

## XXII.

“‘Of middle air the demons  
proud,  
Who ride upon the racking cloud,  
Can read, in fix'd or wandering  
star,  
The issue of events afar ;  
But still their sullen aid withhold,  
Save when by mightier force  
controll'd.  
Such late I summon'd to my hall ;  
And though so potent was the call,  
That scarce the deepest nook of  
hell  
I deem'd a refuge from the spell,  
Yet, obstinate in silence still,  
The haughty demon mocks my  
skill.  
But thou—who little know'st thy  
might,  
As born upon that blessed night<sup>134</sup>  
When yawning graves, and dying  
groan,  
Proclaim'd hell's empire over-  
thrown,—  
With untaught valour shalt  
compel  
Response denied to magic spell.’

'Gramercy,' quoth our Monarch  
 free,  
 'Place him but front to front  
 with me,  
 And, by this good and honour'd  
 brand,  
 The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,  
 Soothly I swear, that, tide what  
 tide,  
 The demon shall a buffet bide.'  
 His bearing bold the wizard  
 view'd,  
 And thus, well pleased, his speech  
 renew'd :—  
 'There spoke the blood of  
 Malcolm!—mark :  
 Forth pacing hence, at midnight  
 dark,  
 The rampart seek, whose circling  
 crown  
 Crests the ascent of yonder down :  
 A southern entrance shalt thou  
 find ;  
 There halt, and there thy bugle  
 wind,  
 And trust thine elfin foe to see,  
 In guise of thy worst enemy :  
 Couch then thy lance, and spur  
 thy steed—  
 Upon him ! and Saint George to  
 speed !  
 If he go down, thou soon shalt  
 know  
 Whate'er these airy sprites can  
 show ;—  
 If thy heart fail thee in the  
 strife,  
 I am no warrant for thy life.'

## XXIII.

"Soon as the midnight bell did  
 ring,  
 Alone, and arm'd, forth rode the  
 King

To that old camp's deserted  
 round :  
 Sir Knight, you well might mark  
 the mound,  
 Left hand the town,—the Pictish  
 race,  
 The trench, long since, in blood  
 did trace ;  
 The moor around is brown and  
 bare,  
 The space within is green and  
 fair.  
 The spot our village children  
 know,  
 For there the earliest wild-flowers  
 grow ;  
 But woe betide the wandering  
 wight,  
 That treads its circle in the night !  
 The breadth across, a bowshot  
 clear,  
 Gives ample space for full career :  
 Opposed to the four points of  
 heaven,  
 By four deep gaps are entrance  
 given.  
 The southernmost our Monarch  
 past,  
 Halted, and blew a gallant blast ;  
 And on the north, within the ring,  
 Appear'd the form of England's  
 King,  
 Who then, a thousand leagues  
 afar,  
 In Palestine waged holy war :  
 Yet arms like England's did he  
 wield,  
 Alike the leopards in the shield,  
 Alike his Syrian courser's frame,  
 The rider's length of limb the  
 same :  
 Long afterwards did Scotland  
 know,  
 Fell Edward was her deadliest  
 foe.

## XXIV.

"The vision made our Monarch  
 start,  
 But soon he mann'd his noble  
 heart,  
 And in the first career they ran,  
 The Elfin Knight fell, horse and  
 man ;  
 Yet did a splinter of his lance  
 Through Alexander's visor glance,  
 And razed the skin—a puny  
 wound.  
 The King, light leaping to the  
 ground,  
 With naked blade his phantom foe  
 Compell'd the future war to show.  
 Of Largs he saw the glorious  
 plain,  
 Where still gigantic bones  
 remain,  
 Memorial of the Danish war ;  
 Himself he saw, amid the field,  
 On high his brandish'd war-axe  
 wield,  
 And strike proud Haco from his  
 car,  
 While all around the shadowy  
 Kings  
 Denmark's grim ravens cower'd  
 their wings.  
 'Tis said, that, in that awful night,  
 Remoter visions met his sight,  
 Foreshowing future conquests far,  
 When our sons' sons wage  
 northern war ;  
 A royal city, tower and spire,  
 Redden'd the midnight sky with  
 fire,  
 And shouting crews her navy  
 bore,  
 Triumphant, to the victor shore.  
 Such signs may learned clerks  
 explain,  
 They pass the wit of simple swain.

## XXV.

"The joyful King turn'd home  
 again,  
 Headed his host, and quell'd the  
 Dane ;  
 But yearly, when return'd the  
 night  
 Of his strange combat with the  
 sprite,  
 His wound must bleed and  
 smart ;  
 Lord Gifford then would gibing  
 say,  
 ' Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay  
 The penance of your start.'  
 Long since, beneath Dunferm-  
 line's nave,  
 King Alexander fills his grave,  
 Our Lady give him rest !  
 Yet still the knightly spear and  
 shield  
 The Elfin Warrior doth wield,  
 Upon the brown hill's breast ;<sup>135</sup>  
 And many a knight hath proved  
 his chance,  
 In the charm'd ring to break a  
 lance,  
 But all have foully sped ;  
 Save two, as legends tell, and they  
 Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert  
 Hay.—  
 Gentles, my tale is said."

## XXVI.

The quaighs were deep, the liquor  
 strong,  
 And on the tale the yeoman-throng  
 Had made a comment sage and  
 long,  
 But Marmion gave a sign :  
 And, with their lord, the squires  
 retire ;  
 The rest, around the hostel fire,  
 Their drowsy limbs recline ;

For pillow, underneath each head,  
The quiver and the targe were  
laid.

Deep slumbering on the hostel  
floor,

Oppress'd with toil and ale, they  
snore :

The dying flame, in fitful change,  
Threw on the group its shadows  
strange.

## XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay  
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay ;  
Scarce, by the pale moonlight,  
were seen

The foldings of his mantle green :  
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will  
dream,

Of sport by thicket, or by stream.  
Of hawk or hound, of ring or  
glove,

Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.

A cautious tread his slumber  
broke,

And, close beside him, when he  
woke,

In moonbeam half, and half in  
gloom,

Stood a tall form, with nodding  
plume ;

But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,  
His master Marmion's voice he  
knew.

## XXVIII.

—"Fitz-Eustace! rise, I cannot  
rest ;

Yon churl's wild legend haunts  
my breast,

And graver thoughts have chafed  
my mood :

The air must cool my feverish  
blood ;

And fain would I ride forth, to  
see

The scene of elfin chivalry.

Arise, and saddle me my steed ;

And, gentle Eustace, take good  
heed

Thou dost not rouse these drowsy  
slaves ;

I would not, that the prating  
knaves

Had cause for saying, o'er their  
ale,

That I could credit such a  
tale."

Then softly down the steps they  
slid,

Eustace the stable door undid,

And, darkling, Marmion's steed  
array'd,

While, whispering, thus the  
Baron said :—

## XXIX.

"Did'st never, good my youth,  
hear tell,

That on the hour when I was  
born,

Saint George, who graced my  
sire's chapelle,

Down from his steed of marble  
fell,

A weary wight forlorn ?

The flattering chaplains all agree,  
The champion left his steed to  
me.

I would, the omen's truth to  
show,

That I could meet this Elfin  
Foe !

Blithe would I battle, for the  
right

To ask one question at the  
sprite :—



Vain thought! for elves, if elves  
 there be,  
 An empty race, by fount or sea,  
 To dashing waters dance and  
 sing,  
 Or round the green oak wheel  
 their ring.”  
 Thus speaking, he his steed  
 bestrode,  
 And from the hostel slowly rode.

## XXX

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad,  
 And mark'd him pace the village  
 road,  
 And listen'd to his horse's  
 tramp,  
 Till, by the lessening sound,  
 He judged that of the Pictish  
 camp  
 Lord Marmion sought the  
 round.  
 Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's  
 eyes,  
 That one, so wary held, and  
 wise,—  
 Of whom 'twas said, he scarce  
 received  
 For gospel, what the church  
 believed,—  
 Should, stirr'd by idle tale,  
 Ride forth in silence of the  
 night,  
 As hoping half to meet a sprite,  
 Array'd in plate and mail.  
 For little did Fitz-Eustace know,  
 That passions, in contending  
 flow,  
 Unfix the strongest mind;  
 Wearied from doubt to doubt to  
 flee,  
 We welcome fond credulity,  
 Guide confident, though blind.

## XXXI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,  
 But, patient, waited till he heard,  
 At distance, prick'd to utmost  
 speed,  
 The foot-tramp of a flying steed,  
 Come town-ward rushing on;  
 First, dead, as if on turf it  
 trode,  
 Then, clattering on the village  
 road,—  
 In other pace than forth he  
 yode,  
 Return'd Lord Marmion.  
 Down hastily he sprung from  
 selle,  
 And, in his haste, wellnigh he  
 fell;  
 To the squire's hand the rein he  
 threw,  
 And spoke no word as he with-  
 drew:  
 But yet the moonlight did betray,  
 The falcon-crest was soil'd with  
 clay;  
 And plainly might Fitz-Eustace  
 see,  
 By stains upon the charger's  
 knee,  
 And his left side, that on the  
 moor  
 He had not kept his footing  
 sure.  
 Long musing on these wondrous  
 signs,  
 At length to rest the squire  
 reclines,  
 Broken and short; for still,  
 between,  
 Would dreams of terror inter-  
 vene:  
 Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark  
 The first notes of the morning  
 lark.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO  
FOURTH.

TO  
JAMES SKENE, ESQ.

*Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.*

AN ancient Minstrel sagely said,  
"Where is the life which late we  
led?"  
That motley clown in Arden  
wood,  
Whom humorous Jacques with  
envy view'd,  
Not even that clown could  
amplify,  
On this trite text, so long as I.  
Eleven years we now may tell,  
Since we have known each other  
well;  
Since, riding side by side, our  
hand  
First drew the voluntary brand;  
And sure, through many a varied  
scene,  
Unkindness never came between.  
Away these winged years have  
flown,  
To join the mass of ages gone;  
And though deep mark'd, like all  
below,  
With chequer'd shades of joy and  
woe;  
Though thou o'er realms and seas  
hast ranged,  
Mark'd cities lost, and empires  
changed,  
While here, at home, my narrower  
ken  
Somewhat of manners saw, and  
men;  
Though varying wishes, hopes,  
and fears,  
Fever'd the progress of these  
years,

Yet now, days, weeks, and  
months, but seem  
The recollection of a dream,  
So still we glide down to the  
sea  
Of fathomless eternity.

Even now it scarcely seems a  
day,  
Since first I tuned this idle lay;  
A task so often thrown aside,  
When leisure graver cares denied,  
That now, November's dreary  
gale,  
Whose voice inspir'd my opening  
tale,  
That same November gale once  
more  
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow  
shore.  
Their vex'd boughs streaming to  
the sky,  
Once more our naked birches  
sigh,  
And Blackhouse heights, and  
Ettrick Pen,  
Have donn'd their wintry shrouds  
again:  
And mountain dark, and flooded  
mead,  
Bid us forsake the banks of  
'Tweed.  
Earlier than wont along the sky,  
Mix'd with the rack, the snow  
mists fly;  
The shepherd, who in summer  
sun,  
Had something of our envy won,  
As thou with pencil, I with pen,  
The features traced of hill and  
glen;—  
He who, outstretch'd the livelong  
day,  
At ease among the heath-flowers  
lay,

View'd the light clouds with  
vacant look,  
Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd  
book,  
Or idly busied him to guide  
His angle o'er the lessen'd tide;—  
At midnight now, the snowy plain  
Finds sterner labour for the  
swain.

When red hath set the beamless  
sun,  
Through heavy vapours dark and  
dun;  
When the tired ploughman, dry  
and warm,  
Hears, half asleep, the rising  
storm  
Hurling the hail, and sleeted  
rain,  
Against the casement's tinkling  
pane;  
The sounds that drive wild deer,  
and fox,  
To shelter in the brake and  
rocks,  
Are warnings which the shepherd  
ask  
To dismal and to dangerous task.  
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in  
vain,  
The blast may sink in mellowing  
rain;  
Till, dark above, and white below,  
Decided drives the flaky snow,  
And forth the hardy swain must  
go.  
Long, with dejected look and  
whine,  
To leave the hearth his dogs  
repine;  
Whistling and cheering them to  
aid,  
Around his back he wreathes the  
plaid :

His flock he gathers, and he  
guides,  
To open downs, and mountain-  
sides,  
Where fiercest though the tem-  
pest blow,  
Least deeply lies the drift below.  
The blast, that whistles o'er the  
fells,  
Stiffens his locks to icicles ;  
Oft he looks back, while stream-  
ing far,  
His cottage window seems a  
star,—  
Loses its feeble gleam,—and then  
Turns patient to the blast again,  
And, facing to the tempest's  
sweep,  
Drives through the gloom his  
lagging sheep.  
If fails his heart, if his limbs  
fail,  
Benumbing death is in the gale :  
His paths, his landmarks, all  
unknown,  
Close to the hut, no more his  
own,  
Close to the aid he sought in  
vain,  
The morn may find the stiffen'd  
swain :<sup>136</sup>  
The widow sees, at dawning pale,  
His orphans raise their feeble  
wail :  
And, close beside him, in the  
snow,  
Poor Yarrow, partner of their  
woe,  
Couches upon his master's breast,  
And licks his cheek to break his  
rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's  
lot,  
His healthy fare, his rural cot,

His summer couch by greenwood  
tree,  
His rustic kirk's loud revelry,  
His native hill-notes, tuned on  
high,  
To Marion of the blithesome eye ;  
His crook, his scrip, his oaten  
reed,  
And all Arcadia's golden creed ?

Changes not so with us, my  
Skene,  
Of human life the varying scene ?  
Our youthful summer oft we see  
Dance by on wings of game and  
glee,  
While the dark storm reserves  
its rage,  
Against the winter of our age :  
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,  
His manhood spent in peace and  
joy ;  
But Grecian fires, and loud alarms,  
Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms.  
Then happy those, since each must  
drain  
His share of pleasure, share of  
pain,—  
Then happy those, beloved of  
Heaven,  
To whom the mingled cup is  
given ;  
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,  
Whose joys are chasten'd by  
their grief.  
And such a lot, my Skene, was  
thine,  
When thou of late, wert doom'd  
to twine,—  
Just when thy bridal hour was  
by,—  
The cypress with the myrtle tie.  
just on thy bride her Sire had  
smiled,  
And bless'd the union of his child,

When love must change its  
joyous cheer,  
And wipe affection's filial tear.  
Nor did the actions next his end,  
Speak more the father than the  
friend :  
Scarce had lamented Forbes<sup>137</sup>  
paid  
The tribute to his Minstrel's  
shade ;  
The tale of friendship scarce was  
told,  
Ere the narrator's heart was  
cold—  
Far may we search before we find  
A heart so manly and so kind !  
But not around his honour'd urn,  
Shall friends alone and kindred  
mourn ;  
The thousand eyes his care had  
dried,  
Pour at his name a bitter tide ;  
And frequent falls the grateful  
dew,  
For benefits the world ne'er  
knew.  
If mortal charity dare claim  
The Almighty's attributed name,  
Inscribe above his mouldering clay,  
"The widow's shield, the orphan's  
stay."  
Nor, though it wake thy sorrow,  
deem  
My verse intrudes on this sad  
theme ;  
For sacred was the pen that  
wrote,  
"Thy father's friend forget thou  
not :"  
And grateful title may I plead,  
For many a kindly word and  
deed,  
To bring my tribute to his  
grave :—  
'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.

To thee, perchance, this ram-  
 bling strain  
 Recalls our summer walks again ;  
 When, doing nought,—and, to  
 speak true,  
 Not anxious to find aught to do,—  
 The wild unbounded hills we  
 ranged,  
 While oft our talk its topic  
 changed,  
 And, desultory as our way,  
 Ranged, unconfined, from grave  
 to gay.  
 Even when it flagg'd, as oft will  
 chance,  
 No effort made to break its  
 trance,  
 We could right pleasantly pursue  
 Our sports in social silence  
 too ;  
 Thou gravely labouring to portray  
 The blighted oak's fantastic spray ;  
 I spelling o'er, with much delight,  
 The legend of that antique  
 knight,  
 Tirante by name, yclep'd the  
 White.  
 At either's feet a trusty squire,  
 Pandour and Camp, with eyes of  
 fire,  
 Jealous, each other's motions  
 view'd,  
 And scarce suppress'd their ancient  
 feud.  
 The laverock whistled from the  
 cloud ;  
 The stream was lively, but not  
 loud ;  
 From the white thorn the May-  
 flower shed  
 Its dewy fragrance round our  
 head :  
 Not Ariel lived more merrily  
 Under the blossom'd bough, than  
 we.

And blithesome nights, too,  
 have been ours,  
 When Winter stript the summer's  
 bowers.  
 Careless we heard, what now I  
 hear,  
 The wild blast sighing deep and  
 drear,  
 When fires were bright, and lamps  
 beam'd gay,  
 And ladies tuned the lovely lay ;  
 And he was held a laggard soul,  
 Who shunn'd to quaff the  
 sparkling bowl.  
 Then he, whose absence we  
 deplore,  
 Who breathes the gales of  
 Devon's shore,  
 The longer miss'd, bewail'd the  
 more ;  
 And thou, and I, and dear-loved  
 R—,  
 And one whose name I may not  
 say,—  
 For not Mimosa's tender tree  
 Shrinks sooner from the touch  
 than he,—  
 In merry chorus well combined,  
 With laughter drown'd the  
 whistling wind.  
 Mirth was within ; and Care with-  
 out  
 Might gnaw her nails to hear our  
 shout.  
 Not but amid the buxom scene  
 Some grave discourse might  
 intervene—  
 Of the good horse that bore him  
 best,  
 His shoulder, hoof, and arching  
 crest :  
 For, like mad Tom's, our chiefest  
 care,  
 Was horse to ride, and weapon  
 wear.

Such nights we've had ; and,  
 though the game  
 Of manhood be more sober tame,  
 And though the field-day, or the  
 drill,  
 Seem less important now — yet  
 still  
 Such may we hope to share again.  
 The sprightly thought inspires my  
 strain !  
 And mark, how, like a horseman  
 true,  
 Lord Marmion's march I thus  
 renew.

## CANTO FOURTH.

## The Camp.

## I.

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark  
 The first notes of the merry lark.  
 The lark sang shrill, the cock he  
 crew,  
 And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,  
 And with their light and lively  
 call,  
 Brought groom and yeoman to  
 the stall.

Whistling they came, and free  
 of heart,  
 But soon their mood was  
 changed ;  
 Complaint was heard on every  
 part,  
 Of something disarranged.  
 Some clamour'd loud for armour  
 lost ;  
 Some brawl'd and wrangled with  
 the host ;  
 "By Becket's bones," cried one,  
 "I fear,  
 That some false Scot has stolen  
 my spear!"—

Young Blount, Lord Marmion's  
 second squire,  
 Found his steed wet with sweat  
 and mire ;  
 Although the rated horse-boy  
 sware,  
 Last night he dress'd him sleek  
 and fair.  
 While chafed the impatient squire  
 like thunder,  
 Old Hubert shouts, in fear and  
 wonder,—  
 "Help, gentle Blount ! help,  
 comrades all !  
 Bevis lies dying in his stall :  
 To Marmion who the plight dare  
 tell,  
 Of the good steed he loves so  
 well ?"  
 Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw  
 The charger panting on his straw ;  
 Till one, who would seem wisest,  
 cried,—  
 "What else but evil could betide,  
 With that cursed Palmer for our  
 guide ?  
 Better we had through mire and  
 bush  
 Been lantern-led by Friar Rush."<sup>138</sup>

## II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but  
 guess'd,  
 Nor wholly understood,  
 His comrades' clamorous plaints  
 suppress'd ;  
 He knew Lord Marmion's  
 mood.  
 Him, ere he issued forth, he  
 sought,  
 And found deep plunged in  
 gloomy thought,  
 And did his tale display  
 Simply as if he knew of nought  
 To cause such disarray.

Lord Marmion gave attention  
 cold,  
 Nor marvell'd at the wonders  
 told,—  
 Pass'd them as accidents of course,  
 And bade his clarions sound to  
 horse.

## III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile,  
 the cost  
 Had reckon'd with their Scottish  
 host ;  
 And, as the charge he cast and  
 paid,  
 " Ill thou deserv'st thy hire," he  
 said ;  
 " Dost see, thou knave, my horse's  
 plight ?  
 Fairies have ridden him all the  
 night,  
 And left him in a foam !  
 I trust that soon a conjuring band,  
 With English cross, and blazing  
 brand,  
 Shall drive the devils from this  
 land,  
 To their infernal home :  
 For in this haunted den, I trow,  
 All night they trample to and  
 fro."—  
 The laughing host look'd on the  
 hire,—  
 " Gramercy, gentle southern  
 squire,  
 And if thou comest among the  
 rest,  
 With Scottish broadsword to be  
 blest,  
 Sharp be the brand, and sure the  
 blow,  
 And short the pang to undergo."  
 Here stay'd their talk,—for  
 Marmion  
 Gave now the signal to set on.

The Palmer showing forth the  
 way,  
 They journey'd all the morning  
 day.

## IV.

The green-sward way was smooth  
 and good,  
 Through Humbie's and through  
 Saltoun's wood ;  
 A forest glade, which, varying  
 still,  
 Here gave a view of dale and hill,  
 There narrower closed, till over  
 head  
 A vaulted screen the branches  
 made.  
 " A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace  
 said ;  
 " Such as where errant-knights  
 might see  
 Adventures of high chivalry ;  
 Might meet some damsel flying  
 fast,  
 With hair unbound, and looks  
 aghast ;  
 And smooth and level course were  
 here,  
 In her defence to break a spear.  
 Here, too, are twilight nooks and  
 dells ;  
 And oft, in such, the story tells,  
 The damsel kind, from danger  
 freed,  
 Did grateful pay her champion's  
 meed."  
 He spoke to cheer Lord Mar-  
 mion's mind :  
 Perchance to show his lore de-  
 sign'd ;  
 For Eustace much had pored  
 Upon a huge romantic tome,  
 In the hall window of his home,  
 Imprinted at the antique dome  
 Of Caxton, or De Worde.

Therefore he spoke,—but spoke  
in vain,  
For Marmion answer'd nought  
again.

## V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets  
shrill,  
In notes prolong'd by wood and  
hill,

Were heard to echo far ;

Each ready archer grasp'd his  
bow,

But by the flourish soon they  
know,

They breathed no point of war.  
Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,  
Lord Marmion's order speeds the  
band,

Some opener ground to gain ;  
And scarce a furlong had they  
rode,

When thinner trees, receding,  
show'd

A little woodland plain.

Just in that advantageous glade,  
The halting troop a line had  
made,

As forth from the opposing shade  
Issued a gallant train.

## VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose  
clang

So late the forest echoes rang ;

On prancing steeds they forward  
press'd,

With scarlet mantle, azure vest ;  
Each at his trump a banner wore,

Which Scotland's royal scutcheon  
bore :

Heralds and pursuivants, by name  
Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Roth-  
say, came,

In painted tabards, proudly  
showing

Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure  
glowing,

Attendant on a King-at-arms,  
Whose hand the armorial trun-  
cheon held

That feudal strife had often  
quell'd,

When wildest its alarms.

## VII.

He was a man of middle age ;  
In aspect manly, grave, and  
sage,

As on King's errand come ;  
But in the glances of his eye,

A penetrating, keen, and sly  
Expression found its home ;

The flash of that satiric rage,  
Which, bursting on the early  
stage,

Branded the vices of the age,  
And broke the keys of  
Rome.

On milk-white palfrey forth he  
paced ;

His cap of maintenance was  
graced

With the proud heron-plume.  
From his steed's shoulder, loin,  
and breast,

Silk housings swept the  
ground,

With Scotland's arms, device,  
and crest,

Embroider'd round and  
round.

The double tressure might you  
see,

First by Achaius borne,  
The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,  
And gallant unicorn.



Sobright the King's armorial coat,  
 That scarce the dazzled eye could  
     note,  
 In living colours, blazon'd brave,  
 The Lion, which his title gave,  
 A train, which well beseem'd his  
     state,  
 But all unarm'd, around him wait.  
 Still is thy name in high  
     account,  
 And still thy verse has  
     charms,  
 Sir David Lindesay of the  
 Mount,  
 Lord Lion King-at-arms !<sup>139</sup>

## VIII.

Down from his horse did Marmion  
     spring,  
 Soon as he saw the Lion-King ;  
 For well the stately Baron knew  
 To him such courtesy was due,  
 Whom royal James himself had  
     crown'd,  
 And on his temples placed the  
     round  
 Of Scotland's ancient diadem :  
 And wet his brow with hallow'd  
     wine,  
 And on his finger given to shine  
     The emblematic gem.  
 Their mutual greetings duly made,  
 The Lion thus his message  
     said :—  
 " Though Scotland's King hath  
     deeply swore  
 Ne'er to knit faith with Henry  
     more,  
 And strictly hath forbid resort  
 From England to his royal court ;  
 Yet, for he knows Lord Mar-  
     mion's name,  
 And honours much his warlike  
     fame,

My liege hath deem'd it shame,  
     and lack  
 Of courtesy, to turn him back ;  
 And, by his order, I, your guide,  
 Must lodging fit and fair provide,  
 Till finds King James meet time  
     to see  
 The flower of English chivalry."

## IX.

Though inly chafed at this delay,  
 Lord Marmion bears it as he  
     may,  
 The Palmer, his mysterious  
     guide,  
 Beholding thus his place supplied,  
 Sought to take leave in vain :  
 Strict was the Lion-King's com-  
     mand,  
 That none, who rode in Marmion's  
     band,  
 Should sever from the train :  
 " England has here enow of spies  
 In Lady Heron's witching eyes :"  
 To Marchmount thus, apart, he  
     said,  
 But fair pretext to Marmion made.  
 The right hand path they now  
     decline,  
 And trace against the stream the  
     Tyne.

## X.

At length up that wild dale they  
     wind,  
 Where Crichtoun Castle<sup>140</sup>  
     crowns the bank ;  
 For there the Lion's care assigned  
 A lodging meet for Marmion's  
     rank.  
 That Castle rises on the steep  
 Of the green vale of Tyne :  
 And far beneath, where slow they  
     creep,

From pool to eddy, dark and deep,  
Where alders moist, and willows weep,

You hear her streams repine.  
The towers in different ages rose ;  
Their various architecture shows  
The builders' various hands ;  
A mighty mass, that could oppose,  
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,  
The vengeful Douglas bands.

## XI.

Crichtoun ! though now thy miry court  
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,  
Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep,  
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.  
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,  
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,  
Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,  
Quarter'd in old armorial sort,  
Remains of rude magnificence.  
Nor wholly yet had time defaced  
Thy lordly gallery fair ;  
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,  
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,  
Adorn thy ruin'd stair.  
Still rises unimpair'd below,  
The court-yard's graceful portico ;  
Above its cornice, row and row  
Of fair hewn facets richly show  
Their pointed diamond form,  
Though there but houseless cattle go,  
To shield them from the storm.

And, shuddering, still may we explore,  
Where oft whilom were captives pent,  
The darkness of thy Massy More ;  
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,  
May trace, in undulating line,  
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

## XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,  
As through its portal Marmion rode ;  
But yet 'twas melancholy state  
Received him at the outer gate ;  
For none were in the Castle then,  
But women, boys, or aged men.  
With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame,  
To welcome noble Marmion, came ;  
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,  
Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold ;  
For each man that could draw a sword  
Had march'd that morning with their lord,  
Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died †  
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side.  
Long may his Lady look in vain !  
She ne'er shall see his gallant train,  
Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.  
'Twas a brave race, before the name  
Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

## XIII.

And here two days did Marmion  
rest,

With every rite that honour  
claims,

Attended as the King's own  
guest:—

Such the command of Royal  
James,

Who marshal'd then his land's  
array,

Upon the Borough-moor that lay.  
Perchance he would not foeman's  
eye

Upon his gathering host should  
pry,

Till full prepared was every band  
To march against the English  
land.

Here while they dwelt, did  
Lindesay's wit

Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit ;  
And, in his turn, he knew to prize  
Lord Marmion's powerful mind,  
and wise.—

Train'd in the lore of Rome and  
Greece,

And policies of war and peace.

## XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second  
night,

That on the battlements they  
walk'd,

And, by the slowly fading light,  
Of varying topics talked ;

And, unaware, the Herald-bard  
Said, Marmion might his toil have  
spared,

In travelling so far ;

For that a messenger from heaven  
In vain to James had counsel given  
Against the English war ;<sup>141</sup>

And, closer question'd, thus he told  
A tale, which chronicles of old  
In Scottish story have enroll'd :—

## XV.

## SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE.

“ Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
In Scotland, far beyond compare  
Linlithgow is excelling ;  
And in its park in jovial June,  
How sweet the merry linnet's  
tune,

How blithe the blackbird's lay !  
The wild-buck-bells<sup>142</sup> from ferny  
brake,

The coot dives merry on the  
lake,

The saddest heart might pleasure  
take

To see all nature gay.

But June is to our sovereign dear  
The heaviest month in all the  
year :

Too well his cause of grief you  
know,

June saw his father's overthrow.<sup>143</sup>  
Woe to the traitors, who could  
bring

The princely boy against his  
King !

Still in his conscience burns the  
sting.

In offices as strict as Lent,  
King James's June is ever spent.

## XVI.

“ When last this ruthless month  
was come,

And in Linlithgow's holy dome  
The King, as wont, was pray-  
ing ;

While, for his royal father's soul,  
The chanters sung, the bells did  
toll,

The Bishop mass was saying—  
For now the year brought round  
again

The day the luckless king was  
slain—

In Katharine's aisle the Monarch  
knelt,

With sackcloth-shirt, and iron  
belt,

And eyes with sorrow stream-  
ing ;

Around him in their stalls of state,  
The Thistle's Knight-Companions  
sate,

Their banners o'er them beam-  
ing.

I too was there, and, sooth to  
tell,

Bedeafen'd with the jangling  
knell,

Was watching where the sun-  
beams fell,

Through the stain'd casement  
gleaming ;

But, while I marked what next  
befell,

It seem'd as I were dreaming.

Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly  
wight,

In azure gown, with cincture  
white ;

His forehead bald, his head was  
bare,

Down hung at length his yellow  
hair.—

Now, mock me not, when, good  
my Lord,

I pledge to you my knightly word,  
That, when I saw his placid grace,

His simple majesty of face,  
His solemn bearing, and his pace

So stately gliding on,—

Seem'd to me ne'er did limner  
paint

So just an image of the Saint,  
Who propp'd the Virgin in her  
faint,—

The loved Apostle John !

## XVII.

“ He stepp'd before the Monarch's  
chair,

And stood with rustic plainness  
there,

And little reverence made ;

Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor  
bent,

But on the desk his arm he leant,

And words like these he said,

In a low voice, but never tone,  
So thrill'd through vein, and  
nerve, and bone :—

‘ My mother sent me from afar,  
Sir King, to warn thee not to  
war,—

Woe waits on thine array ;

If war thou wilt, of woman fair,  
Her witching wiles and wanton  
snare,

James Stuart, doubly warn'd, be-  
ware :

God keep thee as he may !’—

The wondering Monarch  
seem'd to seek

For answer, and found  
none ;

And when he raised his head  
to speak,

The monitor was gone.

The Marshal and myself had cast  
To stop him as he outward pass'd ;  
But, lighter than the whirlwind's  
blast,

He vanish'd from our eyes,  
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,  
‘ That glances but, and dies.’ ”

## XVIII.

While Lindesay told his marvel  
 strange,  
 The twilight was so pale,  
 He mark'd not Marmion's  
 colour change,  
 While listening to the tale ;  
 But, after a suspended pause,  
 The Baron spoke : — " Of  
 Nature's laws  
 So strong I held the force,  
 That never superhuman cause  
 Could e'er control their  
 course.  
 And, three days since, had judged  
 your aim  
 Was but to make your guest your  
 game.  
 But I have seen, since past the  
 Tweed,  
 What much has changed my  
 sceptic creed,  
 And made me credit aught."—He  
 staid,  
 And seem'd to wish his words  
 unsaid :  
 But, by that strong emotion  
 press'd,  
 Which prompts us to unload our  
 breast,  
 Even when discovery's pain,  
 To Lindesay did at length un-  
 fold  
 The tale his village host had  
 told,  
 At Gifford, to his train.  
 Nought of the Palmer says he  
 there,  
 And nought of Constance, or of  
 Clare ;  
 The thoughts, which broke his  
 sleep, he seems  
 To mention but as feverish  
 dreams.

## XIX.

"In vain," said he, "to rest I  
 spread  
 My burning limbs, and couch'd  
 my head :  
 Fantastic thoughts return'd ;  
 And, by their wild dominion led,  
 My heart within me burn'd.  
 So sore was the delirious goad,  
 I took my steed, and forth I rode,  
 And, as the moon shone bright and  
 cold,  
 Soon reach'd the camp upon the  
 wold.  
 The southern entrance I pass'd  
 through,  
 And halted, and my bugle blew.  
 Methought an answer met my  
 ear,—  
 Yet was the blast so low and drear,  
 So hollow, and so faintly blown,  
 It might be echo of my own.

## XX.

"Thus judging, for a little space  
 I listen'd, ere I left the place ;  
 But scarce could trust my eyes,  
 Nor yet can think they served me  
 true,  
 When sudden in the ring I view,  
 In form distinct of shape and hue,  
 A mounted champion rise.—  
 I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a  
 day,  
 In single fight, and mix'd affray,  
 And ever, I myself may say,  
 Have borne me as a knight ;  
 But when this unexpected foe  
 Seem'd starting from the gulf  
 below,—  
 I care not though the truth I  
 show,—  
 I trembled with affright ;

And as I placed in rest my  
spear,  
My hand so shook for very  
fear,  
I scarce could couch it right.

## XXI.

“ Why need my tongue the issue  
tell?

We ran our course,—my charger  
fell ;—

What could he 'gainst the shock  
of hell ?—

I roll'd upon the plain.

High o'er my head, with threaten-  
ing hand,

The spectre shook his naked  
brand,—

Yet did the worst remain :

My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—  
Not opening hell itself could  
blast

Their sight, like what I saw !

Full on his face the moonbeam  
strook,—

A face could never be mistook !

I knew the stern vindictive  
look,

And held my breath for awe.

I saw the face of one who, fled  
To foreign climes, has long been  
dead,—

I well believe the last ;

For ne'er, from vizor raised, did  
stare

A human warrior, with a glare  
So grimly and so ghast.

Thrice o'er my head he shook the  
blade ;

But when to good Saint George I  
pray'd,

(The first time ere I ask'd his  
aid,)

He plunged it in the sheath ;

And, on his courser mounting  
light,

He seem'd to vanish from my  
sight :

The moonbeam droop'd, and  
deepest night

Sunk down upon the heath.—

'Twere long to tell what cause  
I have

To know his face, that met  
me there,

Call'd by his hatred from the  
grave,

To cumber upper air :

Dead or alive, good cause had he  
To be my mortal enemy.”

## XXII.

Marvell'd Sir David of the  
Mount ;

Then, learn'd in story, 'gan re-  
count

Such chance had happ'd of old,  
When once, near Norham, there  
did fight,

A spectre fell of fiendish might,  
In likeness of a Scottish knight,

With Brian Bulmer bold,

And train'd him nigh to disallow  
The aid of his baptismal vow.

“ And such a phantom, too, 'tis  
said,

With Highland broadsword,  
targe, and plaid,

And fingers, red with gore,

Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,  
Or where the sable pine-trees  
shade

Dark Tomantoul, and Auchna-  
slaid,

Dromouchty, or Glenmore.

And yet, whate'er such legends say,  
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,

On mountain, moor, or plain,

Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,  
 True son of chivalry should hold,  
 These midnight terrors vain ;  
 For seldom have such spirits  
 power  
 To harm, save in the evil hour,  
 When guilt we meditate within,  
 Or harbour unrepented sin."—  
 Lord Marmion turn'd him half  
 aside,  
 And twice to clear his voice he  
 tried,  
 Then press'd Sir David's  
 hand,—  
 But nought, at length, in answer  
 said ;  
 And here their farther converse  
 staid,  
 Each ordering that his band  
 Should bowne them with the  
 rising day,  
 To Scotland's camp to take their  
 way.—  
 Such was the King's command.

## XXIII.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road,  
 And I could trace each step they  
 trode.  
 Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock,  
 nor stone,  
 Lies on the path to me unknown.  
 Much might it boast of storied  
 lore ;  
 But, passing such digression  
 o'er,  
 Suffice it that the route was laid  
 Across the furzy hills of Braid.  
 They pass'd the glen and scanty  
 rill,  
 And climb'd the opposing bank,  
 until  
 They gain'd the top of Blackford  
 Hill.

## XXIV.

Blackford ! on whose uncultured  
 breast,  
 Among the broom, and thorn,  
 and whin,  
 A truant-boy, I sought the nest,  
 Or listed, as I lay at rest,  
 While rose, on breezes thin,  
 The murmur of the city crowd,  
 And, from his steeple jangling  
 loud,  
 Saint Giles's mingling din.  
 Now, from the summit to the  
 plain,  
 Waves all the hill with yellow  
 grain ;  
 And o'er the landscape as I  
 look,  
 Nought do I see unchanged  
 remain,  
 Save the rude cliffs and chim-  
 ing brook.  
 To me they make a heavy moan,  
 Of early friendships past and  
 gone.

## XXV.

But different far the change has  
 been,  
 Since Marmion, from the crown  
 Of Blackford, saw that martial  
 scene  
 Upon the bent so brown :  
 Thousand pavilions, white as  
 snow,  
 Spread all the Borough-moor  
 below,<sup>144</sup>  
 Upland, and dale, and down :—  
 A thousand did I say ? I ween,  
 Thousands on thousands there  
 were seen,  
 That chequer'd all the heath  
 between  
 The streamlet and the town ;

In crossing ranks extending  
 far,  
 Forming a camp irregular ;  
 Oft giving way, where still there  
 stood  
 Some relics of the old oak wood,  
 That darkly huge did intervene,  
 And tamed the glaring white with  
 green :  
 In these extended lines there  
 lay  
 A martial kingdom's vast array.

## XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with  
 rain,  
 To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,  
 And from the southern Redwire  
 edge,  
 To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge ;  
 From west to east, from south to  
 north,  
 Scotland sent all her warriors  
 forth.  
 Marmion might hear the mingled  
 hum  
 Of myriads up the mountain  
 come ;  
 The horses' tramp, and tingling  
 clank,  
 Where chiefs review'd their  
 vassal rank,  
 And charger's shrilling neigh ;  
 And see the shifting lines ad-  
 vance,  
 While frequent flash'd, from  
 shield and lance,  
 The sun's reflected ray.

## XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,  
 The wreaths of failing smoke  
 declare

To embers now the brands  
 decay'd,  
 Where the night-watch their fires  
 had made.  
 They saw, slow rolling on the  
 plain,  
 Full many a baggage-cart and  
 wain,  
 And dire artillery's clumsy car,  
 By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war ;  
 And there were Borthwick's  
 Sisters Seven,  
 And culverins which France had  
 given.  
 Ill-omen'd gift ! the guns remain  
 The conqueror's spoil on Flodden  
 plain.

## XXVIII.

Nor mark'd they less, where in  
 the air  
 A thousand streamers flaunted  
 fair ;  
 Various in shape, device, and  
 hue,  
 Green, sanguine, purple, red,  
 and blue,  
 Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and  
 square,  
 Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol,  
 there  
 O'er the pavilions flew.<sup>145</sup>  
 Highest and midmost, was de-  
 scribed  
 The royal banner floating wide ;  
 The staff, a pine-tree, strong  
 and straight,  
 Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,  
 Which still in memory is shown,  
 Yet bent beneath the standard's  
 weight  
 Whene'er the western wind  
 unroll'd,  
 With toil, the huge and cum-  
 brous fold,



And gave to view the dazzling  
field,  
Where, in proud Scotland's royal  
shield,  
The ruddy lion ramp'd in  
gold.<sup>146</sup>

## XXIX.

Lord Marmion view'd the land-  
scape bright,—  
He view'd it with a chief's de-  
light,—  
Until within him burn'd his  
heart,  
And lightning from his eye did  
part,  
As on the battle-day ;  
Such glance did falcon never  
dart,  
When stooping on his  
prey.  
"Oh ! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou  
said,  
Thy King from warfare to dis-  
suade  
Were but a vain essay :  
For, by St. George, were that  
host mine,  
Not power infernal nor divine,  
Should once to peace my soul  
incline,  
Till I had dimm'd their armour's  
shine  
In glorious battle-fray !"  
Answer'd the Bard, of milder  
mood :  
"Fair is the sight, — and yet  
'twere good,  
That kings would think withal,  
When peace and wealth their  
land has bless'd,  
'Tis better to sit still at rest,  
Than rise, perchance to  
fall."

SC.

## XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion  
stay'd,  
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.  
When sated with the martial  
show  
That peopled all the plain  
below,  
The wandering eye could o'er  
it go,  
And mark the distant city glow  
With gloomy splendour red ;  
For on the smoke-wreaths,  
huge and slow,  
That round her sable turrets  
flow,  
The morning beams were  
shed,  
And tinged them with a lustre  
proud,  
Like that which streaks a  
thunder-cloud.  
Such dusky grandeur clothed the  
height,  
Where the huge Castle holds its  
state,  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the  
sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and  
high,  
Mine own romantic town !  
But northward far, with purer  
blaze,  
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
And as each heathy top they  
kissed,  
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.  
Yonder the shores of Fife you  
saw ;  
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-  
Law :  
And, broad between them  
roll'd,

E

The gallant Frith the eye might  
 note,  
 Whose islands on its bosom float,  
 Like emeralds chased in gold.  
 Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely  
 pent ;  
 As if to give his rapture vent,  
 The spur he to his charger lent,  
 And raised his bridle hand,  
 And, making demi-volte in air,  
 Cried, "Where's the coward that  
 would not dare  
 To fight for such a land !"  
 The Lindesay smiled his joy to  
 see ;  
 Nor Marmion's frown repress'd  
 his glee.

## XXXI.

Thus while they look'd, a flourish  
 proud,  
 Where mingled trump, and clarion  
 loud,  
 And fife, and kettle-drum,  
 And sackbut deep, and psaltery,  
 And war-pipe with discordant cry,  
 And cymbal clattering to the  
 sky,  
 Making wild music bold and high,  
 Did up the mountain come ;  
 The whilst the bells, with distant  
 chime,  
 Merrily toll'd the hour of prime,  
 And thus the Lindesay spoke :  
 "Thus clamour still the war-  
 notes when  
 The king to mass his way has  
 ta'en,  
 Or to St. Katharine's of Sienne,  
 Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.  
 To you they speak of martial  
 fame ;  
 But me remind of peaceful game,  
 When blither was their cheer,

Thrilling in Falkland-woods the  
 air,  
 In signal none his steed should  
 spare,  
 But strive which foremost might  
 repair  
 To the downfall of the deer.

## XXXII.

"Nor less," he said, — "when  
 looking forth,  
 I view yon Empress of the North  
 Sit on her hilly throne ;  
 Her palace's imperial bowers,  
 Her castle, proof to hostile  
 powers,  
 Her stately halls and holy  
 towers—  
 Nor less," he said, "I moan,  
 To think what woe mischance  
 may bring,  
 And how these merry bells may  
 ring  
 The death-dirge of our gallant  
 king ;  
 Or with the larum call  
 The burghers forth to watch and  
 ward,  
 'Gainst southern sack and fires to  
 guard  
 Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall.—  
 But not for my presaging thought,  
 Dream conquest sure, or cheaply  
 bought !  
 Lord Marmion, I say nay :  
 God is the guider of the field,  
 He breaks the champion's spear  
 and shield,—  
 But thou thyself shalt say,  
 When joins yon host in deadly  
 stowre,  
 That England's dames must weep  
 in bower,  
 Her monks the death-mass sing ;

For never saw'st thou such a  
power

Led on by such a King."—

And now, down winding to the  
plain,

The barriers of the camp they  
gain,

And there they made a stay.—

There stays the Minstrel, till he  
fling

His hand o'er every Border string,  
And fit his harp the pomp to

sing,

Of Scotland's ancient Court and  
King,

In the succeeding lay.

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

TO

GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

*Edinburgh.*

WHEN dark December glooms  
the day,

And takes our autumn joys  
away ;

When short and scant the sun-  
beam throws,

Upon the weary waste of snows,  
A cold and profitless regard,

Like patron on a needy bard ;

When silvan occupation's done,

And o'er the chimney rests the  
gun,

And hang, in idle trophy, near,

The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and  
spear ;

When wiry terrier, rough and  
grim,

And greyhound, with his length  
of limb,

And pointer, now employ'd no  
more,

Cumber our parlour's narrow  
floor ;

When in his stall the impatient  
steed

Is long condemn'd to rest and  
feed ;

When from our snow-encircled  
home,

Scarce cares the hardiest step to  
roam,

Since path is none, save that to  
bring

The needful water from the  
spring ;

When wrinkled news-page, thrice  
conn'd o'er,

Beguiles the dreary hour no more,  
And darkling politician, cross'd,

Inveighs against the lingering  
post,

And answering housewife sore  
complains

Of carriers' snow-impeded wains ;  
When such the country cheer, I

come,

Well pleased, to seek our city  
home ;

For converse, and for books, to  
change

The Forest's melancholy range,  
And welcome, with renew'd delight,

The busy day and social night.

Not here need my desponding  
rhyme

Lament the ravages of time,  
As erst by Newark's riven towers,

And Ettrick stripp'd of forest  
bowers.

True, — Caledonia's Queen is  
changed,<sup>147</sup>

Since on her dusky summit  
ranged,

Within its steepy limits pent,  
 By bulwark, line, and battlement,  
 And flanking towers, and laky  
 flood,  
 Guarded and garrison'd she stood,  
 Denying entrance or resort,  
 Save at each tall embattled port ;  
 Above whose arch, suspended,  
 hung  
 Portcullis spiked with iron prong.  
 That long is gone,—but not so  
 long,  
 Since, early closed, and opening  
 late,  
 Jealous revolved the studded  
 gate,  
 Whose task, from eve to morning  
 tide,  
 A wicket churlishly supplied.  
 Stern then, and steel-girt was thy  
 brow,  
 Dun-Edin ! O, how alter'd now,  
 When safe amid thy mountain  
 court  
 Thou sit'st, like Empress at her  
 sport,  
 And liberal, unconfined, and free,  
 Flinging thy white arms to the  
 sea,  
 For thy dark cloud, with umber'd  
 lower,  
 That hung o'er cliff, and lake,  
 and tower,  
 Thou gleam'st against the western  
 ray  
 Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

Not she, the Championess of old,  
 In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,  
 She for the charmed spear re-  
 nown'd,  
 Which forced each knight to kiss  
 the ground,—  
 Not she more changed, when,  
 placed at rest,

What time she was Malbecco's  
 guest,  
 She gave to flow her maiden vest ;  
 When from the corslet's grasp  
 relieved,  
 Free to the sight her bosom  
 heaved ;  
 Sweet was her blue eye's modest  
 smile,  
 Erst hidden by the aventayle ;  
 And down her shoulders graceful  
 roll'd  
 Her locks profuse, of paly gold.  
 They who whilom, in midnight  
 fight,  
 Had marvell'd at her matchless  
 might,  
 No less her maiden charms ap-  
 proved,  
 But looking liked, and liking  
 loved.  
 The sight could jealous pangs  
 beguile,  
 And charm Malbecco's cares a  
 while ;  
 And he, the wandering Squire of  
 Dames,  
 Forgot his Columbella's claims,  
 And passion, erst unknown, could  
 gain  
 The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane ;  
 Nor durst light Paridel advance,  
 Bold as he was, a looser glance.  
 She charm'd, at once, and tamed  
 the heart,  
 Incomparable Britomarte !

So thou, fair City ! disarray'd  
 Of battled wall, and rampart's aid,  
 As stately seem'st, but lovelier  
 far  
 Than in that panoply of war.  
 Nor deem that from thy fenceless  
 throne  
 Strength and security are flown ;

Still, as of yore, Queen of the  
North!

Still canst thou send thy children  
forth.

Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call  
Thy burghers rose to man thy  
wall,

Than now, in danger, shall be  
thine,

Thy dauntless voluntary line;  
For fosse and turret proud to  
stand,

Their breasts the bulwarks of the  
land.

Thy thousands, train'd to martial  
toil,

Full red would stain their native  
soil,

Ere from thy mural crown there fell  
The slightest knosp, or pinnacle.

And if it come,—as come it may,  
Dun-Edin! that eventful day,—  
Renown'd for hospitable deed,  
That virtue much with Heaven  
may plead,

In patriarchal times whose care  
Descending angels deign'd to  
share;

That claim may wrestle blessings  
down

On those who fight for The Good  
Town,

Destined in every age to be  
Refuge of injured royalty;

Since first, when conquering York  
arose,

To Henry meek she gaverepose,<sup>148</sup>  
Till late, with wonder, grief, and  
awe,

Great Bourbon's relics, sad she  
saw.

Truce to these thoughts!—for,  
as they rise,

How gladly I avert mine eyes,

Bodings, or true or false, to  
change,

For Fiction's fair romantic range,  
Or for tradition's dubious light,

That hovers 'twixt the day and  
night:

Dazzling alternately and dim,  
Her wavering lamp I'd rather  
trim,

Knights, squires, and lovely  
dames to see,

Creation of my fantasy,  
Than gaze abroad on reeky fen,

And make of mists invading men.  
Who loves not more the night of  
June

Than dull December's gloomy  
noon?

The moonlight than the fog of  
frost?

And can we say, which cheats  
the most?

But who shall teach my harp  
to gain

A sound of the romantic strain,  
Whose Anglo-Norman tones  
whilere

Could win the royal Henry's ear,<sup>149</sup>  
Famed Beauclerc call'd, for that  
he loved

The minstrel, and his lay ap-  
proved?

Who shall these lingering notes  
redeem,

Decaying on Oblivion's stream;  
Such notes as from the Breton  
tongue

Marie translated, Blondel sung?—  
O! born, Time's ravage to repair,  
And make the dying Muse thy  
care;

Who, when his scythe her hoary  
foe

Was poisoning for the final blow,

The weapon from his hand could  
wring,  
And break his glass, and shear  
his wing,  
And bid, reviving in his strain,  
The gentle poet live again ;  
Thou, who canst give to lightest  
lay  
An unpedantic moral gay,  
Nor less the dullest theme bid flit  
On wings of unexpected wit ;  
In letters as in life approved,  
Example honour'd, and beloved,—  
Dear ELLIS ! to the bard impart  
A lesson of thy magic art,  
To win at once the head and  
heart,—  
At once to charm, instruct and  
mend,  
My guide, my pattern, and my  
friend !

Such minstrel lesson to bestow  
Be long thy pleasing task,—but,  
O !

No more by thy example teach,  
—What few can practise, all can  
preach,—

With even patience to endure  
Lingering disease, and painful  
cure,

And boast affliction's pangs sub-  
dued

By mild and manly fortitude.  
Enough, the lesson has been  
given :

Forbid the repetition, Heaven !

Come listen, then ! for thou  
hast known,

And loved the Minstrel's varying  
tone,

Who, like his Border sires of old,  
Waked a wild measure rude and  
bold,

Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot  
plain,

With wonder heard the northern  
strain.

Come listen ! bold in thy applause,  
The Bard shall scorn pedantic  
laws ;

And, as the ancient art could  
stain

Achievements on the storied pane,  
Irregularly traced and plann'd,

But yet so glowing and so  
grand,—

So shall he strive, in changeful  
hue,

Field, feast, and combat, to  
renew,

And loves, and arms, and harpers'  
glee,

And all the pomp of chivalry.

## CANTO FIFTH.

### The Court.

#### I.

THE train has left the hills of  
Braid ;

The barrier guard have open  
made

(So Lindsay bade) the palisade,  
That closed the tented ground ;

Their men the warders backward  
drew,

And carried pikes as they rode  
through,

Into its ample bound.

Fast ran the Scottish warriors  
there,

Upon the Southern band to stare.  
And envy with their wonder rose,

To see such well-appointed foes ;  
Such length of shafts, such

mighty bows,

So huge, that many simply  
 thought,  
 But for a vaunt such weapons  
 wrought ;  
 And little deem'd their force to feel,  
 Through links of mail, and plates  
 of steel,  
 When rattling upon Flodden vale,  
 The cloth-yard arrows flew like  
 hail.<sup>150</sup>

## II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view  
 Glance every line and squadron  
 through ;  
 And much he marvell'd one small  
 land  
 Could marshal forth such various  
 band :  
 For men-at-arms were here,  
 Heavily sheathed in mail and  
 plate,  
 Like iron towers for strength and  
 weight,  
 On Flemish steeds of bone and  
 height,  
 With battle-axe and spear.  
 Young knights and squires, a  
 lighter train,  
 Practised their chargers on the  
 plain,  
 By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,  
 Each warlike feat to show,  
 To pass, to wheel, the croupe to  
 gain,  
 And high curvett, that not in vain  
 The sword sway might descend  
 amain  
 On foeman's casque below.<sup>151</sup>

He saw the hardy burghers there  
 March arm'd, on foot, with faces  
 bare,<sup>152</sup>  
 For vizor they wore none,  
 Nor waving plume, nor crest of  
 knight ;

But burnished were their corslets  
 bright,  
 Their brigantines, and gorgets  
 light,  
 Like very silver shone.  
 Long pikes they had for standing  
 fight,  
 Two-handed swords they wore,  
 And many wielded mace of weight,  
 And bucklers bright they bore.

## III.

On foot the yeoman too, but  
 dress'd  
 In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,  
 With iron quilted well ;  
 Each at his back (a slender store)  
 His forty days' provision bore,  
 As feudal statutes tell.  
 His arms were halbert, axe, or  
 spear,<sup>153</sup>  
 A crossbow there, a hagbut here,  
 A dagger-knife, and brand.  
 Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer,  
 As loth to leave his cottage dear,  
 And march to foreign strand ;  
 Or musing, who would guide his  
 steer,  
 To till the fallow land.  
 Yet deem not in his thoughtful  
 eye  
 Did aught of dastard terror lie ;  
 More dreadful far his ire,  
 Than theirs, who, scorning  
 danger's name,  
 In eager mood to battle came,  
 Their valour like light straw on  
 flame,  
 A fierce but fading fire.

## IV.

Not so the Borderer :—bred to war,  
 He knew the battle's din afar,  
 And joy'd to hear it swell.

His peaceful day was slothful  
ease ;

Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could  
please

Like the loud slogan yell.

On active steed, with lance and  
blade,

The light-arm'd pricker plied his  
trade,—

Let nobles fight for fame ;

Let vassals follow where they  
lead,

Burghers to guard their town-  
ships bleed,

But war's the Borderer's game.

Their gain, their glory, their  
delight,

To sleep the day, maraud the  
night,

O'er mountain, moss, and  
moor ;

Joyful to fight they took their  
way,

Scarce caring who might win the  
day,

Their booty was secure.

These, as Lord Marmion's train  
pass'd by,

Look'd on at first with careless  
eye,

Nor marvell'd aught, well taught  
to know

The form and force of English  
bow.

But when they saw the Lord  
array'd

In splendid arms and rich brocade,  
Each Borderer to his kinsman

said,—

“Hist, Ringan! seest thou  
there!

Canst guess which road they'll  
homeward ride?—

O! could we but on Border  
side,

By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,  
Beset a prize so fair!

That fangless Lion, too, their  
guide,

Might chance to lose his glistening  
hide ;

Brown Maudlin, of that doublet  
pied,

Could make a kirtle rare.”

### V.

Next, Marmion mark'd the Celtic  
race,

Of different language, form, and  
face,

A various race of man ;

Just then the Chiefs their tribes  
array'd,

And wild and garish semblance  
made,

The chequer'd trews, and belted  
plaid,

And varying notes the war-pipes  
bray'd,

To every varying clan ;

Wild through their red or sable  
hair

Look'd out their eyes with savage  
stare,

On Marmion as he pass'd ;

Their legs above the knee were  
bare ;

Their frame was sinewy, short,  
and spare,

And harden'd to the blast ;

Of taller race, the chiefs they own  
Were by the eagle's plumage

known.

The hunted red-deer's undress'd  
hide

Their hairy buskins well supplied ;  
The graceful bonnet deck'd their

head :

Back from their shoulders hung  
the plaid ;



A broadsword of unwieldy length,  
A dagger proved for edge and  
strength,

A studded targe they wore,  
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—  
but, O!

Short was the shaft, and weak the  
bow,

To that which England bore.

The Isles-men carried at their  
backs

The ancient Danish battle-axe.

They raised a wild and wondering  
cry,

As with his guide rode Marmion  
by.

Loud were their clamouring  
tongues, as when

The clanging sea-fowl leave the  
fen,

And, with their cries discordant  
mix'd,

Grumbled and yell'd the pipes  
betwixt.

## VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp  
they pass'd,

And reach'd the City gate at last,  
Where all around, a wakeful  
guard,

Arm'd burghers kept their watch  
and ward.

Well had they cause of jealous  
fear,

When lay encamp'd, in field so  
near,

The Borderer and the Mountain-  
eer.

As through the bustling streets  
they go,

All was alive with martial show :  
At every turn, with dinning clang,

The armourer's anvil clash'd and  
rang ;

Or toil'd the swarthy smith, to  
wheel

The bar that arms the charger's  
heel ;

Or axe, or falchion, to the side  
Of jarring grindstone was applied.

Page, groom, and squire, with  
hurrying pace,

Through street, and lane, and  
market-place,

Bore lance, or casque, or  
sword ;

While burghers, with important  
face,

Described each new-come lord,  
Discuss'd his lineage, told his  
name,

His following, and his warlike  
fame.

The Lion led to lodging meet,  
Which high o'erlook'd the crowded  
street ;

There must the Baron rest,  
Till past the hour of vesper tide,  
And then to Holy-Rood must  
ride,—

Such was the King's behest.

Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns  
A banquet rich, and costly wines,

To Marmion and his train ;<sup>154</sup>

And when the appointed hour  
succeeds,

The Baron dons his peaceful  
weeds,

And following Lindsay as he  
leads,

The palace-halls they gain.

## VII.

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily,  
That night, with wassell, mirth,  
and glee :

King James within her princely  
bower,

Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's  
power,  
Summon'd to spend the parting  
hour ;  
For he had charged, that his  
array  
Should southward march by break  
of day.

Well loved that splendid monarch  
aye

The banquet and the song,  
By day the tourney, and by night  
The merry dance, traced fast and  
light,

The maskers quaint, the pageant  
bright,

The revel loud and long.  
This feast outshone his banquets  
past,

It was his blithest—and his last.  
The dazzling lamps, from gallery  
gay,

Cast on the Court a dancing ray ;  
Here to the harp did minstrels  
sing ;

There ladies touch'd a softer  
string ;

With long-ear'd cap, and motley  
vest,

The licensed fool retail'd his jest ;  
His magic tricks the juggler  
plied ;

At dice and draughts the gallants  
vied ;

While some, in close recess apart,  
Court'd the ladies of their heart,

Nor court'd them in vain ;  
For often, in the parting hour,

Victorious Love asserts his power  
O'er coldness and disdain ;

And flinty is her heart, can view  
To battle march a lover true—

Can hear, perchance, his last  
adieu,

Nor own her share of pain.

## VIII.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee  
and game,

The King to greet Lord Marmion  
came,

While, reverent, all made  
room.

An easy task it was, I trow,  
King James's manly form to  
know.

Although, his courtesy to show,  
He doff'd, to Marmion bending  
low,

His broider'd cap and plume.

For royal was his garb and mien,  
His cloak, of crimson velvet  
piled,

Trimm'd with the fur of martin  
wild ;

His vest of changeful satin sheen,  
The dazzled eye beguiled ;

His gorgeous collar hung adown,  
Wrought with the badge of Scot-  
land's crown,

The thistle brave, of old renown :  
His trusty blade, Toledo right,  
Descended from a baldrick bright ;

White were his buskins, on the  
heel

His spurs inlaid of gold and steel ;  
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,

Was button'd with a ruby rare :  
And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had  
seen

A prince of such a noble mien.

## IX.

The Monarch's form was middle  
size ;

For feat of strength, or exercise,  
Shaped in proportion fair ;

And hazel was his eagle eye,  
And auburn of the darkest dye,

His short curl'd beard and hair.

Light was his footstep in the  
 dance,  
 And firm his stirrup in the  
 lists ;  
 And, oh ! he had that merry  
 glance,  
 That seldom lady's heart resists.  
 Lightly from fair to fair he  
 flew,  
 And loved to plead, lament, and  
 sue ;—  
 Suit lightly won, and short-lived  
 pain,  
 For monarchs seldom sigh in  
 vain.  
 I said he joy'd in banquet  
 bower ;  
 But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often  
 strange,  
 How suddenly his cheer would  
 change,  
 His look o'ercast and lower,  
 If, in a sudden turn, he felt  
 The pressure of his iron belt,  
 That bound his breast in penance  
 pain,  
 In memory of his father slain.<sup>155</sup>  
 Even so 'twas strange how, ever-  
 more,  
 Soon as the passing pang was  
 o'er  
 Forward he rush'd, with double  
 glee,  
 Into the stream of revelry :  
 Thus, dim-seen object of affright  
 Startles the courser in his  
 flight,  
 And half he halts, half springs  
 aside ;  
 But feels the quickening spur  
 applied,  
 And, straining on the tighten'd  
 rein,  
 Scours doubly swift o'er hill and  
 plain.

## X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers  
 say,  
 Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held  
 sway :<sup>156</sup>  
 To Scotland's Court she came,  
 To be a hostage for her lord,  
 Who Cessford's gallant heart had  
 gored,  
 And with the King to make  
 accord,  
 Had sent his lovely dame.  
 Nor to that lady free alone  
 Did the gay King allegiance own ;  
 For the fair Queen of France<sup>157</sup>  
 Sent him a turquois ring and  
 glove,  
 And charged him, as her knight  
 and love,  
 For her to break a lance ;  
 And strike three strokes with  
 Scottish brand,  
 And march three miles on South-  
 ron land,  
 And bid the banners of his band  
 In English breezes dance.  
 And thus, for France's Queen he  
 drest  
 His manly limbs in mailed vest ;  
 And thus admitted English fair  
 His inmost counsels still to share ;  
 And thus, for both, he madly  
 plann'd  
 The ruin of himself and land !  
 And yet, the sooth to tell,  
 Nor England's fair, nor France's  
 Queen,  
 Were worth one pearl-drop,  
 bright and sheen,  
 From Margaret's eyes that  
 fell,—  
 His own Queen Margaret, who, in  
 Lithgow's bower,  
 All lonely sat, and wept the weary  
 hour.

## XI.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow  
pile,

And weeps the weary day,  
The war against her native soil,  
Her Monarch's risk in battle  
broil :—

And in gay Holy-Rood, the while,  
Dame Heron rises with a smile

Upon the harp to play.  
Fair was her rounded arm, as  
o'er

The strings her fingers flew ;  
And as she touch'd and tuned  
them all,

Ever her bosom's rise and fall  
Was plainer given to view ;  
For, all for heat, was laid aside  
Her wimple, and her hood untied.  
And first she pitch'd her voice to  
sing,

Then glanced her dark eye on the  
King,

And then around the silent ring ;  
And laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft  
did say

Her pretty oath, by Yea, and  
Nay,  
She could not, would not, durst  
not play !

At length, upon the harp, with  
glee,

Mingled with arch simplicity,  
A soft, yet lively, air she rung,  
While thus the wily lady sung :—

## XII.

## LOCHINVAR.

*Lady Heron's Song.*

O, young Lochinvar is come out  
of the west,

Through all the wide Border his  
steed was the best ;

And save his good broadsword  
he weapons had none,

He rode all unarm'd, and he rode  
all alone.

So faithful in love, and so daunt-  
less in war,

There never was knight like the  
young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he  
stopp'd not for stone,

He swam the Eske river where  
ford there was none ;

But ere he alighted at Netherby  
gate,

The bride had consented, the  
gallant came late :

For a laggard in love, and a  
dastard in war,

Was to wed the fair Ellen of  
brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby  
Hall,

Among bride's-men, and kinsmen,  
and brothers, and all :

Then spoke the bride's father, his  
hand on his sword,

(For the poor craven bridegroom  
said never a word,)

“O come ye in peace here, or  
come ye in war,

Or to dance at our bridal, young  
Lord Lochinvar ?”—

“I long woo'd your daughter, my  
suit you denied ;—

Love swells like the Solway, but  
ebbs like its tide—

And now am I come, with this  
lost love of mine,

To lead but one measure, drink  
one cup of wine.

There are maidens in Scotland  
more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the  
young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the  
knight took it up,  
He quaff'd off the wine, and he  
threw down the cup.  
She look'd down to blush, and she  
look'd up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a  
tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her  
mother could bar,—  
"Now tread we a measure!" said  
young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely  
her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard  
did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and  
her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dang-  
ling his bonnet and plume;  
And the bride-maidens whisper'd,  
" 'Twere better by far,  
To have match'd our fair cousin  
with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one  
word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall-door,  
and the charger stood near;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady  
he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her  
he sprung!  
"She is won! we are gone, over  
bank, bush, and scaur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that  
follow," quoth young Loch-  
invar.

There was mounting 'mong  
Græmes of the Netherby  
clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Mus-  
graves, they rode and they  
ran:

There was racing and chasing,  
on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby  
ne'er did they see.

So daring in love, and so daunt-  
less in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like  
young Lochinvar?

## XIII.

The Monarch o'er the siren hung  
And beat the measure as she  
sung;

And, pressing closer, and more  
near,

He whisper'd praises in her ear.  
In loud applause the courtiers  
vied;

And ladies wink'd, and spoke  
aside.

The witching dame to Marmion  
threw

A glance, where seem'd to  
reign

The pride that claims applauses  
due,

And of her royal conquest too,  
A real or feign'd disdain:

Familiar was the look, and told,  
Marmion and she were friends of  
old.

The King observed their meeting  
eyes,

With something like displeas'd  
surprise;

For monarchs ill can rivals brook,  
Even in a word, or smile, or  
look.

Straight took he forth the parch-  
ment broad,  
Which Marmion's high commis-  
sion show'd :  
"Our Borders sack'd by many  
a raid,  
Our peaceful liege-men robb'd,"  
he said :  
"On day of truce our Warden  
slain,  
Stout Barton kill'd, his vassals  
ta'en—  
Unworthy were we here to reign,  
Should these for vengeance cry in  
vain ;  
Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,  
Our herald has to Henry borne."

## XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas  
stood,  
And with stern eye the pageant  
view'd :  
I mean that Douglas, sixth of  
yore,  
Who coronet of Angus bore,  
And, when his blood and heart  
were high,  
Did the third James in camp  
defy,  
And all his minions led to die  
On Lauder's dreary flat :  
Princes and favourites long grew  
tame,  
And trembled at the homely name  
Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat ;<sup>158</sup>  
The same who left the dusky vale  
Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,  
Its dungeons, and its towers,  
Where Bothwell's turrets brave  
the air,  
And Bothwell bank is blooming  
fair,  
To fix his princely bowers.

Though now, in age, he had laid  
down  
His armour for the peaceful  
gown,  
And for a staff his brand,  
Yet often would flash forth the  
fire,  
That could, in youth, a monarch's  
ire  
And minion's pride withstand ;  
And even that day, at council  
board,  
Unapt to soothe his sovereign's  
mood,  
Against the war had Angus  
stood,  
And chafed his royal lord.<sup>159</sup>

## XV.

His giant-form, like ruin'd  
tower,  
Though fall'n its muscles' brawny  
vaunt,  
Huge-boned, and tall, and grim,  
and gaunt,  
Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to  
lower :  
His locks and beard in silver  
grew ;  
His eyebrows kept their sable  
hue.  
Near Douglas when the Monarch  
stood,  
His bitter speech he thus pursued :  
"Lord Marmion, since these  
letters say  
That in the North you needs must  
stay,  
While slightest hopes of peace  
remain,  
Uncourteous speech it were, and  
stern,  
To say—Return to Lindisfarne,  
Until my herald come again.—

Then rest you in Tantallon  
 Hold ;<sup>160</sup>  
 Your host shall be the Douglas  
 bold,—  
 A chief unlike his sires of old.  
 He wears their motto on his  
 blade,<sup>161</sup>  
 Their blazon o'er his towers dis-  
 play'd ;  
 Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,  
 More than to face his country's  
 foes.  
 And, I bethink me, by St.  
 Stephen,  
 But e'en this morn to me was  
 given  
 A prize, the first fruits of the war,  
 Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,  
 A bevy of the maids of Heaven.  
 Under your guard, these holy  
 maids  
 Shall safe return to cloister shades,  
 And, while they at Tantallon stay,  
 Requiem for Cochran's soul may  
 say."  
 And, with the slaughter'd  
 favourite's name,  
 Across the Monarch's brow there  
 came  
 A cloud of ire, remorse and  
 shame.

## XVI.

In answer nought could Angus  
 speak ;  
 His proud heart swell'd wellnigh  
 to break :  
 He turn'd aside, and down his  
 cheek  
 A burning tear there stole.  
 His hand the Monarch sudden  
 took,  
 That sight his kind heart could  
 not brook :  
 "Now, by the Bruce's soul,

Angus, my hasty speech forgive !  
 For sure as doth his spirit live,  
 As he said of the Douglas old,  
 I well may say of you,—  
 That never king did subject hold,  
 In speech more free, in war more  
 bold,  
 More tender and more true :  
 Forgive me, Douglas, once  
 again."—  
 And, while the King his hand  
 did strain,  
 The old man's tears fell down  
 like rain.  
 To seize the moment Marmion  
 tried,  
 And whisper'd to the King aside :  
 "Oh ! let such tears unwonted  
 plead  
 For respite short from dubious  
 deed !  
 A child will weep a bramble's  
 smart,  
 A maid to see her sparrow part,  
 A stripling for a woman's heart :  
 But woe awaits a country, when  
 She sees the tears of bearded men.  
 Then, oh ! what omen, dark and  
 high,  
 When Douglas wets his manly  
 eye !"

## XVII.

Displeas'd was James, that  
 stranger view'd  
 And tamper'd with his changing  
 mood.  
 "Laugh those that can, weep  
 those that may,"  
 Thus did the fiery Monarch say,  
 "Southward I march by break of  
 day ;  
 And if within Tantallon strong,  
 The good Lord Marmion tarries  
 long,

Perchance our meeting next may  
fall

At Tamworth, in his castle-  
hall."—

The haughty Marmion felt the  
taunt,

And answer'd, grave, the royal  
vaunt :

"Much honour'd were my humble  
home,

If in its halls King James should  
come ;

But Nottingham has archers good,  
And Yorkshire men are stern of  
mood ;

Northumbrian prickers wild and  
rude.

On Derby Hills the paths are  
steep ;

In Ouse and Tyne the fords are  
deep ;

And many a banner will be torn,  
And many a knight to earth be  
borne,

And many a sheaf of arrows spent,  
Ere Scotland's King shall cross  
the Trent :

Yet pause, brave Prince, while  
yet you may !"—

The Monarch lightly turn'd away,  
And to his nobles loud did call,—

"Lords, to the dance,—a hall ! a  
hall !"

Himself his cloak and sword flung  
by,

And led Dame Heron gallantly ;  
And minstrels, at the royal order,  
Rung out—"Blue Bonnets o'er  
the Border."

### XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell  
What to Saint Hilda's maids  
befell,

Whose galley, as they sail'd again  
To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en.  
Now at Dun-Edin did they bide,  
Till James should of their fate  
decide ;

And soon, by his command,  
Were gently summon'd to prepare  
To journey under Marmion's care,  
As escort honour'd, safe, and fair,  
Again to English land.

The Abbess told her chaplet o'er.  
Nor knew which saint she should  
implore ;

For, when she thought of  
Constance, sore

She fear'd Lord Marmion's  
mood.

And judge what Clara must have  
felt !

The sword, that hung in  
Marmion's belt,

Had drunk De Wilton's blood.  
Unwittingly, King James had  
given,

As guard to Whitby's shades,  
The man most dreaded under  
Heaven

By these defenceless maids :

Yet what petition could avail,  
Or who would listen to the tale

Of woman, prisoner, and nun,  
'Mid bustle of a war begun ?

They deem'd it hopeless to avoid  
The convoy of their dangerous  
guide.

### XIX.

Their lodging, so the King as-  
sign'd,

To Marmion's, as their guardian,  
join'd ;

And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,  
The Palmer caught the Abbess'  
eye,

Who warn'd him by a scroll,



She had a secret to reveal,  
That much concern'd the Church's  
weal,

And health of sinner's soul ;  
And, with deep charge of secrecy,  
She named a place to meet,  
Within an open balcony,  
That hung from dizzy pitch, and  
high,

Above the stately street ;  
To which, as common to each  
home,  
At night they might in secret  
come.

## XX.

At night, in secret, there they  
came,

The Palmer and the holy Dame.  
The moon among the clouds rose  
high,

And all the city hum was by.  
Upon the street, where late before  
Did din of war and warriors  
roar,

You might have heard a pebble  
fall,

A beetle hum, a cricket sing,  
An owlet flap his boding wing  
On Giles's steeple tall.

The antique buildings, climbing  
high,

Whose Gothic frontlets sought  
the sky,

Were here wrapt deep in shade ;  
There on their brows the moon-  
beam broke,

Through the faint wreaths of  
silvery smoke,

And on the casements play'd.  
And other light was none to see,

Save torches gliding far,  
Before some chieftain of degree,

Who left the royal revelry  
To bowne him for the war.—

A solemn scene the Abbess chose ;  
A solemn hour, her secret to dis-  
close.

## XXI.

“O, holy Palmer !” she began,—  
“For sure he must be sainted  
man,

Whose blessed feet have trod the  
ground

Where the Redeemer's tomb is  
found,—

For His dear Church's sake, my  
tale

Attend, nor deem of light avail,  
Though I must speak of worldly  
love,—

How vain to those who wed  
above !—

De Wilton and Lord Marmion  
woo'd

Clara de Clare, of Gloster's  
blood ;

(Idle it were of Whitby's dame,  
To say of that same blood I  
came ;)

And once, when jealous rage was  
high,

Lord Marmion said despiteously,  
Wilton was traitor in his heart,

And had made league with Martin  
Swart,<sup>162</sup>

When he came here on Sinnel's  
part ;

And only cowardice did restrain  
His rebel aid on Stokefield's  
plain,—

And down he threw his glove :—  
the thing

Was tried, as wont, before the  
King ;

Where frankly did De Wilton  
own,

That Swart in Gueldres he had  
known ;

And that between them then there  
 went  
 Some scroll of courteous compli-  
 ment.  
 For this he to his castle sent ;  
 But when his messenger return'd,  
 Judge how De Wilton's fury  
 burn'd !  
 For in his packet there was laid  
 Letters that claim'd disloyal aid,  
 And proved King Henry's cause  
 betray'd.  
 His fame, thus blighted, in the  
 field  
 He strove to clear, by spear and  
 shield ;  
 To clear his fame in vain he strove,  
 For wondrous are His ways  
 above !  
 Perchance some form was unob-  
 served ;  
 Perchance in prayer, or faith, he  
 swerved ;<sup>163</sup>  
 Else how could guiltless champion  
 quail,  
 Or how the blessed ordeal fail ?

## XXII.

“ His squire, who now De Wilton  
 saw  
 As recreant doom'd to suffer law,  
 Repentant, own'd in vain,  
 That, while he had the scrolls in  
 care,  
 A stranger maiden, passing fair,  
 Had drench'd him with a beverage  
 rare ;

His words no faith could gain.  
 With Clare alone he credence  
 won,  
 Who, rather than wed Marmion,  
 Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair,  
 To give our house her livings fair  
 And die a vestal vot'ress there.

The impulse from the earth was  
 given,  
 But bent her to the paths of  
 heaven.

A purer heart, a lovelier maid,  
 Ne'er shelter'd her in Whitby's  
 shade,

No, not since Saxon Edelfled ;  
 Only one trace of earthly strain,  
 That for her lover's loss  
 She cherishes a sorrow vain,  
 And murmurs at the cross.—  
 And then her heritage ;—it goes  
 Along the banks of Tame ;  
 Deep fields of grain the reaper  
 mows,

In meadows rich the heifer  
 lows,

The falconer and huntsman  
 knows

Its woodlands for the game.  
 Shame were it to Saint Hilda  
 dear,

And I, her humble vot'ress here,  
 Should do a deadly sin,  
 Her temple spoil'd before mine  
 eyes,

If this false Marmion such a prize  
 By my consent should win ;

Yet hath our boisterous monarch  
 sworn

That Clare shall from our house  
 be torn,

And grievous cause have I to  
 fear,

Such mandate doth Lord Marmion  
 bear.

## XXIII.

“ Now, prisoner, helpless, and  
 betray'd

To evil power, I claim thine aid,  
 By every step that thou hast  
 trod

To holy shrine and grotto dim,  
 By every martyr's tortured limb,  
 By angel, saint, and seraphim,  
 And by the Church of God!  
 For mark:—When Wilton was  
 betray'd,  
 And with his squire forged letters  
 laid,  
 She was, alas! that sinful maid,  
 By whom the deed was done,—  
 O! shame and horror to be  
 said!—  
 She was a perjured nun!  
 No clerk in all the land, like  
 her,  
 Traced quaint and varying char-  
 acter.  
 Perchance you may a marvel  
 deem,  
 That Marmion's paramour  
 (For such vile thing she was)  
 should scheme  
 Her lover's nuptial hour;  
 But o'er him thus she hoped to  
 gain,  
 As privy to his honour's stain,  
 Illimitable power:  
 For this she secretly retain'd  
 Each proof that might the plot  
 reveal,  
 Instructions with his hand and  
 seal;  
 And thus Saint Hilda deign'd,  
 Through sinner's perfidy im-  
 pure,  
 Her house's glory to secure,  
 And Clare's immortal weal.

## XXIV.

“'Twere long, and needless, here  
 to tell,  
 How to my hand these papers  
 fell;  
 With me they must not stay.

Saint Hilda keep her Abbess  
 true!  
 Who knows what outrage he  
 might do,  
 While journeying by the way?—  
 O, blessed Saint, if e'er again  
 I venturous leave thy calm  
 domain,  
 To travel or by land or main,  
 Deep penance may I pay!—  
 Now, saintly Palmer, mark my  
 prayer:  
 I give this packet to thy care,  
 For thee to stop they will not  
 dare;  
 And O! with cautious speed,  
 To Wolsey's hand the papers  
 bring,  
 That he may show them to the  
 King:  
 And, for thy well-earn'd meed,  
 Thou holy man, at Whitby's  
 shrine  
 A weekly mass shall still be  
 thine,  
 While priests can sing and  
 read.—  
 What ail'st thou?—Speak!”—  
 For as he took  
 The charge, a strong emotion  
 shook  
 His frame; and, ere reply,  
 They heard a faint, yet shrilly  
 tone,  
 Like distant clarion feebly blown,  
 That on the breeze did die;  
 And loud the Abbess shriek'd in  
 fear,  
 “Saint Withold, save us!—What  
 is here!  
 Look at yon City Cross?  
 See on its battled tower appear  
 Phantoms, that scutcheons seem  
 to rear,  
 And blazon'd banners toss!”—

## XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd  
stone,<sup>164</sup>

Rose on a turret octagon ;  
(But now is razed that monument,  
Whence royal edict rang,  
And voice of Scotland's law was  
sent

In glorious trumpet-clang.  
O ! be his tomb as lead to lead,  
Upon its dull destroyer's head !—  
A minstrel's malison is said.)—  
Then on its battlements they saw  
A vision, passing Nature's law,  
Strange, wild, and dimly seen ;  
Figures that seem'd to rise and  
die,

Gibber and sign, advance and fly,  
While nought confirm'd could ear  
or eye

Discern of sound or mien.  
Yet darkly did it seem, as there  
Heralds and Pursuivants prepare,  
With trumpet sound and blazon  
fair,

A summons to proclaim ;  
But indistinct the pageant proud,  
As fancy forms of midnight cloud,  
When flings the moon upon her  
shroud

A wavering tinge of flame ;  
It flits, expands, and shifts, till  
loud,  
From midmost of the spectre  
crowd,

This awful summons came :—<sup>165</sup>

## XXVI.

“ Prince, prelate, potentate, and  
peer,

Whose names I now shall call,  
Scottish, or foreigner, give ear ;  
Subjects of him who sent me  
here,

At his tribunal to appear,  
I summon one and all :  
I cite you by each deadly sin,  
That e'er hath soil'd your hearts  
within :

I cite you by each brutal lust,  
That e'er defiled your earthly  
dust,—

By wrath, by pride, by fear,  
By each o'er-mastering passion's  
tone,  
By the dark grave, and dying  
groan !

When forty days are pass'd and  
gone,

I cite you, at your Monarch's  
throne,

To answer and appear.”  
Then thunder'd forth a roll of  
names :

The first was thine, unhappy  
James !

Then all thy nobles came ;  
Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose,  
Argyle,

Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox,  
Lyle,—

Why should I tell their separate  
style ;

Each chief of birth and fame,  
Of Lowland, Highland, Border,  
Isle,

Fore-doom'd to Flodden's carnage  
pile,

Was cited there by name ;  
And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,  
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye ;  
De Wilton, erst of Aberley,  
The self-same thundering voice  
did say.—

But then another spoke :  
“ Thy fatal summons I deny,  
And thine infernal Lord defy,  
Appealing me to Him on High,  
Who burst the sinner's yoke.”

At that dread accent, with a  
 scream,  
 Parted the pageant like a dream,  
 The summoner was gone.  
 Prone on her face the Abbess  
 fell,  
 And fast, and fast, her beads did  
 tell :  
 Her nuns came, startled by the  
 yell,  
 And found her there alone.  
 She mark'd not, at the scene  
 aghast,  
 What time, or how, the Palmer  
 pass'd.

## XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The camp  
 doth move,  
 Dun-Edin's streets are empty  
 now,  
 Save when, for weal of those they  
 love,  
 To pray the prayer, and vow  
 the vow,  
 The tottering child, the anxious  
 fair,  
 The grey-hair'd sire, with pious  
 care,  
 To chapels and to shrines repair—  
 Where is the Palmer now? and  
 where  
 The Abbess, Marmion, and  
 Clare?—  
 Bold Douglas ! to Tantallon fair  
 They journey in thy charge :  
 Lord Marmion rode on his right  
 hand,  
 The Palmer still was with the  
 band ;  
 Angus, like Lindesay, did com-  
 mand,  
 That none should roam at  
 large.

But in that Palmer's alter'd mien  
 A wondrous change might now  
 be seen,  
 Freely he spoke of war,  
 Of marvels wrought by single  
 hand,  
 When lifted for a native land ;  
 And still look'd high, as if he  
 plann'd  
 Some desperate deed afar.  
 His courser would he feed and  
 stroke,  
 And, tucking up his sable frocke,  
 Would first his mettle bold pro-  
 voke,  
 Then soothe or quell his pride.  
 Old Hubert said, that never one  
 He saw, except Lord Marmion,  
 A steed so fairly ride.

## XXVIII.

Some half-hour's march behind,  
 there came,  
 By Eustace govern'd fair,  
 A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,  
 With all her nuns, and Clare.  
 No audience had Lord Marmion  
 sought ;  
 Ever he fear'd to aggravate  
 Clara de Clare's suspicious  
 hate ;  
 And safer 'twas, he thought,  
 To wait till, from the nuns re-  
 moved,  
 The influence of kinsmen loved,  
 And suit by Henry's self  
 approved,  
 Her slow consent had wrought.  
 His was no flickering flame,  
 that dies  
 Unless when fann'd by looks  
 and sighs,  
 And lighted oft at lady's eyes ;

He long'd to stretch his wide  
 command  
 O'er luckless Clara's ampleland:  
 Besides, when Wilton with him  
 vied,  
 Although the pang of humbled  
 pride  
 The place of jealousy supplied,  
 Yet conquest by that meanness  
 won  
 He almost loath'd to think upon,  
 Led him, at times, to hate the  
 cause,  
 Which made him burst through  
 honour's laws.  
 If e'er he lov'd, 'twas her alone,  
 Who died within that vault of  
 stone.

## XXIX.

And now, when close at hand  
 they saw  
 North Berwick's town, and lofty  
 Law,  
 Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a  
 while,  
 Before a venerable pile,  
 Whose turrets view'd, afar,  
 The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,  
 The ocean's peace or war.  
 At tolling of a bell, forth came  
 The convent's venerable Dame,  
 And pray'd Saint Hilda's Abbess  
 rest  
 With her, a loved and honour'd  
 guest,  
 Till Douglas should a bark pre-  
 pare  
 To waft her back to Whitby fair.  
 Glad was the Abbess, you may  
 guess,  
 And thank'd the Scottish Prioress;  
 And tedious were to tell, I ween,  
 The courteous speech that pass'd  
 between.

O'erjoy'd the nuns their palfreys  
 leave;  
 But when fair Clara did intend,  
 Like them, from horseback to  
 descend,  
 Fitz-Eustace said—"I grieve,  
 Fair lady, grieve e'en from my  
 heart,  
 Such gentle company to part;—  
 Think not discourtesy,  
 But lords' commands must be  
 obey'd;  
 And Marmion and the Douglas  
 said,  
 That you must wend with  
 me.  
 Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,  
 Which to the Scottish Earl he  
 show'd,  
 Commanding, that, beneath his  
 care,  
 Without delay, you shall repair  
 To your good kinsman, Lord  
 Fitz-Clare."

## XXX.

The startled Abbess loud ex-  
 claim'd;  
 But she, at whom the blow was  
 aim'd,  
 Grew pale as death, and cold as  
 lead,—  
 She deem'd she heard her death-  
 doom read.  
 "Cheer thee, my child!" the  
 Abbess said,  
 "They dare not tear thee from  
 my hand,  
 To ride alone with armed band."—  
 "Nay, holy mother, nay,"  
 Fitz-Eustace said, "the lovely  
 Clare  
 Will be in Lady Angus' care,  
 In Scotland while we stay;

And, when we move, an easy ride  
 Will bring us to the English side,  
 Female attendance to provide  
 Befitting Gloster's heir :  
 Nor thinks nor dreams my noble  
 lord,  
 By slightest look, or act, or word,  
 To harass Lady Clare.  
 Her faithful guardian he will be,  
 Nor sue for slightest courtesy  
 That e'en to stranger falls,  
 Till he shall place her, safe and  
 free,  
 Within her kinsman's halls."  
 He spoke, and blush'd with ear-  
 nest grace ;  
 His faith was painted on his face,  
 And Clare's worst fear relieved.  
 The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd  
 On Henry, and the Douglas  
 blamed,  
 Entreated, threaten'd, grieved ;  
 To martyr, saint, and prophet  
 pray'd,  
 Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd,  
 And call'd the Prioress to aid,  
 To curse with candle, bell, and  
 book.  
 Her head the grave Cistercian  
 shook :  
 " The Douglas, and the King,"  
 she said,  
 " In their commands will be  
 obey'd ;  
 Grieve not, nor dream that harm  
 can fall  
 The maiden in Tantallon hall."

## XXXI.

'The Abbess, seeing strife was  
 vain,  
 Assumed her wonted state  
 again,—  
 For much of state she had,—

Composed her veil, and raised her  
 head,  
 And—" Bid," in solemn voice she  
 said,  
 " Thy master, bold and bad,  
 The records of his house turn  
 o'er,  
 And, when he shall there  
 written see,  
 That one of his own ancestry  
 Drove the Monks forth of  
 Coventry,<sup>166</sup>  
 Bid him his fate explore !  
 Prancing in pride of earthly  
 trust,  
 His charger hurl'd him to the  
 dust,  
 And, by a base plebeian thrust,  
 He died his band before.  
 God judge 'twixt Marmion and  
 me ;  
 He is a Chief of high degree,  
 And I a poor recluse :  
 Yet oft, in holy writ, we see  
 Even such weak minister as me  
 May the oppressor bruise :  
 For thus, inspired, did Judith  
 slay  
 The mighty in his sin,  
 And Jael thus, and Deborah——"  
 Here hasty Blount broke in :  
 " Fitz-Eustace, we must march  
 our band :  
 St. Anton' fire thee ! wilt thou  
 stand  
 All day, with bonnet in thy hand,  
 To hear the Lady preach ?  
 By this good light ! if thus we  
 stay,  
 Lord Marmion, for our fond delay,  
 Will sharper sermon teach.  
 Come, don thy cap, and mount  
 thy horse ;  
 The Dame must patience take  
 perforce."—

## XXXII.

"Submit we then to force," said  
Clare,

"But let this barbarous lord  
despair

His purposed aim to win ;  
Let him take living, land, and  
life ;

But to be Marmion's wedded wife  
In me were deadly sin :

And if it be the King's decree,  
That I must find no sanctuary,  
In that inviolable dome,  
Where even a homicide might  
come,

And safely rest his head,  
Though at its open portals stood,  
Thirsting to pour forth blood for  
blood,

The kinsmen of the dead ;  
Yet one asylum is my own  
Against the dreaded hour ;  
A low, a silent, and a lone,

Where kings have little power.  
One victim is before me there.—  
Mother, your blessing, and in  
prayer

Remember your unhappy Clare !"  
Loud weeps the Abbess, and  
bestows

Kind blessings many a one :  
Weeping and wailing loud arose,  
Round patient Clare, the clamor-  
ous woes

Of every simple nun.  
His eyes the gentle Eustace  
dried,  
And scarce rude Blount the sight  
could bide.

Then took the squire her rein,  
And gently led away her steed,  
And, by each courteous word and  
deed,  
To cheer her strove in vain.

## XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band  
had rode,

When o'er a height they pass'd,  
And, sudden, close before them  
show'd

His towers, Tantallon vast ;  
Broad, massive, high, and stretch-  
ing far,

And held impregnable in war.  
On a projecting rock they rose,  
And round three sides the ocean  
flows,

The fourth did battled walls  
enclose,

And double mound and fosse.  
By narrow drawbridge, outworks  
strong,

Through studded gates, an  
entrance long,

To the main court they cross.  
It was a wide and stately square :

Around were lodgings, fit and fair,  
And towers of various form,  
Which on the court projected far,  
And broke its lines quadrangular.  
Here was square keep, there turret  
high,

Or pinnacle that sought the sky,  
Whence oft the Warder could  
descry

The gathering ocean-storm.

## XXXIV.

Here did they rest.—The princely  
care

Of Douglas, why should I declare,  
Or say they met reception fair ?

Or why the tidings say,  
Which, varying, to Tantallon  
came,

By hurrying posts or fleeter fame,  
—With ever varying day ?



And, first they heard King James  
had won  
Etall, and Wark, and Ford ;  
and then,  
That Norham Castle strong was  
ta'en.

At that sore marvell'd Marmion ;—  
And Douglas hoped his Monarch's  
hand

Would soon subdue Northumber-  
land :

But whisper'd news there came,  
That, while his host inactive lay,  
And melted by degrees away,  
King James was dallying off the  
day

With Heron's wily dame.—  
Such acts to chronicles I yield ;  
Go seek them there, and see :  
Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,  
And not a history.—

At length they heard the Scottish  
host

On that high ridge had made their  
post,

Which frowns o'er Millfield  
Plain ;

And that brave Surrey many a  
band

Had gather'd in the Southern  
land,

And march'd into Northumber-  
land,

And camp at Wooler ta'en.  
Marmion, like charger in the stall,  
That hears, without, the trumpet-  
call,

Began to chafe, and swear :—  
“ A sorry thing to hide my head  
In castle, like a fearful maid,

When such a field is near !  
Needs must I see this battle-  
day :

Death to my fame if such a fray  
Were fought, and Marmion away !

The Douglas, too, I wot not why,  
Hath 'bated of his courtesy :  
No longer in his halls I'll stay.”  
Then bade his band they should  
array  
For march against the dawning  
day.

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

TO

RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

*Mertoun-House, Christmas.*

HEAP on more wood !—the wind  
is chill ;

But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry  
still.

Each age has deem'd the new-born  
year

The fittest time for festal cheer :  
Even, heathen yet, the savage  
Dane

At Iol more deep the mead did  
drain ;<sup>167</sup>

High on the beach his galleys  
drew,

And feasted all his pirate crew ;  
Then in his low and pine-built  
hall,

Where shields and axes deck'd  
the wall,

They gorged upon the half-dress'd  
steer ;

Caroused in seas of sable beer ;  
While round, in brutal jest, were  
thrown

The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-  
bone :

Or listen'd all, in grim delight,  
While Scalds yell'd out the joys of  
fight.

Then forth, in frenzy, would they  
 hie,  
 While wildly-loose their red locks  
 fly,  
 And dancing round the blazing  
 pile,  
 They make such barbarous mirth  
 the while,  
 As best might to the mind recall  
 The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of  
 old  
 Loved when the year its course  
 had roll'd,  
 And brought blithe Christmas  
 back again,  
 With all his hospitable train.  
 Domestic and religious rite  
 Gave honour to the holy night ;  
 On Christmas eve the bells were  
 rung ;  
 On Christmas eve the mass was  
 sung :  
 That only night in all the year,  
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice  
 rear.<sup>168</sup>  
 The damsel donn'd her kirtle  
 sheen ;  
 The hall was dress'd with holy  
 green ;  
 Forth to the wood did merry-men  
 go,  
 To gather in the mistletoe.  
 Then open'd wide the Baron's  
 hall  
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;  
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
 And Ceremony doff'd his pride.  
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
 That night might village partner  
 choose ;  
 The Lord, underogating, share  
 The vulgar game of " post and  
 pair."

All hail'd, with uncontroll'd  
 delight,  
 And general voice, the happy  
 night,  
 That to the cottage, as the crown,  
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs  
 supplied,  
 Went roaring up the chimney  
 wide ;  
 The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
 Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to  
 grace,  
 Bore then upon its massive board  
 No mark to part the squire and  
 lord.  
 Then was brought in the lusty  
 brawn,  
 By old blue-coated serving-man ;  
 Then the grim boar's head frown'd  
 on high,  
 Crested with bays and rosemary.  
 Well can the green-garb'd ranger  
 tell,  
 How, when, and where, the  
 monster fell ;  
 What dogs before his death he  
 tore,  
 And all the baiting of the boar.  
 The wassel round, in good brown  
 bowls,  
 Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely  
 trowls.  
 There the huge sirloin reek'd ;  
 hard by  
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christ-  
 mas pie ;  
 Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,  
 At such high tide, her savoury  
 goose.  
 Then came the merry maskers  
 in,  
 And carols roar'd with blithesome  
 din ;

If unmelodious was the song,  
 It was a hearty note, and strong.  
 Who lists may in their mumming  
 see  
 Traces of ancient mystery ;<sup>169</sup>  
 White shirts supplied the mas-  
 querade,  
 And smutted cheeks the visors  
 made ;  
 But, O ! what maskers, richly  
 dight,  
 Can boast of bosoms half so light !  
 England was merry England, when  
 Old Christmas brought his sports  
 again.  
 'Twas Christmas broach'd the  
 mightiest ale ;  
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest  
 tale ;  
 A Christmas gambol oft could  
 cheer  
 The poor man's heart through  
 half the year.

Still linger, in our northern  
 clime,  
 Some remnants of the good old  
 time ;  
 And still, within our valleys here,  
 We hold the kindred title dear,  
 Even when, perchance, its far-  
 fetch'd claim  
 To Southron ear sounds empty  
 name ;  
 For course of blood, our proverbs  
 deem,  
 Is warmer than the mountain-  
 stream.  
 And thus, my Christmas still I  
 hold  
 Where my great-grandsire came  
 of old,  
 With amber beard, and flaxen  
 hair,<sup>170</sup>  
 And reverend apostolic air—

The feast and holy-tide to share,  
 And mix sobriety with wine,  
 And honest mirth with thoughts  
 divine :  
 Small thought was his, in after  
 time  
 E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme.  
 The simple sire could only boast,  
 That he was loyal to his cost ;  
 The banish'd race of kings revered,  
 And lost his land,—but kept his  
 beard.

In these dear halls, where  
 welcome kind  
 Is with fair liberty combined ;  
 Where cordial friendship gives  
 the hand,  
 And flies constraint the magic  
 wand  
 Of the fair dame that rules the  
 land.  
 Little we heed the tempest drear,  
 While music, mirth, and social  
 cheer,  
 Speed on their wings the passing  
 year.  
 And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en  
 now,  
 When not a leaf is on the bough.  
 Tweed loves them well, and turns  
 again,  
 As loath to leave the sweet  
 domain,  
 And holds his mirror to her face,  
 And clips her with a close em-  
 brace :—  
 Gladly as he, we seek the dome,  
 And as reluctant turn us home.

How just that, at this time of  
 glee,  
 My thoughts should, Heber, turn  
 to thee !

For many a merry hour we've  
 known,  
 And heard the chimes of mid-  
 night's tone.  
 Cease, then, my friend! a moment  
 cease,  
 And leave these classic tomes in  
 peace!  
 Of Roman and of Grecian lore,  
 Sure mortal brain can hold no  
 more.  
 These ancients, as Noll Bluff  
 might say,  
 "Were pretty fellows in their  
 day;"  
 But time and tide o'er all prevail—  
 On Christmas eve a Christmas  
 tale—  
 Of wonder and of war—"Profane!  
 What! leave the lofty Latian  
 strain,  
 Her stately prose, her verse's  
 charms,  
 To hear the clash of rusty arms :  
 In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,  
 To jostle conjurer and ghost,  
 Goblin and witch!"—Nay, Heber  
 dear,  
 Before you touch my charter,  
 hear :  
 Though Leyden aids, alas! no  
 more,  
 My cause with many-languaged  
 lore,  
 This may I say:—in realms of  
 death  
 Ulysses meets Alcides' *wraith* ;  
 Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,  
 The ghost of murder'd Polydore ;  
 For omens, we in Livy cross,  
 At every turn, *locutus Bos*.  
 As grave and duly speaks that ox,  
 As if he told the price of stocks ;  
 Or held, in Rome republican,  
 The place of common-councilman.

All nations have their omens  
 drear,  
 Their legends wild of woe and  
 fear.  
 To Cambria look—the peasant  
 see,  
 Bethink him of Glendowerdy,  
 And shun "the spirit's Blasted  
 Tree."<sup>171</sup>  
 The Highlander, whose red clay-  
 more  
 The battle turn'd on Maida's  
 shore,  
 Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,  
 If ask'd to tell a fairy tale :<sup>172</sup>  
 He fears the vengeful Elfin King,  
 Who leaves that day his grassy  
 ring :  
 Invisible to human ken,  
 He walks among the sons of men.

Did'st e'er, dear Heber, pass  
 along  
 Beneath the towers of Franché-  
 mont,<sup>173</sup>  
 Which, like an eagle's nest in air,  
 Hang o'er the stream and hamlet  
 fair?  
 Deep in their vaults, the peasants  
 say,  
 A mighty treasure buried lay,  
 Amass'd through rapine and  
 through wrong,  
 By the last Lord of Franchémont.  
 The iron chest is bolted hard,  
 A huntsman sits, its constant  
 guard ;  
 Around his neck his horn is hung,  
 His hanger in his belt is slung ;  
 Before his feet his blood-hounds  
 lie ;  
 An 'twere not for his gloomy eye,  
 Whose withering glance no  
 heart can brook,  
 As true a huntsman doth he look,

As bugle e'er in brake did sound,  
 Or ever holloo'd to a hound.  
 To chase the fiend, and win the  
 prize,  
 In that same dungeon ever tries  
 An aged necromantic priest ;  
 It is an hundred years at least,  
 Since 'twixt them first the strife  
 begun,  
 And neither yet has lost nor won.  
 And oft the Conjuror's words will  
 make  
 The stubborn Demon groan and  
 quake ;  
 And oft the bands of iron break,  
 Or bursts one lock, that still  
 amain,  
 Fast as 'tis open'd, shuts again.  
 That magic strife within the tomb  
 May last until the day of doom,  
 Unless the adept shall learn to tell  
 The very word that clench'd the  
 spell,  
 When Franch'mont lock'd the  
 treasure cell.  
 An hundred years are pass'd and  
 gone,  
 And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may  
 Excuse for old Pitscottie say ;  
 Whose gossip history has given  
 My song the messenger from  
 Heaven,  
 That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scot-  
 land's King,  
 Nor less the infernal summoning ;  
 May pass the Monk of Durham's  
 tale,  
 Whose demon fought in Gothic  
 mail ;  
 May pardon plead for Fordun  
 grave,  
 Who told of Gifford's Goblin-  
 Cave.

But why such instances to you,  
 Who, in an instant, can renew  
 Your treasured hoards of various  
 lore,  
 And furnish twenty thousand  
 more ?  
 Hoards, not like theirs whose  
 volumes rest  
 Like treasures in the Franch'mont  
 chest,  
 While gripple owners still refuse  
 To others what they cannot  
 use ;  
 Give them the priest's whole  
 century,  
 They shall not spell you letters  
 three ;  
 Their pleasure in the books the  
 same  
 The magpie takes in pilfer'd  
 gem.  
 Thy volumes, open as thy heart,  
 Delight, amusement, science, art,  
 To every ear and eye impart ;  
 Yet who of all who thus employ  
 them,  
 Can like the owner's self enjoy  
 them ?—  
 But, hark ! I hear the distant  
 drum !  
 The day of Flodden Field is  
 come.—  
 Adieu, dear Heber ! life and  
 health,  
 And store of literary wealth.

## CANTO SIXTH.

## The Battle.

## I.

WHILE great events were on the  
 gale,  
 And each hour brought a varying  
 tale,

And the demeanour, changed and cold,  
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold.

And, like the impatient steed of war,

He snuff'd the battle from afar;  
And hopes were none, that back again

Herald should come from Terouenne,

Where England's King in leaguer lay,

Before decisive battle-day;  
Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare

Did in the Dame's devotions share:

For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd

To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,

And, with short interval, did pass  
From prayer to book, from book to mass,

And all in high Baronial pride,—  
A life both dull and dignified;—  
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd

Upon her intervals of rest,  
Dejected Clara well could bear

The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,

Though dearest to her wounded heart

The hours that she might spend apart.

## II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep  
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.

Many a rude tower and rampart there

Repell'd the insult of the air,

Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky,  
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.

Above the rest, a turret square  
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,

Of sculpture rude, a stony shield;  
The Bloody Heart was in the Field,

And in the chief three mullets stood,

The cognizance of Douglas blood.  
The turret held a narrow stair,  
Which, mounted, gave you access where

A parapet's embattled row  
Did seaward round the castle go.

Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,

Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,

Sometimes in platform broad extending,

Its varying circle did combine  
Bulwark, and bartizan, and line,  
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign;

Above the booming ocean leant  
The far-projecting battlement;

The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,

Upon the precipice below.

Where'er Tantallon faced the land,

Gate-works, and walls, were strongly mann'd;

No need upon the sea-girt side;  
The steepy rock, and frantic tide,

Approach of human step denied;  
And thus these lines and ramparts rude,

Were left in deepest solitude.

## III.

And, for they were so lonely,  
 Clare  
 Would to these battlements  
 repair,  
 And muse upon her sorrows there,  
 And list the sea-bird's cry ;  
 Or slow, like noontide ghost,  
 would glide  
 Along the dark-grey bulwarks'  
 side,  
 And ever on the heaving tide  
 Look down with weary eye.  
 Oft did the cliff and swelling  
 main,  
 Recall the thoughts of Whitby's  
 fane,—  
 A home she ne'er might see  
 again ;  
 For she had laid adown,  
 So Douglas bade, the hood and  
 veil,  
 And frontlet of the cloister pale,  
 And Benedictine gown :  
 It were unseemly sight, he said,  
 A novice out of convent shade.—  
 Now her bright locks, with sunny  
 glow,  
 Again adorn'd her brow of snow ;  
 Her mantle rich, whose borders,  
 round,  
 A deep and fretted broidery  
 bound,  
 In golden foldings sought the  
 ground ;  
 Of holy ornament, alone  
 Remain'd a cross with ruby  
 stone ;  
 And often did she look  
 On that which in her hand she  
 bore,  
 With velvet bound, and broider'd  
 o'er,  
 Her breviary book.

In such a place, so lone, so grim,  
 At dawning pale, or twilight  
 dim,  
 It fearful would have been  
 To meet a form so richly dress'd,  
 With book in hand, and cross on  
 breast,  
 And such a woeful mien.  
 Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his  
 bow,  
 To practise on the gull and crow,  
 Saw her, at distance, gliding  
 slow,  
 And did by Mary swear,—  
 Some love-lorn Fay she might  
 have been,  
 Or, in Romance, some spell-bound  
 Queen ;  
 For ne'er, in work-day world, was  
 seen  
 A form so witching fair.

## IV.

Once walking thus, at evening  
 tide,  
 It chanced a gliding sail she  
 spied,  
 And, sighing, thought—"The  
 Abbess, there,  
 Perchance, does to her home  
 repair ;  
 Her peaceful rule, where Duty,  
 free,  
 Walks hand in hand with Charity ;  
 Where oft Devotion's tranced  
 glow  
 Can such a glimpse of heaven  
 bestow,  
 That the enraptured sisters see  
 High vision and deep mystery ;  
 The very form of Hilda fair,  
 Hovering upon the sunny air,  
 And smiling on her votaries'  
 prayer."<sup>74</sup>

O! wherefore, to my duller eye,  
 Did still the Saint her form deny!  
 Was it, that, sear'd by sinful  
 scorn,  
 My heart could neither melt nor  
 burn?  
 Or lie my warm affections low,  
 With him, that taught them first  
 to glow?  
 Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew,  
 To pay thy kindness grateful due,  
 And well could brook the mild  
 command,  
 That ruled thy simple maiden  
 band.  
 How different now! condemn'd  
 to bide  
 My doom from this dark tyrant's  
 pride.—  
 But Marmion has to learn, ere  
 long,  
 That constant mind, and hate of  
 wrong,  
 Descended to a feeble girl,  
 From Red De Clare, stout  
 Gloster's Earl:  
 Of such a stem, a sapling weak,  
 He ne'er shall bend, although he  
 break.

## V.

“But see!—what makes this  
 armour here?”—  
 For in her path there lay  
 Targe, corslet, helm;—she view'd  
 them near.—  
 “The breast-plate pierced!—Ay,  
 much I fear,  
 Weak fence wert thou 'gainst  
 foeman's spear,  
 That hath made fatal entrance  
 here,  
 As these dark blood-gouts  
 say.—

Thus Wilton!—Oh! not corslet's  
 ward,  
 Not truth, as diamond pure and  
 hard,  
 Could be thy manly bosom's  
 guard,  
 On yon disastrous day!”—  
 She raised her eyes in mournful  
 mood,—  
 WILTON himself before her stood!  
 It might have seem'd his passing  
 ghost,  
 For every youthful grace was  
 lost;  
 And joy unwonted, and surprise,  
 Gave their strange wildness to his  
 eyes.—  
 Expect not, noble dames and  
 lords,  
 That I can tell such scene in  
 words:  
 What skilful limner e'er would  
 choose  
 To paint the rainbow's varying  
 hues,  
 Unless to mortal it were given  
 To dip his brush in dyes of  
 heaven?  
 Far less can my weak line  
 declare  
 Each changing passion's shade;  
 Brightening to rapture from  
 despair,  
 Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,  
 And joy, with her angelic air,  
 And hope, that paints the future  
 fair,  
 Their varying hues display'd:  
 Each o'er its rival's ground ex-  
 tending,  
 Alternate conquering, shifting,  
 blending,  
 Till all, fatigued, the conflict  
 yield,  
 And mighty Love retains the field.



Shortly I tell what then he  
 said,  
 By many a tender word delay'd,  
 And modest blush, and bursting  
 sigh,  
 And question kind, and fond  
 reply :—

## VI.

## DE WILTON'S HISTORY.

“Forget we that disastrous day,  
 When senseless in the lists I  
 lay.

Thence dragg'd,—but how I  
 cannot know,  
 For sense and recollection  
 fled,—

I found me on a pallet low,  
 Within my ancient beads-  
 man's shed.

Austin,—remember'st thou, my  
 Clare,  
 How thou didst blush, when the  
 old man,  
 When first our infant love began,  
 Said we would make a match-  
 less pair?—

Menials, and friends, and kins-  
 men fled

From the degraded traitor's  
 bed,—

He only held my burning head,  
 And tended me for many a day,  
 While wounds and fever held  
 their sway.

But far more needful was his  
 care,

When sense return'd to wake  
 despair ;

For I did tear the closing  
 wound,

And dash me frantic on the  
 ground,

If e'er I heard the name of Clare.  
 SC.

At length, to calmer reason  
 brought,  
 Much by his kind attendance  
 wrought,

With him I left my native  
 strand,

And, in a palmer's weeds array'd,  
 My hated name and form to shade,  
 I journey'd many a land ;

No more a lord of rank and birth,  
 But mingled with the dregs of  
 earth.

Oft Austin for my reason fear'd,  
 When I would sit, and deeply brood  
 On dark revenge, and deeds of  
 blood,

Or wild mad schemes uprear'd.  
 My friend at length fell sick, and  
 said,

God would remove him soon :  
 And, while upon his dying bed,  
 He begg'd of me a boon—

If e'er my deadliest enemy  
 Beneath my brand should con-  
 quer'd lie,

Even then my mercy should awake,  
 And spare his life for Austin's  
 sake.

## VII.

“Still restless as a second Cain,  
 To Scotland next my route was  
 ta'en,

Full well the paths I knew.  
 Fame of my fate made various  
 sound,

That death in pilgrimage I found,  
 That I had perish'd of my wound,—

None cared which tale was true :  
 And living eye could never guess  
 De Wilton in his Palmer's dress ;  
 For now that sable slough is shed,  
 And trimm'd my shaggy beard  
 and head,

I scarcely know me in the glass.

A chance most wondrous did  
provide,  
That I should be that Baron's  
guide—

I will not name his name!—  
Vengeance to God alone belongs ;  
But, when I think on all my  
wrongs,

My blood is liquid flame !  
And ne'er the time shall I forget,  
When, in a Scottish hostel set,  
Dark looks we did exchange :  
What were his thoughts I cannot  
tell ;

But in my bosom muster'd Hell  
Its plans of dark revenge.

### VIII.

“A word of vulgar augury,  
That broke from me, I scarce  
knew why,

Brought on a village tale ;  
Which wrought upon his moody  
sprite,  
And sent him armed forth by  
night.

I borrow'd steed and mail,  
And weapons, from his sleeping  
band ;

And, passing from a postern  
door,  
We met, and 'counter'd hand to  
hand,—

He fell on Gifford moor.  
For the death-stroke my brand I  
drew,

(O then my helmed head he knew,  
The Palmer's cowl was gone,)  
Then had three inches of my blade  
The heavy debt of vengeance  
paid,—

My hand the thought of Austin  
staid ;

I left him there alone.—

O good old man ! even from the  
grave

Thy spirit could thy master save :  
If I had slain my foeman, ne'er  
Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,  
Given to my hand this packet  
dear,

Of power to clear my injured  
fame,

And vindicate De Wilton's name.—  
Perchance you heard the Abbess  
tell

Of the strange pageantry of Hell,  
That broke our secret speech—  
It rose from the infernal shade,  
Or featly was some juggle play'd,  
A tale of peace to teach.

Appeal to Heaven I judged was  
best,

When my name came among the  
rest.

### IX.

“Now here, within Tantallon  
Hold,

To Douglas late my tale I told,  
To whom my house was known  
of old.

Won by my proofs, his falchion  
bright

This eve anew shall dub me  
knicht.

These were the arms that once  
did turn

The tide of fight on Otterburne,  
And Harry Hotspur forced to  
yield,

When the Dead Douglas won the  
field.

These Angus gave—his armourer's  
care,

Ere morn shall every breach  
repair ;

For nought, he said, was in his  
halls,

But ancient armour on the walls,  
 And aged chargers in the stalls,  
 And women, priests, and grey-  
 hair'd men ;  
 The rest were all in Twisel glen.  
 And now I watch my armour  
 here,  
 By law of arms, till midnight's  
 near ;  
 Then, once again a belted knight,  
 Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of  
 light.

## X.

“ There soon again we meet, my  
 Clare !  
 This Baron means to guide thee  
 there :  
 Douglas reveres his King's com-  
 mand,  
 Else would he take thee from his  
 band.  
 And there thy kinsman, Surrey,  
 too,  
 Will give De Wilton justice due.  
 Now meeter far for martial broil,  
 Firmer my limbs, and strung by  
 toil,  
 Once more ”—“ O Wilton ! must  
 we then  
 Risk new-found happiness again,  
 Trust fate of arms once more ?  
 And is there not an humble  
 glen,  
 Where we, content and poor,  
 Might build a cottage in the  
 shade,  
 A shepherd thou, and I to aid  
 Thy task on dale and moor ?—  
 That reddening brow !—too well I  
 know,  
 Not even thy Clare can peace  
 bestow,  
 While falsehood stains thy  
 name :

Go then to fight ! Clare bids thee  
 go !  
 Clare can a warrior's feelings  
 know,  
 And weep a warrior's shame ;  
 Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit  
 feel,  
 Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,  
 And belt thee with thy brand of  
 steel,  
 And send thee forth to fame ! ”

## XI.

That night, upon the rocks and  
 bay,  
 The midnight moon-beam slum-  
 bering lay,  
 And pour'd its silver light, and  
 pure,  
 Through loop-hole, and through  
 embrasure,  
 Upon Tantallon tower and hall ;  
 But chief where arched windows  
 wide  
 Illuminate the chapel's pride,  
 The sober glances fall.  
 Much was there need ; though  
 seam'd with scars,  
 Two veterans of the Douglas'  
 wars,  
 Though two grey priests were  
 there,  
 And each a blazing torch held  
 high,  
 You could not by their blaze  
 descry  
 The chapel's carving fair.  
 Amid that dim and smoky light,  
 Chequering the silver moon-shine  
 bright,  
 A bishop by the altar stood,  
 A noble lord of Douglas blood,  
 With mitre sheen, and roquet  
 white.

Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye

But little pride of prelacy ;  
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,

He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,

Than that beneath his rule he held  
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.

Beside him ancient Angus stood,  
Doff'd his furr'd gown, and sable hood :

O'er his huge form and visage pale,

He wore a cap and shirt of mail ;  
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand

Upon the huge and sweeping brand

Which wont of yore, in battle fray,  
His foeman's limbs to shred away,  
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.<sup>175</sup>

He seem'd as, from the tombs  
around

Rising at judgment-day,  
Some giant Douglas may be found

In all his old array ;  
So pale his face, so huge his limb,  
So old his arms, his look so grim.

## XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,  
And Clare the spurs bound on  
his heels ;

And think what next he must  
have felt,

At buckling of the falchion belt !  
And judge how Clara changed  
her hue,

While fastening to her lover's side  
A friend, which, though in danger  
tried,

He once had found untrue !

Then Douglas struck him with  
his blade :

“ Saint Michael and Saint Andrew  
aid,

I dub thee knight.

Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's  
heir !

For King, for Church, for Lady  
fair,

See that thou fight.”—

And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,  
Said—“ Wilton ! grieve not for  
thy woes,

Disgrace, and trouble ;

For He, who honour best bestows,  
May give thee double.”—

De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he  
must—

“ Where'er I meet a Douglas,  
trust

That Douglas is my brother !”—

“ Nay, nay,” old Angus said,  
“ not so ;

To Surrey's camp thou now must  
go,

Thy wrongs no longer smother.

I have two sons in yonder field ;  
And, if thou meet'st them under  
shield,

Upon them bravely—do thy worst ;  
And foul fall him that blanches  
first !”

## XIII.

Not far advanced was morning  
day,

When Marmion did his troop  
array

To Surrey's camp to ride ;

He had safe conduct for his band,  
Beneath the royal seal and hand,

And Douglas gave a guide :

The ancient Earl, with stately  
grace,

Would Clara on her palfrey place,

And whisper'd in an under tone,  
 "Let the hawk stoop, his prey is  
 flown."—

The train from out the castle drew,  
 But Marmion stopp'd to bid  
 adieu :—

"Though something I might  
 'plain," he said,

"Of cold respect to stranger  
 guest,

Sent hither by your King's behest,  
 While in Tantallon's towers I  
 staid ;

Part we in friendship from your  
 land,

And, noble Earl, receive my  
 hand."—

But Douglas round him drew his  
 cloak,

Folded his arms, and thus he  
 spoke :—

"My manors, halls, and bowers,  
 shall still

Be open, at my Sovereign's will,  
 To each one whom he lists,  
 howe'er

Unmeet to be the owner's peer.

My castles are my King's alone,  
 From turret to foundation-stone—

The hand of Douglas is his own ;  
 And never shall in friendly grasp

The hand of such as Marmion  
 clasp."—

#### XIV.

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek  
 like fire,

And shook his very frame for ire,  
 And—"This to me!" he said,—

"An 'twere not for thy hoary  
 beard,

Such hand as Marmion's had not  
 spared

To cleave the Douglas' head !

And, first, I tell thee, haughty  
 Peer,

He, who does England's message  
 here,

Although the meanest in her state,  
 May well, proud Angus, be thy  
 mate :

And, Douglas, more I tell thee  
 here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,  
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,  
 (Nay, never look upon your  
 lord,

And lay your hands upon your  
 sword,)

I tell thee, thou'rt defied !

And if thou said'st I am not peer  
 To any lord in Scotland here,

Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied !"—

On the Earl's cheek the flush of  
 rage

O'ercame the ashen hue of age :

Fierce he broke forth,—“And  
 darest thou then

To beard the lion in his den,  
 The Douglas in his hall ?

And hopest thou hence unscathed  
 to go?—

No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell,  
 no !

Up drawbridge, grooms—what,  
 Warder, ho !

Let the portcullis fall."—<sup>176</sup>

Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was  
 his need,

And dash'd the rowels in his steed,  
 Like arrow through the archway  
 sprung,

The ponderous grate behind him  
 rung :

To pass there was such scanty  
 room,

The bars, descending, razed his  
 plume.

## XV.

The steed along the drawbridge  
flies,  
Just as it trembled on the rise ;  
Nor lighter does the swallow skim  
Along the smooth lake's level  
brim :

And when Lord Marmion reach'd  
his band,

He halts, and turns with clenched  
hand,

And shout of loud defiance pours,  
And shook his gauntlet at the  
towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas  
cried, "and chase!"

But soon he rein'd his fury's  
pace :

"A royal messenger he came,  
Though most unworthy of the  
name.—

A letter forged! Saint Jude to  
speed!

Did ever knight so foul a deed!'"

At first in heart it liked me ill,  
When the King praised his clerklly  
skill.

Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of  
mine,

Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a  
line :

So swore I, and I swear it still,

Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—

Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!

Old age ne'er cools the Douglas  
blood,

I thought to slay him where he  
stood.

'Tis pity of him too," he cried :

"Bold can he speak, and fairly  
ride,

I warrant him a warrior tried."

With this his mandate he recalls,

And slowly seeks his castle halls.

## XVI.

The day in Marmion's journey  
wore ;

Yet, ere his passion's gust was  
o'er,

They cross'd the heights of Stan-  
rig-moor.

His troop more closely there he  
scann'd,

And miss'd the Palmer from the  
band.—

"Palmer or not," young Blount  
did say,

"He parted at the peep of day ;

Good sooth, it was in strange  
array."—

"In what array?" said Marmion,  
quick.

"My Lord, I ill can spell the  
trick ;

But all night long, with clink and  
bang,

Close to my couch did hammers  
clang ;

At dawn the falling drawbridge  
rang,

And from a loop-hole while I peep,  
Old Bell-the-Cat came from the

Keep,

Wrapp'd in a gown of sables  
fair,

As fearful of the morning air ;

Beneath, when that was blown  
aside,

A rusty shirt of mail I spied,

By Archibald won in bloody work,

Against the Saracen and Turk :

Last night it hung not in the  
hall ;

I thought some marvel would  
befall.

And next I saw them saddled lead

Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best

steed ;

A matchless horse, though something old,  
 Prompt in his paces, cool and bold.  
 'I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,  
 The Earl did much the Master pray  
 To use him on the battle-day ;  
 But he preferr'd"—"Nay, Henry,  
 cease !  
 Thou sworn horse-courser, hold  
 thy peace.—  
 Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I  
 pray,  
 What did Blount see at break of  
 day?"—

## XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both  
 descried  
 (For then I stood by Henry's side)  
 The Palmer mount, and outwards  
 ride,

Upon the Earl's own favourite  
 steed :

All sheathed he was in armour  
 bright,  
 And much resembled that same  
 knight,  
 Subdued by you in Cotswold fight :  
 Lord Angus wish'd him  
 speed."—

The instant that Fitz-Eustace  
 spoke,  
 A sudden light on Marmion  
 broke ;—

"Ah! dastard fool, to reason  
 lost!"

He mutter'd ; "'Twas nor fay nor  
 ghost

I met upon the moonlight wold,  
 But living man of earthly mould.—

O dotage blind and gross !  
 Had I but fought as wont, one  
 thrust

Had laid De Wilton in the dust,  
 My path no more to cross.—

How stand we now?—he told his  
 tale

To Douglas; and with some avail;  
 'Twas therefore gloom'd his  
 rugged brow.—

Will Surrey dare to entertain,  
 'Gainst Marmion, charge dis-  
 proved and vain?

Small risk of that, I trow.

Yet Clare's sharp questions must  
 I shun ;

Must separate Constance from the  
 Nun—

O, what a tangled web we weave,  
 When first we practise to deceive !  
 A Palmer too!—no wonder why  
 I felt rebuked beneath his eye :

I might have known there was but  
 one,

Whose look could quell Lord  
 Marmion."

## XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he  
 urged to speed

His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the  
 Tweed,

Where Lennel's convent <sup>178</sup> closed  
 their march ;

(There now is left but one frail  
 arch,

Yet mourn thou not its cells ;

Our time a fair exchange has  
 made ;

Hard by, in hospitable shade,

A reverend pilgrim dwells,

Well worth the whole Bernardine  
 brood,

That e'er wore sandal, frock, or  
 hood.)

Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot  
 there

Give Marmion entertainment fair,  
 And lodging for his train and

Clare.

Next morn the Baron climb'd the  
 tower,  
 To view afar the Scottish power,  
 Encamp'd on Flodden edge :  
 The white pavilions made a show,  
 Like remnants of the winter snow,  
 Along the dusky ridge.  
 Long Marmion look'd :—at length  
 his eye  
 Unusual movement might descry  
 Amid the shifting lines :  
 The Scottish host drawn out  
 appears,  
 For, flashing on the hedge of  
 spears  
 The eastern sunbeam shines.  
 Their front now deepening, now  
 extending ;  
 Their flank inclining, wheeling,  
 bending,  
 Now drawing back, and now  
 descending,  
 The skilful Marmion well could  
 know,  
 They watch'd the motions of some  
 foe,  
 Who traversed on the plain below.

## XIX.

Even so it was. From Flodden  
 ridge  
 The Scots beheld the English  
 host  
 Leave Barmore-wood, their  
 evening post,  
 And heedful watch'd them as  
 they cross'd  
 The Till by Twisel Bridge.<sup>179</sup>  
 High sight it is, and haughty,  
 while  
 They dive into the deep defile ;  
 Beneath the cavern'd cliff they  
 fall,  
 Beneath the castle's airy wall.

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-  
 tree,  
 Troop after troop are disap-  
 pearing ;  
 Troop after troop their banners  
 rearing,  
 Upon the eastern bank you see.  
 Still pouring down the rocky  
 den,  
 Where flows the sullen Till,  
 And rising from the dim-wood  
 glen,  
 Standards on standards, men on  
 men,  
 In slow succession still,  
 And, sweeping o'er the Gothic  
 arch,  
 And pressing on, in ceaseless  
 march,  
 To gain the opposing hill.  
 That morn, to many a trumpet  
 clang,  
 Twisel ! thy rock's deep echo  
 rang ;  
 And many a chief of birth and  
 rank,  
 Saint Helen ! at thy fountain  
 drank.  
 Thy hawthorn glade, which now  
 we see

In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,  
 Had then from many an axe its  
 doom,  
 To give the marching columns  
 room.

## XX.

And why stands Scotland idly  
 now,  
 Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,  
 Since England gains the pass the  
 while,  
 And struggles through the deep  
 defile ?



What checks the fiery soul of  
James?

Why sits that champion of the  
dames

Inactive on his steed,  
And sees, between him and his  
land,

Between him and Tweed's  
southern strand,

His host Lord Surrey lead?  
What 'vails the vain knight-  
errant's brand?

—O, Douglas, for thy leading  
wand!

Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!  
O for one hour of Wallace wight,  
Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the  
fight,

And cry—"Saint Andrew and  
our right!"

Another sight had seen that morn,  
From Fate's dark book a leaf  
been torn,

And Flodden had been Bannock-  
bourne!—

The precious hour has pass'd in  
vain,

And England's host has gain'd  
the plain;

Wheeling their march, and circling  
still,

Around the base of Flodden hill.

## XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's  
eye,

Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and  
high,

"Hark! hark! my lord, an  
English drum!

And see ascending squadrons  
come

Between Tweed's river and the  
hill,

Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap  
what hap,

My basnet to a prentice cap,  
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—

Yet more! yet more!—how far  
array'd

They file from out the hawthorn  
shade,

And sweep so gallant by!  
With all their banners bravely  
spread,

And all their armour flashing  
high,

Saint George might waken from  
the dead,

To see fair England's standards  
fly."—

"Stint in thy prate," quoth  
Blount, "thou'dst best,

And listen to our lord's behest."—  
With kindling brow Lord Marmion

said,—  
"This instant be our band array'd;

The river must be quickly cross'd,  
That we may join Lord Surrey's  
host.

If fight King James,—as well I  
trust,

That fight he will, and fight he  
must,—

The Lady Clare behind our lines  
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

## XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback  
threw,

Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;  
Far less would listen to his

prayer,  
To leave behind the helpless Clare.

Down to the Tweed his band he  
drew,

And mutter'd as the flood they  
view,

“The pheasant in the falcon’s  
claw,  
He scarce will yield to please a  
daw :

Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,  
So Clare shall bide with me.”  
Then on that dangerous ford,  
and deep,  
Where to the Tweed Leat’s  
eddies creep,

He ventured desperately :  
And not a moment will he bide,  
Till squire, or groom, before him  
ride ;  
Headmost of all he stems the  
tide

And stems it gallantly.  
Eustace held Clare upon her  
horse,

Old Hubert led her rein,  
Stoutly they braved the current’s  
course,  
And, though far downward driven  
per force,

The southern bank they gain ;  
Behind them straggling, came to  
shore,

As best they might, the train :  
Each o’er his head his yew-bow  
bore,

A caution not in vain ;  
Deep need that day that every  
string,  
By wet unharm’d, should sharply  
ring.

A moment then Lord Marmion  
staid,  
And breathed his steed, his men  
array’d,

Then forward moved his band,  
Until, Lord Surrey’s rear-guard  
won,

He halted by a Cross of Stone,  
That, on a hillock standing lone,  
Did all the field command.

## XXIII.

Hence might they see the full  
array

Of either host, for deadly fray ;<sup>180</sup>  
Their marshall’d lines stretch’d  
east and west,

And fronted north and south,  
And distant salutation pass’d  
From the loud cannon mouth ;  
Not in the close successive rattle,  
That breathes the voice of modern  
battle,

But slow and far between.—  
The hillock gain’d, Lord Marmion  
staid :

“Here, by this Cross,” he gently  
said,

“You well may view the scene.  
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely  
Clare :

O! think of Marmion in thy  
prayer!—

Thou wilt not?—well,—no less  
my care

Shall, watchful, for thy weal  
prepare.—

You, Blount and Eustace, are her  
guard,

With ten pick’d archers of my  
train ;

With England if the day go hard,  
To Berwick speed amain.—

But if we conquer, cruel maid,  
My spoils shall at your feet be  
laid,

When here we meet again.”  
He waited not for answer there,  
And would not mark the maid’s  
despair,

Nor heed the discontented look  
From either squire ; but spurr’d  
amain,

And, dashing through the battle  
plain,

His way to Surrey took.

## XXIV.

“— The good Lord Marmion,  
by my life!

Welcome to danger's hour!—  
Short greeting serves in time of  
strife:—

Thus have I ranged my power:  
Myself will rule this central host,  
Stout Stanley fronts their right,  
My sons command the vaward  
post,

With Brian Tunstall, stainless  
knight;<sup>181</sup>

Lord Dacre, with his horsemen  
light,

Shall be in rear-ward of the  
fight,

And succour those that need it  
most.

Now, gallant Marmion, well I  
know,

Would gladly to the vanguard  
go;

Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall  
there,

With thee their charge will blithely  
share;

There fight thine own retainers  
too,

Beneath De Burg, thy steward  
true.”—

“Thanks, noble Surrey!” Mar-  
mion said,

Nor farther greeting there he  
paid;

But, parting like a thunderbolt,  
First in the vanguard made a  
halt,

Where such a shout there rose  
Of “Marmion! Marmion!” that

the cry,  
Up Flodden mountain shrilling

high,  
Startled the Scottish foes.

## XXV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested  
still

With Lady Clare upon the hill!  
On which, (for far the day was

spent,)  
The western sunbeams now were  
bent.

The cry they heard, its meaning  
knew,

Could plain their distant comrades  
view:

Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,  
“Unworthy office here to stay!

No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—  
But see! look up—on Flodden

bent  
The Scottish foe has fired his  
tent.”

And sudden, as he spoke,  
From the sharp ridges of the  
hill,

All downward to the banks of  
Till,

Was wreathed in sable smoke.  
Volumed and fast, and rolling  
far,

The cloud enveloped Scotland's  
war,

As down the hill they broke;  
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel  
tone,

Announced their march; their  
tread alone,

At times one warning trumpet  
blown,

At times a stifled hum,  
Told England, from his mountain-  
throne

King James did rushing come.—  
Scarce could they hear, or see  
their foes,

Until at weapon-point they  
close.—

They close, in clouds of smoke  
and dust,  
With sword-sway, and with lance's  
thrust :

And such a yell was there,  
Of sudden and portentous birth,  
As if men fought upon the earth,  
And fiends in upper air ;  
O life and death were in the shout,  
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,  
And triumph and despair.  
Long look'd the anxious squires ;  
their eye  
Could in the darkness nought  
descry.

## XXVI.

At length the freshening western  
blast  
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;  
And, first, the ridge of mingled  
spears  
Above the brightening cloud  
appears ;  
And in the smoke the pennons  
flew,  
As in the storm the white sea-  
mew.  
Then mark'd they, dashing broad  
and far,  
The broken billows of the war,  
And plumed crests of chieftains  
brave,  
Floating like foam upon the wave ;  
But nought distinct they see :  
Wide rag'd the battle on the  
plain ;  
Spears shook, and falchions  
flash'd amain ;  
Fell England's arrow-flight like  
rain ;  
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose  
again,  
Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high  
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon  
fly :

And stainless Tunstall's banner  
white,  
And Edmund Howard's lion  
bright,  
Still bear them bravely in the  
fight :

Although against them come,  
Of gallant Gordons many a one,  
And many a stubborn Badenoch-  
man,  
And many a rugged Border clan,  
With Huntly, and with Home.

## XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,  
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;  
Though there the western moun-  
taineer  
Rush'd with bare bosom on the  
spear,  
And flung the feeble targe aside,  
And with both hands the broad-  
sword plied.  
'Twas vain :—But Fortune, on the  
right,  
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scot-  
land's fight.  
Then fell that spotless banner  
white,  
The Howard's lion fell ;  
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon  
flew  
With wavering flight, while  
fiercer grew  
Around the battle-yell.  
The Border slogan rent the sky !  
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry :  
Loud were the clanging blows ;  
Advanced,—forced back,—now  
low, now high,  
The pennon sunk and rose ;

As bends the bark's mast in the  
gale,  
When rent are rigging, shrouds,  
and sail,  
It waver'd 'mid the foes.  
No longer Blount the view could  
bear :  
"By Heaven, and all its saints !  
I swear  
I will not see it lost !  
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady  
Clare  
May bid your beads, and patter  
prayer,—  
I gallop to the host."  
And to the fray he rode amain,  
Follow'd by all the archer train.  
The fiery youth, with desperate  
charge,  
Made, for a space, an opening  
large,—  
The rescued banner rose,—  
But darkly closed the war around,  
Like pine-tree, rooted from the  
ground,  
It sunk among the foes.  
Then Eustace mounted too :—  
yet staid  
As loath to leave the helpless  
maid,  
When, fast as shaft can fly,  
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils  
spread,  
The loose rein dangling from his  
head,  
Housing and saddle bloody red,  
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd  
by ;  
And Eustace, maddening at the  
sight,  
A look and sign to Clara  
cast  
To mark he would return in  
haste,  
Then plunged into the fight.

## XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden  
feels,  
Left in that dreadful hour alone :  
Perchance her reason stoops, or  
reels ;  
Perchance a courage, not her  
own,  
Braces her mind to desperate  
tone.—  
The scatter'd van of England  
wheels ;—  
She only said, as loud in  
air  
The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton  
there ?"—  
They fly, or, madden'd by  
despair,  
Fight but to die,—"Is Wilton  
there ?"  
With that, straight up the hill  
there rode  
Two horsemen drench'd with  
gore,  
And in their arms, a helpless  
load,  
A wounded knight they bore.  
His hand still strain'd the broken  
brand ;  
His arms were smear'd with blood  
and sand :  
Dragg'd from among the horses'  
feet,  
With dinted shield, and helmet  
beat,  
The falcon-crest and plumage  
gone,  
Can that be haughty Mar-  
mion ! . . .  
Young Blount his armour did  
unlace,  
And, gazing on his ghastly face,  
Said—"By Saint George, he's  
gone !

That spear-wound has our master  
 sped,  
 And see the deep cut on his head!  
 Good-night to Marmion."—  
 "Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling  
 cease:  
 He opes his eyes," said Eustace;  
 "peace!"

## XXIX.

When, doff'd his casque, he felt  
 free air,  
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly  
 stare:—  
 "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-  
 Eustace where?  
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of  
 hare!  
 Redeem my pennon, — charge  
 again!  
 Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'  
 —Vain!  
 Last of my race, on battle-plain  
 That shout shall ne'er be heard  
 again!—  
 Yet my last thought is England's  
 —fly,  
 To Dacre bear my signet-ring:  
 Tell him his squadrons up to  
 bring.—  
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;  
 Tunstall lies dead upon the  
 field,  
 His life-blood stains the spot-  
 less shield:  
 Edmund is down:—my life is  
 reft;  
 The Admiral alone is left.  
 Let Stanley charge with spur  
 of fire,—  
 With Chester charge, and  
 Lancashire,  
 Full upon Scotland's central  
 host,  
 Or victory and England's lost.—

Must I bid twice?—hence,  
 varlets! fly!  
 Leave Marmion here alone—  
 to die."  
 They parted, and alone he lay;  
 Clare drew her from the sight  
 away,  
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,  
 And half he murmur'd, — "Is  
 there none,  
 Of all my halls have nurst,  
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup  
 to bring  
 Of blessed water from the spring,  
 To slake my dying thirst!"

## XXX.

O, Woman! in our hours of ease,  
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
 And variable as the shade  
 By the light quivering aspen  
 made;  
 When pain and anguish wring  
 the brow,  
 A ministering angel thou!—  
 Scarce were the piteous accents  
 said,  
 When, with the Baron's casque,  
 the maid  
 To the nigh streamlet ran:  
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and  
 fears;  
 The plaintive voice alone she  
 hears,  
 Sees but the dying man.  
 She stoop'd her by the runnel's  
 side,  
 But in abhorrence backward  
 drew;  
 For, oozing from the mountain's  
 side,  
 Where raged the war, a dark-red  
 tide  
 Was curdling in the streamlet  
 blue.

Where shall she turn?—behold  
her mark

A little fountain cell,  
Where water, clear as diamond-  
spark,

In a stone basin fell.  
Above, some half-worn letters say,  
Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and .  
pray .

For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Grey .  
Who . built . this . cross . and . well .

She fill'd the helm, and back she  
hied,

And with surprise and joy espied  
A monk supporting Marmion's  
head :

A pious man, whom duty brought  
To dubious verge of battle fought,  
To shrieve the dying, bless the  
dead.

## XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the  
wave,

And, as she stoop'd his brow to  
lave—

“Is it the hand of Clare,” he  
said,

“Or injured Constance, bathes  
my head?”

Then, as remembrance rose,—  
“Speak not to me of shrift or  
prayer!

I must redress her woes.  
Short space, few words, are mine  
to spare ;

Forgive and listen, gentle  
Clare !”—

“Alas !” she said, “the  
while,—

O, think of your immortal weal !  
In vain for Constance is your  
zeal ;

She—died at Holy Isle.”—

Lord Marmion started from the  
ground,

As light as if he felt no wound ;  
Though in the action burst the  
tide,

In torrents, from his wounded  
side.

“Then it was truth,”—he said—  
“I knew

That the dark presage must be  
true.—

I would the Fiend, to whom  
belongs

The vengeance due to all her  
wrongs,

Would spare me but a day !  
For wasting fire, and dying  
groan,

And priests slain on the altar stone,  
Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be!—this dizzy  
trance—

Curse on yon base marauder's  
lance,

And doubly cursed my failing  
brand !

A sinful heart makes feeble hand.”

Then, fainting, down on earth he  
sunk,

Supported by the trembling  
Monk.

## XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara  
bound,

And strove to stanch the gushing  
wound :

The Monk, with unavailing cares,  
Exhausted all the Church's

prayers.  
Ever, he said, that, close and near,

A lady's voice was in his ear,  
And that the priest he could not

hear ;  
For that she ever sung,

*“In the lost battle, borne down by  
the flying,  
Where mingles war’s rattle with  
groans of the dying!”*

So the notes rung ;—

“Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel  
hand,

Shake not the dying sinner’s  
sand :—

O, look, my son, upon yon sign  
Of the Redeemer’s grace divine ;

O, think on faith and bliss !—  
By many a death-bed I have  
been,

And many a sinner’s parting seen,  
But never aught like this.”—

The war, that for a space did  
fail,

Now trebly thundering swell’d the  
gale,

And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;

A light on Marmion’s visage  
spread,

And fired his glazing eye :  
With dying hand, above his head,  
He shook the fragment of his  
blade,

And shouted “Victory !—  
Charge, Chester, charge ! On,  
Stanley, on !”

Were the last words of Marmion.

### XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening  
fell,

Still rose the battle’s deadly swell,  
For still the Scots, around their  
King,

Unbroken, fought in desperate  
ring.

Where’s now their victor vaward  
wing,

Where Huntly, and where  
Home ?—

O, for a blast of that dread horn,  
On Fontarabian echoes borne,

That to King Charles did come,  
When Rowland brave, and  
Olivier,

And every paladin and peer,  
On Roncesvalles died !

Such blast might warn them, not  
in vain,

To quit the plunder of the slain,  
And turn the doubtful day again,

While yet on Flodden side,  
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,  
And round it toils, and bleeds, and  
dies,

Our Caledonian pride !

In vain the wish—for far away,  
While spoil and havoc mark their  
way,

Near Sybil’s Cross the plunderers  
stray.—

“O, Lady,” cried the Monk,  
“away !”

And placed her on her steed,  
And led her to the chapel fair,  
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.

There all the night they spent in  
prayer,

And at the dawn of morning, there  
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-  
Clare.

### XXXIV.

But as they left the dark’ning  
heath,

More desperate grew the strife of  
death.

The English shafts in volleys  
hail’d,

In headlong charge their horse  
assail’d ;

Front, flank, and rear, the squad-  
rons sweep

To break the Scottish circle deep,  
That fought around their King



But yet, though thick the shafts  
 as snow,  
 Though charging knights like  
 whirlwinds go,  
 Though bill-men ply the ghastly  
 blow,  
 Unbroken was the ring ;  
 The stubborn spear-men still made  
 good  
 Their dark impenetrable wood,  
 Each stepping where his comrade  
 stood,  
 The instant that he fell.  
 No thought was there of dastard  
 flight ;  
 Link'd in the cerried phalanx tight,  
 Groom fought like noble, squire  
 like knight,  
 As fearlessly and well ;  
 Till utter darkness closed her wing  
 O'er their thin host and wounded  
 King.  
 Then skilful Surrey's sage com-  
 mands  
 Led back from strife his shatter'd  
 bands ;  
 And from the charge they drew,  
 As mountain-waves, from wasted  
 lands,  
 Sweep back to ocean blue.  
 Then did their loss his foemen  
 know ;  
 Their King, their Lords, their  
 mightiest low,  
 They melted from the field as  
 snow,  
 When streams are swoln and  
 south winds blow,  
 Dissolves in silent dew.  
 Tweed's echoes heard the cease-  
 less plash,  
 While many a broken band,  
 Disorder'd, through her currents  
 dash,  
 To gain the Scottish land ;

To town and tower, to town and  
 dale,  
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
 And raise the universal wail.  
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,  
 Shall many an age that wail pro-  
 long :  
 Still from the sire the son shall  
 hear  
 Of the stern strife, and carnage  
 drear,  
 Of Flodden's fatal field,  
 Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's  
 spear,  
 And broken was her shield !

## XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's  
 side :—  
 There, Scotland ! lay thy bravest  
 pride,  
 Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many  
 a one :  
 The sad survivors all are gone.—  
 View not that corpse mistrust-  
 fully,  
 Defaced and mangled though it  
 be ;  
 Nor to yon Border castle high,  
 Look northward with upbraiding  
 eye ;  
 Nor cherish hope in vain,  
 That, journeying far on foreign  
 strand,  
 The Royal Pilgrim to his land  
 May yet return again.  
 He saw the wreck his rashness  
 wrought ;  
 Reckless of life, he desperate  
 fought,  
 And fell on Flodden plain :  
 And well in death his trusty brand,  
 Firm clench'd within his manly  
 hand,  
 Beseem'd the monarch slain.<sup>182</sup>

But, O! how changed since yon  
blithe night!—  
Gladly I turn me from the sight,  
Unto my tale again.

## XXXVI.

Short is my tale:—Fitz-Eustace'  
care

A pierced and mangled body bare  
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;  
And there, beneath the southern  
aisle,

A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,  
Did long Lord Marmion's image  
bear,

(Now vainly for its sight you  
look;

'Twas fell'd when fanatic Brook  
The fair cathedral storm'd and  
took;<sup>183</sup>

But, thanks to Heaven and good  
Saint Chad,

A guerdon meet the spoiler had!)  
There erst was martial Marmion  
found,

His feet upon a couchant hound,  
His hands to heaven upraised:

And all around, on scutcheon rich,  
And tablet carved, and fretted  
niche,

His arms and feats were blazed.  
And yet, though all was carved so  
fair,

And priest for Marmion breathed  
the prayer,

The last Lord Marmion lay not  
there.

From Ettrick woods a peasant  
swain

Follow'd his lord to Flodden  
plain,—

One of those flowers, whom  
plaintive lay

In Scotland mourns as "wede  
away:"

Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he  
spied,

And dragg'd him to its foot, and  
died,

Close by the noble Marmion's side.  
The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd  
the slain,

And thus their corpses were mis-  
ta'en;

And thus, in the proud Baron's  
tomb,

The lowly woodsman took the  
room.

## XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show  
Lord Marmion's nameless grave,  
and low.

They dug his grave e'en where  
he lay,

But every mark is gone;

Time's wasting hand has done  
away

The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,  
And broke her font of stone:

But yet from out the little hill  
Oozes the slender springlet still.

Oft halts the stranger there,  
For thence may best his curious  
eye

The memorable field descry;  
And shepherd boys repair

To seek the water-flag and rush,  
And rest them by the hazel bush,

And plait their garlands fair;  
Nor dream they sit upon the  
grave,

That holds the bones of Marmion  
brave.—

When thou shalt find the little hill,  
With thy heart commune, and be  
still.

If ever, in temptation strong,  
Thou left'st the right path for the  
wrong;

If every devious step, thus trod,  
Still led thee farther from the  
road ;  
Dread thou to speak presumptuous  
doom  
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb ;  
But say, "He died a gallant  
knight,  
With sword in hand, for England's  
right."

## XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,  
Who cannot image to himself,  
That all through Flodden's dismal  
night,  
Wilton was foremost in the fight ;  
That, when brave Surrey's steed  
was slain,  
'Twas Wilton mounted him again ;  
'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest  
hew'd,  
Amid the spearmen's stubborn  
wood :  
Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,  
He was the living soul of all :  
That, after fight, his faith made  
plain,  
He won his rank and lands again ;  
And charged his old paternal shield  
With bearings won on Flodden  
Field.  
Nor sing I to that simple maid,  
To whom it must in terms be said,  
That King and kinsmen did agree,  
To bless fair Clara's constancy ;  
Who cannot, unless I relate,  
Paint to her mind the bridal'state ;  
That Wolsey's voice the blessing  
spoke,  
More, Sands, and Denny, pass'd  
the joke :

That bluff King Hal the curtain  
drew,  
And Catherine's hand the stocking  
threw ;  
And afterwards, for many a day,  
That it was held enough to  
say,  
In blessing to a wedded pair,  
"Love they like Wilton and like  
Clare !"

## L'Envoi.

## TO THE READER.

WHY then a final note prolong,  
Or lengthen out a closing song,  
Unless to bid the gentles speed,  
Who long have list'd to my rede ?  
To Statesmen grave, if such may  
deign  
To read the Minstrel's idle strain,  
Sound head, clean hand, and  
piercing wit,  
And patriotic heart—as PITT !  
A garland for the hero's crest,  
And twined by her he loves the  
best ;  
To every lovely lady bright,  
What can I wish but faithful  
knight ?  
To every faithful lover too,  
What can I wish but lady true ?  
And knowledge to the studious  
sage ;  
And pillow to the head of age.  
To thee, dear school-boy, whom  
my lay  
Has cheated of thy hour of play,  
Light task, and merry holiday !  
To all, to each, a fair good-night,  
And pleasing dreams, and  
slumbers light !

# THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

A POEM IN SIX CANTOS.

TO THE

MOST NOBLE

JOHN JAMES MARQUIS OF ABERCORN,

*&c. &c. &c.*

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

## ARGUMENT.

The Scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the Vicinity of Loch Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of Action includes Six Days, and the transactions of each Day occupy a Canto.

### CANTO FIRST.

#### The Chase.

HARP of the North ! that moulder-  
ing long hast hung  
On the witch-elm that shades  
Saint Fillan's spring,  
And down the fitful breeze thy  
numbers flung,  
Till envious ivy did around thee  
cling,  
Muffling with verdant ringlet  
every string,—  
O minstrel Harp, still must  
thine accents sleep ?  
Mid rustling leaves and fountains  
murmuring,  
Still must thy sweeter sounds  
their silence keep,  
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach  
a maid to weep ?  
Not thus, in ancient days of  
Caledon,  
Was thy voice mute amid the  
festal crowd,

When lay of hopeless love, or  
glory won,  
Aroused the fearful, or subdued  
the proud.  
At each according pause, was  
heard aloud  
Thine ardent symphony sublime  
and high !  
Fair dames and crested chiefs  
attention bow'd ;  
For still the burden of thy  
minstrelsy  
Was Knighthood's dauntless  
deed, and Beauty's match-  
less eye.

O wake once more ! how rude  
soe'er the hand  
That ventures o'er thy magic  
maze to stray ;  
O wake once more ! though scarce  
my skill command  
Some feeble echoing of thine  
earlier lay :  
Though harsh and faint, and soon  
to die away,

And all unworthy of thy nobler  
strain,  
Yet if one heart throb higher at  
its sway,  
The wizard note has not been  
touch'd in vain.  
Then silent be no more ! Enchant-  
ress, wake again !

## I.

THE stag at eve had drunk his  
fill,  
Where danced the moon on  
Monan's rill,  
And deep his midnight lair had  
made  
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;  
But, when the sun his beacon red  
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's  
head,  
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's  
heavy bay  
Resounded up the rocky way,  
And faint, from farther distance  
borne,  
Were heard the clanging hoof and  
horn.

## II.

As Chief, who hears his warder  
call,  
" To arms ! the foemen storm the  
wall,"  
The antler'd monarch of the waste  
Sprung from his heathery couch  
in haste.  
But, ere his fleet career he took,  
The dew-drops from his flanks he  
shook ;  
Like crested leader proud and  
high,  
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the  
sky ;

A moment gazed adown the dale,  
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,  
A moment listen'd to the cry,  
That thicken'd as the chase drew  
nigh ;  
Then, as the headmost foes ap-  
pear'd,  
With one brave bound the copse  
he clear'd,  
And, stretching forward free and  
far,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-  
Var.

## III.

Yell'd on the view the opening  
pack ;  
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them  
back ;  
To many a mingled sound at once  
The awaken'd mountain gave  
response.  
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and  
strong,  
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,  
Their peal the merry horns rung  
out,  
A hundred voices join'd the shout ;  
With hark and whoop and wild  
halloo,  
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.  
Far from the tumult fled the roe,  
Close in her covert cower'd the  
doe,  
The falcon, from her cairn on  
high,  
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,  
Till far beyond her piercing ken  
The hurricane had swept the glen.  
Faint and more faint, its failing  
din  
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and  
linn,  
And silence settled, wide and still,  
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

## IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war  
 Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,  
 And roused the cavern, where 'tis told,  
 A giant made his den of old ;<sup>184</sup>  
 For ere that steep ascent was won,  
 High in his pathway hung the sun,  
 And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,  
 Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,  
 And of the trackers of the deer,  
 Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;  
 So shrewdly on the mountain side  
 Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

## V.

The noble stag was pausing now,  
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
 Where broad extended, far beneath,  
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.  
 With anxious eye he wander'd o'er  
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,  
 And ponder'd refuge from his toil,  
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.  
 But nearer was the copsewood grey,  
 That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,  
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue  
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.

Fresh vigour with the hope return'd,  
 With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,  
 Held westward with unwearied race,  
 And left behind the panting chase.

## VI.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
 As swept the hunt through Cambus-more ;  
 What reins were tighten'd in despair,  
 When rose Benledi's ridge in air ;  
 Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath,  
 Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith,—  
 For twice that day, from shore to shore,  
 The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.  
 Few were the stragglers, following far,  
 That reach'd the lake of Ven-nachar ;  
 And when the Brigg of Turk was won,  
 The headmost horseman rode alone.

## VII.

Alone, but with unabated zeal,  
 That horseman plied the scourge and steel ;  
 For jaded now, and spent with toil,  
 Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,  
 While every gasp with sobs he drew,  
 The labouring stag strain'd full in view.

Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's  
 breed,  
 Unmatch'd for courage, breath,  
 and speed,<sup>185</sup>  
 Fast on his flying traces came  
 And all but won that desperate  
 game ;  
 For, scarce a spear's length from  
 his haunch,  
 Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds  
 stanch ;  
 Nor nearer might the dogs attain,  
 Nor farther might the quarry  
 strain.

Thus up the margin of the lake,  
 Between the precipice and brake,  
 O'er stock and rock their race  
 they take.

## VIII.

The Hunter mark'd that mountain  
 high,  
 The lone lake's western boundary,  
 And deem'd the stag must turn  
 to bay,  
 Where that huge rampart barr'd  
 the way ;  
 Already glorying in the prize,  
 Measured his antlers with his  
 eyes ;  
 For the death-wound and death-  
 halloo,  
 Muster'd his breath, his whinyard  
 drew ;—<sup>186</sup>  
 But thundering as he came pre-  
 pared,  
 With ready arm and weapon  
 bared,  
 The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,  
 And turn'd him from the opposing  
 rock ;  
 Then, dashing down a darksome  
 glen,  
 Soon lost to hound and hunter's  
 ken,

In the deep Trosach's wildest  
 nook  
 His solitary refuge took.  
 There, while close couch'd, the  
 thicket shed  
 Cold dews and wild-flowers on  
 his head,  
 He heard the baffled dogs in vain  
 Rave through the hollow pass  
 amain,  
 Chiding the rocks that yell'd  
 again.

## IX.

Close on the hounds the hunter  
 came,  
 To cheer them on the vanish'd  
 game ;  
 But, stumbling in the rugged  
 dell,  
 The gallant horse exhausted fell.  
 The impatient rider strove in  
 vain  
 To rouse him with the spur and  
 rein,  
 For the good steed, his labours  
 o'er,  
 Stretch'd his stiff limbs, to rise  
 no more ;  
 Then, touch'd with pity and  
 remorse,  
 He sorrow'd o'er the expiring  
 horse.  
 "I little thought, when first thy  
 rein  
 I slack'd upon the banks of  
 Seine,  
 That Highland eagle e'er should  
 feed  
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless  
 steed !  
 Woe worth the chase, woe worth  
 the day,  
 That costs thy life, my gallant  
 grey !"

## X.

Then through the dell his horn  
resounds,  
From vain pursuit to call the  
hounds.  
Back limp'd, with slow and  
crippled pace,  
The sulky leaders of the chase ;  
Close to their master's side they  
press'd,  
With drooping tail and humbled  
crest ;  
But still the dingle's hollow  
throat  
Prolong'd the swelling bugle-  
note.  
The owlets started from their  
dream,  
The eagles answer'd with their  
scream,  
Round and around the sounds  
were cast,  
Till echo seem'd an answering  
blast ;  
And on the hunter hied his way,  
To join some comrades of the day ;  
Yet often paused, so strange the  
road,  
So wondrous were the scenes it  
show'd.

## XI

The western waves of ebbing day  
Roll'd o'er the glen their level  
way ;  
Each purple peak, each flinty  
spire,  
Was bathed in floods of living  
fire.  
But not a setting beam could  
glow  
Within the dark ravines below,  
Where twined the path in shadow  
hid,  
Round many a rocky pyramid,

Shooting abruptly from the dell  
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle ;  
Round many an insulated mass,  
The native bulwarks of the  
pass,  
Huge as the tower which builders  
vain  
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's  
plain.  
The rocky summits, split and  
rent,  
Form'd turret, dome, or battle-  
ment,  
Or seem'd fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret,  
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,  
Or mosque of Eastern architect.  
Nor were these earth-born castles  
bare,  
Nor lack'd they many a banner  
fair ;  
For, from their shiver'd brows  
display'd,  
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
All twinkling with the dewdrops  
sheen,  
The brier-rose fell in streamers  
green,  
And creeping shrubs, of thousand  
dyes,  
Waved in the west-wind's summer  
sighs.

## XII

Boon nature scatter'd, free and  
wild,  
Each plant or flower, the moun-  
tain's child.  
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,  
Hawthorn and hazel mingled  
there ;  
The primrose pale and violet  
flower,  
Found in each cliff a narrow  
bower ;



Fox-glove and night-shade, side  
 by side,  
 Emblems of punishment and pride,  
 Group'd their dark hues with  
 every stain  
 The weather-beaten crags retain.  
 With boughs that quaked at  
 every breath,  
 Grey birch and aspen wept be-  
 neath ;  
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;  
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree  
 hung  
 His shatter'd trunk, and frequent  
 flung,  
 Where seem'd the cliffs to meet  
 on high,  
 His boughs athwart the narrow'd  
 sky.  
 Highest of all, where white peaks  
 glanced,  
 Where glist'ning streamers waved  
 and danced,  
 The wanderer's eye could barely  
 view  
 The summer heaven's delicious  
 blue ;  
 So wondrous wild, the whole  
 might seem  
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

## XIII.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan  
 peep  
 A narrow inlet, still and deep,  
 Affording scarce such breadth of  
 brim,  
 As served the wild duck's brood  
 to swim.  
 Lost for a space, through thickets  
 veering,  
 But broader when again appear-  
 ing,

Tall rocks and tufted knolls their  
 face  
 Could on the dark-blue mirror  
 trace ;  
 And farther as the hunter stray'd,  
 Still broader sweep its channels  
 made.  
 The shaggy mounds no longer  
 stood,  
 Emerging from entangled wood,  
 But, wave-encircled, seem'd to  
 float,  
 Like castle girdled with its moat ;  
 Yet broader floods extending still  
 Divide them from their parent  
 hill,  
 Till each, retiring, claims to be  
 An islet in an inland sea.

## XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,  
 No pathway meets the wanderer's  
 ken,  
 Unless he climb, with footing  
 nice,  
 A far projecting precipice.<sup>187</sup>  
 The broom's tough roots his ladder  
 made,  
 The hazel saplings lent their aid ;  
 And thus an airy point he won,  
 Where, gleaming with the setting  
 sun,  
 One burnish'd sheet of living  
 gold,  
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him  
 roll'd,  
 In all her length far winding lay,  
 With promontory, creek, and bay,  
 And islands that, empurpled  
 bright,  
 Floated amid the livelier light,  
 And mountains, that like giants  
 stand,  
 To sentinel enchanted land.

High on the south, huge Benvenue  
Down on the lake in masses threw  
Craggs, knolls and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,

The fragments of an earlier world ;  
A wildering forest feather'd o'er  
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,  
While on the north, through  
middle air,  
Ben-an heaved high his forehead  
bare.

## XV.

From the steep promontory gazed  
The stranger, raptur'd and  
amazed.

And, "What a scene were here,"  
he cried,

"For princely pomp, or church-  
man's pride!

On this bold brow, a lordly tower ;  
In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;  
On yonder meadow, far away,  
The turrets of a cloister grey ;  
How blithely might the bugle-  
horn

Chide, on the lake, the lingering  
morn !

How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute  
Chime, when the groves were  
still and mute !

And, when the midnight moon  
should lave

Her forehead in the silver wave,  
How solemn on the ear would  
come

The holy matins' distant hum,  
While the deep peal's commanding  
tone

Should wake, in yonder islet lone,  
A sainted hermit from his cell,  
To drop a bead with every knell—  
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,

Should each bewilder'd stranger  
call  
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

## XVI.

"Blithe were it then to wander  
here!

But now,—beshrew yon nimble  
deer,—

Like that same hermit's, thin and  
spare,

The copse must give my evening  
fare ;

Some mossy bank my couch must  
be,

Some rustling oak my canopy.

Yet pass we that ; the war and  
chase

Give little choice of resting-  
place ;—

A summer night, in greenwood  
spent,

Were but to-morrow's merriment :  
But hosts may in these wilds  
abound,

Such as are better miss'd than  
found ;

To meet with Highland plunderers  
here,

Were worse than loss of steed or  
deer.<sup>188</sup>

I am alone ;—my bugle-strain

May call some straggler of the  
train ;

Or, fall the worst that may betide,  
Ere now this falchion has been  
tried."

## XVII.

But scarce again his horn he  
wound,

When lo! forth starting at the  
sound,

From underneath an aged oak,  
That slanted from the islet rock,

A damsel guider of its way,  
 A little skiff shot to the bay,  
 That round the promontory steep  
 Led its deep line in graceful  
 sweep,  
 Eddying, in almost viewless wave,  
 The weeping willow-twigg to lave,  
 And kiss, with whispering sound  
 and slow,  
 The beach of pebbles bright as  
 snow.  
 The boat had touch'd this silver  
 strand,  
 Just as the Hunter left his stand,  
 And stood conceal'd amid the  
 brake,  
 To view this Lady of the Lake.  
 The maiden paused, as if again  
 She thought to catch the distant  
 strain.  
 With head up-raised, and look  
 intent,  
 And eye and ear attentive bent,  
 And locks flung back, and lips  
 apart,  
 Like monument of Grecian art,  
 In listening mood, she seem'd to  
 stand,  
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

## XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel  
 trace  
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
 Of finer form, or lovelier face!  
 What though the sun, with ardent  
 frown,  
 Had slightly tinged her cheek  
 with brown,—  
 The sportive toil, which, short and  
 light,  
 Had dyed her glowing hue so  
 bright,

Served too in hastier swell to  
 show  
 Short glimpses of a breast of  
 snow:  
 What though no rule of courtly  
 grace  
 To measured mood had train'd  
 her pace,—  
 A foot more light, a step more  
 true,  
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd  
 the dew;  
 E'en the slight harebell raised its  
 head,  
 Elastic from her airy tread:  
 What though upon her speech  
 there hung  
 The accents of the mountain  
 tongue,—  
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so  
 dear,  
 The listener held his breath to  
 hear!

## XIX.

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the  
 maid;  
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,  
 Her golden brooch, such birth  
 betray'd.  
 And seldom was a snood amid  
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,  
 Whose glossy black to shame  
 might bring  
 The plumage of the raven's wing;  
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,  
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,  
 And never brooch the folds com-  
 bined  
 Above a heart more good and  
 kind.  
 Her kindness and her worth to  
 spy,  
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;

Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
 Gives back the shaggy banks  
 more true,  
 Than every free-born glance con-  
 fess'd  
 The guileless movements of her  
 breast ;  
 Whether joy danced in her dark  
 eye,  
 Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,  
 Or filial love was glowing there,  
 Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,  
 Or tale of injury call'd forth  
 The indignant spirit of the North.  
 One only passion unreveal'd,  
 With maiden pride the maid  
 conceal'd,  
 Yet not less purely felt the  
 flame ;—  
 O need I tell that passion's name !

## XX.

Impatient of the silent horn,  
 Now on the gale her voice was  
 borne :—  
 " Father ! " she cried ; the rocks  
 around  
 Loved to prolong the gentle  
 sound.  
 A while she paused, no answer  
 came,—  
 " Malcolm, was thine the blast ? "  
 the name  
 Less resolutely utter'd fell,  
 The echoes could not catch the  
 swell.  
 " A stranger I, " the Huntsman  
 said,  
 Advancing from the hazel shade.  
 The maid, alarmed, with hasty  
 oar,  
 Push'd her light shallop from the  
 shore,

And when a space was gain'd  
 between,  
 Closer she drew her bosom's  
 screen ;  
 (So forth the startled swan would  
 swing,  
 So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)  
 Then safe, though flutter'd and  
 amazed,  
 She paused, and on the stranger  
 gazed.  
 Not his the form, nor his the eye,  
 That youthful maidens wont to fly.

## XXI.

On his bold visage middle age  
 Had slightly press'd its signet  
 sage  
 Yet had not quench'd the open  
 truth  
 And fiery vehemence of youth ;  
 Forward and frolic glee was there,  
 The will to do, the soul to dare,  
 The sparkling glance, soon blown  
 to fire,  
 Of hasty love, or headlong ire.  
 His limbs were cast in manly  
 mould,  
 For hardy sports or contest bold ;  
 And though in peaceful garb  
 array'd,  
 And weaponless, except his blade,  
 His stately mien as well implied  
 A high-born heart, a martial pride,  
 As if a Baron's crest he wore,  
 And sheathed in armour trode the  
 shore.  
 Slighting the petty need he  
 show'd,  
 He told of his benighted road ;  
 His ready speech flow'd fair and  
 free,  
 In phrase of gentlest courtesy ;

Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture  
 biand,  
 Less used to sue than to command.

## XXII.

A while the maid the stranger  
 eyed,  
 And, reassured, at length replied,  
 That Highland halls were open  
 still  
 To wilder'd wanderers of the hill.  
 "Nor think you unexpected come  
 To you lone isle, our desert home ;  
 Before the heath had lost the dew,  
 This morn, a couch was pull'd for  
 you ;  
 On yonder mountain's purple  
 head  
 Have ptarmigan and heath-cock  
 bled,  
 And our broad nets have swept  
 the mere,  
 To furnish forth your evening  
 cheer."—  
 "Now, by the rood, my lovely  
 maid,  
 Your courtesy has err'd," he  
 said ;  
 "No right have I to claim,  
 misplaced,  
 The welcome of expected guest.  
 A wanderer, here by fortune tost,  
 My way, my friends, my courser  
 lost,  
 I ne'er before, believe me, fair,  
 Have ever drawn your mountain  
 air,  
 Till on this lake's romantic strand,  
 I found a fay in fairy land !"—

## XXIII.

"I well believe," the maid replied,  
 As her light skiff approach'd the  
 side,—

"I well believe, that ne'er before  
 Your foot has trod Loch  
 Katrine's shore ;

But yet, as far as yesternight,  
 Old Allan-Bane foretold your  
 plight,—

A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye  
 intent

Was on the vision'd future  
 bent.<sup>189</sup>

He saw your steed, a dappled  
 grey,

Lie dead beneath the birchen way ;  
 Painted exact your form and  
 mien,

Your hunting suit of Lincoln  
 green,

That tassell'd horn so gaily gilt,  
 That falchion's crooked blade and  
 hilt,

That cap with heron plumage  
 trim,

And yon two hounds so dark and  
 grim.

He bade that all should ready be,  
 To grace a guest of fair degree ;  
 But light I held his prophecy,  
 And deem'd it was my father's  
 horn,

Whose echoes o'er the lake were  
 borne."

## XXIV.

The stranger smiled :—"Since to  
 your home

A destined errant-knight I come,  
 Announced by prophet sooth and  
 old,

Doom'd, doubtless, for achieve-  
 ment bold,

I'll lightly front each high emprise,  
 For one kind glance of those  
 bright eyes.

Permit me, first, the task to guide  
 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."

The maid, with smile suppress'd  
and sly,  
The toil unwonted saw him try ;  
For seldom sure, if e'er before,  
His noble hand had grasp'd an  
oar :  
Yet with main strength his strokes  
he drew,  
And o'er the lake the shallop  
flew ;  
With heads erect, and whimper-  
ing cry,  
The hounds behind their passage  
ply.  
Nor frequent does the bright oar  
break  
The dark'ning mirror of the  
lake,  
Until the rocky isle they reach,  
And moor their shallop on the  
beach.

## XXV.

The stranger view'd the shore  
around,  
'Twas all so close with copsewood  
bound,  
Nor track nor pathway might  
declare  
That human foot frequented  
there,  
Until the mountain-maiden show'd  
A clambering unsuspected road,  
That winded through the tangled  
screen,  
And open'd on a narrow green,  
Where weeping birch and willow  
round  
With their long fibres swept the  
ground.  
Here, for retreat in dangerous  
hour,  
Some chief had framed a rustic  
bower.<sup>100</sup>

## XXVI.

It was a lodge of ample size,  
But strange of structure and  
device ;  
Of such materials, as around  
The workman's hand had readiest  
found.  
Lopp'd off their boughs, their  
hoar trunks bared,  
And by the hatchet rudely  
squared,  
To give the walls their destined  
height,  
The sturdy oak and ash unite ;  
While moss and clay and leaves  
combined  
To fence each crevice from the  
wind.  
The lighter pine-trees, over-head,  
Their slender length for rafters  
spread,  
And wither'd heath and rushes  
dry  
Supplied a russet canopy.  
Due westward, fronting to the  
green,  
A rural portico was seen,  
Aloft on native pillars borne,  
Of mountain fir, with bark un-  
shorn,  
Where Ellen's hand had taught  
to twine  
The ivy and Idæan vine,  
The clematis, the favour'd flower  
Which boasts the name of virgin-  
bower,  
And every hardy plant could bear  
Loch Katrine's keen and search-  
ing air.  
An instant in this porch she staid,  
And gaily to the stranger said,  
"On heaven and on thy lady  
call,  
And enter the enchanted hall !"

## XXVII.

My hope, my heaven, my trust  
must be,  
My gentle guide, in following  
thee."

He cross'd the threshold—and a  
clang

Of angry steel that instant rang.  
To his bold brow his spirit rush'd,  
But soon for vain alarm he  
blush'd,

When on the floor he saw dis-  
play'd,

Cause of the din, a naked blade  
Dropp'd from the sheath, that  
careless flung

Upon a stag's huge antlers  
swung ;

For all around, the walls to  
grace,  
Hung trophies of the fight or  
chase :

A target there, a bugle here,  
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,

And broadswords, bows, and  
arrows store,

With the tusk'd trophies of the  
boar.

Here grins the wolf as when he  
died,

And there the wild-cat's brindled  
hide

The frontlet of the elk adorns,  
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns ;

Pennons and flags defaced and  
stain'd,

That blackening streaks of blood  
retain'd,

And deer-skins, dappled, dun,  
and white,

With otter's fur and seal's unite,  
In rude and uncouth tapestry

all,  
To garnish forth the silvan hall.

## XXVIII.

The wondering stranger round  
him gazed,

And next the fallen weapon  
raised :—

Few were the arms whose sinewy  
strength

Sufficed to stretch it forth at  
length,

And as the brand he poised and  
sway'd,

"I never knew but one," he said,  
"Whose stalwart arm might

brook to wield  
A blade like this in battle-field."

She sigh'd, then smiled and took  
the word :

"You see the guardian cham-  
pion's sword :

As light it trembles in his hand,  
As in my grasp a hazel wand ;

My sire's tall form might grace  
the part

Of Ferragus or Ascabart ;<sup>191</sup>  
But in the absent giant's hold

Are women now, and menials  
old."

## XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion  
came,

Mature of age, a graceful dame ;  
Whose easy step and stately port

Had well become a princely court,  
To whom, though more than

kindred knew,  
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.

Meet welcome to her guest she  
made,

And every courteous rite was  
paid,

That hospitality could claim,  
Though all unask'd his birth and

name.<sup>192</sup>

Such then the reverence to a  
 guest,  
 That fellest foe might join the  
 feast,  
 And from his deadliest foeman's  
 door  
 Unquestion'd turn, the banquet  
 o'er.  
 At length his rank the stranger  
 names,  
 "The Knight of Snowdoun, James  
 Fitz-James ;  
 Lord of a barren heritage,  
 Which his brave sires, from age  
 to age,  
 By their good swords had held  
 with toil ;  
 His sire had fallen in such turmoil,  
 And he, God wot, was forced to  
 stand  
 Oft for his right with blade in  
 hand.  
 This morning, with Lord Moray's  
 train,  
 He chased a stalwart stag in vain,  
 Outstripp'd his comrades, miss'd  
 the deer,  
 Lost his good steed, and wander'd  
 here."

## XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn  
 require  
 The name and state of Ellen's sire.  
 Well show'd the elder lady's  
 mien,  
 That courts and cities she had  
 seen ;  
 Ellen, though more her looks  
 display'd  
 The simple grace of silvan maid,  
 In speech and gesture, form and  
 face,  
 Show'd she was come of gentle  
 race.

'Twere strange, in ruder rank to  
 find,  
 Such looks, such manners, and  
 such mind.  
 Each hint the Knight of Snow-  
 doun gave,  
 Dame Margaret heard with silence  
 grave ;  
 Or Ellen, innocently gay,  
 Turn'd all inquiry light away :—  
 "Weird women we ! by dale and  
 down  
 We dwell, afar from tower and  
 town.  
 We stem the flood, we ride the  
 blast,  
 On wandering knights our spells  
 we cast ;  
 While viewless minstrels touch  
 the string,  
 'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we  
 sing."  
 She sung, and still a harp unseen  
 Fill'd up the symphony be-  
 tween.<sup>193</sup>

## XXXI.

## SONG.

"Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not  
 breaking ;  
 Dream of battled fields no more,  
 Days of danger, nights of  
 waking.  
 In our isle's enchanted hall,  
 Hands unseen thy couch are  
 strewing,  
 Fairy strains of music fall,  
 Every sense in slumber dewing.  
 Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Dream of fighting fields no more :  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not  
 breaking,  
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.



“No rude sound shall reach thine  
 ear,  
 Armour’s clang, or war-steed  
 champing,  
 Trump nor pibroch summon here  
 Mustering clan, or squadron  
 tramping.  
 Yet the lark’s shrill life may come  
 At the day-break from the  
 fallow,  
 And the bittern sound his drum.  
 Booming from the sedgy  
 shallow.  
 Ruder sounds shall none be near  
 Guards nor warders challenge  
 here,  
 Here’s no war-steeds neigh and  
 champing,  
 Shouting clans, or squadrons  
 stamping.”

## XXXII.

She paused—then, blushing, led  
 the lay  
 To grace the stranger of the day.  
 Her mellow notes awhile prolong  
 The cadence of the flowing song,  
 Till to her lips in measured frame  
 The minstrel verse spontaneous  
 came.

## SONG CONTINUED.

“Huntsman, rest! thy chase is  
 done,  
 While our slumbrous spells  
 assail ye,  
 Dream not, with the rising sun,  
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.  
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;  
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee  
 lying;  
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,  
 How thy gallant steed lay  
 dying.  
 sc.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is  
 done,  
 Think not of the rising sun,  
 For at dawning to assail ye,  
 Here no bugles sound reveillé.”

## XXXIII.

The hall was clear’d—the  
 stranger’s bed  
 Was there of mountain heather  
 spread,  
 Where oft a hundred guests had  
 lain,  
 And dream’d their forest sports  
 again.  
 But vainly did the heath-flower  
 shed  
 Its moorland fragrance round his  
 head;  
 Not Ellen’s spell had lull’d to rest  
 The fever of his troubled breast.  
 In broken dreams the image rose  
 Of varied perils, pains, and woes:  
 His steed now flounders in the  
 brake,  
 Now sinks his barge upon the  
 lake;  
 Now leader of a broken host,  
 His standard falls, his honour’s  
 lost.  
 Then,—from my couch may  
 heavenly might  
 Chase that worst phantom of the  
 night!—  
 Again return’d the scenes of youth,  
 Of confident undoubting truth;  
 Again his soul he interchanged  
 With friends whose hearts were  
 long estranged.  
 They come, in dim procession led,  
 The cold, the faithless, and the  
 dead;  
 As warm each hand, each brow  
 as gay,  
 As if they parted yesterday.

And doubt distracts him at the  
view,  
O were his senses false or true!  
Dream'd he of death, or broken  
vow,  
Or is it all a vision now!

## XXXIV.

At length, with Ellen in a grove  
He seem'd to walk, and speak of  
love;  
She listen'd with a blush and sigh,  
His suit was warm, his hopes  
were high.  
He sought her yielded hand to  
clasp,  
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:  
The phantom's sex was changed  
and gone,  
Upon its head a helmet shone;  
Slowly enlarged to giant size,  
With darken'd cheek and threat-  
ening eyes,  
The grisly visage, stern and hoar,  
To Ellen still a likeness bore.—  
He woke, and, panting with  
affright,  
Recall'd the vision of the night.  
The hearth's decaying brands were  
red,  
And deep and dusky lustre shed,  
Half showing, half concealing, all  
The uncouth trophies of the hall.  
Mid those the stranger fix'd his  
eye,  
Where that huge falchion hung  
on high,  
And thoughts on thoughts, a  
countless throng,  
Rush'd, chasing countless  
thoughts along,  
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,  
He rose, and sought the moon-  
shine pure.

## XXXV.

The wild-rose, eglantine, and  
broom,  
Wasted around their rich perfume:  
The birch-trees wept in fragrant  
balm,  
The aspens slept beneath the  
calm;  
The silver light, with quivering  
glance,  
Play'd on the water's still ex-  
panse,—  
Wild were the heart whose  
passions' sway  
Could rage beneath the sober  
ray!  
He felt its calm, that warrior  
guest,  
While thus he communed with  
his breast:—  
“Why is it, at each turn I trace  
Some memory of that exiled race?  
Can I not mountain-maiden spy,  
But she must bear the Douglas  
eye?  
Can I not view a Highland brand,  
But it must match the Douglas  
hand?  
Can I not frame a fever'd dream,  
But still the Douglas is the  
theme?  
I'll dream no more—by manly  
mind  
Not even in sleep is will resign'd.  
My midnight orisons said o'er,  
I'll turn to rest, and dream no  
more.”  
His midnight orisons he told,  
A prayer with every bead of gold,  
Consign'd to heaven his cares  
and woes,  
And sunk in undisturb'd repose;  
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,  
And morning-dawn'd on Benvenue.

## CANTO SECOND.

## The Island.

## I.

AT morn the black-cock trims his  
 jetty wing,  
 'Tis morning prompts the  
 linnet's blithest lay,  
 All Nature's children feel the  
 matin spring  
 Of life reviving, with reviving  
 day;  
 And while yon little bark glides  
 down the bay,  
 Wafting the stranger on his  
 way again,  
 Morn's genial influence roused a  
 minstrel grey,<sup>194</sup>  
 And sweetly o'er the lake was  
 heard thy strain,  
 Mix'd with the sounding harp, O  
 white-hair'd Allan-Bane!

## II.

## SONG.

“Not faster yonder rowers' might  
 Flings from their oars the spray,  
 Not faster yonder rippling bright,  
 That tracks the shallop's course  
 in light,  
 Melts in the lake away,  
 Than men from memory erase  
 The benefits of former days;  
 Then, stranger, go! good speed  
 the while,  
 Nor think again of the lonely isle.

“High place to thee in royal court,  
 High place in battle line,  
 Good hawk and hound for silvan  
 sport,  
 Where beauty sees the brave  
 resort,  
 The honour'd meed be thine!

True be thy sword, thy friend  
 sincere,  
 Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,  
 And lost in love and friendship's  
 smile

Be memory of the lonely isle.

## III.

## SONG CONTINUED.

“But if beneath yon southern sky  
 A plaided stranger roam,  
 Whose drooping crest and stifled  
 sigh,  
 And sunken cheek and heavy eye,  
 Pine for his Highland home;  
 Then, warrior, then be thine to  
 show  
 The care that soothes a wanderer's  
 woe;  
 Remember then thy hap ere while,  
 A stranger in the lonely isle.

“Or if on life's uncertain main  
 Mishap shall mar thy sail;  
 If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,  
 Woe, want, and exile thou sustain  
 Beneath the fickle gale;  
 Waste not a sigh on fortune  
 changed,  
 On thankless courts, or friends  
 estranged,  
 But come where kindred worth  
 shall smile,  
 To greet thee in the lonely isle.”

## IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide,  
 The shallop reach'd the mainland  
 side,  
 And ere his onward way he took,  
 The stranger cast a lingering look,  
 Where easily his eye might reach  
 The Harper on the islet beach,

Reclined against a blighted tree,  
 As wasted, grey, and worn as he.  
 To minstrel meditation given,  
 His reverend brow was raised to  
 heaven,  
 As from the rising sun to claim  
 A sparkle of inspiring flame.  
 His hand, reclined upon the wire,  
 Seem'd watching the awakening  
 fire ;  
 So still he sate, as those who wait  
 Till judgment speak the doom  
 of fate ;  
 So still, as if no breeze might dare  
 To lift one lock of hoary hair ;  
 So still, as life itself were fled,  
 In the last sound his harp had  
 sped.

## V.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,  
 Beside him Ellen sate and  
 smiled.—  
 Smiled she to see the stately drake  
 Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,  
 While her vex'd spaniel, from the  
 beach,  
 Bay'd at the prize beyond his  
 reach ?  
 Yet tell me, then, the maid who  
 knows,  
 Why deepen'd on her cheek the  
 rose ?—  
 Forgive, forgive, Fidelity !  
 Perchance the maiden smiled to  
 see  
 Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,  
 And stop and turn to wave anew ;  
 And, lovely ladies, ere your ire  
 Condemn the heroine of my lyre,  
 Show me the fair would scorn to  
 spy,  
 And prize such conquest of her  
 eye !

## VI.

While yet he loiter'd on the spot,  
 It seem'd as Ellen mark'd him  
 not ;  
 But when he turn'd him to the  
 glade,  
 One courteous parting sign she  
 made ;  
 And after, oft the knight would  
 say,  
 That not when prize of festal  
 day  
 Was dealt him by the brightest  
 fair,  
 Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,  
 So highly did his bosom swell,  
 As at that simple mute farewell.  
 Now with a trusty mountain-  
 guide,  
 And his dark stag-hounds by his  
 side,  
 He parts—the maid, unconscious  
 still,  
 Watch'd him wind slowly round  
 the hill ;  
 But when his stately form was  
 hid,  
 The guardian in her bosom chid—  
 “Thy Malcolm ! vain and selfish  
 maid !”  
 'Twas thus upbraiding conscience  
 said,—  
 Not so had Malcolm idly hung  
 On the smooth phrase of southern  
 tongue ;  
 “Not so had Malcolm strain'd  
 his eye,  
 Another step than thine to spy.  
 Wake, Allan-Bane,” aloud she  
 cried,  
 To the old Minstrel by her side,—  
 “Arouse thee from thy moody  
 dream !  
 I'll give thy harp heroic theme,

And warm thee with a noble  
name ;  
Pour forth the glory of the  
Græme ! ”<sup>95</sup>  
Scarce from her lip the word had  
rush'd,  
When deep the conscious maiden  
blush'd ;  
For of his clan, in hall and  
bower,  
Young Malcolm Græme was held  
the flower.

## VII.

The Minstrel waked his harp—  
three times  
Arose the well-known martial  
chimes,  
And thrice their high heroic pride  
In melancholy murmurs died.  
“Vainly thou bid'st, O noble  
maid,”  
Clasping his wither'd hands, he  
said,  
“Vainly thou bid'st me wake the  
strain,  
Though all unwont to bid in vain.  
Alas ! than mine a mightier hand  
Has tuned my harp, my strings  
has spann'd !  
I touch the chords of joy, but low  
And mournful answer notes of  
woe ;  
And the proud march, which  
victors tread,  
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.  
O well for me, if mine alone  
That dirge's deep prophetic tone !  
If, as my tuneful fathers said,  
This harp, which erst Saint  
Modan sway'd,<sup>196</sup>  
Can thus its master's fate fore-  
tell,  
Then welcome be the minstrel's  
kuell !

## VIII.

“But ah ! dear lady, thus it sigh'd  
The eve thy sainted mother died ;  
And such the sounds which,  
while I strove  
To wake a lay of war or love,  
Came marring all the festal mirth,  
Appalling me who gave them  
birth,  
And, disobedient to my call,  
Wail'd loud through Bothwell's  
banner'd hall,  
Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,<sup>197</sup>  
Were exiled from their native  
heaven.—  
Oh ! if yet worse mishap and woe,  
My master's house must undergo,  
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,  
Brood in these accents of despair,  
No future bard, sad Harp ! shall  
fling  
Triumph or rapture from thy  
string ;  
One short, one final strain shall  
flow,  
Fraught with unutterable woe,  
Then shiver'd shall thy fragments  
lie,  
Thy master cast him down and  
die ! ”

## IX.

Soothing she answer'd him,  
“Assuage,  
Mine honour'd friend, the fears of  
age ;  
All melodies to thee are known,  
That harp has rung, or pipe has  
blown,  
In Lowland vale or Highland glen,  
From Tweed to Spey—what  
marvel, then,  
At times, unbidden notes should  
rise,  
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,

Entangling, as they rush along,  
The war-march with the funeral  
song?—

Small ground is now for boding  
fear ;

Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.  
My sire, in native virtue great,  
Resigning lordship, lands, and  
state,

Not then to fortune more resign'd,  
Than vonder oak might give the  
wind ;

The graceful foliage storms may  
reave,

The noble stem they cannot grieve.  
For me,"—she stoop'd, and,  
looking round,

Pluck'd a blue hare-bell from the  
ground,—

"For me, whose memory scarce  
conveys

An image of more splendid days,  
This little flower, that loves the  
lea,

May well my simple emblem be ;  
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe  
as rose

That in the king's own garden  
grows ;

And when I place it in my hair,  
Allan, a bard is bound to swear  
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."

Then playfully the chaplet wild  
She wreath'd in her dark locks,  
and smiled.

### X.

Her smile, her speech, with  
winning sway,

Wiled the old harper's mood away.  
With such a look as hermits  
throw,

When angels stoop to soothe their  
woe,

He gazed, till fond regret and  
pride

Thrill'd to a tear, then thus  
replied :

"Loveliest and best ! thou little  
know'st

The rank, the honours, thou hast  
lost !

O might I live to see thee grace,  
In Scotland's court, thy birth-  
right place.

To see my favourite's step  
advance,

The lightest in the courtly dance,  
The cause of every gallant's sigh,  
And leading star of every eye,

And theme of every minstrel's art,  
The Lady of the Bleeding  
Heart!"—

### XI.

"Fair dreams are these," the  
maiden cried,

(Light was her accent, yet she  
sigh'd ;)

"Yet is this mossy rock to me  
Worth splendid chair and canopy ;  
Nor would my footsteps spring  
more gay

In courtly dance than blithe strath-  
spey,

Nor half so pleased mine ear  
incline

To royal minstrel's lay as thine.  
And then for suitors proud and  
high,

To bend before my conquering  
eye,—

Thou, flattering bard ! thyself  
wilt say,

That grim Sir Roderick owns its  
sway.

The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's  
pride,

The terror of Loch Lomond's side,

Would, at my suit, thou know'st,  
 delay  
 A Lennox foray—for a day."

## XII.

The ancient bard his glee  
 repress'd :

"Ill hast thou chosen theme for  
 jest!

For who, through all this western  
 wild,

Named Black Sir Roderick e'er,  
 and smiled!

In Holy-Rood a knight he  
 slew ;<sup>198</sup>

I saw, when back the dirk he  
 drew,

Courtiers give place before the  
 stride

Of the undaunted homicide ;

And since, though outlaw'd, hath  
 his hand

Full sternly kept his mountain  
 land.

Who else dared give—ah! woe  
 the day,

That I such hated truth should  
 say—

The Douglas, like a stricken deer,  
 Disown'd by every noble peer,<sup>199</sup>

Even the rude refuge we have  
 here?

Alas, this wild marauding Chief

Alone might hazard our relief,

And now thy maiden charms  
 expand,

Looks for his guerdon in thy  
 hand ;

Full soon may dispensation  
 sought,

To back his suit, from Rome be  
 brought.

Then, though an exile on the hill,  
 Thy father, as the Douglas, still

Be held in reverence and fear ;  
 And though to Roderick thou'rt  
 so dear,

That thou mightst guide with  
 silken thread,

Slave of thy will, this chieftain  
 dread ;

Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth  
 refrain!

Thy hand is on a lion's mane."

## XIII.

"Minstrel," the maid replied,  
 and high

Her father's soul glanced from  
 her eye,

"My debts to Roderick's house I  
 know :

All that a mother could bestow,

To Lady Margaret's care I owe,

Since first an orphan in the wild

She sorrow'd o'er her sister's  
 child ;

To her brave chieftain son, from ire  
 Of Scotland's king who shrouds

my sire,

A deeper, holier debt is owed ;

And, could I pay it with my blood,  
 Allan! Sir Roderick should com-

mand

My blood, my life,—but not my  
 hand.

Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell

A votaress in Maronnan's cell ;<sup>200</sup>

Rather through realms beyond  
 the sea,

Seeking the world's cold charity,  
 Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish

word,

And ne'er the name of Douglas  
 heard,

An outcast pilgrim will she rove,

Than wed the man she cannot  
 love.

## XIV.

"Thou shakest, good friend, thy  
 tresses grey,—  
 That pleading look, what can it  
 say  
 But what I own?—I grant him  
 brave,  
 But wild as Bracklinn's thunder-  
 ing wave; <sup>201</sup>  
 And generous—save vindictive  
 mood,  
 Or jealous transport, chafe his  
 blood:  
 I grant him true to friendly band,  
 As his claymore is to his hand;  
 But O! that very blade of steel  
 More mercy for a foe would  
 feel:  
 I grant him liberal, to fling  
 Among his clan the wealth they  
 bring,  
 When back by lake and glen they  
 wind,  
 And in the Lowland leave behind,  
 Where once some pleasant hamlet  
 stood  
 A mass of ashes slaked with blood.  
 The hand that for my father  
 fought,  
 I honour, as his daughter ought;  
 But can I clasp it reeking red,  
 From peasants slaughter'd in  
 their shed  
 No! wildly while his virtues  
 gleam,  
 They make his passions darker  
 seem,  
 And flash along his spirit high,  
 Like lightning o'er the midnight  
 sky.  
 While yet a child,—and children  
 know,  
 Instinctive taught, the friend and  
 foe,

I shudder'd at his brow of gloom,  
 His shadowy plaid, and sable  
 plume;  
 A maiden gown, I ill could bear  
 His haughty mien and lordly air:  
 But, if thou join'st a suitor's  
 claim,  
 In serious mood, to Roderick's  
 name,  
 I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er  
 A Douglas knew the word, with  
 fear.  
 To change such odious theme  
 were best,—  
 What think'st thou of our  
 stranger guest?"

## XV.

"What think I of him?—woe the  
 while  
 That brought such wanderer to  
 our isle!  
 Thy father's battle-brand, of yore  
 For 'Tine-man forged by fairy  
 lore, <sup>202</sup>  
 What time he leagued, no longer  
 foes,  
 His Border spears with Hotspur's  
 bows,  
 Did, self-unscaabarded, foreshow  
 The footstep of a secret foe. <sup>203</sup>  
 If courtly spy hath harbour'd here,  
 What may we for the Douglas  
 fear?  
 What for this island, deem'd of  
 old  
 Clan-Alpine's last and surest  
 hold?  
 If neither spy nor foe, I pray  
 What yet may jealous Roderick  
 say?  
 —Nay, wave not thy disdainful  
 head,  
 Bethink thee of the discord dread



That kindled, when at Beltane  
 game  
 Thou ledst the dance with  
 Malcolm Græme ;  
 Still, though thy sire the peace  
 renew'd,  
 Smoulders in Roderick's breast  
 the feud ;  
 Beware !—But hark, what sounds  
 are these ?  
 My dull ears catch no faltering  
 breeze,  
 No weeping birch, nor aspens  
 wake,  
 Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,  
 Still is the canna's hoary beard,  
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I  
 heard—  
 And hark again ! some pipe of  
 war  
 Sends the bold pibroch from  
 afar."

## XVI.

Far up the lengthen'd lake were  
 spied  
 Four darkening specks upon the  
 tide,  
 That, slow enlarging on the view,  
 Four mann'd and masted barges  
 grew,  
 And, bearing downwards from  
 Glengyle,  
 Steer'd full upon the lonely isle ;  
 The point of Brianchoil they  
 pass'd,  
 And, to the windward as they  
 cast,  
 Against the sun they gave to  
 shine  
 The bold Sir Roderick's banner'd  
 Pine.  
 Nearer and nearer as they bear,  
 Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.

Now might you see the tartans  
 brave,  
 And plaids and plumage dance  
 and wave :  
 Now see the bonnets sink and  
 rise,  
 As his tough oar the rower plies ;  
 See, flashing at each sturdy  
 stroke,  
 The wave ascending into smoke ;  
 See the proud pipers on the bow,  
 And mark the gaudy streamers  
 flow  
 From their loud chanters down,  
 and sweep  
 The furrow'd bosom of the deep,  
 As, rushing through the lake  
 amain,  
 They plied the ancient Highland  
 strain.

## XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud  
 And louder rung the pibroch  
 proud.  
 At first the sound, by distance  
 tame,  
 Mellow'd along the waters came,  
 And, lingering long by cape and  
 bay,  
 Wail'd every harsher note away ;  
 Then bursting bolder on the ear,  
 The clan's shrill Gathering they  
 could hear ;  
 Those thrilling sounds, that call  
 the might  
 Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.<sup>204</sup>  
 Thick beat the rapid notes, as  
 when  
 The mustering hundreds shake  
 the glen,  
 And, hurrying at the signal dread,  
 The batter'd earth returns their  
 tread.

Then prelude light, of livelier tone,  
Express'd their merry marching  
on,  
Ere peal of closing battle rose,  
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and  
blows ;  
And mimic din of stroke and  
ward,  
As broad sword upon target  
jarr'd ;  
And groaning pause, ere yet  
again,  
Condensed, the battle yell'd  
amain ;  
The rapid charge, the rallying  
shout,  
Retreat borne headlong into rout.  
And bursts of triumph, to declare  
Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were  
there.  
Nor ended thus the strain ; but  
slow,  
Sunk in a moan prolong'd and  
low,  
And changed the conquering  
clarion swell,  
For wild lament o'er those that  
fell.

## XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased ; but lake  
and hill  
Were busy with their echoes still ;  
And, when they slept, a vocal  
strain  
Bade their hoarse chorus wake  
again,  
While loud a hundred clansmen  
raise  
Their voices in their Chieftain's  
praise.  
Each boatman, bending to his  
oar,  
With measured sweep the burden  
bore,

In such wild cadence, as the  
breeze  
Makes through December's leafless  
trees.  
The chorus first could Allan  
know,  
" Roderick Vich Alpine, ho ! iro !"  
And near, and nearer as they  
row'd,  
Distinct the martial ditty flow'd.

## XIX.

## BOAT SONG.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph  
advances !  
Honour'd and bless'd be the  
evergreen Pine !  
Long may the tree, in his banner  
that glances,  
Flourish, the shelter and grace  
of our line !  
Heaven send it happy dew,  
Earth lend it sap anew,  
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly  
to grow,  
While every Highland glen  
Sends our shout back agen,  
" Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho !  
ieroe !"<sup>205</sup>  
Ours is no sapling, chance-sown  
by the fountain,  
Blooming at Beltane, in winter  
to fade ;  
When the whirlwind has stripp'd  
every leaf on the mountain,  
The more shall Clan-Alpine  
exult in her shade.  
Moor'd in the rifted rock,  
Proof to the tempest's  
shock,  
Firmer he roots him the ruder  
it blow ;

Menteith and Breadalbane,  
then,

Echo his praise agen,  
“Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu,  
ho! ieroe!”

## XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in  
Glen Fruin,

And Bannochar's groans to  
our slogan replied;

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are  
smoking in ruin,

And the best of Loch Lomond  
lie dead on her side.<sup>206</sup>

Widow and Saxon maid

Long shall lament our raid,  
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear  
and with woe;

Lennox and Leven-glen

Shake when they hear  
agen,

“Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu,  
ho! ieroe!”

Row, vassals, row, for the pride  
of the Highlands!

Stretch to your oars, for the  
evergreen Pine!

O! that the rose-bud that graces  
yon islands,

Were wreathed in a garland  
around him to twine!

O that some seedling gem,

Worthy such noble stem,

Honour'd and bless'd in their  
shadow might grow!

Loud should Clan-Alpine  
then

Ring from the deepest  
glen,

“Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu,  
ho! ieroe!”

## XXI.

With all her joyful female band,  
Had Lady Margaret sought the  
strand.

Loose on the breeze their tresses  
flew,

And high their snowy arms they  
threw,

As echoing back with shrill  
acclaim,

And chorus wild, the Chieftain's  
name;

While, prompt to please, with  
mother's art,

The darling passion of his heart,  
The Dame call'd Ellen to the

strand,

To greet her kinsman ere he land:

“Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas  
thou,

And shun to wreath a victor's  
brow?”

Reluctantly and slow, the maid  
The unwelcome summoning

obey'd,

And, when a distant bugle rung,  
In the mid-path aside she

sprung:—

“List, Allan-Bane! From main-  
land cast,

I hear my father's signal blast.

Be ours,” she cried, “the skiff to  
guide,

And waft him from the mountain  
side.”

Then, like a sunbeam, swift and  
bright

She darted to her shallop light,

And, eagerly while Roderick  
scann'd,

For her dear form, his mother's  
band.

The islet far behind her lay,

And she had landed in the bay.

## XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given,  
 With less of earth in them than heaven :  
 And if there be a human tear  
 From passion's dross refined and clear,  
 A tear so limpid and so meek,  
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
 Upon a duteous daughter's head !  
 And as the Douglas to his breast  
 His darling Ellen closely press'd,  
 Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,  
 Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.  
 Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue  
 Her filial welcomes crowded hung,  
 Mark'd she, that fear (affection's proof)  
 Still held a graceful youth aloof ;  
 No ! not till Douglas named his name,  
 Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

## XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,  
 Mark'd Roderick landing on the isle ;  
 His master piteously he eyed,  
 Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride.  
 Then dash'd, with hasty hand,  
 away  
 From his dimm'd eye the gathering spray ;  
 And Douglas, as his hand he laid

On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,  
 " Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy  
 In my poor follower's glistening eye ?  
 I'll tell thee :—he recalls the day,  
 When in my praise he led the lay  
 O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud,  
 While many a minstrel answer'd loud,  
 When Percy's Norman pennon, won  
 In bloody field, before me shone,  
 And twice ten knights, the least a name  
 As mighty as yon Chief may claim,  
 Gracing my pomp, behind me came.  
 Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud  
 Was I of all that marshall'd crowd,  
 Though the waned crescent own'd my might,  
 And in my train troop'd lord and knight,  
 Though Blantyre hymn'd her holiest lays,  
 And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,  
 As when this old man's silent tear,  
 And this poor maid's affection dear,  
 A welcome give more kind and true,  
 Than aught my better fortunes knew.  
 Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,  
 O ! it out-beggars all I lost ! "

## XXIV

Delightful praise!—Like summer  
 rose,  
 That brighter in the dew-drop  
 glows,  
 The bashful maiden's cheek  
 appear'd,  
 For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm  
 heard.  
 The flush of shame-faced joy to  
 hide,  
 The hounds, the hawk, her cares  
 divide ;  
 The loved caresses of the maid  
 The dogs with crouch and  
 whimper paid ;  
 And, at her whistle, on her hand  
 The falcon took her favourite  
 stand,  
 Closed his dark wing, relax'd his  
 eye,  
 Nor, though unhooded, sought  
 to fly.  
 And, trust, while in such guise  
 she stood,  
 Like fabled Goddess of the wood,  
 That if a father's partial thought  
 O'erweigh'd her worth and beauty  
 aught,  
 Well might the lover's judgment  
 fail  
 To balance with a juster scale ;  
 For with each secret glance he  
 stole,  
 The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

## XXV.

Of stature tall, and slender frame,  
 But firmly knit, was Malcolm  
 Græme.  
 The belted plaid and tartan hose  
 Did ne'er more graceful limbs  
 disclose ;

His flaxen hair of sunny hue,  
 Curl'd closely round his bonnet  
 blue.  
 Train'd to the chase, his eagle  
 eye  
 The ptarmigan in snow could  
 spy :  
 Each pass, by mountain, lake,  
 and heath,  
 He knew, through Lennox and  
 Menteith ;  
 Vain was the bound of dark-  
 brown doe,  
 When Malcolm bent his sounding  
 bow,  
 And scarce that doe, though  
 wing'd with fear,  
 Outstripp'd in speed the moun-  
 taineer :  
 Right up Ben-Lomond could he  
 press,  
 And not a sob his toil confess.  
 His form accorded with a mind  
 lively and ardent, frank and  
 kind ;  
 A blither heart, till Ellen came,  
 Did never love nor sorrow tame ;  
 It danced as lightsome in his  
 breast,  
 As play'd the feather on his crest.  
 Yet friends, who nearest knew  
 the youth,  
 His scorn of wrong, his zeal for  
 truth,  
 And bards, who saw his features  
 bold,  
 When kindled by the tales of old,  
 Said, were that youth to man-  
 hood grown  
 Not long should Roderick Dhu's  
 renown  
 Be foremost voiced by mountain  
 fame,  
 But quail to that of Malcolm  
 Græme.

## XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way

And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say,

"Why urge thy chase so far astray?

And why so late return'd? And why"—

The rest was in her speaking eye.

"My child, the chase I follow far,

'Tis mimicry of noble war;

And with that gallant pastime reft  
Were all of Douglas I have left.

I met young Malcolm as I stray'd,

Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,

Nor stray'd I safe; for, all around,

Hunters and horsemen scour'd the ground.

This youth, though still a royal ward,

Risk'd life and land to be my guard,

And through the passes of the wood,

Guided my steps, not unpursued;

And Roderick shall his welcome make,

Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.

Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,

Nor peril aught for me agen."

## XXVII.

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,

Redden'd at sight of Malcolm Græme,

Yet, not in action, word, or eye,  
Fail'd aught in hospitality.

In talk and sport they whiled away,

The morning of that summer day;

But at high moon a courier light

Held secret parley with the knight,

Whose moody aspect soon declared,

That evil were the news he heard.

Deep thought seem'd toiling in his head;

Yet was the evening banquet made,

Ere he assembled round the flame,

His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,

And Ellen, too; then cast around  
His eyes, then fix'd them on the ground,

As studying phrase that might avail  
Best to convey unpleasant tale.

Long with his dagger's hilt he play'd,

Then raised his haughty brow,  
and said:—

## XXVIII.

"Short be my speech;—nor time affords,

Nor my plain temper, glozing words.

Kinsman and father,—if such name

Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim;

Mine honour'd mother;—Ellen—  
why,

My cousin, turn away thine  
 eye?—  
 And Græme; in whom I hope to  
 know  
 Full soon a noble friend or foe,  
 When age shall give thee thy  
 command,  
 And leading in thy native land,—  
 List all!—The King's vindictive  
 pride  
 Boasts to have tamed the Border-  
 side,<sup>207</sup>  
 Where chiefs, with hound and  
 hawk who came  
 To share their monarch's silvan  
 game,  
 Themselves in bloody toils were  
 snared;  
 And when the banquet they  
 prepared,  
 And wide their loyal portals flung,  
 O'er their own gateway struggling  
 hung.  
 Loud cries their blood from  
 Meggat's mead,  
 From Yarrow braes, and banks  
 of Tweed,  
 Where the lone streams of  
 Ettrick glide,  
 And from the silver Teviot's  
 side;  
 The dales, where martial clans  
 did ride,  
 Are now one sheep-walk, waste  
 and wide.  
 This tyrant of the Scottish  
 throne,  
 So faithless and so ruthless  
 known,  
 Now hither comes; his end the  
 same,  
 The same pretext of silvan  
 game.  
 What grace for Highland Chiefs,  
 judge ye

By fate of Border chivalry.<sup>208</sup>  
 Yet more; amid Glenfinlas  
 green,  
 Douglas, thy stately form was  
 seen.  
 This by espial sure I know;  
 Your counsel in the streight I  
 show."

## XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully  
 Sought comfort in each other's  
 eye,  
 Then turn'd their ghastly look,  
 each one,  
 This to her sire—that to her son.  
 The hasty colour went and came  
 In the bold cheek of Malcolm  
 Græme;  
 But from his glance it well  
 appear'd  
 'Twas but for Ellen that he  
 fear'd;  
 While, sorrowful, but undismay'd,  
 The Douglas thus his counsel  
 said:—  
 "Brave Roderick, though the  
 tempest roar,  
 It may but thunder and pass  
 o'er;  
 Nor will I here remain an hour,  
 To draw the lightning on thy  
 bower;  
 For well thou know'st, at this  
 grey head  
 The royal bolt were fiercest sped.  
 For thee, who, at thy King's  
 command,  
 Canst aid him with a gallant  
 band,  
 Submission, homage, humbled  
 pride,  
 Shall turn the Monarch's wrath  
 aside.

Poor remnants of the Bleeding  
Heart,  
Ellen and I will seek, apart,  
The refuge of some forest cell,  
There, like the hunted quarry,  
dwell,  
Till on the mountain and the  
moor,  
The stern pursuit be pass'd and  
o'er."—

## XXX.

"No, by mine honour," Roderick  
said,  
"So help me, heaven, and my  
good blade !  
No, never ! Blasted be yon Pine,  
My fathers' ancient crest and  
mine,  
If from its shade in danger part  
The lineage of the Bleeding  
Heart !  
Hear my blunt speech : Grant  
me this maid  
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid ;  
To Douglas, leagued with  
Roderick Dhu,  
Will friends and allies flock  
enow ;  
Like cause of doubt, distrust,  
and grief,  
Will bind to us each Western  
Chief.  
When the loud pipes my bridal  
tell,  
The Links of Forth shall hear  
the knell,  
The guards shall start in Stirling's  
porch ;  
And, when I light the nuptial  
torch,  
A thousand villages in flames,  
Shall scare the slumbers of King  
James !

—Nay, Ellen, blench not thus  
away,  
And, mother, cease these signs,  
I pray ;  
I meant not all my heart might  
say.—  
Small need of inroad, or of fight,  
When the sage Douglas may  
unite  
Each mountain clan in friendly  
band,  
To guard the passes of their land,  
Till the foil'd king, from pathless  
glen,  
Shall bootless turn him home  
agen."

## XXXI.

There are who have, at midnight  
hour,  
In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,  
And, on the verge that beetled  
o'er  
The ocean-tide's incessant roar,  
Dream'd calmly out their danger-  
ous dream,  
Till waken'd by the morning  
beam ;  
When, dazzled by the eastern  
glow,  
Such startler cast his glance  
below,  
And saw unmeasured depth  
around,  
And heard unintermitted sound,  
And thought the battled fence so  
frail,  
It waved like cobweb in the  
gale ;—  
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,  
Did he not desperate impulse  
feel,  
Headlong to plunge himself  
below,



And meet the worst his fears  
foreshow?—

Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,  
As sudden ruin yawn'd around,  
By crossing terrors wildly toss'd  
Still for the Douglas fearing  
most,  
Could scarce the desperate  
thought withstand  
To buy his safety with her hand.

## XXXII.

Such purpose dread could  
Malcolm spy  
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,  
And eager rose to speak—but ere  
His tongue could hurry forth his  
fear,  
Had Douglas mark'd the hectic  
strife,  
Where death seem'd combating  
with life;  
For to her cheek, in feverish  
flood,  
One instant rush'd the throbbing  
blood,  
Then ebbing back, with sudden  
sway,  
Left its domain as wan as clay.  
“Roderick, enough! enough!”  
he cried,  
“My daughter cannot be thy  
bride;  
Not that the blush to wooer dear,  
Nor paleness that of maiden fear.  
It may not be—forgive her, Chief,  
Nor hazard aught for our relief.  
Against his sovereign, Douglas  
ne'er  
Will level a rebellious spear.  
'Twas I that taught his youthful  
hand  
To rein a steed and wield a  
brand;

I see him yet, the princely boy!  
Not Ellen more my pride and joy;  
I love him still, despite my  
wrongs,  
By hasty wrath, and slanderous  
tongues.  
O seek the grace you well may  
find,  
Without a cause to mine com-  
bined.”

## XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the  
Chieftain strode;  
The waving of his tartans broad,  
And darken'd brow, where  
wounded pride  
With ire and disappointment  
vied,  
Seem'd, by the torch's gloomy  
light,  
Like the ill Demon of the night,  
Stooping his pinions' shadowy  
sway  
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:  
But, unrequited Love! thy dart  
Plunged deepest its envenom'd  
smart,  
And Roderick, with thine anguish  
stung,  
At length the hand of Douglas  
wrung,  
While eyes, that mock'd at tears  
before,  
With bitter drops were running  
o'er.  
The death-pangs of long-cherish'd  
hope  
Scarce in that ample breast had  
scope,  
But, struggling with his spirit  
proud,  
Convulsive heaved its chequer'd  
shroud,

While every sob—so mute were  
 all—  
 Was heard distinctly through the  
 hall.  
 The son's despair, the mother's  
 look,  
 Ill might the gentle Ellen brook ;  
 She rose, and to her side there  
 came,  
 To aid her parting steps, the  
 Græme.

## XXXIV.

Then Roderick from the Douglas  
 broke—  
 As flashes flame through sable  
 smoke,  
 Kindling its wreaths, long, dark,  
 and low,  
 To one broad blaze of ruddy  
 glow,  
 So the deep anguish of despair  
 Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.  
 With staitwart grasp his hand he  
 laid  
 On Malcolm's breast and belted  
 plaid :  
 "Back, beardless boy!" he  
 sternly said,  
 "Back, minion! hold'st thou  
 thus at naught  
 The lesson I so lately taught?  
 This roof, the Douglas, and that  
 maid,  
 Thank thou for punishment  
 delay'd."  
 Eager as greyhound on his game,  
 Fiercely with Roderick grappled  
 Græme.  
 "Perish my name, if aught afford  
 Its Chieftain safety save his  
 sword!"  
 Thus as they strove, their  
 desperate hand

Griped to the dagger or the  
 brand,  
 And death had been—but Douglas  
 rose,  
 And thrust between the strug-  
 gling foes  
 His giant strength :—"Chief-  
 tains, forego!  
 I hold the first who strikes, my  
 foe.—  
 Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!  
 What! is the Douglas fall'n so  
 far,  
 His daughter's hand is doom'd  
 the spoil  
 Of such dishonourable broil!"  
 Sullen and slowly they unclasp,  
 As struck with shame, their  
 desperate grasp,  
 And each upon his rival glared,  
 With foot advanced, and blade  
 half bared.

## XXXV.

Ere yet the brands aloft were  
 flung,  
 Margaret on Roderick's mantle  
 hung,  
 And Malcolm heard his Ellen's  
 scream,  
 As, faltered through terrific  
 dream.  
 Then Roderick plunged in sheath  
 his sword,  
 And veil'd his wrath in scornful  
 word.  
 "Rest safe till morning; pity  
 'twere  
 Such cheek should feel the  
 midnight air!"<sup>209</sup>  
 Then mayest thou to James Stuart  
 tell,  
 Roderick will keep the lake and  
 fell,

Nor lackey, with his freeborn  
 clan,  
 The pageant pomp of earthly  
 man.  
 More would he of Clan-Alpine  
 know,  
 Thou canst our strength and  
 passes show.—  
 Malise, what ho!"—his hench-  
 man came; <sup>210</sup>  
 "Give our safe-conduct to the  
 Græme."  
 Young Malcolm answer'd, calm  
 and bold,  
 "Fear nothing for thy favourite  
 hold;  
 The spot, an angel deigned to  
 grace,  
 Is bless'd, though robbers haunt  
 the place.  
 Thy churlish courtesy for those  
 Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.  
 As safe to me the mountain way  
 At midnight as in blaze of day,  
 Though with his boldest at his  
 back  
 Even Roderick Dhu beset the  
 track.—  
 Brave Douglas,—lovely Ellen,—  
 nay,  
 Nought here of parting will I say.  
 Earth does not hold a lonesome  
 glen,  
 So secret, but we meet agen.—  
 Chieftain! we too shall find an  
 hour."—  
 He said, and left the silvan  
 bower.

## XXXVI.

Old Allan follow'd to the strand,  
 (Such was the Douglas's com-  
 mand,)

And anxious told, how, on the  
 morn,  
 The stern Sir Roderick deep had  
 sworn,  
 The Fiery Cross should circle o'er  
 Dale, glen, and valley, down,  
 and moor.  
 Much were the peril to the  
 Græme,  
 From those who to the signal  
 came;  
 Far up the lake 'twere safest  
 land,  
 Himself would row him to the  
 strand.  
 He gave his counsel to the wind,  
 While Malcolm did, unheeding,  
 bind,  
 Round dirk and pouch and  
 broadsword roll'd,  
 His ample plaid in tighten'd fold,  
 And stripp'd his limbs to such  
 array,  
 As best might suit the watery  
 way,—

## XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt: "Farewell  
 to thee,  
 Pattern of old fidelity!"  
 The Minstrel's hand he kindly  
 press'd,—  
 "O! could I point a place of  
 rest!  
 My sovereign holds in ward my  
 land,  
 My uncle leads my vassal band;  
 To tame his foes, his friends to  
 aid,  
 Poor Malcolm has but heart and  
 blade.  
 Yet, if there be one faithful  
 Græme,

Who loves the Chieftain of his  
name,

Not long shall honour'd Douglas  
dwell,

Like hunted stag in mountain  
cell ;

Nor, ere yon pride-swoll'n robber  
dare,—

I may not give the rest to air !

Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him  
nought,

Not the poor service of a boat,  
To waft me to yon mountain-  
side."

Then plunged he in the flashing  
tide.

Bold o'er the flood his head he  
bore,

And stoutly steer'd him from the  
shore ;

And Allan strain'd his anxious eye,  
Far 'mid the lake his form to spy.

Darkening across each puny  
wave,

To which the moon her silver gave,  
Fast as the cormorant could  
skim,

The swimmer plied each active  
limb ;

Then landing in the moonlight  
dell,

Loud shouted of his weal to tell.

The Minstrel heard the far halloo,  
And joyful from the shore with-  
drew.

And told our marvelling boyhood  
legends store,

Of their strange ventures  
happ'd by land or sea,

How are they blotted from the  
things that be !

How few, all weak and  
wither'd of their force,

Wait on the verge of dark  
eternity,

Like stranded wrecks, the tide  
returning hoarse,

To sweep them from our sight !  
Time rolls his ceaseless  
course.

Yet live there still who can  
remember well,

How, when a mountain chief  
his bugle blew,

Both field and forest, dingle, cliff,  
and dell,

And solitary heath, the signal  
knew ;

And fast the faithful clan around  
him drew,

What time the warning note  
was keenly wound,

What time aloft their kindred  
banner flew,

While clamorous war-pipes  
yell'd the gathering sound,

And while the Fiery Cross  
glanced, like a meteor,  
round.<sup>211</sup>

## II.

The summer dawn's reflected  
hue,

To purple changed Loch Katrine  
blue ;

Mildly and soft the western hue  
breeze

Just kiss'd the Lake, just stirr'd  
the trees,

## CANTO THIRD.

### The Gathering.

#### I.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course.  
The race of yore,

Who danced our infancy upon  
their knee,

And the pleased lake, like maiden  
 coy,  
 Trembled but dimpled not for  
 joy ;  
 The mountain-shadows on her  
 breast  
 Were neither broken nor at rest ;  
 In bright uncertainty they lie,  
 Like future joys to Fancy's eye.  
 The water-lily to the light  
 Her chalice rear'd of silver  
 bright ;  
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,  
 Begemm'd with dew-drops, led  
 her fawn ;  
 The grey mist left the mountain  
 side,  
 The torrent show'd its glistening  
 pride ;  
 Invisible in flecked sky,  
 The lark sent down her revelry ;  
 The blackbird and the speckled  
 thrush  
 Good-morrow gave from brake  
 and bush ;  
 In answer coo'd the cushat dove  
 Her notes of peace, and rest,  
 and love.

## III.

No thought of peace, no thought  
 of rest,  
 Assuaged the storm in Roderick's  
 breast.  
 With sheathed broadsword in his  
 hand,  
 Abrupt he paced the islet strand,  
 And eyed the rising sun, and  
 laid  
 His hand on his impatient blade.  
 Beneath a rock, his vassals'  
 care  
 Was prompt the ritual to  
 prepare,

With deep and deathful meaning  
 fraught ;  
 For such Antiquity had taught  
 Was preface meet, ere yet  
 abroad  
 The Cross of Fire should take  
 its road.  
 The shrinking band stood oft  
 aghast  
 At the impatient glance he  
 cast ;—  
 Such glance the mountain eagle  
 threw,  
 As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,  
 She spread her dark sails on the  
 wind,  
 And, high in middle heaven,  
 reclined,  
 With her broad shadow on the  
 lake,  
 Silenced the warblers of the  
 brake.

## IV.

A heap of wither'd boughs was  
 piled,  
 Of juniper and rowan wild,  
 Mingled with shivers from the  
 oak,  
 Rent by the lightning's recent  
 stroke.  
 Brian, the Hermit, by it stood,  
 Barefooted, in his frock and  
 hood.  
 His grisled beard and matted  
 hair  
 Obscured a visage of despair ;  
 His naked arms and legs, seam'd  
 o'er,  
 The scars of frantic penance  
 bore.  
 That monk, of savage form and  
 face,<sup>212</sup>  
 The impending danger of his race

Had drawn from deepest solitude,  
 Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.  
 Not his the mien of Christian  
 priest,  
 But Druid's, from the grave  
 released,  
 Whose harden'd heart and eye  
 might brook  
 On human sacrifice to look ;  
 And much, 'twas said, of heathen  
 lore  
 Mix'd in the charms he mutter'd  
 o'er.  
 The hallow'd creed gave only  
 worse  
 And deadlier emphasis of curse ;  
 No peasant sought that Hermit's  
 prayer,  
 His cave the pilgrim shunn'd  
 with care,  
 The eager huntsman knew his  
 bound,  
 And in mid chase call'd off his  
 hound ;  
 Or if, in lonely glen or strath,  
 The desert-dweller met his path,  
 He pray'd, and sign'd the cross  
 between,  
 While terror took devotion's  
 mien.

## V.

Of Brian's birth strange tales  
 were told.<sup>213</sup>  
 His mother watch'd a midnight  
 fold,  
 Built deep within a dreary glen,  
 Where scatter'd lay the bones  
 of men,  
 In some forgotten battle slain,  
 And bleach'd by drifting wind  
 and rain.  
 It might have tamed a warrior's  
 heart,

To view such mockery of his  
 art !  
 The knot-grass fetter'd there the  
 hand,  
 Which once could burst an iron  
 band ;  
 Beneath the broad and ample  
 bone,  
 That buckler'd heart to fear  
 unknown,  
 A feeble and a timorous guest,  
 The field-fare framed her lowly  
 nest ;  
 There the slow blind-worm left  
 his slime  
 On the fleet limbs that mock'd  
 at time ;  
 And there, too, lay the leader's  
 skull,  
 Still wreathed with chaplet,  
 flush'd and full,  
 For heath-bell with her purple  
 bloom,  
 Supplied the bonnet and the  
 plume.  
 All night, in this sad glen, the  
 maid  
 Sate, shrouded in her mantle's  
 shade :  
 —She said, no shepherd sought  
 her side,  
 No hunter's hand her snood  
 untied,  
 Yet ne'er again to braid her hair  
 The virgin snood did Alice  
 wear ;<sup>214</sup>  
 Gone was her maiden glee and  
 sport,  
 Her maiden girdle all too short,  
 Nor sought she, from that fatal  
 night,  
 Or holy church or blessed rite,  
 But lock'd her secret in her  
 breast,  
 And died in travail, unconfess'd.

## VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,  
 Was Brian from his infant years ;  
 A moody and heart-broken boy,  
 Estranged from sympathy and joy,  
 Bearing each taunt which careless tongue  
 On his mysterious lineage flung.  
 Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,  
 To wood and stream his hap to wail,  
 Till, frantic, he as truth received  
 What of his birth the crowd believed,  
 And sought, in mist and meteor fire,  
 To meet and know his Phantom Sire !  
 In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,  
 The cloister oped her pitying gate ;  
 In vain, the learning of the age  
 Unclasp'd the sable-letter'd page ;  
 Even in its treasures he could find  
 Food for the fever of his mind.  
 Eager he read whatever tells  
 Of magic, cabala, and spells,  
 And every dark pursuit allied  
 To curious and presumptuous pride ;  
 Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,  
 And heart with mystic horrors wrung,  
 Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,  
 And hid him from the haunts of men.

## VII.

The desert gave him visions wild,  
 Such as might suit the spectre's child.<sup>215</sup>  
 Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,  
 He watch'd the wheeling eddies boil,  
 Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes  
 Beheld the River Demon rise ;  
 The mountain mist took form and limb,  
 Of noontide hag, or goblin grim ;  
 The midnight wind came wild and dread,  
 Swell'd with the voices of the dead ;  
 Far on the future battle-heath  
 His eye beheld the ranks of death :  
 Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurl'd,  
 Shaped forth a disembodied world.  
 One lingering sympathy of mind  
 Still bound him to the mortal kind ;  
 The only parent he could claim  
 Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.  
 Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,  
 The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream ;<sup>216</sup>  
 Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,  
 Of charging steeds, careering fast  
 Along Benharrow's shingly side,  
 Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride ;<sup>217</sup>  
 The thunderbolt had split the pine,—  
 All augur'd ill to Alpine's line.

He girt his loins, and came to show  
 The signals of impending woe,  
 And now stood prompt to bless  
 or ban,  
 As bade the Chieftain of his  
 clan.

## VIII.

'Twas all prepared ;—and from  
 the rock,  
 A goat, the patriarch of the  
 flock,  
 Before the kindling pile was  
 laid,  
 And pierced by Roderick's ready  
 blade.  
 Patient the sickening victim eyed  
 The life-blood ebb in crimson  
 tide,  
 Down his clogg'd beard and  
 shaggy limb,  
 Till darkness glazed his eyeballs  
 dim.  
 The grisly priest, with murmur-  
 ing prayer,  
 A slender crosslet form'd with  
 care,  
 A cubit's length in measure  
 due :  
 The shaft and limbs were rods of  
 yew,  
 Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach  
 wave <sup>218</sup>  
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's  
 grave,  
 And, answering Lomond's breezes  
 deep,  
 Soothe many a chieftain's endless  
 sleep.  
 The Cross, thus form'd, he held  
 on high,  
 With wasted hand, and haggard  
 eye,

And strange and mingled feelings  
 woke,  
 While his anathema he spoke.

## IX.

“Woe to the clansman, who  
 shall view  
 This symbol of sepulchral yew,  
 Forgetful that its branches grew  
 Where weep the heavens their  
 holiest dew  
 On Alpine's dwelling low !  
 Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,  
 He ne'er shall mingle with their  
 dust,  
 But, from his sires and kindred  
 thrust,  
 Each clansman's execration just  
 Shall doom him wrath and  
 woe.”  
 He paused ;—the word the vassals  
 took,  
 With forward step and fiery  
 look,  
 On high their naked brands they  
 shook,  
 Their clattering targets wildly  
 strook ;  
 And first in murmur low,  
 Then, like the billow in his course,  
 That far to seaward finds his  
 source,  
 And flings to shore his muster'd  
 force,  
 Burst, with loud roar, their  
 answer hoarse,  
 “Woe to the traitor, woe !”  
 Ben-an's grey scalp the accents  
 knew,  
 The joyous wolf from covert drew,  
 The exulting eagle scream'd  
 afar,—  
 They knew the voice of Alpine's  
 war.



## X.

The shout was hush'd on lake  
and fell,  
The monk resumed his mutter'd  
spell :  
Dismal and low its accents came,  
The while he scathed the Cross  
with flame ;  
And the few words that reach'd  
the air,  
Although the holiest name was  
there,  
Had more of blasphemy than  
prayer.  
But when he shook above the  
crowd  
Its kindled points, he spoke  
aloud :—  
“Woe to the wretch who fails  
to rear  
At this dread sign the ready  
spear !  
For, as the flames this symbol  
sear,  
Her home, the refuge of his  
fear,  
A kindred fate shall know ;  
Far o'er its roof the volumed  
flame  
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall  
proclaim ;  
While maids and matrons on his  
name  
Shall call down wretchedness and  
shame,  
And infamy and woe.”  
Then rose the cry of females,  
shrill  
As goss-hawk's whistle on the  
hill,  
Denouncing misery and ill,  
Mingled with childhood's babbling  
trill  
Of curses stammer'd slow ;

Answering, with imprecation  
dread,  
“Sunk be his home in embers  
red !  
And cursed be the meanest shed  
That e'er shall hide the houseless  
head,  
We doom to want and woe !”  
A sharp and shrieking echo gave,  
Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave !  
And the grey pass where birches  
wave,  
On Beala-nam-bo.

## XI.

Then deeper paused the priest  
anew,  
And hard his labouring breath he  
drew,  
While, with set teeth and clenched  
hand,  
And eyes that glow'd like fiery  
brand,  
He meditated curse more dread,  
And deadlier, on the clansman's  
head,  
Who, summon'd to his Chieftain's  
aid,  
The signal saw and disobey'd.  
The crosslet's points of sparkling  
wood,  
He quench'd among the bubbling  
blood,  
And, as again the sign he rear'd,  
Hollow and hoarse his voice was  
heard :  
“When flits this Cross from man  
to man,  
Vich-Alpine's summons to his  
clan,  
Burst be the ear that fails to  
heed !  
Palsied the foot that shuns to  
speed !

May ravens tear the careless eyes,  
Wolves make the coward heart  
their prize!

As sinks that blood-stream in the  
earth,

So may his heart's-blood drench  
his hearth!

As dies in hissing gore the spark,  
Quench thou his light, Destruction  
dark,

And be the grace to him denied,  
Bought by this sign to all beside!"  
He ceased; no echo gave agen  
The murmur of the deep Amen.

## XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient  
look,

From Brian's hand the symbol  
took:

"Speed, Malise, speed!" he said,  
and gave

The crosslet to his henchman  
brave.

"The muster-place be Lanrick  
mead—

Instant the time—speed, Malise,  
speed!"

Like heath-bird, when the hawks  
pursue,

A barge across Loch Katrine  
flew;

High stood the henchman on the  
prow;

So rapidly the barge-men row,  
The bubbles, where they launch'd

the boat,

Were all unbroken and afloat,  
Dancing in foam and ripple still,

When it had near'd the mainland  
hill;

And from the silver beach's side  
Still was the prow three fathom  
wide,

When lightly bounded to the land  
The messenger of blood and  
brand.

## XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun  
deer's hide

On fleeter foot was never tied.<sup>219</sup>  
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause

of haste  
Thine active sinews never braced.

Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy  
breast,

Burst down like torrent from its  
crest;

With short and springing foot-  
step pass

The trembling bog and false  
morass;

Across the brook like roebuck  
bound,

And thread the brake like quest-  
ing hound;

The crag is high, the scaur is  
deep,

Yet shrink not from the desperate  
leap:

Parch'd are thy burning lips and  
brow,

Yet by the fountain pause not  
now;

Herald of battle, fate, and fear,  
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!

The wounded hind thou track'st  
not now,

Pursuest not maid through green-  
wood bough,

Nor pliest thou now thy flying  
pace,

With rivals in the mountain race;  
But danger, death, and warrior  
deed,

Are in thy course—speed, Malise,  
speed!

## XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,  
 In arms the huts and hamlets  
 rise ;  
 From winding glen, from upland  
 brown,  
 They pour'd each hardy tenant  
 down.  
 Nor slack'd the messenger his  
 pace ;  
 He show'd the sign, he named the  
 place,  
 And, pressing forward like the  
 wind,  
 Left clamour and surprise behind.  
 The fisherman forsook the strand,  
 The swarthy smith took dirk and  
 brand ;  
 With changed cheer, the mower  
 blithe  
 Left in the half-cut swathe the  
 scythe ;  
 The herds without a keeper  
 stray'd,  
 The plough was in mid-furrow  
 staid,  
 The falc'ner toss'd his hawk away,  
 The hunter left the stag at bay ;  
 Prompt at the signal of alarms,  
 Each son of Alpine rush'd to  
 arms ;  
 So swept the tumult and affray  
 Along the margin of Achray.  
 Alas, thou lovely lake ! that  
 e'er  
 Thy banks should echo sounds of  
 fear !  
 The rocks, the bosky thickets,  
 sleep  
 So stilly on thy bosom deep,  
 The lark's blithe carol, from the  
 cloud,  
 Seems for the scene too gaily  
 loud.

## XV.

Speed, Malise, speed ! the lake  
 is past,  
 Duncraggan's huts appear at last,  
 And peep, like moss-grown rocks,  
 half seen,  
 Half hidden in the copse so green ;  
 There mayest thou rest, thy labour  
 done,  
 Their Lord shall speed the signal  
 on.—  
 As stoops the hawk upon his prey,  
 The henchman shot him down the  
 way.  
 —What woeful accents load the  
 gale ?  
 The funeral yell, the female wail !  
 A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,  
 A valiant warrior fights no more.  
 Who, in the battle or the chase,  
 At Roderick's side shall fill his  
 place !—  
 Within the hall, where torches'  
 ray  
 Supplies the excluded beams of  
 day,  
 Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,  
 And o'er him streams his widow's  
 tear.  
 His stripling son stands mourn-  
 ful by,  
 His youngest weeps, but knows  
 not why ;  
 The village maids and matrons  
 round  
 The dismal coronach resound.<sup>220</sup>

## XVI.

## Coronach.

He is gone on the mountain,  
 He is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer-dried fountain,  
 When our need was the sorest.

The font, reappearing,  
 From the rain - drops shall  
 borrow,  
 But to us comes no cheering,  
 To Duncan no morrow !  
 The hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,  
 But the voice of the weeper  
 Wails manhood in glory.  
 The autumn winds rushing  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,  
 But our flower was in flushing,  
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
 Sage counsel in cumber,  
 Red hand in the foray,  
 How sound is thy slumber !  
 Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and for ever !

## XVII.

See Stumah, who, the bier  
 beside,  
 His master's corpse with wonder  
 eyed,  
 Poor Stumah ! whom his least  
 halloo  
 Could send like lightning o'er  
 the dew,  
 Bristles his crest, and points his  
 ears,  
 As if some stranger step he  
 hears.  
 'Tis not a mourner's muffled  
 tread,  
 Who comes to sorrow o'er the  
 dead,  
 But headlong haste, or deadly  
 fear,  
 Urge the precipitate career.  
 All stand aghast :—unheeding all,

The henchman bursts into the  
 hall ;  
 Before the dead man's bier he  
 stood ;  
 Held forth the Cross besmear'd  
 with blood ;  
 "The muster-place is Lanrick  
 mead ;  
 Speed forth the signal ! claus-  
 men, speed !"

## XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,  
 Sprung forth and seized the  
 fatal sign,  
 In haste the stripling to his side  
 His father's dirk and broadsword  
 tied ;  
 But when he saw his mother's  
 eye  
 Watch him in speechless agony,  
 Back to her open'd arms he flew,  
 Press'd on her lips a fond adieu—  
 "Alas !" she sobb'd,—“and yet,  
 be gone,  
 And speed thee forth, like  
 Duncan's son !”  
 One look he cast upon the bier,  
 Dash'd from his eye the gather-  
 ing tear,  
 Breathed deep to clear his  
 labouring breast,  
 And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,  
 Then, like the high-bred colt,  
 when, freed,  
 First he essays his fire and  
 speed,  
 He vanish'd, and o'er moor and  
 moss  
 Sped forward with the Fiery  
 Cross.  
 Suspended was the widow's tear,  
 While yet his footsteps she could  
 hear ;

And when she mark'd the  
 henchman's eye  
 Wet with unwonted sympathy,  
 "Kinsman," she said, "his race  
 is run,  
 That should have sped thine  
 errand on ;  
 The oak has fall'n—the sapling  
 bough  
 Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.  
 Yet trust I well, his duty done,  
 The orphan's God will guard my  
 son.—  
 And you, in many a danger true,  
 At Duncan's hest your blades  
 that drew,  
 To arms, and guard that  
 orphan's head !  
 Let babes and women wail the  
 dead."  
 Then weapon-clang, and martial  
 call,  
 Resounded through the funeral  
 hall,  
 While from the walls the  
 attendant band  
 Snatch'd sword and targe, with  
 hurried hand ;  
 And short and flitting energy  
 Glanced from the mourner's  
 sunken eye,  
 As if the sounds to warrior  
 dear,  
 Might rouse her Duncan from  
 his bier.  
 But faded soon that borrow'd  
 force ;  
 Grief claim'd his right, and tears  
 their course.

## XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,  
 It glanced like lightning up  
 Strath-Ire.<sup>221</sup>

O'er dale and hill the summons  
 flew,  
 Nor rest nor pause young Angus  
 knew ;  
 The tear that gather'd in his  
 eye  
 He left the mountain breeze to  
 dry ;  
 Until, where Teith's young  
 waters roll,  
 Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,  
 That graced the sable strath with  
 green,  
 The chapel of St. Bride was  
 seen.  
 Swoln was the stream, remote  
 the bridge,  
 But Angus paused not on the  
 edge ;  
 Though the dark waves danced  
 dizzily,  
 Though reel'd his sympathetic  
 eye,  
 He dash'd amid the torrent's  
 roar :  
 His right hand high the crosslet  
 bore,  
 His left the pole-axe grasp'd, to  
 guide  
 And stay his footing in the tide.  
 He stumbled twice—the foam  
 splash'd high,  
 With hoarser swell the stream  
 raced by ;  
 And had he fall'n,—for ever  
 there,  
 Farewell Duncraggan's orphan  
 heir !  
 But still, as if in parting life,  
 Firmer he grasp'd the Cross of  
 strife,  
 Until the opposing bank he  
 gain'd,  
 And up the chapel pathway  
 strain'd.

## XX.

A blithesome rout, that morning  
 tide,  
 Had sought the chapel of St.  
 Bride.  
 Her troth Tombea's Mary  
 gave  
 To Norman, heir of Armandave.  
 And, issuing from the Gothic  
 arch,  
 The bridal now resumed their  
 march.  
 In rade, but glad procession,  
 came  
 Bonneted sire and coif-clad  
 dame ;  
 And plaided youth, with jest and  
 jeer,  
 Which snooded maiden would  
 not hear ;  
 And children, that, unwitting  
 why,  
 Lent the gay shout their shrilly  
 cry ;  
 And minstrels, that in measures  
 vied  
 Before the young and bonny  
 bride,  
 Whose downcast eye and cheek  
 disclose  
 The tear and blush of morning  
 rose.  
 With virgin step, and bashful  
 hand,  
 She held the 'kerchief's snowy  
 band ;  
 The gallant bridegroom by her  
 side,  
 Beheld his prize with victor's  
 pride,  
 And the glad mother in her  
 ear  
 Was closely whispering word of  
 cheer.

## XXI.

Who meets them at the church-  
 yard gate ?  
 The messenger of fear and fate !  
 Haste in his hurried accent lies,  
 And grief is swimming in his  
 eyes.  
 All dripping from the recent  
 flood,  
 Panting and travel-soil'd he  
 stood,  
 The fatal sign of fire and sword  
 Held forth, and spoke the  
 appointed word :  
 "The muster-place is Lanrick  
 mead ;  
 Speed forth the signal! Norman,  
 speed !"  
 And must he change so soon the  
 hand,  
 Just link'd to his by holy band,  
 For the fell Cross of blood and  
 brand ?  
 And must the day, so blithe that  
 rose,  
 And promised rapture in the  
 close,  
 Before its setting hour, divide  
 The bridegroom from the  
 plighted bride ?  
 O fatal doom!—it must ! it  
 must !  
 Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chief-  
 tain's trust,  
 Her summons dread, brook no  
 delay ;  
 Stretch to the race—away !  
 away !

## XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaïd aside,  
 And, lingering, eyed his lovely  
 bride,

Until he saw the starting tear  
Speak woe he might not stop to  
cheer ;

Then, trusting not a second look,  
In haste he sped him up the brook,  
Nor backward glanced, till on  
the heath

Where Lubnaig's lake supplies  
the Teith.

—What in the racer's bosom  
stirr'd ?

The sickening pang of hope  
deferr'd,

And memory, with a torturing  
train

Of all his morning visions vain.  
Mingled with love's impatience,

came

The manly thirst for martial fame ;

The stormy joy of mountaineers,

Ere yet they rush upon the spears ;

And zeal for Clan and Chieftain  
burning,

And hope, from well-fought field  
returning,

With war's red honours on his  
crest,

To clasp his Mary to his breast.

Stung by such thoughts, o'er  
bank and brae,

Like fire from flint he glanced  
away,

While high resolve, and feeling  
strong,

Burst into voluntary song.

## XXIII.

## Song.

The heath this night must be my  
bed,

The bracken curtain for my head,  
My lullaby the warder's tread,

Far, far, from love and thee,  
Mary ;

To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
My couch may be my bloody  
plaid,

My vesper song, thy wail, sweet  
maid !

It will not waken me, Mary !  
I may not, dare not, fancy now

The grief that clouds thy lovely  
brow,

I dare not think upon thy vow,  
And all it promised me,

Mary.

No fond regret must Norman  
know ;

When bursts Clan-Alpine on the  
foe,

His heart must be like bended  
bow,

His foot like arrow free,  
Mary.

A time will come with feeling  
fraught,

For, if I fall in battle fought,  
Thy hapless lover's dying

thought

Shall be a thought on thee,

Mary.

And if return'd from conquer'd

foes,

How blithely will the evening

close,

How sweet the linnet sing

repose,

To my young bride and me,

Mary !

## XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery  
braes,

Balquidder, speeds the midnight  
blaze,<sup>222</sup>

Rushing, in conflagration strong,  
Thy deep ravines and dells along,

Wrapping thy cliffs in purple  
 glow,  
 And reddening the dark lakes  
 below ;  
 Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,  
 As o'er thy heaths the voice of  
 war.

The signal roused to martial coil  
 The sullen margin of Loch Voil,  
 Waked still Loch Doine, and to  
 the source  
 Alarm'd, Balvaig, thy swampy  
 course ;  
 Thence southward turn'd its  
 rapid road  
 Adown Strath-Gartney's valley  
 broad,  
 Till rose in arms each man might  
 claim  
 A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,  
 From the grey sire, whose  
 trembling hand  
 Could hardly buckle on his  
 brand,  
 To the raw boy, whose shaft  
 and bow  
 Were yet scarce terror to the  
 crow.  
 Each valley, each sequester'd  
 glen,  
 Muster'd its little horde of men,  
 That met as torrents from the  
 height  
 In Highland dales their streams  
 unite,  
 Still gathering, as they pour  
 along,  
 A voice more loud, a tide more  
 strong,  
 Till at the rendezvous they stood  
 By hundreds prompt for blows  
 and blood ;  
 Each train'd to arms since life  
 began,  
 Owing no tie but to his clan,

No oath, but by his chieftain's  
 hand,  
 No law, but Roderick Dhu's  
 command.<sup>223</sup>

## XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick  
 Dhu  
 Survey'd the skirts of Benvenue,  
 And sent his scouts o'er hill and  
 heath,  
 To view the frontiers of Menteith.  
 All backward came the news of  
 truce ;  
 Still lay each martial Græme and  
 Bruce,  
 In Rednoch courts no horsemen  
 wait,  
 No banner waved on Cardross  
 gate,  
 On Duchray's towers no beacon  
 shone,  
 Nor scared the herons from Loch  
 Con ;  
 All seem'd at peace.—Now, wot  
 ye why  
 The Chieftain, with such anxious  
 eye,  
 Ere to the muster he repair,  
 This western frontier scann'd  
 with care?—  
 In Benvenue's most darksome  
 cleft,  
 A fair, though cruel, pledge was  
 left ;  
 For Douglas, to his promise true,  
 That morning from the isle  
 withdrew,  
 And in a deep sequester'd dell  
 Had sought a low and lonely cell.  
 By many a bard, in Celtic  
 tongue,  
 Has Coir - nan - Uriskin been  
 sung ;<sup>224</sup>



A softer name the Saxons gave,  
And call'd the grot the Goblin-  
cave.

## XXVI.

It was a wild and strange retreat,  
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.  
The dell, upon the mountain's  
crest,  
Yawn'd like a gash on warrior's  
breast ;  
Its trench had staid full many a  
rock,  
Hurl'd by primeval earthquake  
shock  
From Benvenue's grey summit  
wild,  
And here, in random ruin piled,  
They frown'd incumbent o'er the  
spot,  
And form'd the rugged silvan  
grot.  
The oak and birch, with mingled  
shade,  
At noontide there a twilight  
made,  
Unless when short and sudden  
shone  
Some straggling beam on cliff or  
stone,  
With such a glimpse as prophet's  
eye  
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.  
No murmur waked the solemn  
still,  
Save tinkling of a fountain rill ;  
But when the wind chafed with  
the lake,  
A sullen sound would upward  
break,  
With dashing hollow voice, that  
spoke  
The incessant war of wave and  
rock.

SC.

Suspended cliffs, with hideous  
sway,  
Seem'd nodding o'er the cavern  
grey.  
From such a den the wolf had  
sprung,  
In such the wild-cat leaves her  
young ;  
Yet Douglas and his daughter  
fair  
Sought for a space their safety  
there.  
Grey Superstition's whisper  
dread  
Debarr'd the spot to vulgar  
tread ;  
For there, she said, did fays  
resort,  
And satyrs hold their silvan  
court,  
By moonlight tread their mystic  
maze,  
And blast the rash beholder's  
gaze.

## XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows  
long,  
Floated on Katrine bright and  
strong,  
When Roderick, with a chosen  
few,  
Repass'd the heights of Benvenue.  
Above the Goblin-cave they go,  
Through the wild pass of Beal-  
nam-bo : <sup>225</sup>  
The prompt retainers speed  
before,  
To launch the shallop from the  
shore,  
For cross Loch Katrine lies his  
way  
To view the passes of Achray,  
And place his clansmen in array.

H

Yet lags the Chief in musing  
mind,  
Unwonted sight, his men behind.  
A single page, to bear his sword,  
Alone attended on his lord ;<sup>226</sup>  
The rest their way through  
thickets break,  
And soon await him by the  
lake.

It was a fair and gallant sight,  
To view them from the neigh-  
bouring height,  
By the low-levell'd sunbeams  
light !

For strength and stature, from  
the clan

Each warrior was a chosen man,  
As even afar might well be seen,  
By their proud step and martial  
mien.

Their feathers dance, their tartans  
float,

Their targets gleam, as by the  
boat

A wild and warlike group they  
stand,

That well became such mountain-  
strand.

## XXVIII.

Their Chief, with step reluctant,  
still

Was lingering on the craggy  
hill,

Hard by where turn'd apart the  
road

To Douglas's obscure abode.

It was but with that dawning  
morn,

That Roderick Dhu had proudly  
sworn

To drown his love in war's wild  
roar,

Nor think of Ellen Douglas more ;

But he who stems a stream with  
sand,

And fetters flame with flaxen  
band,

Has yet a harder task to prove—  
By firm resolve to conquer love !

Eve finds the Chief, like restless  
ghost,

Still hovering near his treasure  
lost ;

For though his haughty heart  
deny

A parting meeting to his eye,  
Still fondly strains his anxious  
ear,

The accents of her voice to hear,  
And inly did he curse the breeze

That waked to sound the rustling  
trees.

But hark ! what mingles in the  
strain ?

It is the harp of Allan-Bane,  
That wakes its measure slow and

high,  
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.

What melting voice attends the  
strings ?

'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

## XXIX.

## Hymn to the Virgin.

*Ave Maria!* maiden mild !

Listen to a maiden's prayer !  
Thou canst hear though from

the wild,  
Thou canst save amid despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy  
care,

Though banish'd, outcast, and  
reviled—

Maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer ;  
Mother, hear a suppliant child !

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share

Shall seem with down of eider piled,

If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air

Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;

Mother, list a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,

From this their wonted haunt exiled,

Shall flee before thy presence fair.

We bow us to our lot of care,

Beneath thy guidance reconciled;

Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,

And for a father hear a child!

*Ave Maria!*

### XXX.

Died on the harp the closing hymn—

Unmoved in attitude and limb,

As list'ning still, Clan-Alpine's lord

Stood leaning on his heavy sword,

Until the page, with humble sign,

Twice pointed to the sun's decline.

Then while his plaid he round him cast,

"It is the last time—'tis the last,"

He mutter'd thrice,—“the last time e'er

That angel voice shall Roderick hear!”

It was a goading thought—his stride

Hied hastier down the mountain-side;

Sullen he flung him in the boat,

And instant 'cross the lake it shot.

They landed in that silvery bay,

And eastward held their hasty way,

Till, with the latest beams of light,

The band arrived on Lanrick height,

Where muster'd, in the vale below,

Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

### XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen made,

Some sate, some stood, some slowly stray'd;

But most with mantles folded round,

Were couch'd to rest upon the ground,

Scarce to be known by curious eye,

From the deep heather where they lie,

So well was match'd the tartan screen

With heath-bell dark and brackens green;

Unless where, here and there, a blade,

Or lance's point, a glimmer made,

Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.

But when, advancing through  
 the gloom,  
 They saw the Chieftain's eagle  
 plume,  
 Their shout of welcome, shrill  
 and wide,  
 Shook the steep mountain's  
 steady side.  
 Thrice it arose, and lake and fell  
 Three times return'd the martial  
 yell :  
 It died upon Bochastle's plain,  
 And Silence claim'd her evening  
 reign.

#### CANTO FOURTH.

##### The Prophecy.

###### I.

"THE rose is fairest when 'tis  
 budding new,  
 And hope is brightest when it  
 dawns from fears ;  
 The rose is sweetest wash'd with  
 morning dew,  
 And love is loveliest when  
 embalm'd in tears.  
 O wilding rose, whom fancy thus  
 endears,  
 I bid your blossoms in my  
 bonnet wave,  
 Emblem of hope and love through  
 future years !"  
 Thus spoke young Norman, heir  
 of Armandave,  
 What time the sun arose on  
 Vennachar's broad wave.

###### II.

Such fond conceit, half said, half  
 sung,  
 Love prompted to the bride-  
 groom's tongue.

All while he stripp'd the wild-  
 rose spray,  
 His axe and bow beside him  
 lay,  
 For on a pass 'twixt lake and  
 wood,  
 A wakeful sentinel he stood.  
 Hark ! on the rock a footstep  
 rung,  
 And instant to his arms he  
 sprung.  
 "Stand, or thou diest !—What,  
 Malise?—soon  
 Art thou return'd from Braes of  
 Doune.  
 By thy keen step and glance I  
 know,  
 Thou bring'st us tidings of the  
 foe."—  
 (For while the Fiery Cross hied  
 on,  
 On distant scout had Malise  
 gone.)  
 "Where sleeps the Chief?" the  
 henchman said.—  
 "Apart, in yonder misty glade ;  
 To his lone couch I'll be your  
 guide."—  
 Then call'd a slumberer by his  
 side,  
 And stirr'd him with his slacken'd  
 bow—  
 "Up, up, Glentarkin ! rouse  
 thee, ho !  
 We seek the Chieftain ; on the  
 track,  
 Keep eagle watch till I come  
 back."

###### III.

Together up the pass they  
 sped :  
 "What of the foemen ?" Norman  
 said.—

“Varying reports from near and far ;

This certain,—that a band of war  
Has for two days been ready  
    boune,

At prompt command, to march  
from Doune ;

King James, the while, with  
    princely powers,

Holds revelry in Stirling towers.  
Soon will this dark and gathering  
    cloud

Speak on our glens in thunder  
    loud.

Inured to bide such bitter bout,  
The warrior’s plaid may bear it  
    out ;

But, Norman, how wilt thou  
    provide

A shelter for thy bonny bride?”—  
“What! know ye not that  
    Roderick’s care

To the lone isle hath caused repair  
Each maid and matron of the  
    clan,

And every child and aged man  
Unfit for arms ; and given his  
    charge,

Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor  
    barge,

Upon these lakes shall float at  
    large,

But all beside the islet moor,  
That such dear pledge may rest  
    secure ? ”—

#### IV.

“’Tis well advised—the Chief-  
    tain’s plan

Bespeaks the father of his clan.  
But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick  
    Dhu

Apart from all his followers  
    true ? ”—

“It is, because last evening-tide  
Brian an augury hath tried,  
Of that dread kind which must  
    not be

Unless in dread extremity,  
The Taghairm call’d ; by which,  
    afar,

Our sires foresaw the events of  
    war.<sup>227</sup>

Duncraggan’s milk-white bull  
they slew.”

#### MALISE.

“Ah! well the gallant brute I  
    knew!

The choicest of the prey we  
    had,

When swept our merry-men  
    Gallangad.<sup>228</sup>

His hide was snow, his horns  
    were dark,

His red eye glow’d like fiery  
    spark ;

So fierce, so tameless, and so  
    fleet,

Sore did he cumber our retreat,  
And kept our stoutest kernes in  
    awe,

Even at the pass of Beal ’maha.

But steep and flinty was the road,  
And sharp the hurrying pike-  
    men’s goad,

And when we came to Dennan’s  
    Row,

A child might scatheless stroke  
    his brow.”—

#### V.

#### NORMAN.

“That bull was slain : his  
    reeking hide

They stretch’d the cataract  
    beside,

Whose waters their wild tumult  
toss  
Adown the black and craggy boss  
Of that huge cliff, whose ample  
verge  
Tradition calls the Hero's  
Targe.<sup>229</sup>  
Couch'd on a shelve beneath its  
brink,  
Close where the thundering  
torrents sink,  
Rocking beneath their headlong  
sway,  
And drizzled by the ceaseless  
spray,  
Midst groan of rock, and roar of  
stream,  
The wizard waits prophetic  
dream.  
Nor distant rests the Chief;—  
but hush!  
See, gliding slow through mist  
and bush,  
The hermit gains yon rock, and  
stands  
To gaze upon our slumbering  
bands.  
Seems he not, Malise, like a  
ghost,  
That hovers o'er a slaughter'd  
host?  
Or raven on the blasted oak,<sup>230</sup>  
That, watching while the deer is  
broke,  
His morsel claims with sullen  
croak?"

## MALISE.

—"Peace! peace! to other than  
to me,  
Thy words were evil augury;  
But still I hold Sir Roderick's  
blade  
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,

Not aught that, glean'd from  
heaven or hell,  
Yon fiend-begotten monk can  
tell.  
The Chieftain joins him, see—  
and now,  
Together they descend the  
brow.

## VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's  
Lord  
The Hermit Monk held solemn  
word:—  
"Roderick! it is a fearful strife,  
For man endow'd with mortal  
life,  
Whose shroud of sentient clay  
can still  
Feel feverish pang and fainting  
chill,  
Whose eye can stare in stony  
trance,  
Whose hair can rouse like  
warrior's lance,—  
'Tis hard for such to view,  
unfurl'd,  
The curtain of the future world.  
Yet, witness every quaking limb,  
My sunken pulse, my eyeballs  
dim,  
My soul with harrowing anguish  
torn,—  
This for my Chieftain have I  
borne!—  
The shapes that sought my  
fearful couch,  
An human tongue may ne'er  
avouch;  
No mortal man,—save he, who,  
bred  
Between the living and the dead,  
Is gifted beyond nature's law,—  
Had e'er survived to say he saw.

At length the fatal answer came,  
In characters of living flame!  
Not spoke in word, nor blazed  
in scroll,

But borne and branded on my  
soul;—

WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST  
FOEMAN'S LIFE,  
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE  
STRIFE!"—<sup>231</sup>

## VII.

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and  
care!

Good is thine augury, and fair.  
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,  
But first our broadswords tasted  
blood.

A surer victim still I know,  
Self-offer'd to the auspicious blow:  
A spy has sought my land this  
morn,—

No eve shall witness his return!  
My followers guard each pass's  
mouth,

To east, to westward, and to  
south;

Red Murdoch, bribed to be his  
guide,

Has charge to lead his steps aside,  
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,  
He light on those shall bring  
him down.

—But see, who comes his news  
to show!

Malise! what tidings of the  
foe?"—

## VIII.

"At Doune, o'er many a spear  
and glaive  
Two Barons proud their banners  
wave.

I saw the Moray's silver star,  
And mark'd the sable pale of  
Mar."—

"By Alpine's soul, high tidings  
those!

I love to hear of worthy foes.  
When move they on?"—"To-  
morrow's noon

Will see them here for battle  
boune."—

"Then shall it see a meeting  
stern!—

But, for the place—say, couldst  
thou learn

Nought of the friendly clans of  
Earn?

Strengthen'd by them, we well  
might bide

The battle on Benledi's side.

Thou couldst not?—Well! Clan-  
Alpine's men

Shall man the Trosach's shaggy  
glen;

Within Loch Katrine's gorge  
we'll fight,

All in our maids' and matrons'  
sight,

Each for his hearth and household  
fire,

Father for child, and son for  
sire,—

Lover for maid beloved!—But  
why—

Is it the breeze affects mine  
eye?

Or dost thou come, ill-omen'd  
tear!

A messenger of doubt or fear?

No! sooner may the Saxon  
lance

Unfix Benledi from his stance,  
Than doubt or terror can pierce  
through

The unyielding heart of Roderick  
Dhu!

'Tis stubborn as his trusty  
targe.—

Each to his post!—all know their  
charge.”

The pibroch sounds, the bands  
advance,

The broadswords gleam, the  
banners dance,

Obedient to the Chieftain's  
glance.

—I turn me from the martial  
roar,

And seek Coir-Uriskin once  
more.

### IX.

Where is the Douglas?—he is  
gone ;

And Ellen sits on the grey  
stone

Fast by the cave, and makes her  
moan ;

While vainly Allan's words of  
cheer

Are pour'd on her unheeding  
ear.—

“He will return—Dear lady,  
trust!—

With joy return;—he will—he  
must.

Well was it time to seek, afar,  
Some refuge from impending  
war,

When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged  
swarm

Are cow'd by the approaching  
storm.

I saw their boats, with many a  
light,

Floating the live-long yester-  
night,

Shifting like flashes darted forth  
By the red streamers of the  
north ;

I mark'd at morn how close they  
ride,

Thick moor'd by the lone islet's  
side,

Like wild-ducks couching in the  
fen,

When stoops the hawk upon the  
glen.

Since this rude race dare not  
abide

The peril on the mainland side,  
Shall not thy noble father's care

Some safe retreat for thee  
prepare? ”—

### X.

ELLEN.

“No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind  
My wakeful terrors could not  
blind.

When in such tender tone, yet  
grave,

Douglas a parting blessing gave,  
The tear that glisten'd in his  
eye

Drown'd not his purpose fix'd  
on high.

My soul, though feminine and  
weak,

Can image his; e'en as the  
lake,

Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke,  
Reflects the invulnerable rock.

He hears report of battle rife,  
He deems himself the cause of  
strife.

I saw him redden, when the  
theme

Turn'd, Allan, on thine idle  
dream,

Of Malcolm Græme, in fetters  
bound,

Which I, thou saidst, about him  
wound.



Think'st thou he trow'd thine  
omen aught?

Oh no! 'twas apprehensive  
thought

For the kind youth,—for Roderick  
too—

(Let me be just) that friend so  
true;

In danger both, and in our  
cause!

Minstrel, the Douglas dare not  
pause.

Why else that solemn warning  
given,

'If not on earth, we meet in  
heaven!'

Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's  
fane,

If e'er return him not again,  
Am I to hie, and make me  
known?

Alas! he goes to Scotland's  
throne,

Buys his friend's safety with his  
own;—

He goes to do—what I had done,  
Had Douglas' daughter been his  
son!"—

### XI.

"Nay, lovely Ellen!—dearest,  
nay!

If aught should his return delay,  
He only named yon holy fane  
As fitting place to meet again.

Be sure he's safe; and for the  
Græme,—

Heaven's blessing on his gallant  
name!—

My vision'd sight may yet prove  
true,

Nor bode of ill to him or you.

When did my gifted dream  
beguile?

Think of the stranger at the isle,

And think upon the harpings  
slow,

That presaged this approaching  
woe!

Sooth was my prophecy of fear;  
Believe it when it augurs cheer.

Would we had left this dismal  
spot!

Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.

Of such a wondrous tale I  
know—

Dear lady, change that look of  
woe,

My harp was wont thy grief to  
cheer."—

ELLEN.

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I  
hear,

But cannot stop the bursting  
tear."

The Minstrel tried his simple  
art,

But distant far was Ellen's heart.

### XII.

#### Ballad.

ALICE BRAND.<sup>232</sup>

Merry it is in the good green-  
wood,

When the mavis and merle  
are singing,

When the deer sweeps by, and  
the hounds are in cry

And the hunter's horn is  
ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land  
Is lost for love of you;

And we must hold by wood and  
wold,

As outlaws wont to do.

“O Alice, ’twas all for thy locks  
so bright,  
And ’twas all for thine eyes so  
blue,  
That on the night of our luckless  
flight,  
Thy brother bold I slew.

“Now must I teach to hew the  
beech  
The hand that held the glaive,  
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,  
And stakes to fence our cave.

“And for vest of pall, thy fingers  
small,  
That wont on harp to stray,  
A cloak must sheer from the  
slaughter’d deer,  
To keep the cold away.”—

“O Richard! if my brother died,  
’Twas but a fatal chance;  
For darkling was the battle tried,  
And fortune sped the lance.

“If pall and vair no more I wear,  
Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
As warm, we’ll say, is the russet  
grey,  
As gay the forest-green.

“And, Richard, if our lot be hard,  
And lost thy native land,  
Still Alice has her own Richard,  
And he his Alice Brand.”

## XIII.

## Ballad continued.

’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in good  
greenwood,  
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;  
On the beech’s pride, and oak’s  
brown side,  
Lord Richard’s axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
Who won’d within the hill,—<sup>233</sup>  
Like wind in the porch of a ruin’d  
church,  
His voice was ghostly shrill.

“Why sounds yon stroke on  
beech and oak,<sup>234</sup>  
Our moonlight circle’s screen?  
Or who comes here to chase the  
deer,  
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?  
Or who may dare on wold to  
wear  
The fairies fatal green?<sup>235</sup>

“Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal  
hie,  
For thou wert christen’d  
man;<sup>236</sup>  
For cross or sign thou wilt not  
fly,  
For mutter’d word or ban.

“Lay on him the curse of the  
wither’d heart,  
The curse of the sleepless eye;  
Till he wish and pray that his  
life would part,  
Nor yet find leave to die.”

## XIV.

## Ballad continued.

’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in good  
greenwood,  
Though the birds have still’d  
their singing;  
The evening blaze doth Alice  
raise,  
And Richard is fagots bringing.  
Up Urgan starts, that hideous  
dwarf,  
Before Lord Richard stands,

And, as he cross'd and bless'd  
himself,  
"I fear not sign," quoth the  
grisly elf,  
"That is made with bloody  
hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice  
Brand,  
That woman, void of fear,—  
"And if there's blood upon his  
hand,  
'Tis but the blood of deer."—

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold  
of mood!  
It cleaves unto his hand,  
The stain of thine own kindly  
blood,  
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice  
Brand,  
And made the holy sign,—  
"And if there's blood on  
Richard's hand,  
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,  
By Him whom Demons fear,  
To show us whence thou art  
thyself,  
And what thine errand  
here?"—

## XV.

## Ballad continued.

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry in Fairy-  
land,  
When fairy birds are singing,  
When the court doth ride by  
their monarch's side,  
With bit and bridle ringing :

"And gaily shines the Fairy-  
land,  
But all is glistening show,<sup>237</sup>  
Like the idle gleam that Decem-  
ber's beam  
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied  
gleam,  
Is our inconstant shape,  
Who now like knight and lady  
seem,  
And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and  
day,  
When the Fairy King has  
power,  
That I sunk down in a sinful  
fray,  
And, 'twixt life and death, was  
snatch'd away  
To the joyless Elfin bower.<sup>238</sup>

"But wist I of a woman bold,  
Who thrice my brow durst  
sign,  
I might regain my mortal mold,  
As fair a form as thine."

She cross'd him once—she cross'd  
him twice—  
That lady was so brave ;  
The fouler grew his goblin hue,  
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady  
bold ;  
He rose beneath her hand  
The fairest knight on Scottish  
mold,  
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in good greenwood,  
 When the mavis and merle  
 are singing,  
 But merrier were they in Dun-  
 fermline grey,  
 When all the bells were ringing.

## XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were  
 staid,  
 A stranger climb'd the steepy  
 glade:  
 His martial step, his stately  
 mien,  
 His hunting suit of Lincoln  
 green,  
 His eagle glance, remembrance  
 claims—

'Tis Snowdown's Knight, 'tis  
 James Fitz-James.

Ellen beheld as in a dream,  
 Then, starting, scarce suppress'd  
 a scream:

"O stranger! in such hour of  
 fear,  
 What evil hap has brought thee  
 here?"—

"An evil hap how can it be,  
 That bids me look again on  
 thee?

By promise bound, my former  
 guide

Met me betimes this morning  
 tide,

And marshal'd, over bank and  
 bourne,

The happy path of my return."—

"The happy path!—what! said  
 he nought

Of war, of battle to be fought,  
 Of guarded pass?"—"No, by  
 my faith!

Nor saw I aught could augur  
 scathe."—

"O haste thee, Allan, to the  
 kern,  
 —Yonder his tartans I discern;  
 Learn thou his purpose, and  
 conjure  
 That he will guide the stranger  
 sure!—

What prompted thee, unhappy  
 man?

The meanest serf in Roderick's  
 clan

Had not been bribed by love or  
 — fear,

Unknown to him to guide thee  
 here."—

## XVII.

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must  
 be,

Since it is worthy care from thee;  
 Yet life I hold but idle breath,

When love or honour's weigh'd  
 with death.

Then let me profit by my chance,  
 And speak my purpose bold at  
 once.

I come to bear thee from a wild,  
 Where ne'er before such blossom  
 smiled;

By this soft hand to lead thee far  
 From frantic scenes of feud and  
 war.

Near Bochastle my horses wait;  
 They bear us soon to Stirling  
 gate.

I'll place thee in a lovely bower,  
 I'll guard thee like a tender  
 flower"—

"O! hush, Sir Knight! 'twere  
 female art,

To say I do not read thy heart;  
 Too much, before, my selfish ear  
 Was idly soothed my praise to  
 hear.

That fatal bait hath lured thee  
back,  
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous  
track ;  
And how, O how, can I atone  
The wreck my vanity brought  
on !—

One way remains—I'll tell him  
all—

Yes ! struggling bosom, forth it  
shall !

Thou, whose light folly bears the  
blame,

Buy thine own pardon with thy  
shame !

But first—my father is a man  
Outlaw'd and exiled, under ban ;  
The price of blood is on his head,  
With me 'twere infamy to wed.—  
Still wouldst thou speak ?—then  
hear the truth !

Fitz-James, there is a noble  
youth,—

If yet he is !—exposed for me  
And mine to dread extremity—

Thou hast the secret of my heart ;  
Forgive, be generous, and  
depart !”

### XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train  
A lady's fickle heart to gain ;  
But here he knew and felt them  
vain.

There shot no glance from Ellen's  
eye,  
To give her steadfast speech the  
lie ;

In maiden confidence she stood,  
Though mantled in her cheek the  
blood,

And told her love with such a  
sigh

Of deep and hopeless agony,

As death had seal'd her  
Malcolm's doom,

And she sat sorrowing on his  
tomb.

Hope vanish'd from Fitz-James's  
eye,

But not with hope fled sympathy.  
He proffer'd to attend her side,

As brother would a sister guide.—

“O ! little know'st thou Rode-  
rick's heart !

Safer for both we go apart.

O haste thee, and from Allan  
learn,

If thou may'st trust yon wily  
kern.”

With hand upon his forehead  
laid,

The conflict of his mind to  
shade,

A parting step or two he made ;

Then, as some thought had  
cross'd his brain,

He paused, and turn'd, and came  
again.

### XIX.

“Hear, lady, yet, a parting  
word !—

It chanced in fight that my poor  
sword

Preserved the life of Scotland's  
lord.

This ring the grateful Monarch  
gave,

And bade, when I had boon to  
crave,

To bring it back, and boldly  
claim

The recompense that I would  
name.

Ellen, I am no courtly lord,

But one who lives by lance and  
sword,

Whose castle is his helm and shield,  
 His lordship the embattled field.  
 What from a prince can I demand,  
 Who neither reck of state nor land?  
 Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;  
 Each guard and usher knows the sign.  
 Seek thou the king without delay;  
 This signet shall secure thy way;  
 And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,  
 As ransom of his pledge to me.”  
 He placed the golden circlet on,  
 Paused—kiss'd her hand—and then was gone.  
 The aged Minstrel stood aghast,  
 So hastily Fitz-James shot past.  
 He join'd his guide, and wending down  
 The ridges of the mountain brown,  
 Across the stream they took their way,  
 That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

## XX.

All in the Trosach's glen was still,  
 Noontide was sleeping on the hill:  
 Sudden his guide whoop'd loud and high—  
 “Murdoch! was that a signal cry?”—  
 He stammer'd forth,—“I shout to scare  
 Yon raven from his dainty fare.”  
 He look'd—he knew the raven's prey,  
 His own brave steed:—“Ah! gallant grey,

For thee—for me, perchance—  
 'twere well  
 We ne'er had seen the Trosach's dell.—  
 Murdoch, move first—but silently;  
 Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!”  
 Jealous and sullen on they fared,  
 Each silent, each upon his guard.

## XXI.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge  
 Around a precipice's edge,  
 When lo! a wasted female form,  
 Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,  
 In tatter'd weeds and wild array,  
 Stood on a cliff beside the way,  
 And glancing round her restless eye,  
 Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,  
 Seem'd nought to mark, yet all to spy.  
 Her brow was wreath'd with gaudy broom;  
 With gesture wild she waved a plume  
 Of feathers, which the eagles fling  
 To crag and cliff from dusky wing;  
 Such spoils her desperate step had sought,  
 Where scarce was footing for the goat.  
 The tartan plaid she first descried,  
 And shriek'd till all the rocks replied;  
 As loud she laugh'd when near they drew,  
 For then the Lowland garb she knew;

And then her hands she wildly  
 wrung,  
 And then she wept, and then she  
 sung—  
 She sung!—the voice, in better  
 time,  
 Perchance to harp or lute might  
 chime ;  
 And now, though strain'd and  
 roughen'd, still  
 Rung wildly sweet to dale and  
 hill.

## XXII.

## Song.

They bid me sleep, they bid me  
 pray,  
 They say my brain is warp'd  
 and wrung—  
 I cannot sleep on Highland brae,  
 I cannot pray in Highland  
 tongue.  
 But were I now where Allan  
 glides,  
 Or heard my native Devan's tides,  
 So sweetly would I rest, and  
 pray  
 That Heaven would close my  
 wintry day !  
 'Twas thus my hair they bade me  
 braid,  
 They made me to the church  
 repair ;  
 It was my bridal morn they  
 said,  
 And my true love would meet  
 me there.  
 But woe betide the cruel guile,  
 That drown'd in blood the morn-  
 ing smile !  
 And woe betide the fairy dream !  
 I only waked to sob and scream.

## XXIII.

“Who is this maid? what means  
 her lay?  
 She hovers o'er the hollow way,  
 And flutters wide her mantle grey,  
 As the lone heron spreads his  
 wing,  
 By twilight, o'er a haunted  
 spring.”—  
 “'Tis Blanche of Devan,” Mur-  
 doch said,  
 “A crazed and captive Lowland  
 maid,  
 Ta'en on the morn she was a  
 bride,  
 When Roderick foray'd Devan-  
 side.  
 The gay bridegroom resistance  
 made,  
 And felt our Chief's unconquer'd  
 blade ;  
 I marvel she is now at large,  
 But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's  
 charge.—  
 Hence, brain-sick fool!”—He  
 raised his bow :—  
 “Now, if thou strikest her but  
 one blow,  
 I'll pitch thee from the cliff as  
 far  
 As ever peasant pitch'd a bar !”—  
 “Thanks, champion, thanks !”  
 the Maniac cried,  
 And press'd her to Fitz-James's  
 side.  
 “See the grey pennons I prepare,  
 To seek my true-love through the  
 air ?  
 I will not lend that savage groom,  
 To break his fall, one downy  
 plume !  
 No!—deep amid disjointed stones,  
 The wolves shall batten on his  
 bones,

And then shall his detested plaid,  
By bush and brier in mid-air  
staid,  
Wave forth a banner fair and  
free,  
Meet signal for their revelry.”—

## XXIV.

“Hush thee, poor maiden, and be  
still!”—

“O! thou look'st kindly, and I  
will.—

Mine eye has dried and wasted  
been,

But still it loves the Lincoln  
green;

And, though mine ear is all un-  
strung,

Still, still it loves the Lowland  
tongue.

“For O my sweet William was  
forester true,

He stole poor Blanche's heart  
away!

His coat it was all of the green-  
wood hue,

And so blithely he trill'd the  
Lowland lay!

“It was not that I meant to  
tell . . .

But thou art wise and guessest  
well.”

Then, in a low and broken tone,  
And hurried note, the song went  
on.

Still on the Clansman, fearfully,  
She fix'd her apprehensive eye;

Then turn'd it on the Knight, and  
then

Her look glanced wildly o'er the  
glen.

## XXV.

“The toils are pitch'd, and the  
stakes are set,  
Ever sing merrily, merrily;  
The bows they bend, and the  
knives they whet,  
Hunters live so cheerily.

“It was a stag, a stag of ten,  
Bearing its branches sturdily;  
He came stately down the glen,  
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

“It was there he met with a  
wounded doe,  
She was bleeding deathfully;  
She warn'd him of the toils below,  
O, so faithfully, faithfully!

“He had an eye, and he could  
heed,  
Ever sing warily, warily;  
He had a foot, and he could  
speed—  
Hunters watch so narrowly.”

## XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-  
toss'd,

When Ellen's hints and fears were  
lost;

But Murdoch's shout suspicion  
wrought,

And Blanche's song conviction  
brought.—

Not like a stag that spies the  
snare,

But lion of the hunt aware,  
He waved at once his blade on  
high,

“Disclose thy treachery, or die!”  
Forth at full speed the Clansman  
flew,

But in his race his bow he drew.



The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's  
 crest,  
 And thrill'd in Blanche's faded  
 breast,—  
 Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy  
 speed,  
 For ne'er had Alpine's son such  
 need!  
 With heart of fire, and foot of  
 wind,  
 The fierce avenger is behind!  
 Fate judges of the rapid strife—  
 The forfeit death—the prize is  
 life!  
 Thy kindred ambush lies before,  
 Close couch'd upon the heathery  
 moor;  
 Them couldst thou reach!—it  
 may not be—  
 Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er  
 shalt see,  
 The fiery Saxon gains on thee!  
 —Resistless speeds the deadly  
 thrust,  
 As lightning strikes the pine to  
 dust;  
 With foot and hand Fitz-James  
 must strain,  
 Ere he can win his blade again.  
 Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon  
 eye,  
 He grimly smiled to see him  
 die;  
 Then slower wended back his  
 way,  
 Where the poor maiden bleeding  
 lay.

## XXVII.

She sate beneath the birchen-tree,  
 Her elbow resting on her knee;  
 She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,  
 And gazed on it, and feebly  
 laugh'd;  
 Her wreath of broom and feathers  
 grey,  
 Daggled with blood, beside her  
 lay.  
 The Knight to stanch the life-  
 stream tried,—  
 “Stranger, it is in vain!” she  
 cried.  
 “This hour of death has given  
 me more  
 Of reason's power than years  
 before;  
 For, as these ebbing veins decay,  
 My frenzied visions fade away.  
 A helpless injured wretch I die,  
 And something tells me in thine  
 eye,  
 That thou wert mine avenger  
 born.—  
 Seest thou this tress?—O! still  
 I've worn  
 This little tress of yellow hair,  
 Through danger, frenzy, and  
 despair!  
 It once was bright and clear as  
 thine,  
 But blood and tears have dimm'd  
 its shine.  
 I will not tell thee when 'twas  
 shred,  
 Nor from what guiltless victim's  
 head—  
 My brain would turn!—but it  
 shall wave  
 Like plumage on thy helmet brave,  
 Till sun and wind shall bleach the  
 stain,  
 And thou wilt bring it me again.—  
 I waver still.—O God! more  
 bright  
 Let reason beam her parting  
 light!—  
 O! by thy knighthood's honour'd  
 sign,  
 And for thy life preserved by mine,

When thou shalt see a darksome man,  
 Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,  
 With tartans broad and shadowy plume,  
 And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,  
 Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,  
 And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!  
 They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .  
 Avoid the path . . . O God! . . .  
 farewell."

## XXVIII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;  
 Fast pour'd his eyes at pity's claims,  
 And now with mingled grief and ire,  
 He saw the murder'd maid expire.  
 "God, in my need, be my relief,  
 As I wreak this on yonder Chief!"  
 A lock from Blanche's tresses fair  
 He blended with her bridegroom's hair;  
 The mingled braid in blood he dyed,  
 And placed it on his bonnet-side:  
 "By Him whose word is truth! I swear,  
 No other favour will I wear,  
 Till this sad token I imbrue  
 In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!  
 —But hark! what means yon faint halloo?  
 The chase is up,—but they shall know,  
 The stag at bay's a dangerous foe."

Barr'd from the known but guarded way,  
 Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,  
 And oft must change his desperate track,  
 By stream and precipice turn'd back.  
 Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,  
 From lack of food and loss of strength,  
 He couch'd him in a thicket hoar,  
 And thought his toils and perils o'er:—

"Of all my rash adventures past,  
 This frantic feat must prove the last!  
 Who e'er so mad but might have guess'd,  
 That all this Highland hornet's nest  
 Would muster up in swarms so soon  
 As e'er they heard of bands at Doune?—  
 Like bloodhounds now they search me out,—  
 Hark, to the whistle and the shout!—  
 If farther through the wilds I go,  
 I only fall upon the foe:  
 I'll crouch me here till evening grey,  
 Then darkling try my dangerous way."

## XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down,  
 The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,  
 The owl awakens from her dell,  
 The fox is heard upon the fell;

Enough remains of glimmering  
— light

To guide the wanderer's steps  
aright.

Yet not enough from far to  
show

His figure to the watchful foe.

With cautious step, and ear  
awake,

He climbs the crag and threads  
the brake ;

And not the summer solstice,  
there,

Temper'd the midnight mountain  
air,

But every breeze, that swept the  
wold,

Benumb'd his drenched limbs with  
cold.

In dread, in danger, and alone,  
Famish'd and chill'd, through

ways unknown,  
Tangled and steep, he journey'd

on ;

Till, as a rock's huge point he  
turn'd,

A watch-fire close before him  
burn'd.

### XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear,  
Bask'd, in his plaid, a moun-

taineer ;  
And up he sprung with sword in

hand,—

“ Thy name and purpose ! Saxon,  
stand ! ”—

“ A stranger. ”—“ What dost thou  
require ? ”—

“ Rest and a guide, and food and  
fire.

My life's beset, my path is lost,  
The gale has chill'd my limbs with

frost. ”—

“ Art thou a friend to Roderick ? ”  
—“ No. ”—

“ Thou dar'st not call thyself a  
foe ? ”—

“ I dare ! to him and all the band  
He brings to aid his murderous  
hand. ”—

“ Bold words !—but, though the  
beast of game

The privilege of chase may claim,  
Though space and law the stag  
we lend,

Ere hound we slip, or bow we  
bend,

Who ever reck'd, where, how, or  
when,

The prowling fox was trapp'd or  
slain ? <sup>239</sup>

Thus treacherous scouts, — yet  
sure they lie,

Who say thou camest a secret  
spy ! ”—

“ They do, by Heaven !—Come  
Roderick Dhu,

And of his clan the boldest two,  
And let me but till morning rest,

I write the falsehood on their  
crest. ”—

“ If by the blaze I mark aright,  
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of  
Knight. ”—

“ Then by these tokens mayest  
thou know

Each proud oppressor's mortal  
foe. ”—

“ Enough, enough ; sit down and  
share

A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare. ”

### XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland  
cheer,

The harden'd flesh of mountain  
deer ; <sup>240</sup>

Dry fuel on the fire he laid,  
 And bade the Saxon share his  
 plaid.  
 He tended him like welcome  
 guest,  
 Then thus his farther speech  
 address'd.  
 "Stranger, I am to Roderick  
 Dhu  
 A clansman born, a kinsman  
 true ;  
 Each word against his honour  
 spoke,  
 Demands of me avenging stroke ;  
 Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis  
 said,  
 A mighty augury is laid.  
 It rests with me to wind my  
 horn,—  
 Thou art with numbers over-  
 borne ;  
 It rests with me, here, brand to  
 brand,  
 Worn as thou art, to bid thee  
 stand :  
 But, not for clan, nor kindred's  
 cause,  
 Will I depart from honour's laws ;  
 To assail a wearied man were  
 shame,  
 And stranger is a holy name ;  
 Guidance and rest, and food and  
 fire,  
 In vain he never must require.  
 Then rest thee here till dawn of  
 day ;  
 Myself will guide thee on the  
 way,  
 O'er stock and stone, through  
 watch and ward,  
 Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost  
 guard,  
 As far as Coilantogle's ford ;  
 From thence thy warrant is thy  
 sword."—

"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,  
 As freely as 'tis nobly given !"—  
 "Well, rest thee ; for the  
 bittern's cry  
 Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."  
 With that he shook the gather'd  
 heath,  
 And spread his plaid upon the  
 wreath ;  
 And the brave foemen, side by  
 side,  
 Lay peaceful down, like brothers  
 tried,  
 And slept until the dawning beam  
 Purpled the mountain and the  
 stream.

## CANTO FIFTH.

## The Combat.

## I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of  
 eastern light,  
 When first, by the bewilder'd  
 pilgrim spied,  
 It smiles upon the dreary brow  
 of night,  
 And silvers o'er the torrent's  
 foaming tide,  
 And lights the fearful path on  
 mountain side ;—  
 Fair as that beam, although  
 the fairest far,  
 Giving to horror grace, to  
 danger pride,  
 Shine martial Faith, and  
 Courtesy's bright star,  
 Through all the wreckful storms  
 that cloud the brow of War.

## II.

That early beam, so fair and  
 sheen,  
 Was twinkling through the  
 hazel screen,

When, rousing at its glimmer  
 red,  
 The warriors left their lowly  
 bed,  
 Look'd out upon the dappled  
 sky,  
 Mutter'd their soldier matins  
 by,  
 And then awak'd their fire, to  
 steal,  
 As short and rude, their soldier  
 meal.  
 That o'er, the Gael around him  
 threw  
 His graceful plaid of varied hue,  
 And, true to promise, led the  
 way,  
 By thicket green and mountain  
 grey.  
 A wildering path!—they winded  
 now  
 Along the precipice's brow,  
 Commanding the rich scenes  
 beneath,  
 The windings of the Forth and  
 Teith,  
 And all the vales beneath that  
 lie,  
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in  
 sky;  
 Then, sunk in copse, their  
 farthest glance  
 Gain'd not the length of horse-  
 man's lance.  
 'Twas oft so steep, the foot was  
 fain  
 Assistance from the hand to  
 gain;  
 So tangled oft, that, bursting  
 through,  
 Each hawthorn shed her showers  
 of dew,—  
 That diamond dew, so pure and  
 clear,  
 It rivals all but Beauty's tear !

## III.

At length they came where, stern  
 and steep,  
 The hill sinks down upon the  
 deep.  
 Here Vennachar in silver flows,  
 There, ridge on ridge, Benledi  
 rose;  
 Ever the hollow path twined on,  
 Beneath steep bank and threaten-  
 ing stone;  
 An hundred men might hold the  
 post  
 With hardihood against a host.  
 The rugged mountain's scanty  
 cloak  
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch  
 and oak,  
 With shingles bare, and cliffs  
 between,  
 And patches bright of bracken  
 green,  
 And heathier black, that waved  
 so high,  
 It held the copse in rivalry.  
 But where the lake slept deep  
 and still,  
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp  
 and hill;  
 And oft both path and hill were  
 torn,  
 Where wintry torrents down had  
 borne,  
 And heap'd upon the cumber'd  
 land  
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and  
 sand.  
 So toilsome was the road to  
 trace,  
 The guide, abating of his pace,  
 Led slowly through the pass's  
 jaws,  
 And ask'd Fitz-James, by what  
 strange cause

He sought these wilds? traversed  
 by few,  
 Without a pass from Roderick  
 Dhu.

## IV.

“ Brave Gael, my pass in danger  
 tried,  
 Hangs in my belt, and by my  
 side ;  
 Yet, sooth to tell,” the Saxon said,  
 “ I dreamt not now to claim its  
 aid.  
 When here, but three days since,  
 I came,  
 Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,  
 All seem'd as peaceful and as  
 still,  
 As the mist slumbering on you  
 hill ;  
 Thy dangerous Chief was then  
 afar,  
 Nor soon expected back from war.  
 Thus said, at least, my mountain-  
 guide,  
 Though deep, perchance, the  
 villain lied.”—  
 “ Yet why a second venture  
 try ? ”—  
 “ A warrior thou, and ask me  
 why !—  
 Moves our free course by such  
 fix'd cause,  
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?  
 Enough, I sought to drive away  
 The lazy hours of peaceful day ;  
 Slight cause will then suffice to  
 guide  
 A Knight's free footsteps far and  
 wide,—  
 A falcon flown, a greyhound  
 stray'd,  
 The merry glance of mountain  
 maid :

Or, if a path be dangerous  
 known,  
 The danger's self is lure  
 alone.”—

## V.

“ Thy secret keep, I urge thee  
 not ;—  
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,  
 Say, heard ye nought of Low-  
 land war,  
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by  
 Mar ? ”  
 —“ No, by my word ;—of bands  
 prepared  
 To guard King James's sports I  
 heard ;  
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when  
 they hear  
 This muster of the mountaineer,  
 Their pennons will abroad be  
 flung,  
 Which else in Doune had  
 peaceful hung.”—  
 “ Free be they flung !—for we  
 were loth  
 Their silken folds should feast  
 the moth.  
 Free be they flung !—as free  
 shall wave  
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner  
 brave.  
 But, Stranger, peaceful since you  
 came,  
 Bewilder'd in the mountain  
 game,  
 Whence the bold boast by which  
 you show  
 Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal  
 foe ? ”—  
 “ Warrior, but yester-morn, I  
 knew  
 Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick  
 Dhu,

Save as an outlaw'd desperate  
 man,  
 The chief of a rebellious clan,  
 Who, in the Regent's court and  
 sight,  
 With ruffian dagger stabb'd a  
 knight:  
 Yet this alone might from his  
 part  
 Sever each true and loyal heart."

## VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment  
 foul,  
 Dark lower'd the clansman's  
 sable scowl.  
 A space he paused, then sternly  
 said,  
 "And heard'st thou why he drew  
 his blade?  
 Heard'st thou that shameful  
 word and blow  
 Brought Roderick's vengeance  
 on his foe?  
 What reck'd the Chieftain if he  
 stood  
 On Highland heath, or Holy-  
 Rood?  
 He rights such wrong where it  
 is given,  
 If it were in the court of  
 heaven."—  
 "Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis  
 true,  
 Not then claim'd sovereignty his  
 due;  
 While Albany, with feeble hand,  
 Held borrow'd truncheon of  
 command,<sup>241</sup>  
 The young King, mew'd in  
 Stirling tower,  
 Was stranger to respect and  
 power.

But then, thy Chieftain's robber  
 life!—  
 Winning mean prey by causeless  
 strife,  
 Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland  
 swain  
 His herds and harvest rear'd in  
 vain.—  
 Methinks a soul, like thine,  
 should scorn  
 The spoils from such foul foray  
 borne."

## VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the  
 while,  
 And answer'd with disdainful  
 smile,—  
 "Saxon, from yonder mountain  
 high,  
 I mark'd thee send delighted  
 eye,  
 Far to the south and east, where  
 lay,  
 Extended in succession gay,  
 Deep waving fields and pastures  
 green,  
 With gentle slopes and groves  
 between:—  
 These fertile plains, that soften'd  
 vale,  
 Were once the birthright of the  
 Gael;  
 The stranger came with iron  
 hand,  
 And from our fathers reft the  
 land.  
 Where dwell we now! See,  
 rudely swell  
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er  
 fell.  
 Ask we this savage hill we tread,  
 For fatten'd steer or household  
 bread;

Ask we for flocks these shingles  
dry,  
And well the mountain might  
reply,—

‘To you, as to your sires of  
yore,

Belong the target and claymore !  
I give you shelter in my breast,  
Your own good blades must win  
the rest.’

Pent in this fortress of the  
North,

Think’st thou we will not sally  
forth,

To spoil the spoiler as we may,  
And from the robber rend the  
prey ?

Ay, by my soul !—While on yon  
plain

The Saxon rears one shock of  
grain ;

While, of ten thousand herds,  
there strays

But one along yon river’s maze,—  
The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
Shall, with strong hand, redeem  
his share.<sup>249</sup>

Where live the mountain Chiefs  
who hold,

That plundering Lowland field  
and fold

Is aught but retribution true ?  
Seek other cause ’gainst Roderick  
Dhu.”—

#### VIII.

Answer’d Fitz-James,—“ And, if  
I sought,

Think’st thou no other could be  
brought ?

What deem ye of my path way-  
laid ?

My life given o’er to ambus-  
cade ? ”—

“ As of a meed to rashness  
due :

Hadst thou sent warning fair and  
true,—

I seek my hound, or falcon stray’d,  
I seek, good faith, a Highland  
maid,—

Free hadst thou been to come  
and go ;

But secret path marks secret foe.  
Nor yet, for this, even as a  
spy,

Hadst thou, unheard, been doom’d  
to die,

Save to fulfil an augury.”—

“ Well, let it pass ; nor will I  
now

Fresh cause of enmity avow,  
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy  
brow.

Enough, I am by promise tied  
To match me with this man of  
pride :

Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine’s  
glen

In peace ; but when I come agen,  
I come with banner, brand, and  
bow,

As leader seeks his mortal foe.

For love-lorn swain, in lady’s  
bower,

Ne’er panted for the appointed  
hour,

As I, until before me stand  
This rebel Chieftain and his  
band ! ”—

#### IX.

“ Have, then, thy wish ! ”—he  
whistled shrill,

And he was answer’d from the  
hill ;

Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
From crag to crag the signal flew.



Instant, through copse and heath,  
 arose  
 Bonnets and spears and bended  
 bows ;  
 On right, on left, above, below,  
 Sprung up at once the lurking  
 foe ;  
 From shingles grey their lances  
 start,  
 The bracken bush sends forth the  
 dart,  
 The rushes and the willow-wand  
 Are bristling into axe and brand,  
 And every tuft of broom gives life  
 To plaided warrior arm'd for  
 strife.  
 That whistle garrison'd the glen  
 At once with full five hundred  
 men,  
 As if the yawning hill to heaven  
 A subterranean host had given.  
 Watching their leader's beck and  
 will,  
 All silent there they stood, and  
 still.  
 Like the loose crags, whose  
 threatening mass  
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
 As if an infant's touch could urge  
 Their headlong passage down  
 the verge,  
 With step and weapon forward  
 flung,  
 Upon the mountain-side they  
 hung.  
 The Mountaineer cast glance of  
 pride  
 Along Benledi's living side,  
 Then fix'd his eye and sable brow  
 Full on Fitz-James,—“Howsay'st  
 thou now ?  
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors  
 true ;  
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick  
 Dhu !”

## X.

Fitz-James was brave :—Though  
 to his heart  
 The life-blood thrill'd with sudden  
 start,  
 He mann'd himself with daunt-  
 less air,  
 Return'd the Chief his haughty  
 stare,  
 His back against a rock he bore,  
 And firmly placed his foot be-  
 fore :—  
 “Come one, come all ! this rock  
 shall fly  
 From its firm base as soon as I.”  
 Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his  
 eyes  
 Respect was mingled with sur-  
 prise,  
 And the stern joy which warriors  
 feel  
 In foemen worthy of their steel.  
 Short space he stood—then waved  
 his hand :  
 Down sunk the disappearing  
 band ;  
 Each warrior vanish'd where he  
 stood,  
 In broom or bracken, heath or  
 wood ;  
 Sunk brand and spear and bended  
 bow,  
 In osiers pale and copses low ;  
 It seem'd as if their mother Earth  
 Had swallow'd up her warlike  
 birth.  
 The wind's last breath had toss'd  
 in air,  
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage  
 fair,—  
 The next but swept a lone hill-  
 side,  
 Where heath and fern were  
 waving wide :

The sun's last glance was glinted  
back,  
From spear and glaive, from  
targe and jack,—  
The next, all unreflected, shone  
On bracken green, and cold grey  
stone.

## XI.

Fitz-James look'd round — yet  
scarce believed  
The witness that his sight re-  
ceived ;  
Such apparition well might seem  
Delusion of a dreadful dream.  
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,  
And to his look the Chief replied,  
“ Fear nought—nay, that I need  
not say—  
But—doubt not aught from mine  
array.  
Thou art my guest ;—I pledged  
my word  
As far as Coilantogle ford :  
Nor would I call a clansman's  
brand  
For aid against one valiant hand,  
Though on our strife lay every  
vale  
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.  
So move we on ;—I only meant  
To show the reed on which you  
leant,  
Deeming this path you might  
pursue  
Without a pass from Roderick  
Dhu.”<sup>243</sup>  
They moved :—I said Fitz-James  
was brave,  
As ever knight that belted glaive ;  
Yet dare not say, that now his  
blood  
Kept on its wont and temper'd  
flood,

As, following Roderick's stride,  
he drew  
That seeming lonesome pathway  
through,  
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife  
With lances, that, to take his life,  
Waited but signal from a guide,  
So late dishonour'd and defied.  
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought  
round  
The vanish'd guardians of the  
ground,  
And still, from copse and heather  
deep,  
Fancy saw spear and broadsword  
peep,  
And in the plover's shrilly strain,  
The signal whistle heard again.  
Nor breathed he free till far be-  
hind  
The pass was left ; for then they  
wind  
Along a wide and level green,  
Where neither tree nor tuft was  
seen,  
Nor rush nor bush of broom was  
near,  
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

## XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,  
And reach'd that torrent's sound-  
ing shore,  
Which, daughter of three mighty  
lakes,  
From Vennachar in silver breaks,  
Sweeps through the plain, and  
ceaseless mines  
On Bochastle the mouldering  
lines,  
Where Rome, the Empress of  
the world,  
Of yore her eagle wings un-  
furl'd.<sup>244</sup>

And here his course the Chieftain  
 staid,  
 Threw down his target and his  
 plaid,  
 And to the Lowland warrior  
 said :—

“Bold Saxon! to his promise  
 just,  
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his  
 trust.

This murderous Chief, this ruth-  
 less man,

This head of a rebellious clan,  
 Hath led thee safe, through watch  
 and ward,

Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost  
 guard.

Now, man to man, and steel to  
 steel,

A Chieftain's vengeance thou  
 shalt feel.

See here, all vantageless I stand,  
 Arm'd, like thyself, with single  
 brand :<sup>245</sup>

For this is Coilantogle ford,  
 And thou must keep thee with  
 thy sword.”

### XIII.

The Saxon paus'd :—“I ne'er  
 delay'd,

When foeman bade me draw my  
 blade ;

Nay, more, brave Chief, I vow'd  
 thy death ;

Yet sure thy fair and generous  
 faith,

And my deep debt for life pre-  
 served,

A better meed have well deserved :  
 Can nought but blood our feud  
 atone ?

Are there no means ? ”—“No,  
 Stranger, none !

And hear,—to fire thy flagging  
 zeal,—

The Saxon cause rests on thy  
 steel ;

For thus spoke Fate, by prophet  
 bred

Between the living and the dead ;  
 ‘Who spills the foremost foe-  
 man's life,

His party conquers in the  
 strife.’ ”—

“Then, by my word,” the Saxon  
 said,

“The riddle is already read.  
 Seek yonder brake beneath the  
 cliff,—

There lies Red Murdoch, stark  
 and stiff.

Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,  
 Then yield to Fate, and not to  
 me.

To James, at Stirling, let us go,  
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,  
 Or if the King shall not agree

To grant thee grace and favour  
 free,

I plight mine honour, oath, and  
 word,

That, to thy native strengths  
 restored,

With each advantage shalt thou  
 stand,

That aids thee now to guard thy  
 land.”

### XIV.

Dark lightning flash'd from  
 Roderick's eye—

“Soars thy presumption, then,  
 so high,

Because a wretched kern ye  
 slew,

Homage to name to Roderick  
 Dhu ?

He yields not, he, to man nor  
 Fate!  
 Thou add'st but fuel to my  
 hate:—  
 My clansman's blood demands  
 revenge.  
 Not yet prepared?—By heaven,  
 I change  
 My thought, and hold thy valour  
 light  
 As that of some vain carpet  
 knight,  
 Who ill deserved my courteous  
 care,  
 And whose best boast is but to  
 wear  
 A braid of his fair lady's hair."—  
 "I thank thee, Roderick, for the  
 word!  
 It nerves my heart, it steels my  
 sword;  
 For I have sworn this braid to  
 stain  
 In the best blood that warms thy  
 vein.  
 Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth,  
 begone!—  
 Yet think not that by thee alone,  
 Proud Chief! can courtesy be  
 shown;  
 Though not from copse, or heath,  
 or cairn,  
 Start at my whistle clansmen  
 stern,  
 Of this small horn one feeble  
 blast  
 Would fearful odds against thee  
 cast.  
 But fear not—doubt not—which  
 thou wilt—  
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."—  
 Then each at once his falchion  
 drew,  
 Each on the ground his scabbard  
 threw,

Each look'd to sun, and stream,  
 and plain,  
 As what they ne'er might see  
 again;  
 Then foot, and point, and eye  
 opposed,  
 In dubious strife they darkly  
 closed.

### XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick  
 Dhu,  
 That on the field his targe he  
 threw,<sup>246</sup>  
 Whose brazen studs and tough  
 bull-hide  
 Had death so often dash'd aside;  
 For, train'd abroad his arms to  
 wield,  
 Fitz-James's blade was sword  
 and shield.  
 He practised every pass and  
 ward,  
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to  
 guard;  
 While less expert, though  
 stronger far,  
 The Gael maintain'd unequal war.  
 Three times in closing strife they  
 stood,  
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank  
 blood;  
 No stinted draught, no scanty  
 tide,  
 The gushing flood the tartans  
 dyed.  
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal  
 drain,  
 And shower'd his blows like  
 wintry rain;  
 And, as firm rock, or castle-  
 roof,  
 Against the winter shower is  
 proof,

The foe, invulnerable still,  
 Foil'd his wild rage by steady  
 skill;  
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his  
 brand  
 Forced Roderick's weapon from  
 his hand,  
 And backward borne upon the  
 lea,  
 Brought the proud Chieftain to  
 his knee.

## XVI.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him  
 who made  
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes  
 my blade!"  
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!  
 Let recreant yield, who fears to  
 die."<sup>247</sup>  
 —Like adder darting from his  
 coil,  
 Like wolf that dashes through  
 the toil,  
 Like mountain-cat who guards  
 her young,  
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he  
 sprung;  
 Received, but reck'd not of a  
 wound,  
 And lock'd his arms his foeman  
 round.—  
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine  
 own!  
 No maiden's hand is round thee  
 thrown!  
 That desperate grasp thy frame  
 might feel,  
 Through bars of brass and triple  
 steel!—  
 They tug, they strain! down,  
 down they go,  
 The Gael above, Fitz-James  
 below.

The Chieftain's gripe his throat  
 compress'd,  
 His knee was planted in his  
 breast;  
 His clotted locks he backward  
 threw,  
 Across his brow his hand he  
 drew,  
 From blood and mist to clear his  
 sight,  
 Then gleam'd aloft his dagger  
 bright!—

—But hate and fury ill supplied  
 The stream of life's exhausted  
 tide,  
 And all too late the advantage  
 came,  
 To turn the odds of deadly game;  
 For, while the dagger gleam'd  
 on high,  
 Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd  
 brain and eye.  
 Down came the blow! but in the  
 heath  
 The erring blade found bloodless  
 sheath.  
 The struggling foe may now  
 unclasp  
 The fainting Chief's relaxing  
 grasp;  
 Unwounded from the dreadful  
 close,  
 But breathless all, Fitz-James  
 arose.

## XVII.

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for  
 life,  
 Redeem'd, unhop'd, from des-  
 perate strife;  
 Next on his foe his look he  
 cast,  
 Whose every gasp appear'd his  
 last;

In Roderick's gore he dipt the  
 braid,—  
 "Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are  
 dearly paid :  
 Yet with thy foe must die, or  
 live,  
 The praise that Faith and Valour  
 give."  
 With that he blew a bugle-note,  
 Undid the collar from his throat,  
 Unbonneted, and by the wave  
 Sate down his brow and hands to  
 lave.  
 Then faint afar are heard the feet  
 Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet ;  
 The sounds increase, and now  
 are seen  
 Four mounted squires in Lincoln  
 green ;  
 Two who bear lance, and two  
 who lead,  
 By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed ;  
 Each onward held his headlong  
 course,  
 And by Fitz-James rein'd up his  
 horse,—  
 With wonder view'd the bloody  
 spot—  
 —"Exclaim not, gallants! ques-  
 tion not.—  
 You, Herbert and Luffness,  
 alight,  
 And bind the wounds of yonder  
 knight ;  
 Let the grey palfrey bear his  
 weight,  
 We destined for a fairer freight,  
 And bring him on to Stirling  
 straight ;  
 I will before at better speed,  
 To seek fresh horse and fitting  
 weed.  
 The sun rides high ;—I must be  
 boune,  
 To see the archer-game at noon ;

But lightly Bayard clears the  
 lea.—  
 De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

## XVIII.

"Stand, Bayard, stand!"—the  
 steed obey'd,  
 With arching neck and bended  
 head,  
 And glancing eye and quivering  
 ear  
 As if he loved his lord to hear.  
 No foot Fitz-James in stirrup  
 staid,  
 No grasp upon the saddle laid,  
 But wreath'd his left hand in the  
 mane,  
 And lightly bounded from the  
 plain,  
 Turn'd on the horse his armed  
 heel,  
 And stir'd his courage with the  
 steel.  
 Bounded the fiery steed in air,  
 The rider sate erect and fair,  
 Then like a bolt from steel cross-  
 bow  
 Forth launch'd, along the plain  
 they go.  
 They dash'd that rapid torrent  
 through,  
 And up Carhonie's hill they flew ;  
 Still at the gallop prick'd the  
 Knight,  
 His merry-men follow'd as they  
 might.  
 Along thy banks, swift Teith!  
 they ride,  
 And in the race they mock thy  
 tide ;  
 Torry and Lendrick now are  
 past,  
 And Deanstown lies behind them  
 cast ;

They rise, the banner'd towers of  
 Doune,  
 They sink in distant woodland  
 soon ;  
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs  
 strike fire,  
 They sweep like breeze through  
 Ochtertyre ;  
 They mark just glance and  
 disappear  
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier ;  
 They bathe their courser's swelter-  
 ing sides,  
 Dark Forth ! amid thy sluggish  
 tides,  
 And on the opposing shore take  
 ground,  
 With splash, with scramble, and  
 with bound.  
 Right-hand they cleave thy cliffs,  
 Craig-Forth !  
 And soon the bulwark of the  
 North,  
 Grey Stirling, with her towers  
 and town,  
 Upon their fleet career look'd  
 down.

## XIX.

As up the flinty path they strain'd  
 Sudden his steed the leader  
 rein'd ;  
 A signal to his squire he flung,  
 Who instant to his stirrup  
 sprung :—  
 “ Seest thou, De Vaux, yon  
 woodsman grey,  
 Who town-ward holds the rocky  
 way,  
 Of stature tall and poor array ?  
 Mark'st thou the firm, yet active  
 stride,  
 With which he scales the moun-  
 tain-side ?

Know'st thou from whence he  
 comes, or whom ? ”—  
 “ No, by my word ;—a burly  
 groom  
 He seems, who in the field or  
 chase  
 A baron's train would nobly  
 grace.”—  
 “ Out, out, De Vaux ! can fear  
 supply,  
 And jealousy, no sharper eye ?  
 Far, ere to the hill he drew,  
 That stately form and step I  
 knew ;  
 Like form in Scotland is not  
 seen,  
 Treads not such step on Scottish  
 green.  
 'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint  
 Serle !  
 The uncle of the banish'd Earl.  
 Away, away, to court, to show  
 The near approach of dreaded foe :  
 The King must stand upon his  
 guard ;  
 Douglas and he must meet  
 prepared.”  
 Then right-hand wheel'd their  
 steeds, and straight  
 They won the castle's postern  
 gate.

## XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his  
 way  
 From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey  
 grey,  
 Now, as he climb'd the rocky  
 shelf,  
 Held sad communion with him-  
 self :—  
 “ Yes ! all is true my fears could  
 frame ;  
 A prisoner lies the noble Græme,

And fiery Roderick soon will  
 feel  
 The vengeance of the royal steel.  
 I, only I, can ward their fate,—  
 God grant the ransom come not  
 late!  
 The Abbess hath her promise  
 given,  
 My child shall be the bride of  
 Heaven;—  
 —Be pardon'd one repining tear!  
 For He, who gave her, knows  
 how dear,  
 How excellent! but that is by,  
 And now my business is—to  
 die.  
 —Ye towers! within whose  
 circuit dread  
 A Douglas by his sovereign  
 bled;  
 And thou, O sad and fatal  
 mound!<sup>248</sup>  
 That oft hast heard the death-  
 axe sound,  
 As on the noblest of the land  
 Fell the stern headman's bloody  
 hand—  
 The dungeon, block, and name-  
 less tomb  
 Prepare—for Douglas seeks his  
 doom!  
 —But hark! what blithe and  
 jolly peal  
 Makes the Franciscan steeple  
 reel?  
 And see! upon the crowded  
 street,  
 In motley groups what masquers  
 meet!  
 Banner and pageant, pipe and  
 drum,  
 And merry morrice-dancers come.  
 I guess, by all this quaint array,  
 The burghers hold their sports  
 to-day.<sup>249</sup>

James will be there; he loves  
 such show,  
 Where the good yeoman bends  
 his bow,  
 And the tough wrestler foils his  
 foe,  
 As well as where, in proud  
 career,  
 The high-born tilter shivers  
 spear.  
 I'll follow to the Castle-park,  
 And play my prize;—King  
 James shall mark,  
 If age has tamed these sinews  
 stark,  
 Whose force so oft, in happier  
 days,  
 His boyish wonder loved to  
 praise.”

## XXI.

The Castle gates were open  
 flung,  
 The quivering drawbridge rock'd  
 and rung,  
 And echo'd loud the flinty street  
 Beneath the coursers' clattering  
 feet,  
 As slowly down the steep descent  
 Fair Scotland's King and nobles  
 went,  
 While all along the crowded  
 way  
 Was jubilee and loud huzza.  
 And ever James was bending  
 low,  
 To his white jennet's saddle-  
 bow,  
 Doffing his cap to city dame,  
 Who smiled and blush'd for  
 pride and shame.  
 And well the simperer might be  
 vain,—  
 He chose the fairest of the train.



Gravely he greets each city sire,  
 Commends each pageant's quaint  
 attire,  
 Gives to the dancers thanks  
 aloud,  
 And smiles and nods upon the  
 crowd,  
 Who rend the heavens with their  
 acclaims,  
 "Long live the Commons' King,  
 King James!"  
 Behind the King throng'd peer  
 and knight,  
 And noble dame and damsel  
 bright,  
 Whose fiery steeds ill brook'd  
 the stay  
 Of the steep street and crowded  
 way.  
 —But in the train you might  
 discern  
 Dark lowering brow and visage  
 stern;  
 There nobles mourn'd their pride  
 restrain'd,  
 And the mean burgher's joys  
 disdain'd;  
 And chiefs, who, hostage for  
 their clan,  
 Were each from home a banish'd  
 man,  
 There thought upon their own  
 grey tower,  
 Their waving woods, their feudal  
 power,  
 And deem'd themselves a shameful  
 part  
 Of pageant which they cursed in  
 heart.

## XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out  
 Their chequer'd bands the joyous  
 rout.

There morricers, with bell at heel,  
 And blade in hand, their mazes  
 wheel;  
 But chief, beside the butts, there  
 stand  
 Bold Robin Hood<sup>250</sup> and all his  
 band,—  
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and  
 cowl,  
 Old Scathelocke with his surly  
 scowl,  
 Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,  
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little  
 John;  
 Their bugles challenge all that  
 will,  
 In archery to prove their skill.  
 The Douglas bent a bow of  
 might,—  
 His first shaft centered in the  
 white,  
 And when in turn he shot again,  
 His second split the first in  
 twain.  
 From the King's hand must  
 Douglas take  
 A silver dart, the archer's stake;  
 Fondly he watch'd, with watery  
 eye,  
 Some answering glance of  
 sympathy,—  
 No kind emotion made reply!  
 Indifferent as to archer sight,  
 The monarch gave the arrow  
 bright.<sup>251</sup>

## XXIII.

Now, clear the ring! for, hand  
 to hand,  
 The manly wrestlers take their  
 stand.  
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,  
 And proud demanded mightier  
 foes,

Nor call'd in vain ; for Douglas  
came.

—For life is Hugh of Larbert  
lame ;

Scarce better John of Alloa's  
fare,

Whom senseless home his  
comrades bear.

Prize of the wrestling match,  
the King

To Douglas gave a golden  
ring,<sup>252</sup>

While coldly glanced his eye of  
blue,

As frozen drop of wintry  
dew.

Douglas would speak, but in his  
breast

His struggling soul his words  
suppress'd ;

Indignant then he turn'd him  
where

Their arms the brawny yeomen  
bare,

To hurl the massive bar in  
air.

When each his utmost strength  
had shown,

The Douglas rent an earth-fast  
stone

From its deep bed, then heaved  
it high,

And sent the fragment through  
the sky,

A rood beyond the farthest  
mark ;—

And still in Stirling's royal  
park,

The grey-hair'd sires, who know  
the past,

To strangers point the Douglas-  
cast,

And moralise on the decay

Of Scottish strength in modern  
day.

## XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses  
rang,

The Ladies' Rock sent back the  
clang.

The King, with look unmoved,  
bestow'd

A purse well-fill'd with pieces  
broad.

Indignant smiled the Douglas  
proud,

And threw the gold among the  
crowd,

Who now, with anxious wonder,  
scan,

And sharper glance, the dark  
grey man ;

Till whispers rose among the  
throng,

That heart so free, and hand so  
strong,

Must to the Douglas blood  
belong ;

The old men mark'd, and shook  
the head,

To see his hair with silver  
spread,

And wink'd aside, and told each  
son,

Of feats upon the English done,  
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand

Was exiled from his native land.  
The women praised his stately

form,  
Though wreck'd by many a

winter's storm ;  
The youth with awe and wonder

saw  
His strength surpassing Nature's

law.  
Thus judged, as is their wont,

the crowd,

Till murmur rose to clamours  
loud.

But not a glance from that proud  
 ring  
 Of peers who circled round the  
 King,  
 With Douglas held communion  
 kind,  
 Or call'd the banish'd man to  
 mind ;  
 No, not from those who, at the  
 chase,  
 Once held his side the honour'd  
 place,  
 Begirt his board, and, in the  
 field,  
 Found safety underneath his  
 shield ;  
 For he, whom royal eyes disown,  
 When was his form to courtiers  
 known !

## XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols  
 flag,  
 And bade let loose a gallant  
 stag,  
 Whose pride, the holiday to  
 crown,  
 Two favourite greyhounds should  
 pull down,  
 That venison free, and Bourdeaux  
 wine,  
 Might serve the archery to dine.  
 But Lufra,—whom from Douglas'  
 side  
 Nor bribe nor threat could e'er  
 divide,  
 The fleetest hound in all the  
 North,—  
 Brave Lufra saw, and darted  
 forth.  
 She left the royal hounds mid-  
 way,  
 And dashing on the antler'd  
 prey,

Sunk her sharp muzzle in his  
 flank,  
 And deep the flowing life-blood  
 drank.  
 The King's stout huntsman saw  
 the sport  
 By strange intruder broken  
 short,  
 Came up, and with his leash  
 unbound,  
 In anger struck the noble hound.  
 —The Douglas had endured,  
 that morn,  
 The King's cold look, the nobles'  
 scorn,  
 And last, and worst to spirit  
 proud,  
 Had borne the pity of the  
 crowd ;  
 But Lufra had been fondly  
 bred,  
 To share his board, to watch his  
 bed,  
 And oft would Ellen Lufra's  
 neck  
 In maiden glee with garlands  
 deck ;  
 They were such playmates, that  
 with name  
 Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.  
 His stifled wrath is brimming  
 high,  
 In darken'd brow and flashing  
 eye ;  
 As waves before the dark divide,  
 The crowd gave way before his  
 stride ;  
 Needs but a buffet and no  
 more,  
 The groom lies senseless in his  
 gore.  
 Such blow no other hand could  
 deal,  
 Though gauntleted in glove of  
 steel.

## XXVI.

Then clamour'd loud the royal  
train,  
And brandish'd swords and staves  
again.  
But stern the Baron's warning—  
"Back!  
Back, on your lives, ye menial  
pack!  
Beware the Douglas.—Yes!  
behold,  
King James! the Douglas doom'd  
of old,  
And vainly sought for near and  
far,  
A victim to atone the war,  
A willing victim, now attends,  
Nor craves thy grace but for his  
friends."—  
"Thus is my clemency repaid?  
Presumptuous lord!" the Mon-  
arch said;  
"Of thy mis-proud ambitious  
clan,  
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert  
the man,  
The only man, in whom a foe  
My woman-mercy would not  
know:  
But shall a Monarch's presence  
brook  
Injurious blow, and haughty  
look?—  
What ho! the Captain of our  
Guard!  
Give the offender fitting ward.—  
Break off the sports!"—for  
tumult rose,  
And yeomen 'gan to bend their  
bows,—  
"Break off the sports!" he said,  
and frown'd,  
"And bid our horsemen clear  
the ground."

## XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray  
Marr'd the fair form of festal  
day.  
The horsemen prick'd among the  
crowd,  
Repell'd by threats and insult  
loud;  
To earth are borne the old and  
weak,  
The timorous fly, the women  
shriek;  
With flint, with shaft, with staff,  
with bar,  
The hardier urge tumultuous war.  
At once round Douglas darkly  
sweep  
The royal spears in circle deep,  
And slowly scale the pathway  
steep;  
While on the rear in thunder  
pour  
The rabble with disorder'd roar.  
With grief the noble Douglas saw  
The Commons rise against the  
law,  
And to the leading soldier said,—  
"Sir John of Hyndford! 'twas  
my blade  
That knighthood on thy shoulder  
laid;  
For that good deed, permit me  
then  
A word with these misguided  
men.

## XXVIII.

"Hear, gentle friends! ere yet  
for me,  
Ye break the bands of fealty.  
My life, my honour, and my  
cause,  
I tender free to Scotland's laws.

Are these so weak as must  
require

The aid of your misguided ire?

Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,  
Is then my selfish rage so strong,  
My sense of public weal so low,  
That, for mean vengeance on a  
foe,

Those cords of love I should  
unbind,

Which knit my country and my  
kind?

Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower  
It will not soothe my captive  
hour,

To know those spears our foes  
should dread,

For me in kindred gore are red;  
To know, in fruitless brawl  
begun,

For me, that mother wails her  
son;

For me, that widow's mate  
expires;

For me, that orphans weep their  
sires;

That patriots mourn insulted  
laws,

And curse the Douglas for the  
cause.

O let your patience ward such  
ill,

And keep your right to love me  
still!"

## XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk  
again

In tears, as tempests melt in  
rain.

With lifted hands and eyes, they  
pray'd

For blessings on his generous  
head,

Who for his country felt alone,  
And prized her blood beyond his  
own.

Old men, upon the verge of life,  
Bless'd him who staid the civil  
strife;

And mothers held their babes on  
high,

The self-devoted chief to spy,  
Triumphant over wrongs and  
ire,

To whom the prattlers owed a  
sire:

Even the rough soldier's heart  
was moved;

As if behind some bier beloved,  
With trailing arms and drooping  
head,

The Douglas up the hill he led,  
And at the Castle's battled verge,  
With sighs resign'd his honour'd  
charge.

## XXX.

The offended Monarch rode  
apart,

With bitter thought and swelling  
heart,

And would not now vouchsafe  
again

Through Stirling streets to lead  
his train.

"O Lennox, who would wish to  
rule

This changeling crowd, this  
common fool?

Hear'st thou," he said, "the  
loud acclaim,

With which they shout the  
Douglas name?

With like acclaim, the vulgar  
throat

Strain'd for King James their  
morning note;

With like acclaim they hail'd the  
 day  
 When first I broke the Douglas'  
 sway ;  
 And like acclaim would Douglas  
 greet,  
 If he could hurl me from my  
 seat.  
 Who o'er the herd would wish to  
 reign,  
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and  
 vain !  
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,  
 And fickle as a changeful dream ;  
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,  
 And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd  
 blood.  
 Thou many-headed monster-  
 thing,  
 O who would wish to be thy  
 king !

## XXXI.

“ But soft ! what messenger of  
 speed  
 Spurs hitherward his panting  
 steed ?  
 I guess his cognizance afar—  
 What from our cousin, John of  
 Mar ? ”—  
 “ He prays, my liege, your sports  
 keep bound  
 Within the safe and guarded  
 ground :  
 For some foul purpose yet  
 unknown,—  
 Most sure for evil to the throne,—  
 The outlaw'd Chieftain, Roderick  
 Dhu,  
 Has summon'd his rebellious  
 crew ;  
 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's  
 aid  
 These loose banditti stand array'd.

The Earl of Mar, this morn, from  
 Doune,  
 To break their muster march'd,  
 and soon  
 Your grace will hear of battle  
 fought ;  
 But earnestly the Earl besought,  
 Till for such danger he provide,  
 With scanty train you will not  
 ride.”—

## XXXII.

“ Thou warn'st me I have done  
 amiss,—  
 I should have earlier look'd to  
 this :  
 I lost it in this bustling day.  
 —Retrace with speed thy former  
 way ;  
 Spare not for spoiling of thy  
 steed,  
 The best of mine shall be thy  
 meed.  
 Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,  
 We do forbid the intended war :  
 Roderick, this morn, in single  
 fight,  
 Was made our prisoner by a  
 knight ;  
 And Douglas hath himself and  
 cause  
 Submitted to our kingdom's  
 laws.  
 The tidings of their leaders lost  
 Will soon dissolve the mountain  
 host,  
 Nor would we that the vulgar  
 feel,  
 For their Chief's crimes, avenging  
 steel.  
 Bear Mar our message, Braco :  
 fly ! ”—  
 He turn'd his steed,—“ My liege,  
 I hie,—

Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,  
I fear the broadswords will be  
drawn."  
The turf the flying courser  
spurn'd,  
And to his towers the King  
return'd.

## XXXIII.

Ill with King James's mood that  
day,  
Suited gay feast and minstrel  
lay;  
Soon were dismiss'd the courtly  
throng,  
And soon cut short the festal  
song.  
Nor less upon the sadden'd  
toun  
The evening sunk in sorrow  
down.  
The burghers spoke of civil jar,  
Of rumour'd feuds and mountain  
war,  
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick  
Dhu,  
All up in arms:—the Douglas  
too,  
They mourn'd him pent within  
the hold,  
"Where stout Earl William was  
of old"—  
And there his word the speaker  
staid,  
And finger on his lip he laid,  
Or pointed to his dagger blade.  
But jaded horsemen, from the  
west,  
At evening to the Castle press'd;  
And busy talkers said they bore  
Tidings of fight on Katrine's  
shore;  
At noon the deadly fray begun,  
And lasted till the set of sun.

Thus giddy rumour shook the  
town,  
Till closed the Night her pennons  
brown.

## CANTO SIXTH.

## The Guard-Room.

## I.

THE sun, awakening, through  
the smoky air  
Of the dark city casts a sullen  
glance,  
Rousing each caitiff to his task  
of care,  
Of sinful man the sad inherit-  
ance;  
Summoning revellers from the  
lagging dance,  
Scaring the prowling robber  
to his den;  
Gilding on battled tower the  
warder's lance,  
And warning student pale to  
leave his pen,  
And yield his drowsy eyes to the  
kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, O!  
what scenes of woe,  
Are witness'd by that red and  
struggling beam!  
The fever'd patient, from his  
pallet low,  
Through crowded hospital  
beholds its stream;  
The ruin'd maiden trembles at  
its gleam,  
The debtor wakes to thought  
of gyve and jail,  
The love-lorn wretch starts from  
tormenting dream;

The wakeful mother, by the  
glimmering pale,  
Trims her sick infant's couch,  
and soothes his feeble wail.

## II.

At dawn the towers of Stirling  
rang  
With soldier-step and weapon-  
clang,  
While drums, with rolling note,  
foretell  
Relief to weary sentinel.  
Through narrow loop and case-  
ment barr'd,  
The sunbeams sought the Court  
of Guard,  
And, struggling with the smoky  
air,  
Deaden'd the torches' yellow  
glare.  
In comfortless alliance shone  
The lights through arch of  
blacken'd stone,  
And show'd wild shapes in garb  
of war,  
Faces deform'd with beard and  
scar,  
All haggard from the midnight  
watch,  
And fever'd with the stern  
debauch ;  
For the oak table's massive  
board,  
Flooded with wine, with frag-  
ments stored,  
And beakers drain'd, and cups  
o'erthrown,  
Show'd in what sport the night  
had flown.  
Some, weary, snored on floor  
and bench ;  
Some labour'd still their thirst  
to quench ;

Some, chill'd with watching,  
spread their hands  
O'er the huge chimney's dying  
brands,  
While round them, or beside  
them flung,  
At every step their harness rung.

## III.

These drew not for their fields  
the sword,  
Like tenants of a feudal lord,  
Nor own'd the patriarchal claim  
Of Chieftain in their leader's name ;  
Adventurers they, from far who  
roved,  
To live by battle which they  
loved.<sup>253</sup>  
There the Italian's clouded face,  
The swarthy Spaniard's there  
you trace ;  
The mountain-loving Switzer  
there  
More freely breathed in mountain-  
air ;  
The Fleming there despised the  
soil,  
That paid so ill the labourer's toil ;  
Their rolls show'd French and  
German name ;  
And merry England's exiles  
came,  
To share, with ill-conceal'd dis-  
dain,  
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.  
All brave in arms, well train'd  
to wield  
The heavy halberd, brand, and  
shield ;  
In camps licentious, wild, and  
bold ;  
In pillage fierce and uncontroll'd ;  
And now, by holytide and feast,  
From rules of discipline released.



## IV.

They held debate of bloody  
 fray,  
 Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and  
 Achray.  
 Fierce was their speech, and,  
 'mid their words,  
 Their hands oft grappled to their  
 swords ;  
 Nor sunk their tone to spare the  
 ear  
 Of wounded comrades groaning  
 near,  
 Whose mangled limbs, and  
 bodies gored,  
 Bore token of the mountain  
 sword,  
 Though, neighbouring to the  
 Court of Guard,  
 Their prayers and feverish wails  
 were heard ;  
 Sad burden to the ruffian  
 joke,  
 And savage oath by fury spoke !—  
 At length up-started John of  
 Brent,  
 A yeoman from the banks of  
 Trent ;  
 A stranger to respect or fear,  
 In peace a chaser of the  
 deer,  
 In host a hardy mutineer,  
 But still the boldest of the  
 crew,  
 When deed of danger was to  
 do.  
 He grieved, that day, their games  
 cut short,  
 And marr'd the dicer's brawling  
 sport,  
 And shouted loud, " Renew the  
 bowl !  
 And, while a merry catch I  
 troll,

Let each the buxom chorus bear,  
 Like brethren of the brand and  
 spear."

## V.

## Soldier's Song.

Our vicar still preaches that  
 Peter and Poule  
 Laid a swinging long curse on  
 the bonny brown bowl,  
 That there's wrath and despair in  
 the jolly black-jack,  
 And the seven deadly sins in a  
 flagon of sack ;  
 Yet whoop, Barnaby ! off with  
 thy liquor,  
 Drink upsees out, and a fig for  
 the vicar !  
 Our vicar he calls it damnation  
 to sip  
 The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's  
 dear lip,  
 Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her  
 kerchief so sly,  
 And Apollyon shoots darts from  
 her merry black eye ;  
 Yet whoop, Jack ! kiss Gillian  
 the quicker,  
 Till she bloom like a rose, and a  
 fig for the vicar !  
 Our vicar thus preaches—and  
 why should he not ?  
 For the dues of his cure are the  
 placket and pot ;  
 And 'tis right of his office poor  
 laymen to lurch,  
 Who infringe the domains of our  
 good Mother Church.  
 Yet whoop, bully-boys ! off with  
 your liquor,  
 Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a  
 fig for the vicar !

## VI.

The warder's challenge, heard  
without,  
Staid in mid-roar the merry shout.  
A soldier to the portal went,—  
“Here is old Bertram, sirs, of  
Ghent ;  
And,—beat for jubilee the drum !  
A maid and minstrel with him  
come.”  
Bertram, a Fleming, grey and  
scar'd,  
Was entering now the Court of  
Guard,  
A harper with him, and in  
plaid  
All muffled close, a mountain  
maid,  
Who backward shrunk to 'scape  
the view  
Of the loose scene and boisterous  
crew.  
“What news?” they roared :—  
“I only know,  
From noon till eve we fought  
with foe,  
As wild and as untameable  
As the rude mountains where  
they dwell ;  
On both sides store of blood is  
lost,  
Nor much success can either  
boast.”—  
“But whence thy captives,  
friend? such spoil  
As theirs must needs reward thy  
toil.  
Old dost thou wax, and wars  
grow sharp ;  
Thou now hast glee-maiden and  
harp !  
Get thee an ape, and trudge the  
land,  
The leader of a juggler band.”—<sup>254</sup>

## VII.

“No, comrade ;—no such fortune  
mine,  
After the fight these sought our  
line,  
That aged harper and the girl,  
And, having audience of the Earl,  
Mar bade I should purvey them  
steed,  
And bring them hitherward with  
speed.  
Forbear your mirth and rude  
alarm,  
For none shall do them shame  
or harm.”—  
“Hear ye his boast?” cried John  
of Brent,  
Ever to strife and jangling bent ;  
“Shall he strike doe beside our  
lodge,  
And yet the jealous niggard  
grudge  
To pay the forester his fee?  
I'll have my share, howe'er it  
be,  
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee.”  
Bertram his forward step with-  
stood ;  
And, burning in his vengeful mood,  
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,  
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife ;  
But Ellen boldly stepp'd between,  
And dropp'd at once the tartan  
screen :—  
So, from his morning cloud,  
appears  
The sun of May, through summer  
tears.  
The savage soldiery, amazed,  
As on descended angel gazed ;  
Even hardy Brent, abash'd and  
tamed,  
Stood half admiring, half  
ashamed

## VIII.

Boldly she spoke,—“Soldiers,  
attend!  
My father was the soldier’s  
friend;  
Cheer’d him in camps, in marches  
led,  
And with him in the battle bled.  
Not from the valiant, or the  
strong,  
Should exile’s daughter suffer  
wrong.”—  
Answer’d De Brent, most forward  
still

In every feat or good or ill,—  
“I shame me of the part I play’d:  
And thou an outlaw’s child, poor  
maid!

An outlaw I by forest laws,  
And merry Needwood knows the  
cause.

Poor Rose,—if Rose be living  
now,”—

He wiped his iron eye and brow,—  
“Must bear such age, I think, as  
thou.—

Hear ye, my mates;—I go to call  
The Captain of our watch to hall:  
There lies my halberd on the floor;  
And he that steps my halberd  
o’er,

To do the maid injurious part,  
My shaft shall quiver in his  
heart!—

Beware loose speech, or jesting  
rough:

Ye all know John de Brent.  
Enough.”

## IX.

Their Captain came, a gallant  
young.—  
(Of Tullibardine’s house he  
sprung),

Nor wore he yet the spurs of  
knight;

Gay was his mien, his humour  
light,

And, though by courtesy con-  
troll’d,

Forward his speech, his bearing  
bold.

The high-born maiden ill could  
brook

The scanning of his curious look  
And dauntless eye;—and yet, in  
sooth,

Young Lewis was a generous  
youth;

But Ellen’s lovely face and mien,  
Ill suited to the garb and scene,

Might lightly bear construction  
strange,

And give loose fancy scope to  
range.

“Welcome to Stirling towers,  
fair maid!

Come ye to seek a champion’s  
aid,

On palfrey white, with harper  
hoar,

Like errant damosel of yore?  
Does thy high quest a knight  
require,

Or may the venture suit a  
squire?”—

Her dark eye flash’d;—she  
paused and sigh’d,—

“O what have I to do with  
pride!—

Through scenes of sorrow,  
shame, and strife,

A suppliant for a father’s life,  
I crave an audience of the King.

Behold, to back my suit, a ring,  
The royal pledge of grateful  
claims,

Given by the Monarch to Fitz-  
James.”

## X.

The signet-ring young Lewis took,  
 With deep respect and alter'd look;  
 And said,—“This ring our duties own;  
 And pardon, if to worth unknown,  
 In semblance mean obscurely veil'd,  
 Lady, in aught my folly fail'd.  
 Soon as the day flings wide his gates,  
 The King shall know what suitor waits.  
 Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower  
 Repose you till his waking hour;  
 Female attendance shall obey  
 Your hest, for service or array.  
 Permit I marshal you the way.”  
 But, ere she followed, with the grace  
 And open bounty of her race,  
 She bade her slender purse be shared  
 Among the soldiers of the guard.  
 The rest with thanks their guerdon took;  
 But Brent, with shy and awkward look,  
 On the reluctant maiden's hold  
 Forced bluntly back the proffer'd gold;—  
 “Forgive a haughty English heart,  
 And O forget its ruder part!  
 The vacant purse shall be my share,  
 Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,  
 Perchance, in jeopardy of war,  
 Where gayer crests may keep afar.”

With thanks—'twas all she could  
 —the maid  
 His rugged courtesy repaid.

## XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,  
 Allan made suit to John of Brent:—  
 “My lady safe, O let your grace  
 Give me to see my master's face!  
 His minstrel I,—to share his doom  
 Bound from the cradle to the tomb.  
 Tenth in descent, since first my sires  
 Waked for his noble house their lyres,  
 Nor one of all the race was known  
 But prized its weal above their own.  
 With the Chief's birth begins our care;  
 Our harp must soothe the infant heir,  
 Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace  
 His earliest feat of field or chase;  
 In peace, in war, our rank we keep,  
 We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,  
 Nor leave him till we pour our verse—  
 A doleful tribute!—o'er his hearse.  
 Then let me share his captive lot;  
 It is my right—deny it not!”—  
 “Little we reck,” said John of Brent,  
 “We Southern men, of long descent;

Nor wot we how a name—a  
word—  
Makes clansmen vassals to a  
lord :  
Yet kind my noble landlord's  
part,—  
God bless the house of Beau-  
desert !  
And, but I loved to drive the deer,  
More than to guide the labouring  
steer,  
I had not dwelt an outcast here.  
Come, good old Minstrel, follow  
me ;  
Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt  
thou see."

## XII.

Then, from a rusted iron hook,  
A bunch of ponderous keys he  
took,  
Lighted a torch, and Allan led  
Through grated arch and passage  
dread.  
Portals they pass'd, where, deep  
within,  
Spoke prisoner's moan, and  
fettlers' din ;  
Through rugged vaults, where,  
loosely stored,  
Lay wheel, and axe, and head-  
man's sword,  
And many an hideous engine  
grim,  
For wrenching joint, and crush-  
ing limb,  
By artist form'd, who deem'd it  
shame  
And sin to give their work a  
name.  
They halted at a low-brow'd  
porch,  
And Brent to Allan gave the  
torch,

While bolt and chain he back-  
ward roll'd,  
And made the bar unhasp its  
hold.  
They enter'd :—'twas a prison-  
room  
Of stern security and gloom,  
Yet not a dungeon ; for the day  
Through lofty gratings found its  
way,  
And rude and antique garniture  
Deck'd the sad walls and oaken  
floor ;  
Such as the rugged days of old  
Deem'd fit for captive noble's  
hold.

"Here," said De Brent, "thou  
mayst remain  
Till the Leech visit him again.  
Strict is his charge, the warders  
tell,  
To tend the noble prisoner well."  
Retiring then, the bolt he drew,  
And the lock's murmurs growl'd  
anew.  
Roused at the sound, from lowly  
bed  
A captive feebly raised his head ;  
The wondering Minstrel look'd,  
and knew—  
Not his dear lord, but Roderick  
Dhu !  
For, come from where Clan-  
Alpine fought,  
They, erring, deem'd the Chief  
he sought.

## XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty  
proré  
Shall never stem the billows  
more,  
Deserted by her gallant band,  
Amid the breakers lies astrand,—

So, on his couch, lay Roderick  
 Dhu!  
 And oft his fever'd limbs he  
 threw  
 In toss abrupt, as when her sides  
 Lie rocking in the advancing  
 tides,  
 That shake her frame with cease-  
 less beat,  
 Yet cannot heave her from her  
 seat ;—  
 O! how unlike her course at  
 sea!  
 Or his free step on hill and  
 lea!—  
 Soon as the Minstrel he could  
 scan,  
 “What of thy lady?—of my  
 clan?—  
 My mother?—Douglas?—tell me  
 all.  
 Have they been ruin'd in my  
 fall?  
 Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou  
 here?  
 Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do  
 not fear.”—  
 (For Allan, who his mood well  
 knew,  
 Was choked with grief and  
 terror too.)—  
 “Who fought—who fled?—Old  
 man, be brief;—  
 Some might—for they had lost  
 their Chief.  
 Who basely live?—who bravely  
 died?”—  
 “O, calm thee, Chief!” the  
 Minstrel cried,  
 “Ellen is safe;”—“For that,  
 thank Heaven!”—  
 “And hopes are for the Douglas  
 given;—  
 The Lady Margaret, too, is well;  
 And, for thy clan,—on field or fell,

Has never harp of minstrel  
 told,  
 Of combat fought so true and  
 bold.  
 Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,  
 Though many a goodly bough  
 is rent.”

## XIV.

The Chieftain rear'd his form on  
 high,  
 And fever's fire was in his eye;  
 But ghastly, pale, and livid  
 streaks  
 Chequer'd his swarthy brow and  
 cheeks.  
 —“Hark, Minstrel! I have heard  
 thee play,  
 With measure bold, on festal  
 day,  
 In yon lone isle, . . . again  
 where ne'er  
 Shall harper play, or warrior  
 hear! . . .  
 That stirring air that peals on  
 high,<sup>255</sup>  
 O'er Dermid's race our victory.—  
 Strike it!—and then, (for well  
 thou canst,)  
 Free from thy minstrel-spirit  
 glanced,  
 Fling me the picture of the  
 fight,  
 When met my clan the Saxon  
 might.  
 I'll listen, till my fancy hears  
 The clang of swords, the crash  
 of spears!  
 These grates, these walls, shall  
 vanish then,  
 For the fair field of fighting  
 men,  
 And my free spirit burst away,  
 As if it soar'd from battle fray.”

The trembling Bard with awe  
obey'd,—  
Slow on the harp his hand he laid ;  
But soon remembrance of the  
sight  
He witness'd from the mountain's  
height,  
With what old Bertram told at  
night,  
Awaken'd the full power of song,  
And bore him in career along ;—  
As shallop launch'd on river's tide,  
That slow and fearful leaves the  
side,  
But, when it feels the middle  
stream,  
Drives downward swift as  
lightning's beam.

## XV.

Battle of Beal' an Duine.<sup>256</sup>

“The Minstrel came once more  
to view  
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,  
For, ere he parted, he would say  
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—  
Where shall he find, in foreign  
land,  
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand !  
There is no breeze upon the  
fern,  
Nor ripple on the lake,  
Upon her eery nods the erne,  
The deer has sought the  
brake ;  
The small birds will not sing  
aloud,  
The springing trout lies still,  
So darkly glooms yon thunder  
cloud,  
That swathes, as with a purple  
shroud,  
Benledi's distant hill.

Is it the thunder's solemn  
sound  
That mutters deep and  
dread,  
Or echoes from the groaning  
ground  
The warrior's measured  
tread ?  
Is it the lightning's quivering  
glance  
That on the thicket streams,  
Or do they flash on spear and  
lance  
The sun's retiring beams ?  
—I see the dagger-crest of  
Mar,  
I see the Moray's silver star,  
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon  
war,  
That up the lake comes winding  
far !  
To hero bound for battle-strife,  
Or bard of martial lay,  
'Twere worth ten years of peace-  
ful life,  
One glance at their array !

## XVI.

“Their light-arm'd archers far  
and near  
Survey'd the tangled ground,  
Their centre ranks, with pike  
and spear,  
A twilight forest frown'd,  
Their barbed horsemen, in the  
rear,  
The stern battalia crown'd.  
No cymbal clash'd, no clarion  
rang,  
Still were the pipe and drum ;  
Save heavy tread, and armour's  
clang,  
The sudden march was dumb,

There breathed no wind their  
 crests to shake,  
 Or wave their flags abroad ;  
 Scarce the frail aspen seem'd  
 to quake,  
 That shadow'd o'er their  
 road.  
 Their vaward scouts no tidings  
 bring,  
 Can rouse no lurking foe,  
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,  
 Save when they stirr'd the  
 roe ;  
 The host moves, like a deep-sea  
 wave,  
 Where rise no rocks its pride to  
 brave,  
 High - swelling, dark, and  
 slow.  
 The lake is pass'd, and now they  
 gain  
 A narrow and a broken plain,  
 Before the Trosach's rugged  
 jaws ;  
 And here the horse and spear-  
 men pause,  
 While, to explore the dangerous  
 glen,  
 Dive through the pass the archer-  
 men.

## XVII.

“At once there rose so wild a  
 yell  
 Within that dark and narrow  
 dell,  
 As all the fiends, from heaven  
 that fell,  
 Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell !  
 Forth from the pass in tumult  
 driven,  
 Like chaff before the wind of  
 heaven,  
 The archery appear ;

For life ! for life ! their plight  
 they ply—  
 And shriek, and shout, and  
 battle-cry,  
 And plaids and bonnets waving  
 high,  
 And broadswords flashing to the  
 sky,  
 Are maddening in the rear.  
 Onward they drive, in dreadful  
 race,  
 Pursuers and pursued ;  
 Before that tide of flight and  
 chase,  
 How shall it keep its rooted  
 place,  
 The spearmen's twilight  
 wood ?—  
 ‘Down, down,’ cried Mar,  
 ‘your lances down !  
 Bear back both friend and  
 foe !’—  
 Like reeds before the tempest's  
 frown,  
 That serried grove of lances  
 brown  
 At once lay levell'd low ;  
 And closely shouldering side to  
 side,  
 The bristling ranks the onset  
 bide.—  
 ‘We'll quell the savage moun-  
 taineer,  
 As their Tinchel cows the  
 game !  
 They come as fleet as forest  
 deer,  
 We'll drive them back as  
 tame.’—

## XVIII.

“Bearing before them, in their  
 course,  
 The relics of the archer force,



Like wave with crest of sparkling  
foam,  
Right onward did Clan-Alpine  
come.  
Above the tide, each broad-  
sword bright  
Was brandishing like beam of  
light,  
Each targe was dark below ;  
And with the ocean's mighty  
swing,  
When heaving to the tempest's  
wing,  
They hurl'd them on the foe.  
I heard the lance's shivering  
crash,  
As when the whirlwind rends the  
ash,  
I heard the broadsword's deadly  
clang,  
As if an hundred anvils rang !  
But Moray wheel'd his rearward  
rank  
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's  
flank,  
—' My banner-man, advance !  
I see,' he cried, ' their column  
shake.—  
Now, gallants ! for your ladies'  
sake,  
Upon them with the lance !'—  
The horsemen dash'd among  
the rout,  
As deer break through the  
broom ;  
Their steeds are stout, their  
swords are out,  
They soon make lightsome  
room.  
Clan-Alpine's best are backward  
borne—  
Where, where was Roderick  
then !  
One blast upon his bugle-horn  
Were worth a thousand men !

And reflux through the pass  
of fear  
The battle's tide was pour'd ;  
Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling  
spear,  
Vanish'd the mountain-  
sword.  
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black  
and steep,  
Receives her roaring linn,  
As the dark caverns of the deep  
Suck the wild whirlpool in,  
So did the deep and darksome pass  
Devour the battle's mingled mass :  
None linger now upon the plain,  
Save those who ne'er shall fight  
again.

## XIX.

“ Now westward rolls the battle's  
din,  
That deep and doubling pass  
within,  
—Minstrel, away, the work of  
fate  
Is bearing on : its issue wait,  
Where the rude Trosach's dread  
defile  
Opens on Katrine's lake and  
isle.—  
Grey Benvenue I soon repass'd,  
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.  
The sun is set ;—the clouds are  
met,  
The lowering scowl of heaven  
An inky view of vivid blue  
To the deep lake has given ;  
Strange gusts of wind from  
mountain-glen  
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk  
agen.  
I heeded not the eddying surge,  
Mine eye but saw the Trosach's  
gorge,

Mine ear but heard the sullen  
 sound,  
 Which like an earthquake shook  
 the ground,  
 And spoke the stern and desperate  
 strife  
 That parts not but with parting  
 life,  
 Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll  
 The dirge of many a passing  
 soul.  
 Nearer it comes—the dim-wood  
 glen  
 The martial flood disgorged agen,  
 But not in mingled tide ;  
 The plaided warriors of the North  
 High on the mountain thunder  
 forth  
 And overhang its side ;  
 While by the lake below appears  
 The dark'ning cloud of Saxon  
 spears.  
 At weary bay each shatter'd band,  
 Eyeing their foemen, sternly  
 stand ;  
 Their banners stream like tatter'd  
 sail,  
 That flings its fragments to the  
 gale,  
 And broken arms and disarray  
 Mark'd the fell havoc of the day.

## XX.

“Viewing the mountain's ridge  
 askance,  
 The Saxon stood in sullen trance,  
 Till Moray pointed with his lance,  
 And cried—‘ Behold yon isle !—  
 See ! none are left to guard its  
 strand,  
 But women weak, that wring the  
 hand :  
 'Tis there of yore the robber band  
 Their booty wont to pile ;—

My purse, with bonnet-pieces  
 store,  
 To him will swim a bow-shot  
 o'er,  
 And loose a shallop from the  
 shore.  
 Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf  
 then,  
 Lords of his mate, and brood,  
 and den.”  
 Forth from the ranks a spearman  
 sprung,  
 On earth his casque and corslet  
 rung,  
 He plunged him in the wave :—  
 All saw the deed—the purpose  
 knew,  
 And to their clamours Benvenue  
 A mingled echo gave ;  
 The Saxons shout, their mate to  
 cheer,  
 The helpless females scream for  
 fear,  
 And yells for rage the moun-  
 taineer.  
 'Twas then, as by the outcry  
 riven,  
 Pour'd down at once the lowering  
 heaven ;  
 A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's  
 breast,  
 Her billows rear'd their snowy  
 crest.  
 Well for the swimmer swell'd  
 they high,  
 To mar the Highland marksman's  
 eye ;  
 For round him shower'd, 'mid  
 rain and hail,  
 The vengeful arrows of the  
 Gael.—  
 In vain—He nears the isle—and  
 lo !  
 His hand is on the shallop's  
 bow.

—Just then a flash of lightning  
 came,  
 It tinged the waves and strand  
 with flame ;—  
 I mark'd Duncraggan's widow'd  
 dame,  
 Behind an oak I saw her stand,  
 A naked dirk gleam'd in her  
 hand :  
 It darken'd,—but, amid the moan  
 Of waves, I heard a dying groan ;  
 Another flash !—the spearman  
 floats  
 A weltering corse beside the  
 boats,  
 And the stern matron o'er him  
 stood,  
 Her hand and dagger streaming  
 blood.

## XXI.

“ ‘ Revenge ! revenge ! ’ the  
 Saxons cried,  
 The Gaels' exulting shout replied.  
 Despite the elemental rage,  
 Again they hurried to engage ;  
 But, ere they closed in desperate  
 fight,  
 Bloody with spurring came a  
 knight,  
 Sprung from his horse, and, from  
 a crag,  
 Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-  
 white flag.  
 Clarion and trumpet by his side  
 Rung forth a truce-note high and  
 wide,  
 While, in the Monarch's name,  
 afar  
 An herald's voice forbade the war,  
 For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick  
 bold,  
 Were both, he said, in captive  
 hold.”

—But here the lay made sudden  
 stand !—  
 The harp escaped the Minstrel's  
 hand !—  
 Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy  
 How Roderick brook'd his  
 minstrelsy :  
 At first, the Chieftain, to the  
 chime,  
 With lifted hand, kept feeble  
 time ;  
 That motion ceased,—yet feeling  
 strong  
 Varied his look as changed the  
 song ;  
 At length, no more his deafen'd  
 ear  
 The minstrel melody can hear ;  
 His face grows sharp,—his hands  
 are clench'd,  
 As if some pang his heart-strings  
 wrench'd ;  
 Set are his teeth, his fading eye  
 Is sternly fix'd on vacancy ;  
 Thus, motionless, and moanless,  
 drew  
 His parting breath, stout  
 Roderick Dhu !—  
 Old Allan-Bane look'd on aghast,  
 While grim and still his spirit  
 pass'd :  
 But when he saw that life was  
 fled,  
 He pour'd his wailing o'er the  
 dead.

## XXII.

## Lament.

“ And art thou cold and lowly  
 laid,  
 Thy foeman's dread, thy people's  
 aid,  
 Breadalbane's boast, Clan-  
 Alpine's shade

For thee shall none a requiem  
say?

— For thee, — who loved the  
minstrel's lay,

For thee, of Bothwell's house the  
stay,

The shelter of her exiled line,  
E'en in this prison-house of  
thine,

I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd  
Pine!

“What groans shall yonder  
valleys fill!

What shrieks of grief shall rend  
yon hill!

What tears of burning rage  
shall thrill,

When mourns thy tribe thy  
battles done,

Thy fall before the race was won,  
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!

There breathes not clansman of  
thy line,

But would have given his life for  
thine.—

O woe for Alpine's honour'd  
Pine!

“Sad was thy lot on mortal  
stage!—

The captive thrush may brook  
the cage,

The prison'd eagle dies for rage.  
Brave spirit, do not scorn my  
strain!

And, when its notes awake again,  
Even she, so long beloved in  
vain,

Shall with my harp her voice  
combine,

And mix her woe and tears with  
mine,

To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd  
Pine.”—

## XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting  
heart,

Remain'd in lordly bower apart,  
Where play'd with many-colour'd  
gleams,

Through storied pane the rising  
beams.

In vain on gilded roof they fall,  
And lighten'd up a tapestried  
wall,

And for her use a menial train  
A rich collation spread in vain.

The banquet proud, the chamber  
gay,

Scarce drew one curious glance  
astray;

Or, if she look'd, 'twas but to  
say,

With better omen dawn'd the  
day

In that lone isle, where waved  
on high

The dun-deer's hide for canopy;  
Where oft her noble father  
shared

The simple meal her care pre-  
pared,

While Lufra, crouching by her  
side,

Her station claim'd with jealous  
pride,

And Douglas, bent on woodland  
game,

Spoke of the chase to Malcolm  
Græme,

Whose answer, oft at random  
made,

The wandering of his thoughts  
betray'd.—

Those who such simple joys have  
known,

Are taught to prize them when  
they're gone.

But sudden, see, she lifts her  
 head!  
 The window seeks with cautious  
 tread.  
 What distant music has the  
 power  
 To win her in this woful hour!  
 'Twas from a turret that o'erhung  
 her latticed bower, the strain  
 was sung.

## XXIV.

Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman.

"My hawk is tired of perch and  
 hood,  
 My idle greyhound loathes his  
 food,  
 My horse is weary of his stall,  
 And I am sick of captive thrall.  
 I wish I were, as I have been,  
 Hunting the hart in forest green,  
 With bended bow and blood-  
 hound free,  
 For that's the life is meet for me.  
 I hate to learn the ebb of time,  
 From yon dull steeple's drowsy  
 chime,  
 Or mark it as the sunbeams  
 crawl,  
 Inch after inch, along the wall.  
 The lark was wont my matins  
 ring,  
 The sable rook my vespers sing;  
 These towers, although a king's  
 they be,  
 Have not a hall of joy for me.  
 No more at dawning morn I  
 rise,  
 And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
 Drive the fleet deer the forest  
 through,  
 And homeward wend with evening  
 dew;

A blithesome welcome blithely  
 meet,  
 And lay my trophies at her feet,  
 While fled the eve on wing of  
 glee,—  
 That life is lost to love and  
 me!"

## XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly  
 said,  
 The list'ner had not turn'd her  
 head,  
 It trickled still, the starting  
 tear,  
 When light a footstep struck her  
 ear,  
 And Snowdown's graceful knight  
 was near.  
 She turn'd the hastier, lest  
 again  
 The prisoner should renew his  
 strain.—  
 "O welcome, brave Fitz-James!"  
 she said;  
 "How may an almost orphan  
 maid  
 Pay the deep debt"——"O say  
 not so!  
 To me no gratitude you owe.  
 Not mine, alas! the boon to  
 give,  
 And bid thy noble father live;  
 I can but be thy guide, sweet  
 maid,  
 With Scotland's king thy suit  
 to aid.  
 No tyrant he, though ire and  
 pride  
 May lay his better mood aside.  
 Come, Ellen, come! 'tis more  
 than time,  
 He holds his court at morning  
 prime."

With beating heart, and bosom  
 wrung,  
 As to a brother's arm she clung.  
 Gently he dried the falling tear,  
 And gently whisper'd hope and  
 cheer ;  
 Her faltering steps half led, half  
 staid,  
 Through gallery fair, and high  
 arcade,  
 Till, at its touch, its wings of  
 pride  
 A portal arch unfolded wide.

## XXVI.

Within 'twas brilliant all and  
 light,  
 A thronging scene of figures  
 bright ;  
 It glow'd on Ellen's dazzled  
 sight,  
 As when the setting sun has  
 given  
 Ten thousand hues to summer  
 even,  
 And from their tissue, fancy  
 frames  
 Aërial knights and fairy dames.  
 Still by Fitz-James her footing  
 staid ;  
 A few faint steps she forward  
 made,  
 Then slow her drooping head  
 she raised,  
 And fearful round the presence  
 gazed ;  
 For him she sought, who own'd  
 this state,  
 The dreaded prince whose will  
 was fate.  
 She gazed on many a princely  
 port,  
 Might well have ruled a royal  
 court ;

On many a splendid garb she  
 gazed,  
 Then turn'd bewilder'd and  
 amazed,  
 For all stood bare ; and, in the  
 room,  
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and  
 plume.  
 To him each lady's look was  
 lent ;  
 On him each courtier's eye was  
 bent ;  
 Midst furs, and silks, and jewels  
 sheen,  
 He stood, in simple Lincoln  
 green,  
 The centre of the glittering ring.  
 And Snowdown's Knight is  
 Scotland's King !<sup>257</sup>

## XXVII.

As wreath of snow, on mountain-  
 breast,  
 Slides from the rock that gave  
 it rest,  
 Poor Ellen glided from her stay,  
 And at the Monarch's feet she  
 lay ;  
 No word her choking voice  
 commands,—  
 She show'd the ring, she clasp'd  
 her hands.  
 O ! not a moment could he  
 brook,  
 The generous prince, that sup-  
 pliant look !  
 Gently he raised her ; and, the  
 while,  
 Check'd with a glance the circle's  
 smile ;  
 Graceful, but grave, her brow he  
 kiss'd,  
 And bade her terrors be dis-  
 miss'd :—

"Yes, Fair ; the wandering poor  
 Fitz-James  
 The fealty of Scotland claims.  
 To him thy woes, thy wishes,  
 bring ;  
 He will redeem his signet  
 ring.  
 Ask nought for Douglas ; yester  
 even,  
 His prince and he have much  
 forgiven.  
 Wrong hath he had from slander-  
 ous tongue,  
 I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.  
 We would not, to the vulgar  
 crowd,  
 Yield what they craved with  
 clamour loud ;  
 Calmly we heard and judged his  
 cause,  
 Our council aided, and our  
 laws.  
 I stanch'd thy father's death-feud  
 stern,  
 With stout De Vaux and Grey  
 Glencairn ;  
 And Bothwell's Lord henceforth  
 we own  
 The friend and bulwark of our  
 Throne.  
 But, lovely infidel, how now ?  
 What clouds thy misbelieving  
 brow ?  
 Lord James of Douglas, lend  
 thine aid ;  
 Thou must confirm this doubting  
 maid."

## XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas  
 sprung,  
 And on his neck his daughter  
 hung.

The Monarch drank, that happy  
 hour,  
 The sweetest, holiest draught of  
 Power,—  
 When it can say, with godlike  
 voice,  
 Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice !  
 Yet would not James the general  
 eye  
 On Nature's raptures long should  
 pry ;  
 He stepp'd between—"Nay,  
 Douglas, nay,  
 Steal not my proselyte away !  
 The riddle 'tis my right to  
 read,  
 That brought this happy chance  
 to speed.  
 Yes, Ellen, when disguised I  
 stray  
 In life's more low but happier  
 way,  
 'Tis under name which veils my  
 power,  
 Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's  
 tower  
 Of yore the name of Snowdoun  
 claims.<sup>258</sup>  
 And Normans call me James  
 Fitz-James.  
 Thus watch I o'er insulted  
 laws,  
 Thus learn to right the injured  
 cause."—  
 Then, in a tone apart and  
 low,—  
 "Ah, little traitress ! none must  
 know  
 What idle dream, what lighter  
 thought,  
 What vanity full dearly bought,  
 Join'd to thine eye's dark witch-  
 craft, drew  
 My spell-bound steps to Ben-  
 venue,

In dangerous hour, and all but  
gave  
Thy Monarch's life to mountain  
glave!"—  
Aloud he spoke—"Thou still  
dost hold  
That little talisman of gold,  
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's  
ring—  
What seeks fair Ellen of the  
King?"

## XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden  
guess'd  
He probed the weakness of her  
breast;  
But, with that consciousness,  
there came  
A lightening of her fears for  
Græme,  
And more she deem'd the  
Monarch's ire  
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her  
sire,  
Rebellious broadsword boldly  
drew;  
And, to her generous feeling  
true,  
She craved the grace of Roderick  
Dhu.  
"Forbear thy suit :—the King of  
Kings  
Alone can stay life's parting  
wings,  
I know his heart, I know his  
hand,  
Have shared his cheer, and  
proved his brand :—  
My fairest earldom would I  
give  
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain  
live !—

Hast thou no other boon to  
crave?  
No other captive friend to save?"  
Blushing, she turn'd her from the  
King,  
And to the Douglas gave the  
ring,  
As if she wish'd her sire to speak  
The suit that stain'd her glowing  
cheek.—  
"Nay, then, my pledge has lost  
its force,  
And stubborn justice holds her  
course.—  
Malcolm, come forth!"—And, at  
the word,  
Down kneel'd the Græme to  
Scotland's Lord.  
"For thee, rash youth, no sup-  
pliant sues,  
From thee may Vengeance claim  
her dues,  
Who, nurtured underneath our  
smile,  
Hast paid our care by treacherous  
wile,  
And sought amid thy faithful clan,  
A refuge for an outlaw'd man,  
Dishonouring thus thy loyal  
name.—  
Fetters and warder for the  
Græme!"—  
His chain of gold the King un-  
strung,  
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he  
flung,  
Then gently drew the glittering  
band,  
And laid the clasp on Ellen's  
hand.

HARP of the North, farewell!  
The hills grow dark,  
On purple peaks a deeper shade  
descending;



In twilight cospse the glow-worm  
lights her spark,  
The deer, half-seen, are to the  
covert wending.  
Resume thy wizard elm! the  
fountain lending,  
And the wild breeze, thy wilder  
minstrelsy ;  
Thy numbers sweet with Nature's  
vespers blending,  
With distant echo from the fold  
and lea,  
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and  
hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou  
Minstrel harp !  
Yet, once again, forgive my  
feeble sway,  
And little reck I of the censure  
sharp  
May idly cavil at an idle lay.  
Much have I owed thy strains on  
life's long way,  
Through secret woes the world  
has never known,

When on the weary night dawn'd  
wearer day,  
And bitterer was the grief  
devour'd alone.  
That I o'erlive such woes, En-  
chantress ! is thine own.

Hark ! as my lingering footsteps  
slow retire,  
Some Spirit of the Air has  
waked thy string !  
'Tis now a seraph bold, with  
touch of fire,  
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's  
frolic wing.  
Receding now, the dying numbers  
ring  
Fainter and fainter down the  
rugged dell,  
And now the mountain breezes  
scarcely bring  
A wandering witch-note of the  
distant spell—  
And now, 'tis silent all!—En-  
chantress, fare thee well !

# THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

*Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris,  
Vox humana valet!*—CLAUDIAN.

TO

JOHN WHITMORE, Esq.

AND TO THE

COMMITTEE OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR RELIEF OF THE PORTUGUESE SUFFERERS  
IN WHICH HE PRESIDES,

THIS POEM,

(THE VISION OF DON RODERICK,)

COMPOSED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FUND UNDER THEIR MANAGEMENT,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

WALTER SCOTT.

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## PREFACE.

The following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularly detailed in the Notes; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, when the Invasion of the Moors was impending, had the temerity to descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had been denounced as fatal to the Spanish Monarchy. The legend adds, that his rash curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens who, in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down to the present eventful crisis of the Peninsula; and to divide it, by a supposed change of scene, into THREE PERIODS. The FIRST of these represents the Invasion of the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the peaceful occupation of the country by the Victors. The SECOND PERIOD embraces the state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuguese in the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of their arms; sullied, however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to the inhumanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The LAST PART of the Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled treachery of BUONAPARTE; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that unsuspecting and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succours. It may be farther proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less to commemorate or detail particular incidents, than to exhibit a general and impressive picture of the several periods brought upon the stage.

I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one who has already experienced more than ordinary indulgence, to offer any apology for the inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to commemorate. Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing a work, written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task was most cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of LORD PRESIDENT BLAIR, and LORD VISCOUNT MELVILLE. In those distinguished characters, I had not only to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but also whose notice and patronage honoured my entrance upon active life; and, I may add, with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no common share in their friendship. Under such interruptions, the following verses, which my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy of their theme, have, I am myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which, in other circumstances, I might have been able to remove.

EDINBURGH, June 24, 1811.

## INTRODUCTION.

## I.

LIVES there a strain, whose  
 sounds of mounting fire  
 May rise distinguish'd o'er  
 the din of war ;  
 Or died it with yon Master of  
 the Lyre,  
 Who sung beleaguer'd Ilion's  
 evil star ?  
 Such, WELLINGTON, might  
 reach thee from afar,  
 Wafting its descant wide o'er  
 Ocean's range ;  
 Nor shouts, nor clashing arms,  
 its mood could mar,  
 All as it swell'd 'twixt each  
 loud trumpet-change,  
 That clangs to Britain victory, to  
 Portugal revenge !

## II.

Yes! such a strain, with all  
 o'er-pouring measure,  
 Might melodize with each  
 tumultuous sound,  
 Each voice of fear or triumph,  
 woe or pleasure,  
 That rings Mondego's  
 ravaged shores around ;  
 The thundering cry of hosts  
 with conquest crown'd,  
 The female shriek, the ruin'd  
 peasant's moan,  
 The shout of captives from  
 their chains unbound,  
 The foil'd oppressor's deep  
 and sullen groan,  
 A Nation's choral hymn for  
 tyranny o'erthrown.

## III.

But we, weak minstrels of a  
 laggard day,  
 Skill'd but to imitate an elder  
 page,  
 Timid and raptureless, can we  
 repay  
 The debt thou claim'st in this  
 exhausted age ?  
 Thou givest our lyres a theme,  
 that might engage  
 Those that could send thy  
 name o'er sea and land,  
 While sea and land shall last ;  
 for Homer's rage  
 A theme ; a theme for Milton's  
 mighty hand—  
 How much unmeet for us, a faint  
 degenerate band !

## IV.

Ye mountains stern! within  
 whose rugged breast  
 The friends of Scottish free-  
 dom found repose ;  
 Ye torrents! whose hoarse  
 sounds have soothed their  
 rest,  
 Returning from the field of  
 vanquish'd foes ;  
 Say have ye lost each wild  
 majestic close,  
 That erst the choir of Bards  
 or Druids flung ;  
 What time their hymn of victory  
 arose,  
 And Cattræth's glens with  
 voice of triumph rung,  
 And mystic Merlin harp'd, and  
 grey-hair'd Llywarch  
 sung !<sup>259</sup>

## V.

O! if your wilds such minstrelsy  
 retain,  
 As sure your changeful gales  
 seem oft to say,  
 When sweeping wild and sink-  
 ing soft again,  
 Like trumpet - jubilee, or  
 harp's wild sway ;  
 If ye can echo such triumphant  
 lay,  
 Then lend the note to him has  
 loved you long !  
 Who pious gather'd each tradi-  
 tion grey,  
 That floats your solitary  
 wastes along,  
 And with affection vain gave them  
 new voice in song.

## VI.

For not till now, how oft soe'er  
 the task  
 Of truant verse hath lighten'd  
 graver care,  
 From Muse or Sylvan was he  
 wont to ask,  
 In phrase poetic, inspiration  
 fair ;  
 Careless he gave his numbers  
 to the air,  
 They came unsought for, if  
 applauses came ;  
 Nor for himself prefers he now  
 the prayer ;  
 Let but his verse befit a hero's  
 fame,  
 Immortal be the verse !—forgot  
 the poet's name.

## VII.

Hark, from yon misty cairn  
 their answer tost :  
 “ Minstrel! the fame of  
 whose romantic lyre,  
 Capricious-swelling now, may  
 soon be lost,  
 Like the light flickering of a  
 cottage fire ;  
 If to such task presumptuous  
 thou aspire,  
 Seek not from us the meed  
 to warrior due :  
 Age after age has gather'd son  
 to sire,  
 Since our grey cliffs the din  
 of conflict knew,  
 Or, pealing through our vales,  
 victorious bugles blew.

## VIII.

“ Decay'd our old traditionary  
 lore,  
 Save where the lingering  
 fays renew their ring,  
 By milk-maid seen beneath the  
 hawthorn hoar,  
 Or round the marge of Minch-  
 more's haunted spring :<sup>260</sup>  
 Save where their legends grey-  
 hair'd shepherds sing,  
 That now scarce win a listen-  
 ing ear but thine,  
 Of feuds obscure, and Border  
 ravaging,  
 And rugged deeds recount in  
 rugged line,  
 Of moonlight foray made on  
 Teviot, Tweed, or Tyne.

## IX.

"No! search romantic lands,  
 where the near Sun  
 Gives with unstinted boon  
 ethereal flame,  
 Where the rude villager, his  
 labour done,  
 In verse spontaneous <sup>261</sup>  
 chants some favour'd  
 name,  
 Whether Olalia's charms his  
 tribute claim,  
 Her eye of diamond, and her  
 locks of jet;  
 Or whether, kindling at the  
 deeds of Græme,<sup>262</sup>  
 He sing, to wild Morisco  
 measure set,  
 Old Albin's red claymore, green  
 Erin's bayonet!

## X.

"Explore those regions, where  
 the flinty crest  
 Of wild Nevada ever gleams  
 with snows,  
 Where in the proud Alhambra's  
 ruin'd breast  
 Barbaric monuments of pomp  
 repose;  
 Or where the banners of more  
 ruthless foes  
 Than the fierce Moor, float  
 o'er Toledo's fane,  
 From whose tall towers even  
 now the patriot throws  
 An anxious glance, to spy  
 upon the plain  
 The blended ranks of England,  
 Portugal, and Spain.

## XI.

"There, of Numantian fire a  
 swarthy spark  
 Still lightens in the sun-burnt  
 native's eye;  
 The stately port, slow step, and  
 visage dark,  
 Still mark enduring pride and  
 constancy.  
 And, if the glow of feudal  
 chivalry  
 Beam not, as once, thy nobles'  
 dearest pride,  
 Iberia! oft thy crestless  
 peasantry  
 Have seen the plumed  
 Hidalgo quit their side,  
 Have seen, yet dauntless stood—  
 'gainst fortune fought and  
 died.

## XII.

"And cherish'd still by that  
 unchanging race,  
 Are themes for minstrelsy  
 more high than thine;  
 Of strange tradition many a  
 mystic trace,  
 Legend and vision, prophecy  
 and sign;  
 Where wonders wild of  
 Arabesque combine  
 With Gothic imagery of  
 darker shade,  
 Forming a model meet for  
 minstrel line.  
 Go, seek such theme!"—The  
 Mountain Spirit said:  
 With filial awe I heard—I heard,  
 and I obey'd.

## The Vision of Don Roderick.

## III.

## I.

REARING their crests amid the  
 cloudless skies,  
 And darkly clustering in the  
 pale moonlight,  
 Toledo's holy towers and spires  
 arise,  
 As from a trembling lake of  
 silver white.  
 Their mingled shadows inter-  
 cept the sight  
 Of the broad burial-ground  
 outstretch'd below,  
 And nought disturbs the silence  
 of the night ;  
 All sleeps in sullen shade, or  
 silver glow,  
 All save the heavy swell of Teio's  
 ceaseless flow.

## II.

All save the rushing swell of  
 Teio's tide,  
 Or, distant heard, a courser's  
 neigh or tramp ;  
 Their changing rounds as  
 watchful horsemen ride,  
 To guard the limits of King  
 Roderick's camp.  
 For, through the river's night-  
 fog rolling damp,  
 Was many a proud pavilion  
 dimly seen,  
 Which glimmer'd back, against  
 the moon's fair lamp,  
 Tissues of silk and silver  
 twisted sheen,  
 And standards proudly pitch'd,  
 and warders arm'd be-  
 tween.

But of their Monarch's person  
 keeping ward,  
 Since last the deep-mouth'd  
 bell of vespers toll'd,  
 The chosen soldiers of the  
 royal guard  
 The post beneath the proud  
 Cathedral hold :  
 A band unlike their Gothic sires  
 of old,  
 Who, for the cap of steel and  
 iron mace,  
 Bear slender darts, and casques  
 bedeck'd with gold ;  
 Where silver-studded belts  
 their shoulders grace,  
 Where ivory quivers ring in the  
 broad falchion's place.

## IV.

In the light language of an idle  
 court,  
 They murmur'd at their  
 master's long delay,  
 And held his lengthen'd orisons  
 in sport :—  
 "What ! will Don Roderick  
 here till morning stay,  
 To wear in shrift and prayer  
 the night away ?  
 And are his hours in such  
 dull penance past,  
 For fair Florinda's plunder'd  
 charms to pay ?" <sup>263</sup>  
 Then to the east their weary  
 eyes they cast,  
 And wish'd the lingering dawn  
 would glimmer forth at  
 last.

## V.

But, far within, Toledo's Pre-  
late lent  
An ear of fearful wonder to  
the King ;  
The silver lamp a fitful lustre  
sent,  
So long that sad confession  
witnessing :  
For Roderick told of many a  
hidden thing,  
Such as are lothly utter'd to  
the air,  
When Fear, Remorse, and  
Shame, the bosom wring,  
And Guilt his secret burden  
cannot bear,  
And Conscience seeks in speech  
a respite from Despair.

## VI.

Full on the Prelate's face, and  
silver hair,  
The stream of failing light  
was feebly roll'd :  
But Roderick's visage, though  
his head was bare,  
Was shadow'd by his hand  
and mantle's fold.  
While of his hidden soul the  
sins he told,  
Proud Alaric's descendant  
could not brook,  
That mortal man his bearing  
should behold,  
Or boast that he had seen,  
when Conscience shook,  
Fear tame a monarch's brow,  
Remorse a warrior's look.

## VII.

The old man's faded cheek  
wax'd yet more pale,  
As many a secret sad the  
King bewray'd ;  
As sign and glance eked out  
the unfinish'd tale,  
When in the midst his falter-  
ing whisper staid.—  
“Thus royal Witiza was slain,”  
—he said ;  
“Yet, holy Father, deem not  
it was I.”  
Thus still Ambition strives her  
crimes to shade.—  
“Oh ! rather deem 'twas  
stern necessity !  
Self-preservation bade, and I  
must kill or die.

## VIII.

“And if Florinda's shrieks  
alarm'd the air,  
If she invoked her absent sire  
in vain,  
And on her knees implored that  
I would spare,  
Yet, reverend priest, thy  
sentence rash refrain !—  
All is not as it seems—the  
female train  
Know by their bearing to  
disguise their mood :”—  
But Conscience here, as if in  
high disdain,  
Sent to the Monarch's cheek  
the burning blood—  
He stay'd his speech abrupt—  
and up the Prelate stood.

## IX.

"O harden'd offspring of an  
 iron race!  
 What of thy crimes, Don  
 Roderick, shall I say?  
 What alms, or prayers, or  
 penance, can efface  
 Murder's dark spot, wash  
 treason's stain away!  
 For the foul ravisher how shall  
 I pray,  
 Who, scarce repentant,  
 makes his crime his boast?  
 How hope Almighty vengeance  
 shall delay,  
 Unless in mercy to yon  
 Christian host,  
 I spare the shepherd, lest the  
 guiltless sheep be lost."

## X.

Then kindled the dark Tyrant  
 in his mood,  
 And to his brow return'd its  
 dauntless gloom;  
 "And welcome then," he cried,  
 "be blood for blood,  
 For treason treachery, for  
 dishonour doom!  
 Yet will I know whence come  
 they, or by whom.  
 Show, for thou canst—give  
 forth the fated key,  
 And guide me, Priest, to that  
 mysterious room,<sup>264</sup>  
 Where, if aught true in old  
 tradition be,  
 His nation's future fates a Spanish  
 King shall see."—

## XI.

"Ill-fated Prince! recall the  
 desperate word,  
 Or pause ere yet the omen  
 thou obey!  
 Bethink, yon spell-bound portal  
 would afford  
 Never to former Monarch  
 entrance-way;  
 Nor shall it ever ope, old  
 records say,  
 Save to a King, the last of  
 all his line,  
 What time his empire totters  
 to decay,  
 And treason digs, beneath,  
 her fatal mine,  
 And, high above, impends aveng-  
 ing wrath divine."—

## XII.

"Prelate! a monarch's fate  
 brooks no delay;  
 Lead on!"—The ponderous  
 key the old man took,  
 And held the winking lamp,  
 and led the way,  
 By winding stair, dark aisle,  
 and secret nook,  
 Then on an ancient gateway  
 bent his look;  
 And, as the key the desperate  
 King essay'd,  
 Low mutter'd thunders the  
 Cathedral shook,  
 And twice he stopp'd, and  
 twice new effort made,  
 Till the huge bolts roll'd back,  
 and the loud hinges bray'd.



## XIII.

Long, large, and lofty, was  
 that vaulted hall ;  
 Roof, walls, and floor, were  
 all of marble stone,  
 Of polish'd marble, black as  
 funeral pall,  
 Carved o'er with signs and  
 characters unknown.  
 A paly light, as of the dawning,  
 shone  
 Through the sad bounds, but  
 whence they could not spy ;  
 For window to the upper air  
 was none ;  
 Yet, by that light, Don  
 Roderick could descry  
 Wonders that ne'er till then were  
 seen by mortal eye.

## XIV.

Grim sentinels, against the  
 upper wall,  
 Of molten bronze, two  
 Statues held their place ;  
 Massive their naked limbs,  
 their stature tall,  
 Their frowning foreheads  
 golden circles grace.  
 Moulded they seem'd for kings  
 of giant race,  
 That lived and sinn'd before  
 the avenging flood ;  
 This grasp'd a scythe, that  
 rested on a mace ;  
 This spread his wings for  
 flight, that pondering  
 stood,  
 Each stubborn seem'd and stern,  
 immutable of mood.

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## XV.

Fix'd was the right-hand  
 Giant's brazen look  
 Upon his brother's glass of  
 shifting sand,  
 As if its ebb he measured by a  
 book,  
 Whose iron volume loaded  
 his huge hand ;  
 In which was wrote of many a  
 fallen land,  
 Of empires lost, and kings to  
 exile driven :  
 And o'er that pair their names  
 in scroll expand—  
 "LO, DESTINY and TIME ! to  
 whom by Heaven  
 The guidance of the earth is for a  
 season given."—

## XVI.

Even while they read, the sand-  
 glass wastes away ;  
 And, as the last and lagging  
 grains did creep,  
 That right-hand Giant 'gan his  
 club upsway,  
 As one that startles from a  
 heavy sleep.  
 Full on the upper wall the  
 mace's sweep  
 At once descended with the  
 force of thunder,  
 And hurtling down at once, in  
 crumbled heap,  
 The marble boundary was  
 rent asunder,  
 And gave to Roderick's view  
 new sights of fear and  
 wonder.

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## XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that  
mighty breach,  
Realms as of Spain in vision'd  
prospect laid,  
Castles and towers, in due  
proportion each,  
As by some skillful artist's  
hand portray'd :  
Here, crossed by many a wild  
Sierra's shade,  
And boundless plains that  
tire the traveller's eye ;  
There, rich with vineyard and  
with olive glade,  
Or deep-embrown'd by  
forests huge and high,  
Or wash'd by mighty streams,  
that slowly murmur'd by.

## XVIII.

And here, as erst upon the  
antique stage,  
Pass'd forth the band of  
masquers trimly led,  
In various forms, and various  
equipage,  
While fitting strains the  
hearer's fancy fed ;  
So, to sad Roderick's eye in  
order spread,  
Successive pageants fill'd  
that mystic scene,  
Showing the fate of battles ere  
they bled,  
And issue of events that had  
not been ;  
And, ever and anon, strange  
sounds were heard be-  
tween.

## XIX.

First shrill'd an unrepeated  
female shriek !—  
It seemed as if Don Roderick  
knew the call,  
For the bold blood was blanch-  
ing in his cheek.—  
Then answer'd kettle-drum  
and atabal,  
Gong-peal and cymbal-clank  
the ear appal,  
The Tecbir war-cry, and the  
Lelie's yell,<sup>265</sup>  
Ring wildly dissonant along the  
hall.  
Needs not to Roderick their  
dread import tell—  
“The Moor!”—he cried, “the  
Moor!—ring out the Tocsin  
bell !

## XX.

“They come! they come! I  
see the groaning lands  
White with the turbans of  
each Arab horde ;  
Swart Zaarah joins her mis-  
believing bands,  
Alla and Mahomet their  
battle-word,  
The choice they yield, the  
Koran or the Sword—  
See how the Christians rush  
to arms amain !—  
In yonder shout the voice of  
conflict roar'd,  
The shadowy hosts are  
closing on the plain—  
Now, God and Saint Iago strike,  
for the good cause of  
Spain !—

## XXI.

"By Heaven, the Moors pre-  
 vail! the Christians yield!  
 Their coward leader gives  
 for flight the sign!  
 The sceptred craven mounts to  
 quit the field—  
 Is not yon steed Orelío?—  
 Yes, 'tis mine!<sup>266</sup>  
 But never was she turn'd from  
 battle-line:  
 Lo! where the recreant spurs  
 o'er stock and stone!  
 Curses pursue the slave, and  
 wrath divine!  
 Rivers ingulph him!"—  
 "Hush," in shuddering  
 tone,  
 The Prelate said;—"rash Prince,  
 yon vision'd form's thine  
 own."

## XXII.

Just then, a torrent cross'd the  
 flier's course;  
 The dangerous ford the  
 Kingly Likeness tried:  
 But the deep eddies whelm'd  
 both man and horse,  
 Swept like benighted peasant  
 down the tide;  
 And the proud Moslemah  
 spread far and wide,  
 As numerous as their native  
 locust band;  
 Berber and Ismael's sons the  
 spoils divide,  
 With naked scimitars mete  
 out the land,  
 And for the bondsmen base the  
 freeborn natives brand.

## XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem,  
 to enclose  
 The loveliest maidens of  
 the Christian line;  
 Then, menials, to their mis-  
 believing foes,  
 Castile's young nobles held  
 forbidden wine;  
 Then, too, the holy Cross,  
 salvation's sign,  
 By impious hands was from  
 the altar thrown,  
 And the deep aisles of the  
 polluted shrine  
 Echo'd, for holy hymn and  
 organ-tone,  
 The Santon's frantic dance,  
 the Fakir's gibbering  
 moan.

## XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick?—  
 E'en as one who spies  
 Flames dart their glare o'er  
 midnight's sable woof,  
 And hears around his children's  
 piercing cries,  
 And sees the pale assistants  
 stand aloof;  
 While cruel Conscience brings  
 him bitter proof,  
 His folly or his crime have  
 caused his grief;  
 And while above him nods the  
 crumbling roof,  
 He curses earth and Heaven  
 —himself in chief—  
 Desperate of earthly aid, despair-  
 ing Heaven's relief!

## XXV.

That scythe-arm'd Giant turn'd  
 his fatal glass  
 And twilight on the landscape  
 closed her wings ;  
 Far to Asturian hills the war-  
 sounds pass,  
 And in their stead rebeck or  
 timbrel rings ;  
 And to the sound the bell-deck'd  
 dancer springs,  
 Bazaars resound as when  
 their marts are met,  
 In journey light the Moor his  
 jerrid flings,  
 And on the land as evening  
 seem'd to set,  
 The Imaum's chant was heard  
 from mosque or minaret.

## XXVI.

So pass'd that pageant. Ere  
 another came,  
 The visionary scene was  
 wrapp'd in smoke,  
 Whose sulph'rous wreaths were  
 cross'd by sheets of flame ;  
 With every flash a bolt ex-  
 plosive broke,  
 Till Roderick deem'd the fiends  
 had burst their yoke,  
 And waved 'gainst heaven  
 the infernal gonfalone !  
 For War a new and dreadful  
 language spoke,  
 Never by ancient warrior  
 heard or known ;  
 Lightning and smoke her breath,  
 and thunder was her  
 tone.

## XXVII.

From the dim landscape roll  
 the clouds away—  
 The Christians have regain'd  
 their heritage ;  
 Before the Cross has waned the  
 Crescent's ray  
 And many a monastery decks  
 the stage,  
 And lofty church, and low-  
 brow'd hermitage.  
 The land obeys a Hermit and  
 a Knight,—  
 The Genii those of Spain for  
 many an age ;  
 — This clad in sackcloth, that  
 in armour bright,  
 And that was VALOUR named,  
 this BIGOTRY was light.

## XXVIII.

VALOUR was harness'd like a  
 Chief of old,  
 Arm'd at all points, and  
 prompt for knightly  
 gest ;  
 His sword was temper'd in the  
 Ebro cold,  
 Morena's eagle plume adorn'd  
 his crest,  
 The spoils of Afric's lion bound  
 his breast.  
 Fierce he stepp'd forward  
 and flung down his gage ;  
 As if of mortal kind to brave  
 the best.  
 Him follow'd his Companion,  
 dark and sage,  
 As he, my Master, sung the  
 dangerous Archimage.

## XXIX.

Haughty of heart and brow the  
 Warrior came,  
 In look and language proud  
 as proud might be,  
 Vaunting his lordship, lineage,  
 fights, and fame :  
 Yet was that barefoot  
 monk more proud than  
 he :  
 And as the ivy climbs the tallest  
 tree,  
 So round the loftiest soul his  
 toils he wound,  
 And with his spells subdued  
 the fierce and free,  
 Till ermined Age and Youth  
 in arms renown'd,  
 Honouring his scourge and hair-  
 cloth, meekly kiss'd the  
 ground.

## XXX.

And thus it chanced that  
 VALOUR, peerless knight,  
 Who ne'er to King or Kaiser  
 veil'd his crest,  
 Victorious still in bull-feast or  
 in fight,  
 Since first his limbs with  
 mail he did invest,  
 Stoop'd ever to that Anchoret's  
 behest ;  
 Nor reason'd of the right,  
 nor of the wrong,  
 But at his bidding laid the lance  
 in rest,  
 And wrought fell deeds the  
 troubled world along,  
 For he was fierce as brave, and  
 pitiless as strong.

## XXXI.

Oft his proud galleys sought  
 some new-found world,  
 That latest sees the sun, or  
 first the morn ;  
 Still at that Wizard's feet their  
 spoils he hurl'd,—  
 Ingots of ore from rich Potosi  
 borne,  
 Crowns by Caciques, aigrettes  
 by Omrahs worn,  
 Wrought of rare gems,  
 but broken, rent, and  
 foul ;  
 Idols of gold from heathen  
 temples torn,  
 Bedabbled all with blood.—  
 With grisly scowl  
 The Hermit mark'd the stains,  
 and smiled beneath his  
 cowl.

## XXXII.

Then did he bless the offering,  
 and bade make  
 Tribute to Heaven of grati-  
 tude and praise ;  
 And at his word the choral  
 hymns awake,  
 And many a hand the silver  
 censer sways,  
 But with the incense-breath  
 these censers raise,  
 Mix steams from corpses  
 smouldering in the fire ;  
 The groans of prison'd victims  
 mar the lays,  
 And shrieks of agony con-  
 found the quire ;  
 While, 'mid the mingled sounds,  
 the darken'd scenes expire.

## XXXIII.

Preluding light, were strains of  
 music heard,  
 As once again revolved that  
 measured sand ;  
 Such sounds as when, for sylvan  
 dance prepared,  
 Gay Xeres summons forth  
 her vintage band ;  
 When for the light bolero ready  
 stand  
 The mozo blithe, with gay  
 muchacha met,<sup>267</sup>  
 He conscious of his broider'd  
 cap and band,  
 She of her netted locks and  
 light corsette,  
 Each tiptoe perch'd to spring,  
 and shake the castanet.

## XXXIV.

And well such strains the open-  
 ing scene became ;  
 For VALOUR had relax'd his  
 ardent look,  
 And at a lady's feet, like lion  
 tame,  
 Lay stretch'd, full loth the  
 weight of arms to  
 brook ;  
 And soften'd BIGOTRY, upon  
 his book,  
 Patter'd a task of little good  
 or ill :  
 But the blithe peasant plied his  
 pruning-hook,  
 Whistled the muleteer o'er  
 vale and hill,  
 And rung from village-green the  
 merry seguidille.

## XXXV.

Grey Royalty, grown impotent  
 of toil,  
 Let the grave sceptre slip his  
 lazy hold ;  
 And, careless, saw his rule  
 become the spoil  
 Of a loose Female and her  
 minion bold.  
 But peace was on the cottage  
 and the fold,  
 From court intrigue, from  
 bickering faction far ;  
 Beneath the chestnut-tree Love's  
 tale was told,  
 And to the tinkling of the  
 light guitar,  
 Sweet stoop'd the western sun,  
 sweet rose the evening star.

## XXXVI.

As that sea-cloud, in size like  
 human hand,  
 When first from Carmel by  
 the Tishbite seen,  
 Came slowly overshadowing  
 Israel's land,  
 A while, perchance, bedeck'd  
 with colours sheen,  
 While yet the sunbeams on its  
 skirts had been,  
 Limning with purple and with  
 gold its shroud,  
 Till darker folds obscured the  
 blue serene,  
 And blotted heaven with one  
 broad sable cloud,  
 Then sheeted rain burst down,  
 and whirlwinds howl'd  
 aloud :—

## XXXVII.

Even so, upon that peaceful  
 scene was pour'd,  
 Like gathering clouds, full  
 many a foreign band,  
 And HE, their Leader, wore in  
 sheath his sword,  
 And offer'd peaceful front  
 and open hand,  
 Veiling the perjured treachery  
 he plann'd,  
 By friendship's zeal and  
 honour's specious guise,  
 Until he won the passes of the  
 land ;  
 Then burst were honour's  
 oaths, and friendship's  
 ties !  
 He clutch'd his vulture-grasp, and  
 call'd fair Spain his prize.

## XXXVIII.

An Iron Crown his anxious  
 forehead bore ;  
 And well such diadem his  
 heart became.  
 Who ne'er his purpose for re-  
 morse gave o'er,  
 Or check'd his course for  
 piety or shame ;  
 Who, train'd a soldier, deem'd  
 a soldier's fame  
 Might flourish in the wreath  
 of battles won,  
 Though neither truth nor  
 honour deck'd his name ;  
 Who, placed by fortune on  
 a Monarch's throne,  
 Reck'd not of Monarch's faith, or  
 Mercy's kingly tone.

## XXXIX.

From a rude isle his ruder  
 lineage came,  
 The spark, that, from a  
 suburb-hovel's hearth  
 Ascending, wraps some capital  
 in flame,  
 Hath not a meaner or more  
 sordid birth.  
 And for the soul that bade him  
 waste the earth—  
 The sable land-flood from  
 some swamp obscure,  
 That poisons the glad husband-  
 field with dearth,  
 And by destruction bids its  
 fame endure,  
 Hath not a source more sullen,  
 stagnant, and impure.

## XL.

Before that Leader strode a  
 shadowy Form ;  
 Her limbs like mist, her  
 torch like meteor show'd,  
 With which she beckon'd him  
 through fight and storm,  
 And all he crush'd that cross'd  
 his desperate road,  
 Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor  
 look'd on what he trode.  
 Realms could not glut his  
 pride, blood could not  
 slake,  
 So oft as e'er she shook her  
 torch abroad—  
 It was AMBITION bade her  
 terrors wake,  
 Nor deign'd she, as of yore, a  
 milder form to take.

## XLI.

No longer now she spurn'd at  
 mean revenge,  
 Or staid her hand for  
 conquer'd foeman's moan;  
 As when, the fates of aged  
 Rome to change,  
 By Cæsar's side she cross'd  
 the Rubicon.  
 Nor joy'd she to bestow the  
 spoils she won,  
 As when the banded powers  
 of Greece were task'd  
 To war beneath the Youth of  
 Macedon:  
 No seemly veil her modern  
 minion ask'd,  
 He saw her hideous face, and  
 loved the fiend unmask'd.

## XLII.

That Prelate mark'd his march  
 —On banners blazed  
 With battles won in many a  
 distant land,  
 On eagle-standards and on  
 arms he gazed;  
 "And hopest thou then," he  
 said, "thy power shall  
 stand?  
 O, thou hast builded on the  
 shifting sand,  
 And thou hast temper'd it  
 with slaughter's flood;  
 And know, fell scourge in the  
 Almighty's hand,  
 Gore-moisten'd trees shall  
 perish in the bud,  
 And by a bloody death, shall die  
 the Man of Blood!"

## XLIII.

The ruthless Leader beckon'd  
 from his train  
 A wan fraternal Shade, and  
 bade him kneel,  
 And paled his temples with the  
 crown of Spain,  
 While trumpets rang, and  
 heralds cried, "Castile!"<sup>268</sup>  
 Not that he loved him—No!—  
 In no man's weal,  
 Scarce in his own, e'er joy'd  
 that sullen heart;  
 Yet round that throne he bade  
 his warrior's wheel,  
 That the poor Puppet might  
 perform his part,  
 And be a sceptred slave, at his  
 stern beck to start.

## XLIV

But on the Natives of that  
 Land misused,  
 Not long the silence of  
 amazement hung,  
 Nor brook'd they long their  
 friendly faith abused;  
 For, with a common shriek,  
 the general tongue  
 Exclaim'd, "To arms!"—and  
 fast to arms they sprung.  
 And VALOUR woke, that  
 Genius of the Land!  
 Pleasure, and ease, and sloth,  
 aside he flung,  
 As burst th' awakening  
 Nazarite his band,  
 When 'gainst his treacherous  
 foes he clench'd his  
 dreadful hand.



## XLV.

That Mimic Monarch now cast  
 anxious eye  
 Upon the Satraps that begirt  
 him round,  
 Now doff'd his royal robe in  
 act to fly,  
 And from his brow the  
 diadem unbound.  
 So oft, so near, the Patriot  
 bugle wound,  
 From Tarick's walls to  
 Bilboa's mountains  
 blown,  
 These martial satellites hard  
 labour found,  
 To guard a while his sub-  
 stituted throne—  
 Light recking of his cause, but  
 battling for their own.

## XLVI.

From Alpuhara's peak that  
 bugle rung,  
 And it was echo'd from  
 Corunna's wall;  
 Stately Seville responsive war-  
 shot flung,  
 Grenada caught it in her  
 Moorish hall;  
 Galicia bade her children fight  
 or fall,  
 Wild Biscay shook his  
 mountain-coronet,  
 Valencia roused her at the  
 battle-call,  
 And, foremost still where  
 Valour's sons are met,  
 First started to his gun each  
 fiery Miquelet.

## XLVII.

But unappall'd and burning for  
 the fight,  
 The Invaders march, of  
 victory secure;  
 Skilful their force to sever or  
 unite,  
 And train'd alike to vanquish  
 or endure.  
 Nor skilful less, cheap conquest  
 to ensure,  
 Discord to breathe, and  
 jealousy to sow,  
 To quell by boasting, and by  
 bribes to lure;  
 While nought against them  
 bring the unpractised foe,  
 Save hearts for Freedom's cause,  
 and hands for Freedom's  
 blow.

## XLVIII.

Proudly they march—but, O!  
 they march not forth  
 By one hot field to crown  
 a brief campaign,  
 As when their Eagles, sweep-  
 ing through the North,  
 Destroy'd at every stoop an  
 ancient reign!  
 Far other fate had Heaven  
 decreed for Spain;  
 In vain the steel, in vain the  
 torch was plied,  
 New Patriot armies started  
 from the slain,  
 High blazed the war, and  
 long, and far, and wide,<sup>269</sup>  
 And oft the God of Battles blest  
 the righteous side.

## XLIX.

Nor unatoned, where Freedom's foes prevail,  
 Remain'd their savage waste.  
 With blade and brand,  
 By day the Invaders ravaged  
 hill and dale,  
 But, with the darkness, the  
 Guerilla band  
 Came like night's tempest, and  
 avenged the land,  
 And claim'd for blood the  
 retribution due,  
 Probed the hard heart, and  
 lopp'd the murd'rous  
 hand ;  
 And Dawn, when o'er the  
 scene her beams she  
 threw,  
 Midst ruins they had made, the  
 spoilers' corpses knew.

## L.

What minstrel verse may sing,  
 or tongue may tell,  
 Amid the vision'd strife from  
 sea to sea,  
 How oft the Patriot banners  
 rose or fell,  
 Still honour'd in defeat as  
 victory !  
 For that sad pageant of events  
 to be,  
 Show'd every form of fight  
 by field and flood ;  
 Slaughter and Ruin, shouting  
 forth their glee,  
 Beheld, while riding on the  
 tempest scud,  
 The waters choked with slain,  
 the earth bedrench'd with  
 blood !

## LI.

Then Zaragoza—blighted be  
 the tongue  
 That names thy name with-  
 out the honour due !  
 For never hath the harp of  
 Minstrel rung,  
 Of faith so felly proved, so  
 firmly true !  
 Mine, sap, and bomb, thy  
 shatter'd ruins knew,  
 Each art of war's extremity  
 had room,  
 Twice from thy half-sack'd  
 streets the foe with-  
 drew  
 And when at length stern  
 fate decreed thy doom,  
 They won not Zaragoza, but  
 her children's bloody  
 tomb.<sup>270</sup>

## LII.

Yet raise thy head, sad  
 city ! Though in chains,  
 Enthralld thou canst not be !  
 Arise, and claim  
 Reverence from every heart  
 where Freedom reigns,  
 For what thou worshippest !  
 —thy sainted dame,  
 She of the Column, honour'd  
 be her name,  
 By all, whate'er their creed,  
 who honour love !  
 And like the sacred relics of  
 the flame,  
 That gave some martyr to  
 the bless'd above,  
 To every loyal heart may thy  
 sad embers prove !

## LIII.

Nor thine alone such wreck.  
 Gerona fair!  
 Faithful to death thy heroes  
 shall be sung,  
 Manning the towers while o'er  
 their heads the air  
 Swart as the smoke from  
 raging furnace hung;  
 Now thicker dark'ning where  
 the mine was sprung,  
 Now briefly lighten'd by the  
 cannon's flare,  
 Now arch'd with fire-sparks as  
 the bomb was flung,  
 And redd'ning now with con-  
 flagration's glare,  
 While by the fatal light the foes  
 for storm prepare.

## LIV.

While all around was danger,  
 strife, and fear,  
 While the earth shook, and  
 darken'd was the sky  
 And wide Destruction stunn'd  
 the listening ear,  
 Appall'd the heart, and  
 stupified the eye,—  
 Afar was heard that thrice-  
 repeated cry,  
 In which old Albion's heart  
 and tongue unite,  
 Whene'er her soul is up, and  
 pulse beats high,  
 Whether it hail the wine cup  
 or the fight,  
 And bid each arm be strong,  
 or bid each heart be  
 light.

## LV.

Don Roderick turn'd him as  
 the shout grew loud—  
 A varied scene the changeful  
 vision show'd,  
 For, where the ocean mingled  
 with the cloud,  
 A gallant navy stemm'd the  
 billows broad.  
 From mast and stern St.  
 George's symbol flow'd,  
 Blent with the silver cross  
 to Scotland dear;  
 Mottling the sea their land-  
 ward barges row'd.  
 And flash'd the sun on  
 bayonet, brand, and spear,  
 And the wild beach return'd the  
 seaman's jovial cheer.

## LVI.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring  
 sight!  
 The billows foam'd beneath  
 a thousand oars,  
 Fast as they land the red-cross  
 ranks unite,  
 Legions on legions bright'n-  
 ing all the shores.  
 Then banners rise, and cannon-  
 signal roars,  
 Then peals the warlike  
 thunder of the drum,  
 Thrills the loud fife, the  
 trumpet-flourish pours,  
 And patriot hopes awake,  
 and doubts are dumb,  
 For, bold in Freedom's cause,  
 the bands of Ocean  
 come!

## LVII.

A various host they came—  
 whose ranks display  
 Each mode in which the  
 warrior meets the fight,  
 The deep battalion locks its  
 firm array,  
 And meditates his aim the  
 marksman light ;  
 Far glance the light of sabres  
 flashing bright,  
 Where mounted squadrons  
 shake the echoing mead,  
 Lacks not artillery breathing  
 flame and night,  
 Nor the fleet ordnance  
 whirl'd by rapid steed,  
 That rivals lightning's flash in  
 ruin and in speed.

## LVIII.

A various host—from kindred  
 realms they came,  
 Brethren in arms, but rivals  
 in renown—  
 For yon fair bands shall merry  
 England claim,  
 And with their deeds of  
 valour deck her crown.  
 Hers their bold pert, and hers  
 their martial frown,  
 And hers their scorn of death  
 in freedom's cause,  
 Their eyes of azure, and their  
 locks of brown,  
 And the blunt speech that  
 bursts without a pause,  
 And freeborn thoughts, which  
 league the Soldier with the  
 Laws.

## LIX.

And, O ! loved warriors of the  
 Minstrel's land !  
 Yonder your bonnets nod,  
 your tartans wave !  
 The rugged form may mark  
 the mountain band,  
 And harsher features, and a  
 mien more grave ;  
 But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd  
 heart so brave,  
 As that which beats beneath  
 the Scottish plaid ;  
 And when the pibroch bids the  
 battle rave,  
 And level for the charge  
 your arms are laid,  
 Where lives the desperate foe  
 that for such onset staid !

## LX.

Hark ! from yon stately ranks  
 what laughter rings  
 Mingling wild mirth with  
 war's stern minstrelsy,  
 His jest while each blithe  
 comrade round him flings,  
 And moves to death with  
 military glee :  
 Boast, Erin, boast them ! tame-  
 less, frank, and free,  
 In kindness warm, and fierce  
 in danger known,  
 Rough nature's children,  
 humorous as she :  
 And He, yon Chieftain—  
 strike the proudest tone  
 Of thy bold harp, green Isle !  
 —the Hero is thine  
 own.

## LXI.

Now on the scene Vimeira  
 should be shown,  
 On Talavera's fight should  
 Roderick gaze,  
 And hear Corunna wail her  
 battle won,  
 And see Busaco's crest with  
 lightning blaze :—  
 But shall fond fable mix with  
 heroes' praise ?  
 Hath Fiction's stage for  
 Truth's long triumphs  
 room ?  
 And dare her wild-flowers  
 mingle with the bays,  
 That claim a long eternity  
 to bloom  
 Around the warrior's crest, and  
 o'er the warrior's tomb !

## LXII.

Or may I give adventurous  
 Fancy scope,  
 And stretch a bold hand to  
 the awful veil  
 That hides futurity from  
 anxious hope,  
 Bidding beyond it scenes of  
 glory hail,  
 And painting Europe rousing  
 at the tale  
 Of Spain's invaders from her  
 confines hurl'd,  
 While kindling nations buckle  
 on their mail,  
 And Fame, with clarion-blast  
 and wings unfurl'd,  
 To Freedom and Revenge awakes  
 an injured World ?

## LXIII.

O vain, though anxious, is the  
 glance I cast,  
 Since Fate has mark'd futurity  
 her own :  
 Yet fate resigns to worth the  
 glorious past,  
 The deeds recorded, and the  
 laurels won.  
 Then, though the Vault of  
 Destiny<sup>27</sup> be gone,  
 King, Prelate, all the  
 phantasms of my brain,  
 Melted away like mist-wreaths  
 in the sun,  
 Yet grant for faith, for  
 valour, and for Spain,  
 One note of pride and fire, a  
 Patriot's parting strain !

## CONCLUSION.

## I.

“WHO shall command Estrella's  
 mountain-tide  
 Back to the source, when  
 tempest-chafed, to hie ?  
 Who, when Gascogne's vex'd  
 gulf is raging wide,  
 Shall hush it as a nurse her  
 infant's cry ?  
 His magic power let such vain  
 boaster try,  
 And when the torrent shall  
 his voice obey,  
 And Biscay's whirlwinds list  
 his lullaby,  
 Let him stand forth and bar  
 mine eagles' way,  
 And they shall heed his voice,  
 and at his bidding stay.

## II.

“Else ne’er to stoop, till high  
 on Lisbon’s towers  
 They close their wings, the  
 symbol of our yoke,  
 And their own sea hath  
 whelm’d yon red-cross  
 Powers!”  
 Thus, on the summit of  
 Alverca’s rock,  
 To Marshall, Duke, and Peer,  
 Gaul’s Leader spoke.  
 While downward on the  
 land his legions press,  
 Before them it was rich with  
 vine and flock,  
 And smiled like Eden in her  
 summer dress;—  
 Behind their wasteful march, a  
 reeking wilderness.

## III.

And shall the boastful Chief  
 maintain his word,  
 Though Heaven hath heard  
 the wailings of the land,  
 Though Lusitania whet her  
 vengeful sword,  
 Though Britons arm, and  
 WELLINGTON command!  
 No! grim Busaco’s iron ridge  
 shall stand  
 An adamantine barrier to his  
 force;  
 And from its base shall wheel  
 his shatter’d band,  
 As from the unshaken rock  
 the torrent hoarse  
 Bears off its broken waves, and  
 seeks a devious course.

## IV.

Yet not because Alcoba’s  
 mountain-hawk  
 Hath on his best and bravest  
 made her food,  
 In numbers confident, yon  
 Chief shall baulk  
 His Lord’s imperial thirst  
 for spoil and blood:  
 For full in view the promised  
 conquest stood,  
 And Lisbon’s matrons from  
 their walls, might sum  
 The myriads that had half the  
 world subdued,  
 And hear the distant thunders  
 of the drum,  
 That bids the bands of France  
 to storm and havoc  
 come.

## V.

Four moons have heard these  
 thunders idly roll’d,  
 Have seen these wistful  
 myriads eye their prey,  
 As famish’d wolves survey a  
 guarded fold—  
 But in the middle path a  
 Lion lay!  
 At length they move—but not  
 to battle-fray,  
 Nor blaze yon fires where  
 meets the manly fight;  
 Beacons of infamy, they light  
 the way  
 Where cowardice and cruelty  
 unite  
 To damn with double shame  
 their ignominious flight.

## VI.

O triumph for the Fiends of  
Lust and Wrath!  
Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to  
be forgot,  
What wanton horrors mark'd  
their wreckful path!  
The peasant butcher'd in his  
ruin'd cot,  
The hoary priest even at the  
altar shot,  
Childhood and age given  
o'er to sword and flame,  
Woman to infamy;—no crime  
forgot,  
By which inventive demons  
might proclaim  
Immortal hate to man, and scorn  
of God's great name!

## VII

The rudest sentinel, in Britain  
born,  
With horror paused to view  
the havoc done,  
Gave his poor crust to feed  
some wretch forlorn,<sup>272</sup>  
Wiped his stern eye, then  
fiercer grasp'd his gun.  
Nor with less zeal shall Britain's  
peaceful son  
Exult the debt of sympathy  
to pay;  
Riches nor poverty the tax  
shall shun,  
Nor prince nor peer, the  
wealthy nor the gay,  
Nor the poor peasant's mite,  
nor bard's more worthless  
lay.

## VIII.

But thou unfoughten wilt  
thou yield to Fate,  
Minion of Fortune, now  
miscall'd in vain!  
Can vantage-ground no con-  
fidence create,  
Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's  
mountain-chain?  
Vainglorious fugitive!<sup>273</sup> yet  
turn again!  
Behold, where, named by  
some prophetic Seer,  
Flows Honour's Fountain, as  
foredoom'd the stain  
From thy dishonour'd name  
and arms to clear—  
Fallen Child of Fortune, turn,  
redeem her favour here!

## IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect  
each distant aid;  
Those chief that never heard  
the lion roar!  
Within whose souls lives not a  
trace portray'd,  
Of Talavera, or Mondego's  
shore!  
Marshal each band thou hast,  
and summon more;  
Of war's fell stratagems  
exhaust the whole;  
Rank upon rank, squadron on  
squadron pour,  
Legion on legion on thy  
foeman roll,—  
And weary out his arm—thou  
canst not quell his  
soul.

## X.

O vainly gleams with steel  
 Agueda's shore,  
 Vainly thy squadrons hide  
 Assuava's plain,  
 And front the flying thunders  
 as they roar,  
 With frantic charge and ten-  
 fold odds, in vain!<sup>274</sup>  
 And what avails thee that, for  
 CAMERON slain,  
 Wild from his plaided ranks  
 the yell was given—<sup>275</sup>  
 Vengeance and grief gave  
 mountain-rage the rein,  
 And, at the bloody spear-  
 point headlong driven,  
 Thy Despot's giant guards fled  
 like the rack of heaven.

## XI.

Go, baffled boaster! teach thy  
 haughty mood  
 To plead at thine imperious  
 master's throne,  
 Say, thou hast left his legions  
 in their blood,  
 Deceived his hopes, and  
 frustrated thine own;  
 Say, that thine utmost skill  
 and valour shown,  
 By British skill and valour  
 were outvied;  
 Last say, thy conqueror was  
 WELLINGTON!  
 And if he chafe, be his own  
 fortune tried—  
 God and our cause to friend, the  
 venture we'll abide.

## XII.

But you, ye heroes of that well-  
 fought day,<sup>276</sup>  
 How shall a bard, unknowing  
 and unknown,  
 His meed to each victorious  
 leader pay,  
 Or bind on every brow the  
 laurels won?  
 Yet fain my harp would wake  
 its boldest tone,  
 O'er the wide sea to hail  
 CADOGAN brave;  
 And he, perchance, the  
 minstrel-note might own,  
 Mindful of meeting brief that  
 Fortune gave  
 'Mid yon far western isles that  
 hear the Atlantic rave.

## XIII.

Yes! hard the task, when  
 Britons wield the sword,  
 To give each Chief and every  
 field its fame:  
 Hark! Albuera thunders  
 BERESFORD,  
 And Red Barosa shouts for  
 dauntless GRÆME!  
 O for a verse of tumult and of  
 flame,  
 Bold as the bursting of their  
 cannon sound,  
 To bid the world re-echo to  
 their fame!  
 For never, upon gory battle-  
 ground,  
 With conquest's well-bought  
 wreath were braver victors  
 crown'd!



## XIV.

O who shall grudge him  
 Albuera's bays,<sup>277</sup>  
 Who brought a race regener-  
 ate to the field,  
 Roused them to emulate their  
 fathers' praise,  
 Temper'd their headlong  
 rage, their courage steel'd,  
 And raised fair Lusitania's  
 fallen shield,  
 And gave new edge to  
 Lusitania's sword,  
 And taught her sons forgotten  
 arms to wield  
 Shiver'd my harp, and burst  
 its every chord,  
 If it forget thy worth, victorious  
**BERESFORD!**

## XV.

Not on that bloody field of  
 battle won,  
 Though Gaul's proud legions  
 roll'd like mist away,  
 Was half his self-devoted  
 valour shown—  
 He gaged but life on that  
 illustrious day;  
 But when he toil'd those  
 squadrons to array,  
 Who fought like Britons in  
 the bloody game,  
 Sharper than Polish pike or  
 assagay,  
 He braved the shafts of  
 censure and of shame,  
 And, dearer far than life, he  
 pledged a soldier's fame.

## XVI.

Nor be his praise o'erpast who  
 strove to hide  
 Beneath the warrior's vest  
 affection's wound,  
 Whose wish Heaven for his  
 country's weal denied;  
 Danger and fate he sought,  
 but glory found.  
 From clime to clime, where'er  
 war's trumpets sound,  
 The wanderer went; yet,  
 Caledonia! still  
 Thine was his thought in march  
 and tented ground;  
 He dream'd 'mid Alpine cliffs  
 of Athole's hill,  
 And heard in Ebro's roar his  
 Lyndoch's lovely rill.

## XVII.

O hero of a race renown'd of old,  
 Whose war-cry oft has waked  
 the battle-swell,  
 Since first distinguish'd in the  
 onset bold,  
 Wild sounding when the  
 Roman rampart fell!  
 By Wallace' side it rung the  
 Southron's knell,  
 Alderne, Kilsythe, and  
 Tibber, own'd its fame,  
 Tummell's rude pass can of its  
 terrors tell,  
 But ne'er from prouder field  
 arose the name,  
 Than when wild Ronda learn'd  
 the conquering shout of  
**GRÈME!**<sup>278</sup>

## XVIII.

But all too long, through seas  
unknown and dark,  
(With Spenser's parable I  
close my tale,)  
By shoal and rock hath steer'd  
my venturous bark,  
And landward now I drive  
before the gale.

And now the blue and distant  
shore I hail,

And nearer now I see the  
port expand,  
And now I gladly furl my  
weary sail,  
And as the prow light touches  
on the strand,  
I strike my red-cross flag and  
bind my skiff to land.

## XVII.

Whose way of landward  
Since distinguished in the  
Wild scrambling when the  
By Walden's side-trung the  
Alderno's Klavick, and  
Tommell's rode pass can of its  
But ne'er from powder field  
Than when with Ronda learn'd  
Gomez's name.

## XIX.

Not on this bloody field of  
Though Gault's prodigions  
Was all his self-devoted  
He gaped but then on that  
But when he told those  
Who fought liberations in  
Sharper than Polish pike or  
He prayed the stars of  
conure and of shame  
pledged a soldier's name.

# ROKEBY.

A POEM IN SIX CANTOS.

TO

JOHN B. S. MORRITT, Esq.,

THIS POEM,

THE SCENE OF WHICH IS LAID IN HIS BEAUTIFUL DEMESNE OF ROKEBY,  
IS INSCRIBED, IN TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP, BY

WALTER SCOTT.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The Scene of this Poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire and shifts to the adjacent fortress of Barnard Castle, and to other places in that Vicinity.

The Time occupied by the Action is a space of Five Days, Three of which are supposed to elapse between the end of the Fifth and beginning of the Sixth Canto.

The date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great Battle of Marston Moor, 3d July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been chosen, without any purpose of combining the Fable with the Military or Political Events of the Civil War, but only as affording a degree of probability to the Fictitious Narrative now presented to the Public.

### CANTO FIRST.

#### I.

THE Moon is in her summer  
glow,  
But hoarse and high the breezes  
blow,  
And, racking o'er her face, the  
cloud  
Varies the tincture of her shroud ;  
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's  
stream,<sup>279</sup>  
She changes as a guilty dream,  
When conscience, with remorse  
and fear,  
Goads sleeping fancy's wild  
career.  
Her light seems now the blush of  
shame,  
Seems now fierce anger's darker  
flame,

Shifting that shade, to come and  
go,  
Like apprehension's hurried  
glow;  
Then sorrow's livery dims the  
air,  
And dies in darkness, like de-  
spair.  
Such varied hues the warder sees  
Reflected from the woodland  
Tees,  
Then from old Baliol's tower  
looks forth,  
Sees the clouds mustering in the  
north,  
Hears, upon turret-roof and wall,  
By fits the plashing rain-drop  
fall,  
Lists to the breezes boding sound,  
And wraps his shaggy mantle  
round.

## II.

Those towers, which in the  
 changeful gleam  
 Throw murky shadows on the  
 stream,  
 Those towers of Barnard hold a  
 guest,  
 The emotions of whose troubled  
 breast,  
 In wild and strange confusion  
 driven,  
 Rivals the flitting rack of heaven.  
 Ere sleep stern OSWALD'S senses  
 tied,  
 Oft had he changed his weary  
 side,  
 Composed his limbs, and vainly  
 sought  
 By effort strong to banish thought.  
 Sleep came at length, but with a  
 train  
 Of feelings true and fancies vain,  
 Mingling, in wild disorder cast,  
 The expected future with the  
 past.  
 Conscience, anticipating time,  
 Already rues the enacted crime,  
 And calls her furies forth, to  
 shake  
 The sounding scourge and hissing  
 snake ;  
 While her poor victim's outward  
 throes  
 Bear witness to his mental woes,  
 And show what lesson may be  
 read  
 Beside a sinner's restless bed.

## III.

Thus Oswald's labouring feelings  
 trace  
 Strange changes in his sleeping  
 face,

Rapid and ominous as these  
 With which the moonbeams tinge  
 the Tees.  
 There might be seen of shame  
 the blush,  
 There anger's dark and fiercer  
 flush,  
 While the perturbed sleeper's  
 hand  
 Seem'd grasping dagger-knife,  
 or brand.  
 Relax'd that grasp, the heavy  
 sigh,  
 The tear in the half-opening eye,  
 The pallid cheek and brow, con-  
 fess'd  
 That grief was busy in his breast ;  
 Nor paused that mood—a sudden  
 start  
 Impell'd the life-blood from the  
 heart :  
 Features convulsed, and mutter-  
 ings dread,  
 Show terror reigns in sorrow's  
 stead.  
 That pang the painful slumber  
 broke,  
 And Oswald with a start awoke.

## IV.

He woke, and fear'd again to  
 close  
 His eyelids in such dire repose ;  
 He woke—to watch the lamp,  
 and tell  
 From hour to hour the castle-  
 bell.  
 Or listen to the owlet's cry,  
 Or the sad breeze that whistles  
 by  
 Or catch, by fits, the tuneless  
 rhyme  
 With which the warder cheats  
 the time,

And envying think, how, when the  
sun  
Bids the poor soldier's watch be  
done,  
Couch'd on his straw, and fancy-  
free,  
He sleeps like careless infancy.

## V.

Far town-ward sounds a distant  
tread,  
And Oswald, starting from his  
bed,  
Hath caught it, though no human  
ear,  
Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,  
Could e'er distinguish horse's  
clank,  
Until it reach'd the castle bank.<sup>280</sup>  
Now nigh and plain the sound  
appears,  
The warder's challenge now he  
hears,  
Then clanking chains and levers  
tell,  
That o'er the moat the draw-  
bridge fell,  
And, in the castle court below,  
Voices are heard, and torches  
glow,  
As marshalling the stranger's  
way,  
Straight for the room where  
Oswald lay ;  
The cry was—" Tidings from  
the host,  
Of weight—a messenger comes  
post."  
Stifling the tumult of his breast,  
His answer Oswald thus ex-  
press'd—  
" Bring food and wine, and  
trim the fire ;  
Admit the stranger, and retire."

## VI.

The stranger came with heavy  
stride,  
The morion's plumes his visage  
hide,  
And the buff-coat, an ample  
fold,  
Mantles his form's gigantic  
mould.<sup>281</sup>  
Full slender answer deigned he  
To Oswald's anxious courtesy,  
But mark'd, by a disdainful  
smile,  
He saw and scorn'd the petty  
wile,  
When Oswald changed the  
torch's place,  
Anxious that on the soldier's  
face  
Its partial lustre might be  
thrown,  
To show his looks, yet hide his  
own.  
His guest, the while, laid low  
aside  
The ponderous cloak of tough  
bull's hide,  
And to the torch glanced broad  
and clear  
The corslet of a cuirassier ;  
Then from his brows the casque  
he drew,  
And from the dank plume  
dash'd the dew,  
From gloves of mail relieved  
his hands,  
And spread them to the kindling  
brands,  
And, turning to the genial  
board,  
Without a health, or pledge, or  
word  
Of meet and social reverence said,  
Deeply he drank, and fiercely fed ;

As free from ceremony's sway,  
As famish'd wolf that tears his  
prey.

## VII.

With deep impatience, tinged  
with fear,

His host beheld him gorge his  
cheer,

And quaff the full carouse, that  
lent

His brow a fiercer hardiment.

Now Oswald stood a space  
aside,

Now paced the room with hasty  
stride

In feverish agony to learn

Tidings of deep and dread  
concern,

Cursing each moment that his  
guest

Protracted o'er his ruffian feast.

Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,  
The end of that uncouth repast,

Almost he seem'd their haste  
to rue,

As, at his sign, his train withdrew,  
And left him with the stranger,  
free

To question of his mystery.

Then did his silence long  
proclaim

A struggle between fear and  
shame.

## VIII.

Much in the stranger's mien  
appears,

To justify suspicious fears.

On his dark face a scorching  
clime,

And toil, had done the work of  
time,<sup>282</sup>

Roughen'd the brow, the temples  
bared,

And sable hairs with silver  
shared,

Yet left—what age alone could  
tame—

The lip of pride, the eye of  
flame;

The full-drawn lip that upward  
curl'd,

The eye, that seem'd to scorn  
the world.

That lip had terror never  
blench'd;

Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop  
quench'd

The flash severe of swarthy  
glow,

That mock'd at pain, and knew  
not woe.

Inured to danger's direst form,  
Tornado and earthquake, flood

and storm,  
Death had he seen by sudden

blow,  
By wasting plague, by tortures

slow,  
By mine or breach, by steel or

ball,  
Knew all his shapes, and scorn'd

them all.

## IX.

But yet, though BERTRAM'S  
harden'd look,

Unmoved, could blood and  
danger brook,

Still worse than apathy had  
place

On his swart brow and callous  
face;

For evil passions, cherish'd long,  
Had plough'd them with im-

pressions strong.

All that gives gloss to sin, all gay  
 Light folly, past with youth away,  
 But rooted stood, in manhood's  
 hour,  
 The weeds of vice without their  
 flower.  
 And yet the soil in which they  
 grew,  
 Had it been tamed when life was  
 new,  
 Had depth and vigour to bring  
 forth  
 The hardier fruits of virtuous  
 worth.  
 Not that, e'en then, his heart had  
 known  
 The gentler feelings' kindly tone ;  
 But lavish waste had been refined  
 To bounty in his chasten'd mind,  
 And lust of gold, that waste to  
 feed,  
 Been lost in love of glory's meed,  
 And, frantic then no more, his  
 pride  
 Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

## X.

Even now, by conscience un-  
 restrain'd,  
 Clogg'd by gross vice, by  
 slaughter stain'd,  
 Still knew his daring soul to soar,  
 And mastery o'er the mind he  
 bore ;  
 For meaner guilt, or heart less  
 hard,  
 Quail'd beneath Bertram's bold  
 regard.  
 And this felt Oswald, while in vain  
 He strove, by many a winding  
 train,  
 To lure his sullen guest to show,  
 Unask'd, the news he long'd to  
 know,

While on far other subject hung  
 His heart, than falter'd from his  
 tongue.  
 Yet nought for that his guest did  
 deign  
 To note or spare his secret pain,  
 But still, in stern and stubborn  
 sort,  
 Return'd him answer dark and  
 short,  
 Or started from the theme, to  
 range  
 In loose digression wild and  
 strange,  
 And forced the embarrass'd host  
 to buy,  
 By query close, direct reply.

## XI.

A while he glozed upon the cause  
 Of Commons, Covenant, and  
 Laws,  
 And Church Reform'd—but felt  
 rebuke  
 Beneath grim Bertram's sneering  
 look,  
 Then stammer'd—"Has a field  
 been fought?  
 Has Bertram news of battle  
 brought?  
 For sure a soldier, famed so far  
 In foreign fields for feats of war,  
 On eve of fight ne'er left the host,  
 Until the field were won and lost."  
 "Here, in your towers by circling  
 Tees,  
 You, Oswald Wycliffe, rest at  
 ease ;  
 Why deem it strange that others  
 come  
 To share such safe and easy home,  
 From fields where danger, death,  
 and toil,  
 Are the reward of civil broil?"—

“Nay, mock not, friend! since  
 well we know  
 The near advances of the foe,  
 To mar our northern army's work,  
 Encamp'd before beleagur'd  
 York;  
 Thy horse with valiant Fairfax  
 lay,  
 And must have fought—how went  
 the day?”

## XII.

“Wouldst hear the tale?—On  
 Marston heath<sup>283</sup>  
 Met, front to front, the ranks of  
 death;  
 Flourish'd the trumpets fierce,  
 and now  
 Fired was each eye, and flush'd  
 each brow;  
 On either side loud clamours ring,  
 ‘God and the Cause!’—‘God  
 and the King!’  
 Right English all, they rush'd to  
 blows,  
 With nought to win, and all to  
 lose.  
 I could have laugh'd—but lack'd  
 the time—  
 To see, in phrenesy sublime,  
 How the fierce zealots fought and  
 bled,  
 For king or state, as humour  
 led;  
 Some for a dream of public good,  
 Some for church-tippet, gown  
 and hood,  
 Draining their veins, in death to  
 claim  
 A patriot's or a martyr's name.—  
 Led Bertram Risingham the  
 hearts,  
 That counter'd there on adverse  
 parts,

No superstitious fool had I  
 Sought El Dorados in the sky!  
 Chili had heard me through her  
 states,  
 And Lima oped her silver gates,  
 Rich Mexico I had march'd  
 through,  
 And sack'd the splendours of  
 Peru,  
 Till sunk Pizarro's daring name,  
 And, Cortez, thine, in Bertram's  
 fame.”—

“Still from the purpose wilt thou  
 stray!  
 Good gentle friend, how went the  
 day?”

## XIII.

“Good am I deem'd at trumpet-  
 sound,  
 And good where goblets dance  
 the round,  
 Though gentle ne'er was join'd,  
 till now,  
 With rugged Bertram's breast  
 and brow.—  
 But I resume. The battle's rage  
 Was like the strife which currents  
 wage,  
 Where Orinoco, in his pride,  
 Rolls to the main no tribute tide,  
 But 'gainst broad ocean urges  
 far  
 A rival sea of roaring war;  
 While, in ten thousand eddies  
 driven,  
 The billows fling their foam to  
 heaven,  
 And the pale pilot seeks in vain,  
 Where rolls the river, where the  
 main.  
 Even thus upon the bloody field,  
 The eddying tides of conflict  
 wheel'd



Ambiguous, till that heart of  
 flame,  
 Hot Rupert, on our squadrons  
 came,  
 Hurling against our spears a  
 line  
 Of gallants, fiery as their wine ;  
 Then ours, though stubborn in  
 their zeal,  
 In zeal's despite began to reel.  
 What wouldst thou more?—in  
 tumult tost,  
 Our leaders fell, our ranks were  
 lost.  
 A thousand men, who drew the  
 sword  
 For both the Houses and the  
 Word,  
 Preach'd forth from hamlet,  
 grange, and down,  
 To curb the crosier and the  
 crown,  
 Now, stark and stiff, lie stretch'd  
 in gore,  
 And ne'er shall rail at mitre  
 more.—  
 Thus fared it, when I left the  
 fight,  
 With the good Cause and  
 Commons' right.”—

## XIV.

“Disastrous news!” dark  
 Wycliffe said ;  
 Assumed despondence bent his  
 head.  
 While troubled joy was in his  
 eye,  
 The well-feign'd sorrow to  
 belie.—  
 “Disastrous news!—when needed  
 most,  
 Told ye not that your chiefs were  
 lost?

Complete the woful tale, and  
 say,  
 Who fell upon that fatal day ;  
 What leaders of repute and name  
 Bought by their death a deathless  
 fame.  
 If such my direst foeman's doom,  
 My tears shall dew his honour'd  
 tomb.—  
 No answer?—Friend, of all our  
 host,  
 Thou know'st whom I should  
 hate the most,  
 Whom thou too, once, wert wont  
 to hate,  
 Yet leavest me doubtful of his  
 fate.”—  
 With look unmoved—“Of friend  
 or foe,  
 Aught,” answer'd Bertram,  
 “would'st thou know  
 Demand in simple terms and  
 plain,  
 A soldier's answer shalt thou  
 gain ;—  
 For question dark, or riddle  
 high,  
 I have nor judgment nor reply.”

## XV.

The wrath his art and fear  
 suppress'd  
 Now blazed at once in Wycliffe's  
 breast ;  
 And brave, from man so meanly  
 born,  
 Roused his hereditary scorn.  
 “Wretch! hast thou paid thy  
 bloody debt?  
 PHILIP OF MORTHAM, lives he  
 yet?  
 False to thy patron or thine oath,  
 Trait'rous or perjured, one or  
 both.

Slave! hast thou kept thy  
 promise plight,  
 To slay thy leader in the fight?—  
 Then from his seat the soldier  
 sprung,  
 And Wycliffe's hand he strongly  
 wrung;  
 His grasp, as hard as glove of  
 mail,  
 Forced the red blood-drop from  
 the nail—  
 "A health!" he cried; and, ere  
 he quaff'd,  
 Flung from him Wycliffe's hand,  
 and laugh'd:  
 —"Now, Oswald Wycliffe,  
 speaks thy heart!  
 Now play'st thou well thy genuine  
 part!  
 Worthy, but for thy craven fear,  
 Like me to roam a bucanier.  
 What reck'st thou of the Cause  
 divine,  
 If Mortham's wealth and lands  
 be thine?  
 What carest thou for beleaguer'd  
 York,  
 If this good hand have done its  
 work?  
 Or what, though Fairfax and his  
 best  
 Are reddening Marston's swarthy  
 breast,  
 If Philip Mortham with them lie,  
 Lending his life-blood to the  
 dye?—  
 Sit, then! and as 'mid comrades  
 free  
 Carousing after victory,  
 When tales are told of blood and  
 fear,  
 That boys and women shrink to  
 hear,  
 From point to point I frankly tell  
 The deed of death as it befell.

## XVI.

"When purposed vengeance I  
 forego,  
 Term me a wretch, nor deem me  
 foe:  
 And when an insult I forgive,  
 Then brand me as a slave, and  
 live!—  
 Philip of Mortham is with those  
 Whom Bertram Risingham calls  
 foes;  
 Or whom more sure revenge  
 attends,  
 If number'd with ungrateful  
 friends.  
 As was his wont, ere battle  
 glow'd,  
 Along the marshall'd ranks he  
 rode,  
 And wore his vizor up the while.  
 I saw his melancholy smile,  
 When, full opposed in front, he  
 knew  
 Where ROKEBY's kindred banner  
 flew.  
 'And thus,' he said, 'will friends  
 divide!'—  
 I heard, and thought how, side  
 by side,  
 We two had turn'd the battle's  
 tide,  
 In many a well-debated field,  
 Where Bertram's breast was  
 Philip's shield.  
 I thought on Darien's deserts pale,  
 Where death bestrides the  
 evening gale,  
 How o'er my friend my cloak I  
 threw,  
 And fenceless faced the deadly  
 dew;  
 I thought on Quariana's cliff,  
 Where, rescued from our founder-  
 ing skiff,

Through the white breakers' wrath I bore  
 Exhausted Mortham to the shore ;  
 And when his side an arrow found,  
 I suck'd the Indian's venom'd wound.  
 These thoughts like torrents rush'd along.  
 To sweep away my purpose strong.

## XVII.

“Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent ;  
 Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent.  
 When Mortham bade me, as of yore,  
 Be near him in the battle's roar,  
 I scarcely saw the spears laid low,  
 I scarcely heard the trumpets blow ;  
 Lost was the war in inward strife,  
 Debating Mortham's death or life.  
 'Twas then I thought, how, lured to come,  
 As partner of his wealth and home,  
 Years of piratic wandering o'er,  
 With him I sought our native shore.  
 But Mortham's lord grew far estranged  
 From the bold heart with whom he ranged ;  
 Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears,  
 Sadden'd and dimm'd descending years ;

The wily priests their victim sought,  
 And damn'd each free-born deed and thought  
 Then must I seek another home,  
 My license shook his sober dome ;  
 If gold he gave, in one wild day  
 I revell'd thrice the sum away.  
 An idle outcast then I stray'd,  
 Unfit for tillage or for trade.  
 Deem'd, like the steel of rusted lance,  
 Useless and dangerous at once.  
 The women fear'd my hardy look,  
 At my approach the peaceful shook ;  
 The merchant saw my glance of flame,  
 And lock'd his hoards when Bertram came ;  
 Each child of coward peace kept far  
 From the neglected son of war.

## XVIII.

“But civil discord gave the call,  
 And made my trade the trade of all.  
 By Mortham urged, I came again  
 His vassals to the fight to train.  
 What guerdon waited on my care ?  
 I could not cant of creed or prayer ;  
 Sour fanatics each trust obtain'd.  
 And I, dishonour'd and disdain'd,  
 Gain'd but the high and happy lot,  
 In these poor arms to front the shot !—  
 All this thou know'st, thy gestures tell ;  
 Yet hear it o'er, and mark it well.

'Tis honour bids me now relate  
Each circumstance of Mortham's  
fate.

## XIX.

"Thoughts, from the tongue that  
slowly part,  
Glance quick as lightning through  
the heart.

As my spur press'd my courser's  
side,

Philip of Mortham's cause was  
tried,

And, ere the charging squadrons  
mix'd,

His plea was cast, his doom was  
fix'd.

I watch'd him through the doubt-  
ful fray,

That changed as March's moody  
day,

Till, like a stream that bursts its  
bank,

Fierce Rupert thunder'd on our  
flank.

'Twas then, midst tumult, smoke,  
and strife,

Where each man fought for  
death or life,

'Twas then I fired my petronel,  
And Mortham, steed and rider, fell.

One dying look he upward cast,  
Of wrath and anguish—'twas his  
last.

Think not that there I stopp'd,  
to view

What of the battle should ensue ;  
But ere I clear'd that bloody press,

Our northern horse ran master-  
less ;

Monckton and Mitton told the  
news,<sup>284</sup>

How troops of roundheads  
choked the Ouse,

And many a bonny Scot, aghast,  
Spurring his palfrey northward,  
past,

Cursing the day when zeal or  
meed

First lured their Lesley o'er the  
Tweed.

Yet when I reach'd the banks of  
Swale,

Had rumour learn'd another tale ;  
With his barb'd horse, fresh  
tidings say,

Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the  
day :<sup>285</sup>

But whether false the news, or  
true,

Oswald, I reckon as light as you."

## XX.

Not then by Wycliffe might be  
shown,

How his pride startled at the  
tone

In which his complice, fierce and  
free,

Asserted guilt's equality.

In smoothest terms his speech  
he wove,

Of endless friendship, faith, and  
love ;

Promised and vow'd in courteous  
sort,

But Bertram broke professions  
short.

"Wycliffe, be sure not here I  
stay,

No, scarcely till the rising day ;  
Warn'd by the legends of my  
youth,

I trust not an associate's truth.

Do not my native dales pro-  
long

Of Percy Rede the tragic  
song,<sup>286</sup>

Train'd forward to his bloody fall,  
By Girsonfield, that treacherous  
Hall?

Oft, by the Pringle's haunted  
side,

The shepherd sees his spectre  
glide.

And near the spot that gave me  
name,

The moated mound of Rising-  
ham,<sup>287</sup>

Where Reed upon her margin sees  
Sweet Woodburne's cottages  
and trees,

Some ancient sculptor's art has  
shown

An outlaw's image on the stone ;  
Unmatch'd in strength, a giant  
he,

With quiver'd back, and kirtled  
knee.

Ask how he died, that hunter  
bold,

The tameless monarch of the  
wold,

And age and infancy can tell,

By brother's treachery he fell.

Thus warn'd by legends of my  
youth,

I trust to no associate's truth.

## XXI.

“ When last we reason'd of this  
deed,

Nought, I bethink me, was  
agreed,

Or by what rule, or when, or  
where,

The wealth of Mortham we  
should share ;

Then list, while I the portion  
name,

Our differing laws give each to  
claim.

Thou, vassal sworn to England's  
throne,

Her rules of heritage must own ;  
They deal thee, as to nearest heir,

Thy kinsman's lands and livings  
fair,

And these I yield :—do thou revere  
The statutes of the Bucanier,<sup>288</sup>

Friend to the sea, and foeman  
sworn

To all that on her waves are  
borne,

When falls a mate in battle broil,  
His comrade heirs his portion'd

spoil ;  
When dies in fight a daring foe,

He claims his wealth who struck  
the blow :

And either rule to me assigns  
Those spoils of Indian seas and

mines,  
Hoarded in Mortham's caverns

dark ;  
Ingot of gold and diamond

spark,  
Chalice and plate from churches

borne,  
And gems from shrieking beauty

torn,  
Each string of pearl, each silver

bar,  
And all the wealth of western

war.  
I go to search, where, dark and

deep,  
Those Trans-atlantic treasures

sleep.  
Thou must along—for, lacking

thee,  
The heir will scarce find entrance

free ;  
And then farewell. I haste to

try  
Each varied pleasure wealth can

buy ;

When cloyed each wish, these wars afford  
Fresh work for Bertram's restless sword."

## XXII.

An undecided answer hung  
On Oswald's hesitating tongue.  
Despite his craft, he heard with awe

This ruffian stabber fix the law;

While his own troubled passions veer

Through hatred, joy, regret, and fear:—

Joy'd at the soul that Bertram flies,

He grudged the murderer's mighty prize,

Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,

And fear'd to wend with him alone.

At length, that middle course to steer,

To cowardice and craft so dear,  
"His charge," he said, "would ill allow

His absence from the fortress now;

WILFRID on Bertram should attend,

His son should journey with his friend."

## XXIII.

Contempt kept Bertram's anger down,

And wreathed to savage smile his frown.

"Wilfrid, or thou—'tis one to me,

Whichever bears the golden key.

Yet think not but I mark, and smile

To mark, thy poor and selfish wile!

If injury from me you fear,  
What, Oswald Wycliffe, shields thee here?

I've sprung from walls more high than these,

I've swam through deeper streams than Tees.

Might I not stab thee, ere one yell

Could rouse the distant sentinel?  
Start not—it is not my design,

But, if it were, weak fence were thine;

And, trust me, that, in time of need,

This hand hath done more desperate deed.

Go, haste and rouse thy slumbering son;

Time calls, and I must needs be gone.

## XXIV.

Nought of his sire's ungenerous part

Polluted Wilfrid's gentle heart;

A heart too soft from early life

To hold with fortune needful strife.

His sire, while yet a hardier race

Of numerous sons were Wycliffe's grace,

On Wilfrid set contemptuous brand,

For feeble heart and forceless hand;

But a fond mother's care and joy

Were centred in her sickly boy.

No touch of childhood's frolic  
mood  
Show'd the elastic spring of  
blood ;  
Hour after hour he loved to  
pore  
On Shakspeare's rich and varied  
lore,  
But turn'd from martial scenes  
and light,  
From Falstaff's feast and Percy's  
fight,  
To ponder Jaques' moral strain,  
And muse with Hamlet, wise in  
vain ;  
And weep himself to soft repose  
O'er gentle Desdemona's woes.

## XXV.

In youth he sought not pleasures  
found  
By youth in horse, and hawk,  
and hound,  
But loved the quiet joys that  
wake  
By lonely stream and silent  
lake ;  
In Deepdale's solitude to lie,  
Where all is cliff and copse and  
sky ;  
To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak,  
Or lone Pendragon's mound to  
seek.  
Such was his wont ; and there  
his dream  
Soar'd on some wild fantastic  
theme,  
Of faithful love, or ceaseless  
spring,  
Till contemplation's wearied  
wing  
The enthusiast could no more  
sustain,  
And sad he sunk to earth again.

## XXVI.

He loved—as many a lay can  
tell,  
Preserved in Stanmore's lonely  
dell ;  
For his was minstrel's skill, he  
caught  
The art unteachable, untaught ;  
He loved—his soul did nature  
frame  
For love, and fancy nursed the  
flame ;  
Vainly he loved—for seldom  
swain  
Of such soft mould is loved  
again ;  
Silent he loved—in every gaze  
Was passion, friendship in his  
phrase.  
So mused his life away—till died  
His brethren all, their father's  
pride.  
Wilfrid is now the only heir  
Of all his stratagems and care,  
And destined, darkling, to pursue  
Ambition's maze by Oswald's  
clue.

## XXVII.

Wilfrid must love and woo the  
bright  
Matilda, heir of Rokeby's knight.  
To love her was an easy hest,  
The secret empress of his breast ;  
To woo her was a harder task  
To one that durst not hope or  
ask.  
Yet all Matilda could, she gave  
In pity to her gentle slave ;  
Friendship, esteem, and fair re-  
gard,  
And praise, the poet's best re-  
ward !

She read the tales his taste approved,  
 And sung the lays he framed or loved ;  
 Yet, loth to nurse the fatal flame  
 Of hopeless love in friendship's name,  
 In kind caprice she oft withdrew  
 The favouring glance to friendship due,  
 Then grieved to see her victim's pain,  
 And gave the dangerous smiles again.

## XXVIII.

So did the suit of Wilfrid stand,  
 When war's loud summons waked the land.  
 Three banners, floating o'er the Tees,  
 The wo-foreboding peasant sees ;  
 In concert oft they braved of old  
 The bordering Scot's incursion bold ;  
 Frowning defiance in their pride,  
 Their vassals now and lords divide.  
 From his fair hall on Greta banks,  
 The Knight of Rokeby led his ranks,  
 To aid the valiant northern Earls,  
 Who drew the sword for royal Charles.  
 Mortham, by marriage near allied—  
 His sister had been Rokeby's bride,  
 Though long before the civil fray,  
 In peaceful grave the lady lay,—  
 Philip of Mortham raised his band,  
 And march'd at Fairfax's command ;

While Wycliffe, bound by many  
 a train  
 Of kindred art with wily Vane,  
 Less prompt to brave the bloody  
 field,  
 Made Barnard's battlements his  
 shield,  
 Secured them with his Lunedale  
 powers,  
 And for the Commons held the  
 towers.

## XXIX.

The lovely heir of Rokeby's  
 Knight  
 Waits in his halls the event of  
 fight ;  
 For England's war revered the  
 claim  
 Of every unprotected name,  
 And spared, amid its fiercest  
 rage,  
 Childhood and womanhood and  
 age.  
 But Wilfrid, son to Rokeby's foe,  
 Must the dear privilege forego,  
 By Greta's side, in evening grey,  
 To steal upon Matilda's way,  
 Striving, with fond hypocrisy,  
 For careless step and vacant eye ;  
 Calming each anxious look and  
 glance,  
 To give the meeting all to chance,  
 Or framing, as a fair excuse,  
 The book, the pencil, or the  
 muse :  
 Something to give, to sing, to say,  
 Some modern tale, some ancient  
 lay.  
 Then, while the long'd-for minutes  
 last,—  
 Ah ! minutes quickly over-past !—  
 Recording each expression free,  
 Of kind or careless courtesy,



Each friendly look, each softer  
 tone,  
 As food for fancy when alone.  
 All this is o'er—but still, unseen,  
 Wilfrid may lurk in Eastwood  
 green,  
 To watch Matilda's wonted round,  
 While springs his heart at every  
 sound.  
 She comes!—'tis but a passing  
 sight,  
 Yet serves to cheat his weary  
 night;  
 She comes not—He will wait the  
 hour,  
 When her lamp lightens in the  
 tower;  
 'Tis something yet, if, as she  
 past,  
 Her shade is o'er the lattice cast.  
 "What is my life, my hope?"  
 he said:  
 "Alas! a transitory shade."

## XXX.

Thus wore his life, though reason  
 strove  
 For mastery in vain with love,  
 Forcing upon his thoughts the  
 sum  
 Of present woe and ills to come,  
 While still he turn'd impatient  
 ear  
 From Truth's intrusive voice  
 severe.  
 Gentle, indifferent, and subdued,  
 In all but this, unmoved he  
 view'd  
 Each outward change of ill and  
 good:  
 But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and  
 mild,  
 Was Fancy's spoil'd and way-  
 ward child;  
 SC.

In her bright car she bade him  
 ride,  
 With one fair form to grace his  
 side,  
 Or, in some wild and lone retreat,  
 Flung her high spells around his  
 seat,  
 Bathed in her dews his languid  
 head,  
 Her fairy mantle o'er him spread,  
 For him her opiates gave to flow,  
 Which he who tastes can ne'er  
 forego,  
 And placed him in her circle, free  
 From every stern reality,  
 Till, to the Visionary, seem  
 Her day-dreams truth, and truth  
 a dream.

## XXXI.

Woe to the youth whom fancy  
 gains,  
 Winning from Reason's hand the  
 reins,  
 Pity and woe! for such a mind  
 Is soft, contemplative, and kind;  
 And woe to those who train such  
 youth,  
 And spare to press the rights of  
 truth,  
 The mind to strengthen and  
 anneal,  
 While on the stithy glows the  
 steel!  
 O teach him, while your lessons  
 last,  
 To judge the present by the past;  
 Remind him of each wish pur-  
 sued,  
 How rich it glow'd with promised  
 good;  
 Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,  
 How soon his hopes possession  
 cloy'd!

Tell him, we play unequal game,  
Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's  
aim ;

And, ere he strip him for her race,  
Show the conditions of the chase.

Two sisters by the goal are set,  
Cold Disappointment and Regret ;  
One disenchants the winner's  
eyes,

And strips of all its worth the  
prize.

While one augments its gaudy  
show,

More to enhance the loser's woe.  
The victor sees his fairy gold,

Transform'd, when won, to drossy  
mold,

But still the vanquish'd mourns  
his loss,

And rues, as gold, that glittering  
dross.

### XXXII.

More wouldst thou know—yon  
tower survey,

Yon couch unpress'd since part-  
ing day,

Yon untrimm'd lamp, whose  
yellow gleam

Is mingling with the cold moon-  
beam,

And yon thin form!—the hectic red  
On his pale cheek unequal spread ;

The head reclined, the loosen'd  
hair,

The limbs relax'd, the mournful  
air.—

See, he looks up ;—a woful  
smile

Lightens his wo-worn cheek a  
while,—

'Tis fancy wakes some idle  
thought,

To gild the ruin she has wrought ;

For, like the bat of Indian brakes,  
Her pinions fan the wound she  
makes,

And soothing thus the dreamer's  
pain,

She drinks his life-blood from the  
vein.

Now to the lattice turn his eyes,  
Vain hope ! to see the sun arise.

The moon with clouds is still  
o'ercast,

Still howls by fits the stormy  
blast :

Another hour must wear away,  
Ere the East kindle into day,

And hark ! to waste that weary  
hour,

He tries the minstrel's magic  
power.

### XXXIII.

#### Song.

#### TO THE MOON.

Hail to thy cold and clouded  
beam,

Pale pilgrim of the troubled  
sky !

Hail, though the mists that o'er  
thee stream

Lend to thy brow their sullen  
dye !

How should thy pure and peace-  
ful eye

Untroubled view our scenes  
below,

Or how a tearless beam supply  
To light a world of war and  
woe !

Fair Queen ! I will not blame  
thee now,

As once by Greta's fairy side ;

Each little cloud that dimm'd thy  
 brow  
 Did them an angel's beauty hide.  
 And of the shades I then could  
 chide,  
 Still are the thoughts to  
 memory dear,  
 For, while a softer strain I tried,  
 They hid my blush, and calm'd  
 my fear.

Then did I swear thy ray serene  
 Was form'd to light some  
 lonely dell,  
 By two fond lovers only seen,  
 Reflected from the crystal well,  
 Or sleeping on their mossy cell,  
 Or quivering on the lattice  
 bright,  
 Or glancing on their couch, to tell  
 How swiftly wanes the summer  
 night!

## XXXIV.

He starts—a step at this lone  
 hour!  
 A voice!—his father seeks the  
 tower,  
 With haggard look and troubled  
 sense,  
 Fresh from his dreadful confer-  
 ence.  
 “Wilfrid!—what, not to sleep  
 address'd?  
 Thou hast no cares to chase thy  
 rest.  
 Mortham has fall'n on Marston-  
 moor;  
 Bertram brings warrant to  
 secure  
 His treasures, bought by spoil  
 and blood,  
 For the State's use and public  
 good.

The menials will thy voice obey;  
 Let his commission have its  
 way,  
 In every point, in every word.”—  
 Then, in a whisper—“Take thy  
 sword!  
 Bertram is—what I must not  
 tell.  
 I hear his hasty step—farewell!”

## CANTO SECOND.

## I.

FAR in the chambers of the west,  
 The gale had sigh'd itself to  
 rest;  
 The moon was cloudless now  
 and clear,  
 But pale, and soon to disappear.  
 The thin grey clouds wax dimly  
 light  
 On Brusleton and Houghton  
 height;  
 And the rich dale, that eastward  
 lay,  
 Waited the wakening touch of  
 day,  
 To give its woods and cultured  
 plain,  
 And towers and spires, to light  
 again.  
 But, westward, Stanmore's  
 shapeless swell,  
 And Lunedale wild, and Kelton-  
 fell,  
 And rock-begirdled Gilmanscar,  
 And Arkingarth, lay dark afar;  
 While, as a livelier twilight  
 falls,  
 Emerge proud Barnard's banner'd  
 walls.  
 High crown'd he sits, in dawning  
 pale,  
 The sovereign of the lovely vate.

## II.

What prospects, from his watch-  
tower high,  
Gleam gradual on the warder's  
eye!—  
Far sweeping to the east, he sees  
Down his deep woods the course  
of Tees,<sup>289</sup>  
And tracks his wanderings by  
the steam  
Of summer vapours from the  
stream ;  
And ere he paced his destined hour  
By Brackenbury's dungeon-  
tower,  
These silver mists shall melt  
away,  
And dew the woods with glitter-  
ing spray.  
Then in broad lustre shall be  
shown  
That mighty trench of living  
stone,  
And each huge trunk that, from  
the side,  
Reclines him o'er the darksome  
tide,  
Where Tees, full many a fathom  
low,  
Wears with his rage no common  
foe ;  
For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed  
here,  
Nor clay-mound, checks his  
fierce career,  
Condemn'd to mine a channell'd  
way,  
O'er solid sheets of marble grey.

## III.

Nor Tees alone, in dawning  
bright,  
Shall rush upon the ravish'd  
sight ;

But many a tributary stream  
Each from its own dark dell shall  
gleam :  
Staindrop, who, from her silvan  
bowers,  
Salutes proud Raby's battled  
towers ;  
The rural brook of Egliston,  
And Balder, named from Odin's  
son ;  
And Greta, to whose banks ere  
long  
We lead the lovers of the song ;  
And silver Lune, from Stanmore  
wild,  
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring  
child,  
And last and least, but loveliest  
still,  
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.  
Who in that dim-wood glen hath  
stray'd,  
Yet long'd for Roslin's magic  
glade ?  
Who, wandering there, hath  
sought to change  
Even for that vale so stern and  
strange,  
Where Cartland's Crag, fan-  
tastic rent,  
Through her green copse like  
spires are sent ?  
Yet, Albin, yet the praise be  
thine,  
Thy scenes and story to com-  
bine !  
Thou bid'st him, who by Roslin  
strays,  
List to the deeds of other days ;  
'Mid Cartland's Crag thou  
show'st the cave,  
The refuge of thy champion  
brave ;  
Giving each rock its storied tale,  
Pouring a lay for every dale,

Knitting, as with a moral band,  
Thy native legends with thy land,  
To lend each scene the interest  
high  
Which genius beams from  
Beauty's eye.

## IV.

Bertram awaited not the sight  
Which sun-rise shows from  
Barnard's height,  
But from the towers, preventing  
day,  
With Wilfrid took his early  
way,  
While misty dawn, and moon-  
beam pale,  
Still mingled in the silent dale.  
By Barnard's bridge of stately  
stone,  
The southern bank of Tees they  
won ;  
Their winding path then eastward  
cast,  
And Egliston's grey ruins  
pass'd ;<sup>290</sup>  
Each on his own deep visions  
bent,  
Silent and sad they onward went.  
Well may you think that  
Bertram's mood,  
To Wilfrid savage seem'd and  
rude ;  
Well may you think bold  
Risingham  
Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and  
tame ;  
And small the intercourse, I ween,  
Such uncongenial souls between.

## V.

Stern Bertram shunn'd the nearer  
way,  
Through Rokeby's park and  
chase that lay,

And, skirting high the valley's  
ridge,  
They cross'd by Greta's ancient  
bridge

Descending where her waters  
wind

Free for a space and unconfined,  
As, 'scaped from Brignall's dark-  
wood glen,  
She seeks wild Mortham's deeper  
den.

There, as his eye glanced o'er  
the mound,

Raised by that Legion<sup>291</sup> long  
renown'd,

Whose votive shrine asserts their  
claim,

Of pious, faithful, conquering  
fame,

"Stern sons of war!" sad  
Wilfrid sigh'd,

"Behold the boast of Roman  
pride!

What now of all your toils are  
known?

A grassy trench, a broken  
stone!"—

This to himself ; for moral strain  
To Bertram were address'd in  
vain.

## VI.

Of different mood, a deeper  
sigh

Awoke, when Rokeby's turrets  
high<sup>292</sup>

Were northward in the dawning  
seen

To rear them o'er the thicket  
green.

O then, though Spenser's self  
had stray'd

Beside him through the lovely  
glade,

Lending his rich luxuriant glow  
 Of fancy, all its charms to show,  
 Pointing the stream rejoicing  
 free,  
 As captive set at liberty,  
 Flashing her sparkling waves  
 abroad,  
 And clamouring joyful on her  
 road ;  
 Pointing where, up the sunny  
 banks,  
 The trees retire in scatter'd  
 ranks,  
 Save where, advanced before the  
 rest,  
 On knoll or hillock rears his  
 crest,  
 Lonely and huge, the giant Oak,  
 As champions, when their band  
 is broke,  
 Stand forth to guard the rear-  
 ward post,  
 The bulwark of the scatter'd  
 host—  
 All this, and more, might Spenser  
 say,  
 Yet waste in vain his magic lay,  
 While Wilfrid eyed the distant  
 tower,  
 Whose lattice lights Matilda's  
 bower.

## VII.

The open vale is soon pass'd  
 o'er,  
 Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no  
 more ;  
 Sinking mid Greta's thickets  
 deep,  
 A wild and darker course they  
 keep,  
 A stern and lone, yet lovely road,  
 As e'er the foot of Minstrel  
 trode ! <sup>293</sup>

Broad shadows o'er their passage  
 fell,  
 Deeper and narrower grew the  
 dell ;  
 It seem'd some mountain, rent  
 and riven,  
 A channel for the stream had  
 given,  
 So high the cliffs of limestone  
 grey  
 Hung beetling o'er the torrent's  
 way,  
 Yielding, along their rugged  
 base,  
 A flinty footpath's niggard  
 space,  
 Where he, who winds 'twixt  
 rock and wave,  
 May hear the headlong torrent  
 rave,  
 And like a steed in frantic fit,  
 That flings the froth from curb  
 and bit,  
 May view her chafe her waves to  
 spray,  
 O'er every rock that bars her  
 way,  
 Till foam-globes on her eddies  
 ride,  
 Thick as the schemes of human  
 pride  
 That down life's current drive  
 amain,  
 As frail, as frothy, and as vain !

## VIII.

The cliffs that rear their haughty  
 head  
 High o'er the river's darksome  
 bed,  
 Were now all naked, wild, and  
 grey,  
 Now waving all with greenwood  
 spray ;

Here trees to every crevice clung,  
 And o'er the dell their branches  
 hung ;  
 And there, all splinter'd and un-  
 even,  
 The shiver'd rocks ascend to  
 heaven ;  
 Oft, too, the ivy swath'd their  
 breast,  
 And wreathed its garland round  
 their crest,  
 Or from the spires bade loosely  
 flare  
 Its tendrils in the middle air.  
 As pennons wont to wane of old  
 O'er the high feast of Baron bold,  
 When revell'd loud the feudal  
 rout,  
 And the arch'd halls return'd  
 their shout ;  
 Such and more wild is Greta's roar,  
 And such the echoes from her  
 shore.  
 And so the ivied banners gleam,  
 Waved wildly o'er the brawling  
 stream.

## IX.

Now from the stream the rocks  
 recede,  
 But leave between no sunny  
 mead,  
 No, nor the spot of pebbly sand,  
 Oft found by such a mountain  
 strand ;  
 Forming such warm and dry  
 retreat,  
 As fancy deems the lonely seat,  
 Where hermit, wandering from  
 his cell,  
 His rosary might love to tell.  
 But here, 'twixt rock and river,  
 grew  
 A dismal grove of sable yew,

With whose sad tints were  
 mingled seen  
 The blighted fir's sepulchral green.  
 Seem'd that the trees their  
 shadows cast,  
 The earth that nourish'd them to  
 blast ;  
 For never knew that swarthy  
 grove  
 The verdant hue that fairies  
 love ;  
 Nor wilding green, nor woodland  
 flower,  
 Arose within its baleful bower :  
 The dank and sable earth receives  
 Its only carpet from the leaves,  
 That, from the withering branches  
 cast,  
 Bestrew'd the ground with every  
 blast.  
 Though now the sun was o'er  
 the hill,  
 In this dark spot 'twas twilight  
 still,  
 Save that on Greta's farther  
 side  
 Some straggling beams through  
 copsewood glide ;  
 And wild and savage contrast  
 made  
 That dingle's deep and funeral  
 shade,  
 With the bright tints of early  
 day,  
 Which, glimmering through the  
 ivy spray,  
 On the opposing summit lay.

## X.

The lated peasant shunn'd the  
 dell ;  
 For Superstition wont to tell  
 Of many a grisly sound and sight,  
 Scaring its path at dead of night.

When Christmas logs blaze high  
 and wide,  
 Such wonders speed the festal  
 tide ;  
 While Curiosity and Fear,  
 Pleasure and Pain, sit crouching  
 near,  
 Till childhood's cheek no longer  
 glows,  
 And village maidens lose the  
 rose.  
 The thrilling interest rises higher,  
 The circle closes nigh and nigher,  
 And shuddering glance is cast  
 behind,  
 As louder moans the wintry wind.  
 Believe, that fitting scene was  
 laid  
 For such wild tales in Mortham  
 glade ;  
 For who had seen, on Greta's  
 side,  
 By that dim light fierce Bertram  
 stride,  
 In such a spot, at such an hour,—  
 If touch'd by Superstition's power,  
 Might well have deem'd that Hell  
 had given  
 A murderer's ghost to upper  
 Heaven,  
 While Wilfrid's form had seem'd  
 to glide  
 Like his pale victim by his side.

## XI.

Nor think to village swains alone  
 Are these unearthly terrors  
 known ;  
 For not to rank nor sex confined  
 Is this vain ague of the mind :  
 Hearts firm as steel, as marble  
 hard,  
 'Gainst faith, and love, and pity  
 barr'd,

Have quaked, like aspen leaves  
 in May,  
 Beneath its universal sway.  
 Bertram had listed many a tale  
 Of wonder in his native dale,  
 That in his secret soul retain'd  
 The credence they in childhood  
 gain'd :  
 Nor less his wild adventurous  
 youth  
 Believed in every legend's truth ;  
 Learn'd when, beneath the tropic  
 gale,  
 Full swell'd the vessel's steady  
 sail,  
 And the broad Indian moon her  
 light  
 Pour'd on the watch of middle  
 night,  
 When seamen love to hear and  
 tell  
 Of portent, prodigy, and spell :  
 What gales are sold on Lapland's  
 shore,  
 How whistle rash bids tempests  
 roar,<sup>294</sup>  
 Of witch, of mermaid, and of  
 sprite,  
 Of Erick's cap and Elmo's  
 light ;<sup>295</sup>  
 Or of that Phantom Ship, whose  
 form  
 Shoots like a meteor through the  
 storm ;  
 When the dark scud comes  
 driving hard,  
 And lower'd is every topsail-  
 yard,  
 And canvass, wove in earthly  
 looms,  
 No more to brave the storm  
 presumes !  
 Then, 'mid the war of sea and  
 sky,  
 Top and top-gallant hoisted high,



Fullspread and crowded every sail,  
The Demon Frigate braves the  
gale ;<sup>296</sup>  
And well the doom'd spectators  
know  
The harbinger of wreck and woe.

## XII.

Then, too, were told, in stifled  
tone,  
Marvels and omens all their own ;  
How, by some desert isle or  
key,<sup>297</sup>  
Where Spaniards wrought their  
cruelty,  
Or where the savage pirate's  
mood  
Repaid it home in deeds of blood,  
Strange nightly sounds of woe  
and fear  
Appall'd the listening Bucanier,  
Whose light - arm'd shallop  
anchor'd lay  
In ambush by the lonely bay.  
The groan of grief, the shriek of  
pain,  
Ring from the moonlight groves  
of cane ;  
The fierce adventurer's heart they  
scare,  
Who wearies memory for a  
prayer,  
Curses the road-stead, and with  
gale  
Of early morning lifts the sail,  
To give, in thirst of blood and  
prey,  
A legend for another bay.

## XIII.

Thus, as a man, a youth, a child,  
Train'd in the mystic and the  
wild,

With this on Bertram's soul at  
times  
Rush'd a dark feeling of his crimes ;  
Such to his troubled soul their  
form,  
As the pale Death-ship to the  
storm,  
And such their omen dim and  
dread,  
As shrieks and voices of the  
dead,—  
That pang, whose transitory force  
Hover'd 'twixt horror and re-  
morse ;  
That pang, perchance, his bosom  
press'd,  
As Wilfrid sudden he address'd :—  
“ Wilfrid, this glen is never trode  
Until the sun rides high abroad ;  
Yet twice have I beheld to-day  
A Form, that seem'd to dog our  
way ;  
Twice from my glance it seem'd  
to flee,  
And shroud itself by cliff or tree.  
How think'st thou?—Is our path  
way-laid ?  
Or hath thy sire my trust be-  
tray'd ?  
If so——” Ere, starting from  
his dream,  
That turn'd upon a gentler theme,  
Wilfrid had roused him to reply,  
Bertram sprang forward, shout-  
ing high,  
“ Whate'er thou art, thou now  
shalt stand ! ”—  
And forth he darted, sword in  
hand.

## XIV.

As bursts the levin in its wrath,  
He shot him down the sounding  
path ;

Rock, wood, and stream, rang  
wildly out,  
To his loud step and savage  
shout.  
Seems that the object of his  
race  
Hath scaled the cliffs ; his frantic  
chase  
Sidelong he turns, and now 'tis  
bent  
Right up the rock's tall battle-  
ment ;  
Straining each sinew to ascend,  
Foot, hand, and knee, their aid  
must lend.  
Wilfrid, all dizzy with dismay,  
Views from beneath, his dreadful  
way :  
Now to the oak's warp'd roots he  
clings,  
Now trusts his weight to ivy  
strings ;  
Now, like the wild-goat, must he  
dare  
An unsupported leap in air ;  
Hid in the shrubby rain-course  
now,  
You mark him by the crashing  
bough,  
And by his corslet's sullen clank,  
And by the stones spurn'd from  
the bank,  
And by the hawk scared from her  
nest,  
And ravens croaking o'er their  
guest,  
Who deem his forfeit limbs shall  
pay  
The tribute of his bold essay.

## XV.

See, he emerges !—desperate now  
All farther course—Yon beetling  
brow,

In craggy nakedness sublime,  
What heart or foot shall dare to  
climb ?  
It bears no tendril for his clasp,  
Presents no angle to his grasp :  
Sole stay his foot may rest  
upon,  
Is yon earth-bedded jetting stone.  
Balanced on such precarious  
prop,  
He strains his grasp to reach the  
top.  
Just as the dangerous stretch he  
makes,  
By Heaven, his faithless footstool  
shakes !  
Beneath his tottering bulk it  
bends,  
It sways, . . . it loosens, . . .  
it descends !  
And downward holds its headlong  
way,  
Crashing o'er rock and copse-  
wood spray.  
Loud thunders shake the echoing  
dell !—  
Fell it alone ?—alone it fell.  
Just on the very verge of fate,  
The hardy Bertram's falling  
weight  
He trusted to his sinewy hands,  
And on the top unharm'd he  
stands !—

## XVI.

Wilfrid a safer path pursued ;  
At intervals where, roughly  
hew'd,  
Rude steps ascending from the  
dell  
Render'd the cliffs accessible.  
By circuit slow he thus attain'd  
The height that Risingham had  
gain'd,

And when he issued from the  
 wood,  
 Before the gate of Mortham  
 stood.<sup>298</sup>  
 'Twas a fair scene ! the sunbeam  
 lay  
 On battled tower and portal grey :  
 And from the grassy slope he sees  
 The Greta flow to meet the Tees ;  
 Where, issuing from her dark-  
 some bed,  
 She caught the morning's eastern  
 red,  
 And through the softening vale  
 below  
 Roll'd her bright waves, in rosy  
 glow,  
 All blushing to her bridal bed,  
 Like some shy maid in convent  
 bred ;  
 While linnet, lark, and blackbird  
 gay,  
 Sing forth her nuptial roundelay.

## XVII.

'Twas sweetly sung that rounde-  
 lay ;  
 That summer morn shone blithe  
 and gay ;  
 But morning beam, and wild-  
 bird's call,  
 Awaked not Mortham's silent  
 hall.  
 No porter, by the low-brow'd  
 gate,  
 Took in the wonted niche his  
 seat ;  
 To the paved court no peasant  
 drew ;  
 Waked to their toil no menial  
 crew ;  
 The maiden's carol was not  
 heard,  
 As to her morning task she fared :

In the void offices around,  
 Rung not a hoof, nor bay'd a  
 hound ;  
 Nor eager steed, with shrilling  
 neigh,  
 Accused the lagging groom's  
 delay ;  
 Untrimm'd, undress'd, neglected  
 now,  
 Was alley'd walk and orchard  
 bough ;  
 All spoke the master's absent care,  
 All spoke neglect and disrepair.  
 South of the gate, an arrow flight,  
 Two mighty elms their limbs  
 unite,  
 As if a canopy to spread  
 O'er the lone dwelling of the  
 dead ;  
 For their huge boughs in arches  
 bent  
 Above a massive monument,  
 Carved o'er in ancient Gothic  
 wise,  
 With many a scutcheon and  
 device ;  
 There, spent with toil and sunk  
 in gloom,  
 Bertram stood pondering by the  
 tomb.

## XVIII.

" It vanish'd, like a flitting ghost !  
 Behind this tomb," he said,  
 "'twas lost—  
 This tomb, where oft I deem'd  
 lies stored  
 Of Mortham's Indian wealth the  
 hoard.  
 'Tis true, the aged servants said  
 Here his lamented wife is laid ;  
 But weightier reasons may be  
 guess'd  
 For their lord's strict and stern  
 behest,

That none should on his steps  
intrude,  
Whene'er he sought this soli-  
tude.—  
An ancient mariner I knew,  
What time I sail'd with Morgan's  
crew,  
Who oft, 'mid our carousals,  
spake  
Of Raleigh, Forbisher, and  
Drake ;  
Adventurous hearts ! who  
barter'd, bold,  
Their English steel for Spanish  
gold.  
Trust not, would his experience  
say,  
Captain or comrade with your  
prey ;  
But seek some charnel, when, at  
full,  
The moon gilds skeleton and  
skull :  
There dig, and tomb your precious  
heap ;  
And bid the dead your treasure  
keep ;<sup>299</sup>  
Sure stewards they, if fitting  
spell  
Their service to the task compel.  
Lacks there such charnel?—kill  
a slave,  
Or prisoner, on the treasure-  
grave ;  
And bid his discontented ghost  
Stalk nightly on his lonely post.—  
Such was his tale. Its truth, I  
ween,  
Is in my morning vision seen.”—

## XIX.

Wilfrid, who scorn'd the legend  
wild,  
In mingled mirth and pity smiled,

Much marvelling that a breast  
so bold  
In such fond tale belief should  
hold ;  
But yet of Bertram sought to  
know  
The apparition's form and show.—  
The power within the guilty  
breast,  
Oft vanquish'd, never quite sup-  
press'd,  
That unsubdued and lurking lies  
To take the felon by surprise,  
And force him, as by magic  
spell,  
In his despite his guilt to tell,—<sup>300</sup>  
That power in Bertram's breast  
awoke ;  
Scarce conscious he was heard,  
he spoke ;  
“ 'Twas Mortham's form, from  
foot to head !  
His morion, with the plume of red,  
His shape, his mien—'twas  
Mortham, right  
As when I slew him in the fight.”—  
“ Thou slay him?—thou? ”—  
With conscious start  
He heard, then mann'd his  
haughty heart—  
“ I slew him?—I !—I had forgot  
Thou, stripling, knew'st not of  
the plot.  
But it is spoken—nor will I  
Deed done, or spoken word,  
deny.  
I slew him ; I ! for thankless  
pride ;  
'Twas by this hand that Mortham  
died ! ”

## XX.

Wilfrid, of gentle hand and heart,  
Averse to every active part,

But most averse to martial broil,  
From danger shrunk, and turn'd  
from toil ;

Yet the meek lover of the lyre  
Nursed one brave spark of noble  
fire,

Against injustice, fraud, or wrong,  
His blood beat high, his hand  
wax'd strong.

Not his the nerves that could  
sustain,

Unshaken, danger, toil, and pain ;  
But, when that spark blazed forth  
to flame,

He rose superior to his frame.

And now it came, that generous  
mood :

And, in full current of his blood,  
On Bertram he laid desperate  
hand,

Placed firm his foot, and drew  
his brand.

"Should every fiend, to whom  
thou'rt sold,

Rise in thine aid, I keep my  
hold.—

Arouse there, ho ! take spear and  
sword !

Attach the murderer of your  
Lord !"

## XXI.

A moment, fix'd as by a spell,  
Stood Bertram—It seem'd miracle,  
That one so feeble, soft, and  
tame

Set grasp on warlike Risingham.  
But when he felt a feeble stroke,  
The fiend within the ruffian  
woke !

To wrench the sword from Wil-  
frid's hand ;

To dash him headlong on the  
sand,

Was but one moment's work,—  
one more

Had drench'd the blade in Wil-  
frid's gore ;

But, in the instant it arose,  
To end his life, his love, his woes,

A warlike form, that mark'd the  
scene,

Presents his rapier sheathed be-  
tween,

Parries the fast-descending blow,  
And steps 'twixt Wilfrid and his  
foe ;

Nor then unscabbarded his brand,  
But, sternly pointing with his hand,  
With monarch's voice forbade the  
fight,

And motion'd Bertram from his  
sight.

"Go, and repent,"—he said,  
"while time

Is given thee ; add not crime to  
crime."

## XXII.

Mute, and uncertain, and amazed,  
As on a vision Bertram gazed !

'Twas Mortham's bearing, bold  
and high,

His sinewy frame, his falcon eye,  
His look and accent of command,  
The martial gesture of his hand,

His stately form, spare-built and  
tall,

His war-bleach'd locks—'twas  
Mortham all.

Through Bertram's dizzy brain  
career

A thousand thoughts, and all of  
fear ;

His wavering faith received not  
quite

The form he saw as Mortham's  
sprite,

But more he fear'd it, if it stood  
His lord, in living flesh and  
blood.—

What spectre can the charnel  
send,

So dreadful as an injured friend?  
Then, too, the habit of command,

Used by the leader of the band,  
When Risingham, for many a  
day,

Had march'd and fought beneath  
his sway,

Tamed him—and, with reverted  
face,

Backwards he bore his sullen  
pace;

Oft stopp'd, and oft on Mortham  
stared,

And dark as rated mastiff glared;  
But when the tramp of steeds was  
heard,

Plunged in the glen, and dis-  
appeared;—

Nor longer there the Warrior  
stood,

Retiring eastward through the  
wood;

But first to Wilfrid warning  
gives,

“Tell thou to none that Mortham  
lives.”

## XXIII.

Still rung these words in Wilfrid's  
ear,

Hinting he knew not what of  
fear;

When nearer came the courser's  
tread,

And, with his father at their head,  
Of horsemen arm'd a gallant  
power

Rein'd up their steeds before the  
tower.

“Whence these pale looks, my  
son!” he said:

“Where's Bertram?—Why that  
naked blade?”

Wilfrid ambiguously replied,  
(For Mortham's charge his honour  
tied,)

“Bertram is gone—the villain's  
word

Avouch'd him murderer of his  
lord!

Even now we fought—but, when  
your tread

Announced you nigh, the felon  
fed.”

In Wycliffe's conscious eye appear  
A guilty hope, a guilty fear;

On his pale brow the dewdrop  
broke,

And his lip quiver'd as he spoke:—

## XXIV.

“A murderer!—Philip Mortham  
died

Amid the battle's wildest tide.

Wilfrid, or Bertram raves, or you!

Yet, grant such strange confes-  
sion true,

Pursuit were vain—let him fly  
far—

Justice must sleep in civil war.”

A gallant Youth rode near his side,  
Brave Rokeby's page, in battle  
tried;

That morn, an embassy of weight  
He brought to Barnard's castle  
gate,

And follow'd now in Wycliffe's  
train,

An answer for his lord to gain.  
His steed, whose arch'd and sable  
neck

An hundred wreaths of foam  
bedeck,

An hundred wreaths of foam  
bedeck,

Chafed not against the curb more  
high  
Than he at Oswald's cold reply ;  
He bit his lip, implored his saint,  
(His the old faith)—then burst  
restraint.

## XXV.

“ Yes ! I beheld his bloody fall,  
By that base traitor's dastard ball,  
Just when I thought to measure  
sword,  
Presumptuous hope ! with Mor-  
tham's lord  
And shall the murderer 'scape,  
who slew  
His leader, generous, brave, and  
true ?  
Escape, while on the dew you  
trace  
The marks of his gigantic pace ?  
No ! ere the sun that dew shall  
dry,  
False Risingham shall yield or  
die.—  
Ring out the castle 'larum bell !  
Arouse the peasants with the  
knell !  
Meantime disperse — ride,  
gallants, ride !  
Beset the wood on every side.  
But if among you one there be,  
That honours Mortham's memory,  
Let him dismount and follow me !  
Else on your crests sit fear and  
shame,  
And foul suspicion dog your  
name ! ”

## XXVI.

Instant to earth young REDMOND  
sprung ;  
Instant on earth the harness rung

Of twenty men of Wycliffe's band,  
Who waited not their lord's com-  
mand.  
Redmond his spurs from buskins  
drew,  
His mantle from his shoulders  
threw,  
His pistols in his belt he placed,  
The green-wood gain'd, the foot-  
steps traced,  
Shouted like huntsman to his  
hounds,  
“ To cover, hark ! ”—and in he  
bounds.  
Scarce heard was Oswald's  
anxious cry,  
“ Suspicion ! yes—pursue him—  
fly—  
But venture not, in useless strife,  
On ruffian desperate of his life,  
Whoever finds him, shoot him  
dead !  
Five hundred nobles for his  
head ! ”

## XXVII.

The horsemen gallop'd, to make  
good  
Each path that issued from the  
wood.  
Loud from the thickets rung the  
shout  
Of Redmond and his eager rout ;  
With them was Wilfrid, stung  
with ire,  
And envying Redmond's martial  
fire,  
And emulous of fame.—But where  
Is Oswald, noble Mortham's  
heir ?  
He, bound by honour, law, and  
faith,  
Avenger of his kinsman's  
death ?—

Leaning against the elmin tree,  
 With drooping head and slacken'd  
 knee,  
 And clenched teeth, and close-  
 clasp'd hands,  
 In agony of soul he stands !  
 His downcast eye on earth is bent,  
 His soul to every sound is lent ;  
 For in each shout that cleaves the  
 air,  
 May ring discovery and despair.

## XXVIII.

What 'vail'd it him, that brightly  
 play'd  
 The morning sun on Mortham's  
 glade ?  
 All seems in giddy round to ride,  
 Like objects on a stormy tide,  
 Seen eddying by the moonlight  
 dim,  
 Imperfectly to sink and swim.  
 What 'vail'd it, that the fair  
 domain,  
 Its battled mansion, hill, and  
 plain,  
 On which the sun so brightly  
 shone,  
 Envied so long, was now his own ?  
 The lowest dungeon, in that hour,  
 Of Brackenbury's dismal tower,<sup>302</sup>  
 Had been his choice, could such  
 a doom  
 Have open'd Mortham's bloody  
 tomb !  
 Forced, too, to turn unwilling  
 ear  
 To each surmise of hope or fear,  
 Murmur'd among the rustics  
 round,  
 Who gather'd at the 'larum sound ;  
 He dared not turn his head away,  
 E'en to look up to heaven to  
 pray,

Or call on hell, in bitter mood,  
 For one sharp death-shot from the  
 wood !

## XXIX.

At length, o'erpast that dreadful  
 space,  
 Back straggling came the scatter'd  
 chase ;  
 Jaded and weary, horse and man,  
 Return'd the troopers, one by one.  
 Wilfrid, the last, arrived to say,  
 All trace was lost of Bertram's  
 way,  
 Though Redmond still, up  
 Brignal wood,  
 The hopeless quest in vain pur-  
 sued.—  
 O, fatal doom of human race !  
 What tyrant passions passions  
 chase !  
 Remorse from Oswald's brow is  
 gone,  
 Avarice and pride resume their  
 throne ;  
 The pang of instant terror by,  
 They dictate thus their slave's  
 reply :—

## XXX.

“ Ay—let him range like hasty  
 hound !  
 And if the grim wolf's lair be  
 found,  
 Small is my care how goes the  
 game  
 With Redmond, or with Rising-  
 ham.—  
 Nay, answer not, thou simple  
 boy !  
 Thy fair Matilda, all so coy  
 To thee, is of another mood  
 To that bold youth of Erin's  
 blood.



Thy ditties will she freely praise,  
 And pay thy pains with courtly  
 phrase ;  
 In a rough path will oft com-  
 mand—  
 Accept at least — thy friendly  
 hand ;  
 His she avoids, or, urged and  
 pray'd,  
 Unwilling takes his proffer'd aid,  
 While conscious passion plainly  
 speaks  
 In downcast look and blushing  
 cheeks.  
 Whene'er he sings, will she glide  
 nigh,  
 And all her soul is in her eye ;  
 Yet doubts she still to tender free  
 The wonted words of courtesy.  
 These are strong signs ! — yet  
 wherefore sigh,  
 And wipe, effeminate, thine eye ?  
 Thine shall she be, if thou attend  
 The counsels of thy sire and  
 friend.

## XXXI.

“ Scarce wert thou gone, when  
 peep of light  
 Brought genuine news of Mars-  
 ton's fight.  
 Brave Cromwell turn'd the doubt-  
 ful tide,  
 And conquest bless'd the right-  
 ful side ;  
 Three thousand cavaliers lie dead,  
 Rupert and that bold Marquis  
 fled ;  
 Nobles and knights, so proud of  
 late,  
 Must fine for freedom and estate.  
 Of these, committed to my charge,  
 Is Rokeby, prisoner at large ;  
 Redmond, his page arrived, to say

He reaches Barnard's towers to-  
 day.  
 Right heavy shall his ransom be,  
 Unless that maid compound with  
 thee ! <sup>302</sup>  
 Go to her now—be bold of cheer,  
 While her soul floats 'twixt hope  
 and fear ;  
 It is the very change of tide,  
 When best the female heart is  
 tried—  
 Pride, prejudice, and modesty,  
 Are in the current swept to sea ;  
 And the bold swain, who plies  
 his oar,  
 May lightly row his bark to  
 shore.”

## CANTO THIRD.

## I.

THE hunting tribes of air and earth  
 Respect the brethren of their  
 birth ;  
 Nature, who loves the claim of  
 kind,  
 Less cruel chase to each assign'd.  
 The falcon, poised on soaring  
 wing,  
 Watches the wild-duck by the  
 spring ;  
 The slow-hound wakes the fox's  
 lair ;  
 The greyhound presses on the  
 hare ;  
 The eagle pounces on the lamb ;  
 The wolf devours the fleecy dam :  
 Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,  
 Their likeness and their lineage  
 spare,  
 Man, only, mars kind Nature's  
 plan,  
 And turns the fierce pursuit on  
 man ;

Plying war's desultory trade,  
 Incurion, flight, and ambuscade,  
 Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty  
 son,  
 At first the bloody game begun.

## II.

The Indian, prowling for his  
 prey,  
 Who hears the settlers track his  
 way,<sup>303</sup>  
 And knows in distant forest far  
 Camp his red brethren of the  
 war ;  
 He, when each double and dis-  
 guise  
 To baffle the pursuit he tries,  
 Low crouching now his head to  
 hide,  
 Where swampy streams through  
 rushes glide,  
 Now covering with the wither'd  
 leaves  
 The foot-prints that the dew re-  
 ceives :  
 He, skill'd in every silvan guile,  
 Knows not, nor tries, such various  
 wile,  
 As Risingham, when on the wind  
 Arose the loud pursuit behind.  
 In Redesdale his youth had heard  
 Each art her wily dalesmen  
 dared,  
 When Rookan-edge, and Red-  
 swair high,  
 To bugle rung and blood-hound's  
 cry,<sup>304</sup>  
 Announcing Jedwood - axe and  
 spear,  
 And Lid'sdale riders in the rear ;  
 And well his venturous life had  
 proved,  
 The lessons that his childhood  
 loved.

## III.

Oft had he shown, in climes afar,  
 Each attribute of roving war ;  
 The sharpen'd ear, the piercing  
 eye,  
 The quick resolve in danger nigh ;  
 The speed, that in the flight or  
 chase,  
 Outstripp'd the Charib's rapid  
 race ;  
 The steady brain, the sinewy  
 limb,  
 To leap, to climb, to dive, to  
 swim ;  
 The iron frame, inured to bear  
 Each dire inclemency of air.  
 Nor less confirm'd to undergo  
 Fatigue's faint chill, and famine's  
 throe.  
 These arts he proved, his life to  
 save,  
 In peril oft by land and wave,  
 On Arawaca's desert shore,  
 Or where La Plata's billows roar.  
 When oft the sons of vengeful  
 Spain  
 Track'd the marauder's steps in  
 vain.  
 These arts, in Indian warfare  
 tried,  
 Must save him now by Greta's  
 side.

## IV.

'Twas then, in hour of utmost  
 need,  
 He proved his courage, art, and  
 speed.  
 Now slow he stalk'd with stealthy  
 pace,  
 Now started forth in rapid race,  
 Oft doubling back in mazy train,  
 To blind the trace the dews  
 retain ;

Now clombe the rocks projecting  
 high,  
 To baffle the pursuer's eye ;  
 Now sought the stream, whose  
 brawling sound  
 The echo of his footsteps drown'd.  
 But if the forest verge he hears,  
 There trample steeds, and  
 glimmer spears ;  
 If deeper down the copse he drew,  
 He heard the rangers' loud halloo,  
 Beating each cover while they  
 came,  
 As if to start the silvan game.  
 'Twas then—like tiger close beset  
 At every pass with toil and net,  
 'Counter'd, where'er he turns his  
 glare,  
 By clashing arms and torches'  
 flare,  
 Who meditates, with furious  
 bound,  
 To burst on hunter, horse, and  
 hound,—  
 'Twas then that Bertram's soul  
 arose,  
 Prompting to rush upon his foes :  
 But as that crouching tiger, cow'd  
 By brandish'd steel and shouting  
 crowd,  
 Retreats beneath the jungle's  
 shroud,  
 Bertram suspends his purpose  
 stern,  
 And couches in the brake and  
 fern,  
 Hiding his face, lest foemen spy  
 The sparkle of his swarthy eye.<sup>305</sup>

## V.

Then Bertram might the bear-  
 ing trace  
 Of the bold youth who led the  
 chase ;

Who paused to list for every  
 sound,  
 Climb every height to look  
 around,  
 Then rushing on with naked  
 sword,  
 Each dingle's bosky depths ex-  
 plored.  
 'Twas Redmond — by the azure  
 eye ;  
 'Twas Redmond — by the locks  
 that fly  
 Disorder'd from his glowing  
 cheek ;  
 Mien, face, and form, young  
 Redmond speak  
 A form more active, light, and  
 strong,  
 Ne'er shot the ranks of war  
 along ;  
 The modest, yet the manly  
 mien,  
 Might grace the court of maiden  
 queen  
 A face more fair you well might  
 find,  
 For Redmond's knew the sun  
 and wind,  
 Nor boasted, from their tinge  
 when free,  
 The charm of regularity ;  
 But every feature had the power  
 To aid the expression of the  
 hour :  
 Whether gay wit, and humour  
 sly,  
 Danced laughing in his light-blue  
 eye ;  
 Or bended brow, and glance of  
 fire,  
 And kindling cheek, spoke Erin's  
 ire ;  
 Or soft and sadden'd glances  
 show  
 Her ready sympathy with woe ;

Or in that wayward mood of  
mind,  
When various feelings are com-  
bined,  
When joy and sorrow mingle  
near,  
And hope's bright wings are  
check'd by fear,  
And rising doubts keep transport  
down,  
And anger lends a short-lived  
frown ;  
In that strange mood which  
maids approve  
Even when they dare not call it  
love ;  
With every change his features  
play'd,  
As aspens show the light and  
shade.

## VI.

Well Risingham young Redmond  
knew :  
And much he marvell'd that the  
crew,  
Roused to revenge bold Mortham  
dead,  
Were by that Mortham's foeman  
led ;  
For never felt his soul the woe,  
That wails a generous foeman low,  
Far less that sense of justice  
strong,  
That wrecks a generous foeman's  
wrong.  
But small his leisure now to  
pause ;  
Redmond is first, whate'er the  
cause :  
And twice that Redmond came so  
near  
Where Bertram couch'd like  
hunted deer,

The very boughs his steps dis-  
place,  
Rustled against the ruffian's face,  
Who, desperate, twice prepared  
to start,  
And plunge his dagger in his  
heart !  
But Redmond turn'd a different  
way,  
And the bent boughs resumed  
their sway,  
And Bertram held it wise, unseen,  
Deeper to plunge in coppice green.  
Thus, circled in his coil, the snake,  
When roving hunters beat the  
brake,  
Watches with red and glistening  
eye,  
Prepared, if heedless step draw  
nigh,  
With forked tongue and venom'd  
fang  
Instant to dart the deadly pang ;  
But if the intruders turn aside,  
Away his coils unfolded glide,  
And through the deep savannah  
wind,  
Some undisturb'd retreat to find.

## VII.

But Bertram, as he backward  
drew,  
And heard the loud pursuit renew,  
And Redmond's hollo on the wind,  
Oft mutter'd in his savage mind—  
“ Redmond O'Neale ! were thou  
and I  
Alone this day's event to try,  
With not a second here to see,  
But the grey cliff and oaken tree,—  
That voice of thine, that shouts so  
loud,  
Should ne'er repeat its summons  
proud !

No! nor e'er try its melting power  
Again in maiden's summer  
bower."

Eluded, now behind him die,  
Faint and more faint, each hostile  
cry;

He stands in Scargill wood alone,  
Nor hears he now a harsher tone  
Than the hoarse cushat's plaintive  
cry,

Or Greta's sound that murmurs  
by;

And on the dale, so lone and wild,  
The summer sun in quiet smiled.

## VIII.

He listen'd long with anxious  
heart,

Ear bent to hear, and foot to start,  
And, while his stretch'd attention  
glows,

Refused his weary frame repose.  
'Twas silence all—he laid him  
down,

Where purple heath profusely  
strown,

And throatwort, with its azure  
bell,

And moss and thyme his cushion  
swell.

There, spent with toil, he listless  
eyed

The course of Greta's playful tide;  
Beneath, her banks now eddy  
dun,

Now brightly gleaming to the sun,  
As, dancing over rock and stone,  
In yellow light her currents shone,  
Matching in hue the favourite

gem  
Of Albin's mountain-diadem.

Then, tired to watch the current's  
play,

He turn'd his weary eyes away,

To where the bank opposing  
show'd

Its huge, square cliffs through  
shaggy wood.

One, prominent above the rest,  
Rear'd to the sun its pale gray  
breast;

Around its broken summit grew  
The hazel rude, and sable yew;  
A thousand varied lichens dyed

Its waste and weather-beatenside,  
And round its rugged basis lay,

By time or thunder rent away,  
Fragments, that, from its frontlet  
torn,

Were mantled now by verdant  
thorn.

Such was the scene's wild majesty,  
That fill'd stern Bertram's gazing  
eye.

## IX.

In sullen mood he lay reclined,  
Revolving, in his stormy mind,  
The felon deed, the fruitless guilt,  
His patron's blood by treason

spilt;

A crime, it seem'd, so dire and  
dread,

That it had power to wake the dead.  
Then, pondering on his life

betray'd  
By Oswald's art to Redmond's  
blade,

In treacherous purpose to with-  
hold,

So seem'd it, Mortham's promised  
gold,

A deep and full revenge he vow'd  
On Redmond, forward, fierce, and

proud;

Revenge on Wilfrid—on his sire  
Redoubled vengeance, swift and

dire!—

If, in such mood, (as legends say,  
 And well believed that simple day,)  
 The Enemy of Man has power  
 To profit by the evil hour,  
 Here stood a wretch, prepared to  
 change  
 His soul's redemption for re-  
 venge!<sup>306</sup>  
 But though his vows, with such  
 a fire  
 Of earnest and intense desire  
 For vengeance dark and fell, were  
 made,  
 As well might reach hell's lowest  
 shade,  
 No deeper clouds the grove em-  
 brown'd,  
 No nether thunders shook the  
 ground;—  
 The demon knew his vassal's  
 heart,  
 And spared temptation's needless  
 art.

## X.

Oft, mingled with the direful  
 theme,  
 Come Mortham's form—Was it a  
 dream?  
 Or had he seen, in vision true,  
 That very Mortham whom he  
 slew?  
 Or had in living flesh appear'd  
 The only man on earth he  
 fear'd?—  
 To try the mystic cause intent,  
 His eyes, that on the cliff were  
 bent,  
 'Counter'd at once a dazzling  
 glance,  
 Like sunbeam flash'd from sword  
 or lance.  
 At once he started as for fight,  
 But not a foeman was in sight;

He heard the cushat's murmur  
 hoarse,  
 He heard the river's sounding  
 course;  
 The solitary woodlands lay,  
 As slumbering in the summer ray.  
 He gazed, like lion roused, around,  
 Then sunk again upon the ground.  
 'Twas but, he thought, some fitful  
 beam,  
 Glanced sudden from the sparkling  
 stream;  
 Then plunged him from his  
 gloomy train  
 Of ill-connected thoughts again,  
 Until a voice behind him cried,  
 "Bertram! well met on Greta  
 side."

## XI.

Instant his sword was in his hand,  
 As instant sunk the ready brand;  
 Yet, dubious still, opposed he  
 stood  
 To him that issued from the  
 wood:  
 "Guy Denzil!—is it thou?" he  
 said;  
 "Do we two meet in Scargill  
 shade!—  
 Stand back a space!—thy purpose  
 show,  
 Whether thou comest as friend or  
 foe.  
 Report hath said, that Denzil's  
 name  
 From Rokeby's band was razed  
 with shame."—  
 "A shame I owe that hot O'Neale,  
 Who told his knight, in peevish  
 zeal,  
 Of my marauding on the clowns  
 Of Calverley and Bradford  
 downs.<sup>307</sup>

I reckon not. In a war to strive,  
 Where, save the leaders, none  
 can thrive,  
 Suits ill my mood; and better  
 game  
 Awaits us both, if thou'rt the  
 same  
 Unscrupulous, bold Risingham,  
 Who watched with me in mid-  
 night dark,  
 To snatch a deer from Rokeby-  
 park.  
 How think'st thou?"—"Speak  
 thy purpose out;  
 I love not mystery or doubt."—

## XII.

"Then, list.—Not far there lurk  
 a crew  
 Of trusty comrades, stanch and  
 true,  
 Glean'd from both factions—  
 Roundheads, freed  
 From cant of sermon and of  
 creed;  
 And Cavaliers, whose souls, like  
 mine,  
 Spurn at the bonds of discipline.  
 Wiser, we judge, by dale and  
 wold,  
 A warfare of our own to hold,  
 Than breathe our last on battle-  
 down,  
 For cloak or surplice, mace or  
 crown.  
 Our schemes are laid, our purpose  
 set,  
 A chief and leader lack we yet.—  
 Thou art a wanderer, it is said;  
 For Mortham's death, thy steps  
 way-laid,  
 Thy head at price—so say our  
 spies,  
 Who range the valley in disguise.

Join then with us:—though wild  
 debate  
 And wrangling rend our infant  
 state,  
 Each to an equal loth to bow,  
 Will yield to chief renown'd as  
 thou."—

## XIII.

"Even now," thought Bertram,  
 passion stirr'd,  
 "I call'd on hell, and hell has  
 heard!  
 What lack I, vengeance to com-  
 mand,  
 But of staunch comrades such a  
 band?  
 This Denzil, vow'd to every evil,  
 Might read a lesson to the devil.  
 Well, be it so! each knave and fool  
 Shall serve as my revenge's  
 tool."—  
 Aloud, "I take thy proffer, Guy,  
 But tell me where thy comrades  
 lie?"  
 "Not far from hence," Guy  
 Denzil said;  
 "Descend, and cross the river's  
 bed,  
 Where rises yonder cliff so  
 grey."—  
 "Do thou," said Bertram, "lead  
 the way."  
 Then mutter'd, "It is best make  
 sure;  
 Guy Denzil's faith was never  
 pure."  
 He follow'd down the steep  
 descent,  
 Then through the Greta's streams  
 they went;  
 And, when they reach'd the  
 farther shore,  
 They stood the lonely cliff before.

## XIV.

With wonder Bertram heard  
 within  
 The flinty rock a murmur'd din ;  
 But when Guy pull'd the wilding  
 spray,  
 And brambles, from its base  
 away,

He saw, appearing to the air,  
 A little entrance, low and square,  
 Like opening cell of hermit lone,  
 Dark, winding through the living  
 stone.

Here enter'd Denzil, Bertram  
 here ;

And loud and louder on their  
 ear,

As from the bowels of the earth,  
 Resounded shouts of boisterous  
 mirth.

Of old, the cavern strait and  
 rude,

In slaty rock the peasant hew'd ;  
 And Brignall's woods, and Scar-  
 gill's, wave,

E'en now, o'er many a sister  
 cave,<sup>308</sup>

Where, far within the darksome  
 rift,

The wedge and lever ply their  
 thrift.

But war had silenced rural trade,  
 And the deserted mine was made  
 The banquet-hall and fortress  
 too,

Of Denzil and his desperate  
 crew.—

There Guilt his anxious revel  
 kept ;

There, on his sordid pallet, slept  
 Guilt-born Excess, the goblet  
 drain'd

Still in his slumbering grasp  
 retain'd ;

Regret was there, his eye still  
 cast

With vain repining on the  
 past ;

Among the feasters waited near  
 Sorrow, and unrepentant Fear,  
 And Blasphemy, to frenzy driven,  
 With his own crimes reproaching  
 heaven ;

While Bertram show'd, amid the  
 crew,

The Master-Fiend that Milton  
 drew.

## XV.

Hark! the loud revel wakes  
 again,

To greet the leader of the train.

Behold the group by the pale  
 lamp,

That struggles with the earthy  
 damp.

By what strange features Vice  
 hath known,

To single out and mark her own !  
 Yet some there are, whose brows  
 retain

Less deeply stamp'd her brand  
 and stain.

See yon pale stripling! when a  
 boy,

A mother's pride, a father's  
 joy!

Now, 'gainst the vault's rude  
 walls reclined,

An early image fills his mind :  
 The cottage, once his sire's, he  
 sees,

Embower'd upon the banks of  
 Tees ;

He views sweet Winston's wood-  
 land scene,

And shares the dance on Gain-  
 ford-green.



A tear is springing—but the zest,  
Of some wild tale, or brutal  
jest

Hath to loud laughter stirr'd the  
rest.

On him they call, the aptest mate  
For jovial song and merry feat :  
Fast flies his dream—with daunt-  
less air,

As one victorious o'er Despair,  
He bids the ruddy cup go  
round,

Till sense and sorrow both are  
drown'd ;

And soon, in merry wassail, he,  
The life of all their revelry,  
Peals his loud song !—The muse  
has found

Her blossoms on the wildest  
ground,

'Mid noxious weeds at random  
strew'd,

Themselves all profitless and  
rude.—

With desperate merriment he  
sung,

The cavern to the chorus rung ;  
Yet mingled with his reckless  
glee

Remorse's bitter agony.

## XVI.

## Song.

O, Brignall banks are wild and  
fair,

And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands  
there,

Would grace a sunner queen.

And as I rode by Dalton-hall.

Beneath the turrets high,

A Maiden on the castle wall

Was singing merrily,—

## CHORUS.

“O, Brignall banks are fresh and  
fair,

And Greta woods are green ;

I'd rather rove with Edmund  
there,

Than reign our English  
queen.”—

“If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend  
with me,

To leave both tower and town,

Thou first must guess what life  
lead we,

That dwell by dale and down ?

And if thou canst that riddle read,

As read full well you may,

Then to the greenwood shalt thou  
speed,

As blithe as Queen of May.”—

## CHORUS.

Yet sung she, “Brignall banks  
are fair,

And Greta woods are green ;

I'd rather rove with Edmund  
there,

Than reign our English queen.

## XVII.

“I read you, by your bugle-  
horn,

And by your palfrey good,

I read you for a ranger sworn,

To keep the king's green-  
wood.”—

“A Ranger, lady, winds his  
horn,

And 'tis at peep of light ;

His blast is heard at merry  
morn,

And mine at dead of night.”—

## CHORUS.

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks  
are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay ;  
I would I were with Edmund  
there,  
To reign his Queen of May !

"With burnish'd brand and  
musketoon,  
So gallantly you come,  
I read you for a bold Dragoon,  
That lists the tuck of  
drum."—

"I list no more the tuck of  
drum,  
No more the trumpet hear ;  
But when the beetle sounds his  
hum,  
My comrades take the spear.

## CHORUS.

"And, O! though Brignall banks,  
be fair,  
And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,  
Would reign my Queen of  
May !

## XVIII.

"Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die !  
The fiend, whose lantern lights  
the mead,  
Were better mate than I !  
And when I'm with my comrades  
met,  
Beneath the greenwood bough,  
What once we were we all forget,  
Nor think what we are now.

## CHORUS.

"Yet Brignall banks are fresh  
and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands  
there  
Would grace a summer queen."

When Edmund ceased his simple  
song,  
Was silence on the sullen  
throng,  
Till waked some ruder mate their  
glee  
With note of coarser minstrelsy.  
But, far apart, in dark divan,  
Denzil and Bertram many a plan,  
Of import foul and fierce, design'd,  
While still on Bertram's grasping  
mind  
The wealth of murder'd Mortham  
hung ;  
Though half he fear'd his daring  
tongue,  
When it should give his wishes  
birth,  
Might raise a spectre from the  
earth !

## XIX.

At length his wondrous tale he  
told :  
When, scornful, smiled his com-  
rade bold ;  
For, train'd in license of a  
court,  
Religion's self was Denzil's  
sport ;  
Then judge in what contempt he  
held  
The visionary tales of eld !  
His awe for Bertram scarce  
repress'd  
The unbeliever's sneering jest.

"Twere hard," he said, "for  
 sage or seer,  
 To spell the subject of your  
 fear ;  
 Nor do I boast the art renown'd,  
 Vision and omen to expound.  
 Yet, faith if I must needs afford  
 To spectre watching treasured  
 hoard,  
 As bandog keeps his master's  
 roof,  
 Bidding the plunderer stand  
 aloof,  
 This doubt remains—thy goblin  
 gaunt  
 Hath chosen ill his ghostly  
 haunt ;  
 For why his guard on Mortham  
 hold,  
 When Rokeby castle hath the  
 gold  
 Thy patron won on Indian soil,  
 By stealth, by piracy, and  
 spoil?"—

## XX.

At this he paused—for angry  
 shame  
 Lower'd on the brow of Rising-  
 ham.  
 He blushed to think, that he  
 should seem  
 Assertor of an airy dream,  
 And gave his wrath another  
 theme.  
 "Denzil," he says, "though  
 lowly laid,  
 Wrong not the memory of the  
 dead ;  
 For, while he lived, at Mortham's  
 look  
 Thy very soul, Guy Denzil,  
 shook !

And when he tax'd thy breach of  
 word  
 To yon fair Rose of Allenford,  
 I saw thee crouch like chasten'd  
 hound,  
 Whose back the huntsman's lash  
 hath found.  
 Nor dare to call his foreign  
 wealth  
 The spoil of piracy or stealth ;  
 He won it bravely with his brand,  
 When Spain waged warfare with  
 our land.<sup>309</sup>  
 Mark, too—I brook no idle jeer,  
 Nor couple Bertram's name with  
 fear ;  
 Mine is but half the demon's  
 lot,  
 For I believe, but tremble not.—  
 Enough of this.—Say, why this  
 hoard  
 Thou deem'st at Rokeby castle  
 stored ;  
 Or think'st that Mortham would  
 bestow  
 His treasure with his faction's  
 foe?"

## XXI.

Soon quench'd was Denzil's ill-  
 timed mirth ;  
 Rather he would have seen the  
 earth  
 Give to ten thousand spectres  
 birth,  
 Than venture to awake to flame  
 The deadly wrath of Risingham.  
 Submiss he answer'd,—“Mor-  
 tham's mind,  
 Thou know'st, to joy was ill  
 inclined.  
 In youth, 'tis said, a gallant free,  
 A lusty reveller was he ;  
 But since return'd from over sea,

A sullen and a silent mood  
 Hath numb'd the current of his  
 blood.  
 Hence he refused each kindly call  
 To Rokeby's hospitable hall,  
 And our stout knight, at dawn of  
 morn  
 Who loved to hear the bugle-  
 horn,  
 Nor less, when eve his oaks  
 embrown'd,  
 To see the ruddy cup go round,  
 Took umbrage that a friend so  
 near  
 Refused to share his chase and  
 cheer ;  
 Thus did the kindred barons jar,  
 Ere they divided in the war.  
 Yet, trust me, friend, Matilda fair  
 Of Mortham's wealth is destined  
 heir."—

## XXII.

"Destined to her! to yon slight  
 maid!  
 The prize my life had wellnigh  
 paid,  
 When 'gainst Laroche, by Cayo's  
 wave,  
 I fought my patron's wealth to  
 save!—  
 Denzil, I knew him long, yet  
 ne'er  
 Knew him that joyous cavalier,  
 Whom youthful friends and early  
 fame  
 Call'd soul of gallantry and game.  
 A moody man, he sought our  
 crew,  
 Desperate and dark, whom no  
 one knew ;  
 And rose, as men with us must  
 rise,  
 By scorning life and all its ties.

On each adventure rash he roved,  
 As danger for itself he loved ;  
 On his sad brow nor mirth nor  
 wine  
 Could e'er one wrinkled knot  
 untwine ;  
 Ill was the omen if he smiled,  
 For 'twas in peril stern and  
 wild ;  
 But when he laugh'd, each luck-  
 less mate  
 Might hold our fortune desperate.  
 Foremost he fought in every broil,  
 Then scornful turned him from  
 the spoil ;  
 Nay, often strove to bar the  
 way  
 Between his comrades and their  
 prey ;  
 Preaching, even then, to such as  
 we,  
 Hot with our dear-bought victory,  
 Of mercy and humanity.

## XXIII.

"I loved him well—His fearless  
 part,  
 His gallant leading, won my  
 heart.  
 And after each victorious fight,  
 'Twas I that wrangled for his  
 right,  
 Redeem'd his portion of the prey  
 That greedier mates had torn  
 away :  
 In field or storm thrice saved his  
 life,  
 And once amid our comrades'  
 strife.—<sup>370</sup>  
 Yes, I have loved thee! Well  
 hath proved  
 My toil, my danger, how I loved!  
 Yet will I mourn no more thy fate,  
 Ingrate in life, in death ingrate.

Rise if thou canst!" he look'd  
 around,  
 And sternly stamp'd upon the  
 ground—  
 "Rise, with thy bearing proud  
 and high,  
 Even as this morn it met mine  
 eye,  
 And give me, if thou darest, the  
 lie!"  
 He paused—then, calm and  
 passion-freed,  
 Bade Denzil with his tale proceed.

## XXIV.

"Bertram, to thee I need not  
 tell,  
 What thou hast cause to wot so  
 well,  
 How Superstition's nets were  
 twined  
 Around the Lord of Mortham's  
 mind!  
 But since he drove thee from his  
 tower,  
 A maid he found in Greta's  
 bower,  
 Whose speech, like David's harp,  
 had sway,  
 To charm his evil fiend away.  
 I know not if her features moved  
 Remembrance of the wife he  
 loved;  
 But he would gaze upon her  
 eye,  
 Till his mood soften'd to a sigh.  
 He, whom no living mortal  
 sought  
 To question of his secret thought,  
 Now every thought and care  
 confess'd  
 To his fair niece's faithful breast;  
 Nor was there aught of rich and  
 rare,

In earth, in ocean, or in air,  
 But it must deck Matilda's hair.  
 Her love still bound him unto  
 life;  
 But then awoke the civil strife,  
 And menials bore, by his com-  
 mands,  
 Three coffers, with their iron  
 bands,  
 From Mortham's vault, at mid-  
 night deep,  
 To her lone bower in Rokeby-  
 keep,  
 Ponderous with gold and plate of  
 pride  
 His gift, if he in battle died."—

## XXV.

"Then Denzil, as I guess, lays  
 train,  
 These iron-banded chests to gain;  
 Else, wherefore should he hover  
 here,  
 Where many a peril waits him  
 near,  
 From all his feats of war and  
 peace,  
 For plunder'd boors, and harts of  
 greese?  
 Since through the hamlets as he  
 fared,  
 What hearth has Guy's maraud-  
 ing spared,  
 Or where the chase that hath not  
 rung  
 With Denzil's bow, at midnight  
 strung?"—  
 "I hold my wont—my rangers  
 go,  
 Even now to track a milk-white  
 doe.<sup>311</sup>  
 By Rokeby-hall she takes her  
 lair,  
 In Greta wood she harbours fair,

And when my huntsman marks  
her way,  
What think'st thou, Bertram, of  
the prey?  
Were Rokeby's daughter in our  
power,  
We rate her ransom at her  
dower."—

## XXVI.

"'Tis well!—there's vengeance  
in the thought  
Matilda is by Wilfrid sought;  
And hot-brain'd Redmond, too,  
'tis said,  
Pays lover's homage to the maid.  
Bertram she scorn'd—If met by  
chance,  
She turn'd from me her shudder-  
ing glance,  
Like a nice dame, that will not  
brook  
On what she hates and loathes to  
look;  
She told to Mortham she could  
ne'er  
Behold me without secret fear,  
Foreboding evil;—She many rue  
To find her prophecy fall true!—  
The war has weeded Rokeby's  
train,  
Few followers in his halls remain;  
If thy scheme miss, then, brief  
and bold,  
We are enow to storm the hold;  
Bear off the plunder, and the  
dame,  
And leave the castle all in  
flame."—

## XXVII.

"Still art thou Valour's ventur-  
ous son!  
Yet ponder first the risk to run:

The menials of the castle, true,  
And stubborn to their charge,  
though few;  
The wall to scale—the moat to  
cross—  
The wicket-grate—the inner  
fosse"—

—"Fool! if we blench for toys  
like these,  
On what fair guerdon can we  
seize?

Our hardest venture, to explore  
Some wretched peasant's fence-  
less door,

And the best prize we bear away,  
The earnings of his sordid day."—

"A while thy hasty taunt forbear:  
In sight of road more sure and  
fair,

Thou wouldst not choose, in  
blindfold wrath,

Or wantonness, a desperate path?  
List, then;—for vantage or as-  
sault,

From gilded vane to dungeon-  
vault,

Each pass of Rokeby-house I  
know:

There is one postern, dark and  
low,

That issues at a secret spot,  
By most neglected or forgot.

Now, could a spial of our train  
On fair pretext admittance gain,

That sally-port might be unbarr'd:  
Then, vain were battlement and  
ward!"—

## XXVIII.

"Now speak'st thou well:—to  
me the same,

If force or art shall urge the game;  
Indifferent, if like fox I wind,

Or spring like tiger on the hind.—

But, hark! our merry-men so  
gay  
Troll forth another roundelay.”—

## Song.

“A weary lot is thine, fair  
maid,  
A weary lot is thine!  
To pull the thorn thy brow to  
braid,

And press the rue for wine!  
A lightsome eye, a soldier's  
mien,

A feather of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln  
green,—

No more of me you knew,  
My love!  
No more of me you knew.

“This morn is merry June, I  
trow,

The rose is budding fain;  
But she shall bloom in winter  
snow,

Ere we two meet again.”  
He turn'd his charger as he  
spake,

Upon the river shore,  
He gave his bridle-reins a  
shake,

Said, “Adieu for evermore,  
My love!  
And adieu for evermore.”—<sup>312</sup>

## XXIX.

“What youth is this, your band  
among,

The best for minstrelsy and song?  
In his wild notes seem aptly met  
A strain of pleasure and regret.”—

“Edmund of Winston is his  
name;

The hamlet sounded with the  
fame

Of early hopes his childhood  
gave,—

Now center'd all in Brignall cave!  
I watch him well—his wayward  
course

Shows oft a tincture of remorse.  
Some early love-shaft grazed his  
heart,

And oft the scar will ache and  
smart

Yet is he useful;—of the rest,  
By fits, the darling and the jest,  
His harp, his story, and his lay,  
Oft aid the idle hours away:

When unemploy'd, each fiery  
mate

Is ripe for mutinous debate.  
He tuned his strings e'en now—  
again

He wakes them, with a blither  
strain.”

## XXX.

## Song.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for  
burning,

Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for  
turning,

Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the  
spinning,

Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for  
the winning.

Come, read me my riddle! come,  
hearken my tale!

And tell me the craft of bold  
Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth  
prances in pride,

And he views his domains upon  
Arkindale side.

The mere for his net, and the  
land for his game,  
The chase for the wild, and the  
park for the tame ;  
Yet the fish of the lake, and the  
deer of the vale,  
Are less free to Lord Dacre than  
Allen-a-Dale !

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a  
knight,  
Though his spur be as sharp,  
and his blade be as bright ;  
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw  
at his word ;  
And the best of our nobles his  
bonnet will veil,  
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore  
meets Allen-a-Dale.<sup>313</sup>

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is  
come ;  
The mother, she ask'd of his  
household and home :  
" Though the castle of Richmond  
stand fair on the hill,  
My hall," quoth bold Allen,  
" shows gallanter still ;  
'Tis the blue vault of heaven,  
with its crescent so pale,  
And with all its bright spangles !"  
said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the  
mother was stone ;  
They lifted the latch, and they  
bade him be gone ;  
But loud, on the morrow, their  
wail and their cry :  
He had laugh'd on the lass with  
his bonny black eye.  
And she fled to the forest to hear  
a love-tale,  
And the youth it was told by was  
Allen-a-Dale !

## XXXI.

" Thou see'st that, whether sad  
or gay,  
Love mingles ever in his lay.  
But when his boyish wayward  
fit

Is o'er, he hath address and  
wit ;  
O ! 'tis a brain of fire, can  
ape

Each dialect, each various  
shape."—

" Nay, then, to aid thy project,  
Guy—

Soft ! who comes here ?"—" My  
trusty spy.

Speak, Hamlin ! hast thou lodged  
our deer ?"—<sup>314</sup>

" I have—but two fair stags are  
near

I watch'd her, as she slowly  
stray'd

From Egliston up Thorsgill  
glade ;

But Wilfrid Wycliffe sought her  
side,

And then young Redmond, in his  
pride,

Shot down to meet them on their  
way :

Much, as it seem'd, was theirs to  
say :

There's time to pitch both toil  
and net,

Before their path be homeward  
set."

A hurried and a whisper'd  
speech

Did Bertram's will to Denzil  
teach ;

Who, turning to the robber  
band,

Bade four, the bravest, take the  
brand.



## CANTO FOURTH.

## I.

WHEN Denmark's raven soar'd  
 on high,  
 Triumphant through Northum-  
 brian sky,  
 Till, hovering near, her fatal croak  
 Bade Reged's Britons dread the  
 yoke,<sup>315</sup>  
 And the broad shadow of her  
 wing  
 Blacken'd each cataract and  
 spring,  
 Where Tees in tumult leaves  
 his source,  
 Thundering o'er Calciron and  
 High-Force;  
 Beneath the shade the Northmen  
 came,  
 Fix'd on each vale a Runic  
 name,<sup>316</sup>  
 Rear'd high their altar's rugged  
 stone,  
 And gave their Gods the land  
 they won.  
 Then, Balder, one bleak garth  
 was thine,  
 And one sweet brooklet's silver  
 line,  
 And Woden's Croft did title  
 gain  
 From the stern Father of the  
 Slain;  
 But to the Monarch of the Mace,  
 That held in fight the foremost  
 place,  
 To Odin's son, and Sifia's spouse,  
 Near Stratforth high they paid  
 their vows,  
 Remember'd Thor's victorious  
 fame,  
 And gave the dell the Thunderer's  
 name.

## II.

Yet Scald or Kemper err'd, I  
 ween,  
 Who gave that soft and quiet  
 scene,  
 With all its varied light and  
 shade,  
 And every little sunny glade,  
 And the blithe brook that strolls  
 along  
 Its pebbled bed with summer  
 song,  
 To the grim God of blood and  
 scar,  
 The grisly King of Northern  
 War.  
 O, better were its banks assign'd  
 To spirits of a gentler kind!  
 For where the thicket-groups  
 recede,  
 And the rath primrose decks the  
 mead,  
 The velvet grass seems carpet  
 meet  
 For the light fairies' lively feet.  
 Yon tufted knoll, with daisies  
 strown,  
 Might make proud Oberon a  
 throne,  
 While, hidden in the thicket  
 nigh,  
 Puck should brood o'er his frolic  
 sly;  
 And where profuse the wood-  
 vetch clings  
 Round ash and elm, in verdant  
 rings,  
 Its pale and azure-pencill'd flower  
 Should canopy Titania's bower.

## III.

Here rise no cliffs the vale to  
 shade;  
 But, skirting every sunny glade,

In fair variety of green  
The woodland lends its silvan  
screen.

Hoary, yet haughty, frowns the  
oak,  
Its boughs by weight of ages  
broke ;

And towers erect, in sable spire,  
The pine-tree scathed by light-  
ning-fire ;

The drooping ash and birch,  
between,

Hang their fair tresses o'er the  
green,

And all beneath, at random  
grow

Each coppice dwarf of varied  
show,

Or, round the stems profusely  
twined,

Fling summer odours on the  
wind.

Such varied group Urbino's hand  
Round Him of Tarsus nobly  
plann'd,

What time he bade proud Athens  
own

On Mars's Mount the God Un-  
known !

Then grey Philosophy stood nigh,  
Though bent by age, in spirit  
high :

There rose the scar-seam'd  
veteran's spear,

There Grecian Beauty bent to  
hear,

While Childhood at her foot was  
placed,

Or clung delighted to her waist.

#### IV.

“And rest we here,” Matilda  
said,  
And sat her in the varying shade.

“Chance-met, we well may steal  
an hour,

To friendship due, from fortune's  
power.

Thou, Wilfrid, ever kind, must  
lend

Thy counsel to thy sister-friend ;  
And, Redmond, thou, at my  
behest,

No farther urge thy desperate  
'quest.

For to my care a charge is left,  
Dangerous to one of aid bereft ;  
Wellnigh an orphan, and alone,  
Captive her sire, her house o'er-  
thrown.”

Wilfrid, with wonted kindness  
graced,

Beside her on the turf she placed ;  
Then paused, with downcast look  
and eye,

Nor bade young Redmond seat  
him nigh.

Her conscious diffidence he saw,  
Drew backward, as in modest  
awe,

And sat a little space removed,  
Unmark'd to gaze on her he  
loved.

#### V.

Wreathed in its dark-brown  
rings, her hair

Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,  
Half hid and half reveal'd to  
view

Her full dark eye of hazel hue.  
The rose, with faint and feeble  
streak,

So slightly tinged the maiden's  
cheek,

That you had said her hue was  
pale ;

But if she faced the summer gale,

Or spoke, or sung, or quicker  
 moved,  
 Or heard the praise of those she  
 loved,  
 Or when of interest was express'd  
 Aught that waked feeling in her  
 breast,  
 The mantling blood in ready play  
 Rivall'd the blush of rising day.  
 There was a soft and pensive  
 grace,  
 A cast of thought upon her face,  
 That suited well the forehead  
 high,  
 The eyelash dark, and downcast  
 eye ;  
 The mild expression spoke a  
 mind  
 In duty firm, composed, resign'd ;  
 'Tis that which Roman art has  
 given,  
 To mark their maiden Queen of  
 Heaven.  
 In hours of sport, that mood  
 gave way  
 To Fancy's light and frolic play ;  
 And when the dance, or tale, or  
 song,  
 In harmless mirth sped time  
 along,  
 Full oft her doating sire would  
 call  
 His Maud the merriest of them  
 all,  
 But days of war and civil crime,  
 Allow'd but ill such festal time,  
 And her soft pensiveness of  
 brow  
 Had deepen'd into sadness now.  
 In Marston field her father ta'en,  
 Her friends dispersed, brave  
 Mortham slain,  
 While every ill her soul foretold,  
 From Oswald's thirst of power  
 and gold,

And boding thoughts that sne  
 must part  
 With a soft vision of her heart,—  
 All lower'd around the lovely  
 maid,  
 To darken her dejection's shade.

## VI.

Who has not heard—while Erin  
 yet  
 Strove 'gainst the Saxon's iron  
 bit—  
 Who has not heard how brave  
 O'Neale  
 In English blood imbrued his  
 steel,<sup>317</sup>  
 Against St. George's cross blazed  
 high  
 The banners of his Tanistry,  
 To fiery Essex gave the foil,  
 And reign'd a prince on Ulster's  
 soil ?  
 But chief arose his victor pride,  
 When that brave Marshal fought  
 and died,<sup>318</sup>  
 And Avon-Duff to ocean bore  
 His billows red with Saxon  
 gore.  
 'Twas first in that disastrous  
 fight,  
 Rokeby and Mortham proved  
 their might.  
 There had they fallen 'mongst  
 the rest,  
 But pity touch'd a chieftain's  
 breast ;  
 The Tanist he to great  
 O'Neale ;<sup>319</sup>  
 He check'd his followers' bloody  
 zeal,  
 To quarter took the kinsmen  
 bold,  
 And bore them to his mountain-  
 hold,

Gave them each silvan joy to know,  
 Slieve-Donard's cliffs and woods  
 could show,  
 Shared with them Erin's festal  
 cheer,  
 Show'd them the chase of wolf  
 and deer,  
 And, when a fitting time was  
 come,  
 Safe and unransom'd sent them  
 home,  
 Loaded with many a gift, to  
 prove  
 A generous foe's respect and  
 love.

## VII.

Years sped away. On Rokeby's  
 head  
 Some touch of early snow was  
 shed ;  
 Calm he enjoy'd, by Greta's  
 wave,  
 The peace which James the  
 Peaceful gave,  
 While Mortham, far beyond the  
 main,  
 Waged his fierce wars on Indian  
 Spain.—  
 It chanced upon a wintry night,  
 That whiten'd Stanmore's stormy  
 height,  
 The chase was o'er, the stag was  
 kill'd,  
 In Rokeby-hall the cups were  
 fill'd,  
 And by the huge stone chimney  
 sate  
 The Knight in hospitable state.  
 Moonless the sky, the hour was  
 late,  
 When a loud summons shook  
 the gate,

And sore for entrance and for aid  
 A voice of foreign accent pray'd.  
 The porter answer'd to the call,  
 And instant rush'd into the hall  
 A Man, whose aspect and attire  
 Startled the circle by the fire.

## VIII.

His plaited hair in elf-locks  
 spread<sup>320</sup>  
 Around his bare and matted  
 head ;  
 On leg and thigh, close stretch'd  
 and trim,  
 His vesture show'd the sinewy  
 limb ;  
 In saffron dyed, a linen vest  
 Was frequent folded round his  
 breast ;  
 A mantle long and loose he wore,  
 Shaggy with ice, and stain'd  
 with gore.  
 He clasp'd a burden to his heart,  
 And, resting on a knotted dart,  
 The snow from hair and beard  
 he shook,  
 And round him gazed with  
 wilder'd look.  
 Then up the hall, with staggering  
 pace,  
 He hasten'd by the blaze to place,  
 Half lifeless from the bitter air,  
 His load, a Boy of beauty rare.  
 To Rokeby, next, he louted low,  
 Then stood erect his tale to  
 show,  
 With wild majestic port and  
 tone,  
 Like envoy of some barbarous  
 throne,<sup>321</sup>  
 " Sir Richard, Lord of Rokeby,  
 hear !  
 Turlough O'Neale salutes thee  
 dear ;

He graces thee, and to thy care  
Young Redmond gives, his  
grandson fair.

He bids thee breed him as thy son,  
For Turlough's days of joy are  
done ;

And other lords have seized his  
land,

And faint and feeble is his hand ;  
And all the glory of Tyrone

Is like a morning vapour flown.  
To bind the duty on thy soul,

He bids thee think on Erin's  
bowl !

If any wrong the young O'Neale,  
He bids thee think of Erin's steel.

To Mortham first this charge  
was due,

But, in his absence, honours  
you.—

Now is my master's message by,  
And Ferraight will contented  
die."

## IX.

His look grew fix'd, his cheek  
grew pale,

He sunk when he had told his  
tale ;

For, hid beneath his mantle wide,  
A mortal wound was in his side.

Vain was all aid—in terror wild,  
And sorrow, scream'd the orphan  
Child.

Poor Ferraight raised his wistful  
eyes,

And faintly strove to soothe his  
cries ;

All reckless of his dying pain,  
He blest and blest him o'er  
again !

And kiss'd the little hands out-  
spread,

And kiss'd and cross'd the infant  
head,

And, in his native tongue and  
phrase,

Pray'd to each saint to watch his  
days ;

Then all his strength together  
drew,

The charge to Rokeby to re-  
new.

When half was falter'd from his  
breast,

And half by dying signs ex-  
press'd,

"Bless the O'Neale !" he faintly  
said,

And thus the faithful spirit fled.

## X.

'Twas long ere soothing might  
prevail

Upon the Child to end the  
tale ;

And then he said, that from his  
home

His grandsire had been forced to  
roam,

Which had not been if Redmond's  
hand

Had but had strength to draw  
the brand,

The brand of Lenaugh More the  
Red,

That hung beside the grey wolf's  
head.—

'Twas from his broken phrase  
descried,

His foster-father was his guide,<sup>322</sup>  
Who, in his charge, from Ulster  
bore

Letters and gifts a goodly  
store ;

But ruffians met them in the  
wood,

Ferraight in battle boldly stood,

Till wounded and o'erpower'd at  
length,  
And stripp'd of all, his failing  
strength  
Just bore him here—and then the  
child  
Renew'd again his moaning wild.

## XI

The tear down childhood's cheek  
that flows,  
Is like the dewdrop on the rose ;  
When next the summer breeze  
comes by,  
And waves the bush, the flower  
is dry.  
Won by their care, the orphan  
Child  
Soon on his new protector smiled,  
With dimpled cheek and eye so  
fair,  
Through his thick curls of flaxen  
hair,  
But blithest laugh'd that cheek  
and eye,  
When Rokeby's little Maid was  
nigh ;  
'Twas his, with elder brother's  
pride,  
Matilda's tottering steps to  
guide ;  
His native lays in Irish tongue,  
To soothe her infant ear he  
sung,  
And primrose twined with daisy  
fair,  
To form a chaplet for her hair.  
By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's  
strand,  
The children still were hand in  
hand,  
And good Sir Richard smiling  
eyed  
The early knot so kindly tied.

## XII.

But summer months bring wild-  
ing shoot  
From bud to bloom, from bloom  
to fruit ;  
And years draw on our human  
span,  
From child to boy, from boy to  
man ;  
And soon in Rokeby's wood is  
seen  
A gallant boy in hunter's green.  
He loves to wake the felon  
boar,  
In his dark haunt on Greta's  
shore,  
And loves, against the deer so  
dun,  
To draw the shaft, or lift the  
gun :  
Yet more he loves, in autumn  
prime,  
The hazel's spreading boughs to  
climb,  
And down its cluster'd stores to  
hail,  
Where young Matilda holds her  
veil.  
And she, whose veil receives the  
shower,  
Is alter'd too, and knows her  
power ;  
Assumes a monitress's pride,  
Her Redmond's dangerous sports  
to chide ;  
Yet listens still to hear him tell  
How the grim wild-boar fought  
and fell,  
How at his fall the bugle rung,  
Till rock and greenwood answer  
flung ;  
Then blesses her, that man can  
find  
A pastime of such savage kind !

## XIII.

But Redmond knew to weave his tale  
 So well with praise of wood and dale,  
 And knew so well each point to trace,  
 Gives living interest to the chase,  
 And knew so well o'er all to throw  
 His spirit's wild romantic glow,  
 That, while she blamed, and while she fear'd,  
 She loved each venturous tale she heard.  
 Oft, too, when drifted snow and rain  
 To bower and hall their steps restrain,  
 Together they explored the page  
 Of glowing bard or gifted sage ;  
 Oft, placed the evening fire beside,  
 The minstrel art alternate tried,  
 While gladsome harp and lively lay  
 Bade winter-night flit fast away :  
 Thus, from their childhood, blending still  
 Their sport, their study, and their skill,  
 An union of the soul they prove,  
 But must not think that it was love.  
 But though they dare not, envious Fame  
 Soon dared to give that union name ;  
 And when so often, side by side,  
 From year to year the pair she eyed,  
 She sometimes blamed the good old Knight,  
 As dull of ear and dim of sight,

Sometimes his purpose would declare,  
 That young O'Neale should wed his heir.

## XIV.

The suit of Wilfrid rent disguise  
 And bandage from the lovers' eyes ;  
 'Twas plain that Oswald, for his son,  
 Had Rokeby's favour wellnigh won.  
 Now must they meet with change of cheer,  
 With mutual looks of shame and fear ;  
 Now must Matilda stray apart,  
 To school her disobedient heart :  
 And Redmond now alone must rue  
 The love he never can subdue.  
 But factions rose, and Rokeby sware,  
 No rebel's son should wed his heir ;  
 And Redmond, nurtured while a child  
 In many a bard's traditions wild,  
 Now sought the lonely wood or stream,  
 To cherish there a happier dream,  
 Of maiden won by sword or lance,  
 As in the regions of romance ;  
 And count the heroes of his line,  
 Great Nial of the Pledges Nine,<sup>323</sup>  
 Shane-Dymas<sup>324</sup> wild, and Geraldine,<sup>325</sup>  
 And Connan-more, who vow'd his race  
 For ever to the fight and chase,

And cursed him, of his lineage  
 born,  
 Should sheathe the sword to reap  
 the corn,  
 Or leave the mountain and the  
 wold,  
 To shroud himself in castled  
 hold.  
 From such examples hope he  
 drew,  
 And brighten'd as the trumpet  
 blew.

## XV.

If brides were won by heart and  
 blade,  
 Redmond had both his cause to  
 aid,  
 And all beside of nurture rare  
 That might beseem a baron's  
 heir.  
 Turlough O'Neale, in Erin's  
 strife,  
 On Rokeby's Lord bestow'd his  
 life,  
 And well did Rokeby's generous  
 Knight  
 Young Redmond for the deed  
 requite.  
 Nor was his liberal care and  
 cost  
 Upon the gallant stripling lost :  
 Seek the North-Riding broad and  
 wide,  
 Like Redmond none could steed  
 bestride ;  
 From Tynemouth search to  
 Cumberland,  
 Like Redmond none could wield  
 a brand ;  
 And then, of humour kind and  
 free,  
 And bearing him to each degree  
 With frank and fearless courtesy,

There never youth was form'd to  
 steal  
 Upon the heart like brave  
 O'Neale.

## XVI.

Sir Richard loved him as his  
 son ;  
 And when the days of peace were  
 done,  
 And to the gales of war he gave  
 The banner of his sires to wave,  
 Redmond, distinguish'd by his  
 care,  
 He chose that honour'd flag to  
 bear,<sup>326</sup>  
 And named his page, the next  
 degree,  
 In that old time, to chivalry.<sup>327</sup>  
 In five pitch'd fields he well  
 maintain'd  
 The honour'd place his worth  
 obtain'd,  
 And high was Redmond's youth-  
 ful name  
 Blazed in the roll of martial fame.  
 Had fortune smiled on Marston  
 fight,  
 The eve had seen him dubb'd a  
 knight ;  
 Twice, 'mid the battle's doubtful  
 strife  
 Of Rokeby's Lord he saved the  
 life,  
 But when he saw him prisoner  
 made,  
 He kiss'd and then resign'd his  
 blade,  
 And yielded him an easy prey  
 To those who led the Knight  
 away ;  
 Resolved Matilda's sire should  
 prove  
 In prison, as in fight, his love



## XVII.

When lovers meet in adverse  
 hour,  
 'Tis like a sun-glimpse through a  
 shower,  
 A watery ray, an instant seen  
 The darkly closing clouds be-  
 tween.  
 As Redmond on the turf reclined,  
 The past and present fill'd his  
 mind:  
 "It was not thus," Affection said,  
 "I dream'd of my return, dear  
 maid!  
 Not thus, when from thy trem-  
 bling hand,  
 I took the banner and the brand,  
 When round me, as the bugles  
 blew,  
 Their blades three hundred  
 warriors drew,  
 And, while the standard I un-  
 roll'd,  
 Clash'd their bright arms, with  
 clamour bold.  
 Where is that banner now?—its  
 pride  
 Lies 'whelm'd in Ouse's sullen  
 tide!  
 Where now these warriors?—in  
 their gore,  
 They cumber Marston's dismal  
 moor!  
 And what avails a useless brand,  
 Held by a captive's shackled  
 hand,  
 That only would his life retain,  
 To aid thy sire to bear his  
 chain!"  
 Thus Redmond to himself apart;  
 Nor lighter was his rival's heart;  
 For Wilfrid, while his generous  
 soul  
 Disdain'd to profit by control.

By many a sign could mark too  
 plain,  
 Save with such aid, his hopes  
 were vain.—  
 But now Matilda's accents stole  
 On the dark visions of their soul,  
 And bade their mournful musing  
 fly,  
 Like mist before the zephyr's  
 sigh.

## XVIII.

"I need not to my friends recall,  
 How Mortham shunn'd my  
 father's hall;  
 A man of silence and of woe,  
 Yet ever anxious to bestow  
 On my poor self what'er could  
 prove  
 A kinsman's confidence and love.  
 My feeble aid could sometimes  
 chase  
 The clouds of sorrow for a space:  
 But oftener, fix'd beyond my  
 power,  
 I mark'd his deep despondence  
 lower.  
 One dismal cause, by all un-  
 guess'd,  
 His fearful confidence confess'd;  
 And twice it was my hap to see  
 Examples of that agony,  
 Which for a season can o'erstrain  
 And wreck the structure of the  
 brain.  
 He had the awful power to know  
 The approaching mental over-  
 throw,  
 And while his mind had courage  
 yet  
 To struggle with the dreadful fit,  
 The victim writhed against its  
 throes,  
 Like wretch beneath a murderer's  
 blows.

This malady, I well could mark,  
 Sprung from some direful cause  
 and dark ;  
 But still he kept its source conceal'd,  
 Till arming for the civil field ;  
 Then in my charge he bade me hold  
 A treasure huge of gems and gold,  
 With this disjointed dismal scroll,  
 That tells the secret of his soul,  
 In such wild words as oft betray  
 A mind by anguish forced  
 astray."—

## XIX.

## MORTHAM'S HISTORY.

"Matilda! thou hast seen me  
 start,  
 As if a dagger thrill'd my heart,  
 When it has hap'd some casual  
 phrase  
 Waked memory of my former  
 days.  
 Believe, that few can backward  
 cast  
 Their thoughts with pleasure on  
 the past ;  
 But I!—my youth was rash and  
 vain,  
 And blood and rage my manhood  
 stain,  
 And my grey hairs must now  
 descend  
 To my cold grave without a  
 friend!  
 Even thou, Matilda, wilt disown  
 Thy kinsman, when his guilt is  
 known.  
 And must I lift the bloody veil,  
 That hides my dark and fatal  
 tale!

I must—I will—Pale phantom,  
 cease!  
 Leave me one little hour in peace!  
 Thus haunted, think'st thou I  
 have skill  
 Thine own commission to fulfil?  
 Or, while thou point'st with  
 gesture fierce,  
 Thy blighted cheek, thy bloody  
 hearse,  
 How can I paint thee as thou  
 wert,  
 So fair in face, so warm in heart!

## XX.

"Yes, she was fair!—Matilda,  
 thou  
 Hast a soft sadness on thy brow ;  
 But hers was like the sunny glow,  
 That laughs on earth and all  
 below!  
 We wedded secret—there was  
 need—  
 Differing in country and in creed ;  
 And, when to Mortham's tower  
 she came,  
 We mentioned not her race and  
 name,  
 Until thy sire, who fought afar,  
 Should turn him home from  
 foreign war,  
 On whose kind influence we re-  
 lied  
 To soothe her father's ire and  
 pride.  
 Few months we lived retired,  
 unknown,  
 To all but one dear friend alone,  
 One darling friend—I spare his  
 shame,  
 I will not write the villain's name!  
 My trespasses I might forget,  
 And sue in vengeance for the  
 debt

Due by a brother worm to me,  
 Ungrateful to God's clemency,  
 That spared me penitential time,  
 Nor cut me off amid my crime.—

## XXI.

“A kindly smile to all she lent,  
 But on her husband's friend 'twas bent  
 So kind, that from its harmless  
 glee,  
 The wretch misconstrued villany.  
 Repulsed in his presumptuous  
 love,  
 A 'vengeful snare the traitor wove.  
 Alone we sat—the flask had flow'd,  
 My blood with heat unwonted  
 glow'd.  
 When through the alley'd walk  
 we spied  
 With hurried step my Edith glide,  
 Cowering beneath the verdant  
 screen,  
 As one unwilling to be seen.  
 Words cannot paint the fiendish  
 smile,  
 That curl'd the traitor's cheek  
 the while!  
 Fiercely I question'd of the cause;  
 He made a cold and artful pause,  
 Then pray'd it might not chafe  
 my mood—  
 ‘There was a gallant in the  
 wood!’  
 We had been shooting at the  
 deer;  
 My cross-bow (evil chance!) was  
 near:  
 That ready weapon of my wrath  
 I caught, and, hastening up the  
 path,  
 In the yew grove my wife I found,  
 A stranger's arms her neck had  
 bound!

I mark'd his heart—the bow I  
 drew—  
 I loosed the shaft—'twas more  
 than true!  
 I found my Edith's dying charms  
 Lock'd in her murder'd brother's  
 arms!  
 He came in secret to inquire  
 Her state, and reconcile her sire.

## XXII.

“All fled my rage—the villain  
 first,  
 Whose craft my jealousy had  
 nursed;  
 He sought in far and foreign  
 clime  
 To 'scape the vengeance of his  
 crime.  
 The manner of the slaughter  
 done  
 Was known to few, my guilt to  
 none;  
 Some tale my faithful steward  
 framed—  
 I know not what—of shaft mis-  
 aim'd;  
 And even from those the act who  
 knew,  
 He hid the hand from which it  
 flew.  
 Untouch'd by human laws I stood,  
 But GOD had heard the cry of  
 blood!  
 There is a blank upon my mind,  
 A fearful vision ill-defined,  
 Of raving till my flesh was  
 torn,  
 Of dungeon-bolts and fetters  
 worn—  
 And when I waked to woe more  
 mild,  
 And question'd of my infant  
 child—

(Have I not written, that she  
bare  
A boy, like summer morning  
fair?)—  
With looks confused my menials  
tell  
That arm'd men in Mortham dell  
Beset the nurse's evening way,  
And bore her, with her charge,  
away.  
My faithless friend, and none but  
he,  
Could profit by this villany ;  
Him then, I sought, with purpose  
dread  
Of treble vengeance on his head !  
He 'scaped me—but my bosom's  
wound  
Some faint relief from wandering  
found ;  
And over distant land and sea  
I bore my load of misery.

## XXIII.

“ 'Twas then that fate my foot-  
steps led  
Among a daring crew and dread,  
With whom full oft my hated  
life  
I ventured in such desperate  
strife,  
That even my fierce associates  
saw  
My frantic deeds with doubt and  
awe.  
Much then I learn'd, and much  
can show,  
Of human guilt and human woe,  
Yet ne'er have, in my wanderings,  
known  
A wretch, whose sorrows match'd  
my own !—  
It chanced, that after battle fray,  
Upon the bloody field we lay ;

The yellow moon her lustre  
shed  
Upon the wounded and the  
dead,  
While, sense in toil and wassail  
drown'd,  
My ruffian comrades slept around,  
There came a voice—its silver  
tone  
Was soft, Matilda, as thine own—  
'Ah, wretch !' it said, 'what  
makest thou here,  
While unavenged my bloody bier,  
While unprotected lives mine  
heir,  
Without a father's name and  
care ?'

## XXIV.

“ I heard—obey'd—and home-  
ward drew ;  
The fiercest of our desperate  
crew  
I brought at time of need to  
aid  
My purposed vengeance, long  
delay'd.  
But, humble be my thanks to  
Heaven,  
That better hopes and thoughts  
has given,  
And by our Lord's dear prayer  
has taught,  
Mercy by mercy must be  
bought !—  
Let me in misery rejoice—  
I've seen his face—I've heard his  
voice—  
I claim'd of him my only child—  
As he disown'd the theft, he  
smiled !  
That very calm and callous look,  
That fiendish sneer his visage  
took,

As when he said, in scornful mood,  
‘There is a gallant in the  
wood!’—

I did not slay him as he stood—  
All praise be to my Maker given!  
Long sufferance is one path to  
heaven.”

## XXV.

Thus far the woful tale was heard,  
When something in the thicket  
stirr’d.

Up Redmond sprung; the villain  
Guy,

(For he it was that lurk’d so  
nigh,)

Drew back—he durst not cross  
his steel

A moment’s space with brave  
O’Neale,

For all the treasured gold that  
rests

In Mortham’s iron-banded chests.  
Redmond resumed his seat;—

he said,  
Some roe was rustling in the  
shade.

Bertram laugh’d grimly when he  
saw

His timorous comrade backward  
draw,

“A trusty mate art thou, to fear  
A single arm, and aid so near!

Yet have I seen thee mark a deer.  
Give me thy carbine—I’ll show

An art that thou wilt gladly know,  
How thou mayst safely quell a  
foe.”

## XXVI.

On hands and knees fierce Ber-  
tram drew

The spreading birch and hazels  
through,

Till he had Redmond full in view;

The gun he levell’d—Mark like  
this

Was Bertram never known to  
miss,

When fair opposed to aim there  
sate

An object of his mortal hate.

That day young Redmond’s death  
had seen,

But twice Matilda came between  
The carbine and Redmond’s  
breast,

Just ere the spring his finger  
press’d.

A deadly oath the ruffian swore,  
But yet his fell design forbore:

“It ne’er,” he mutter’d, “shall  
be said,

That thus I scath’d thee, haughty  
maid!”

Then moved to seek more open  
aim,

When to his side Guy Denzil  
came:

“Bertram, forbear!—we are un-  
done

For ever, if thou fire the gun.  
By all the fiends, an armed force

Descends the dell, of foot and  
horse!

We perish if they hear a shot—  
Madman! we have a safer plot—

Nay, friend, be ruled, and bear  
thee back!

Behold, down yonder hollow  
track,

The warlike leader of the band  
Comes, with his broadsword in  
his hand.”

Bertram look’d up; he saw, he  
knew

That Denzil’s fears had counsell’d  
true,

Then cursed his fortune and with-  
drew,

Threaded the woodlands undes-  
cried,  
And gain'd the cave on Greta  
side.

## XXVII.

They whom dark Bertram, in his  
wrath,  
Doom'd to captivity or death,  
Their thoughts to one sad subject  
lent,  
Saw not nor heard the ambush-  
ment.

Heedless and unconcern'd they  
sate,  
While on the very verge of fate ;  
Heedless and unconcern'd re-  
main'd,

When heaven the murderer's arm  
restrain'd ;

As ships drift darkling down the  
tide,

Nor see the shelves o'er which  
they glide.

Uninterrupted thus they heard  
What Mortham's closing tale  
declared.

He spoke of wealth as of a  
load,

By Fortune on a wretch bestow'd,  
In bitter mockery of hate,

His cureless woes to aggravate ;  
But yet he pray'd Matilda's  
care

Might save that treasure for his  
heir—

His Edith's son—for still he raved  
As confident his life was saved ;

In frequent vision, he averr'd,  
He saw his face, his voice he  
heard ;

Then argued calm—had murder  
been,

The blood, the corpses, had been  
seen ;

Some had pretended, too, to  
mark

On Windermere a stranger bark,  
Whose crew, with jealous care,  
yet mild,

Guarded a female and a child.  
While these faint proofs he told  
and press'd,

Hope seem'd to kindle in his  
breast ;

Though inconsistent, vague, and  
vain,

It warp'd his judgment, and his  
brain.

## XXVIII.

These solemn words his story  
close :—

“ Heaven witness for me, that I  
chose

My part in this sad civil fight,  
Moved by no cause but England's  
— right.

My country's groans have bid me  
draw

My sword for gospel and for  
law :—

These righted, I fling arms aside,  
And seek my son through Europe  
wide.

My wealth, on which a kinsman  
nigh

Already casts a grasping eye,  
With thee may unsuspected lie.

When of my death Matilda hears,  
Let her retain her trust three  
years ;

If none, from me, the treasure  
claim,

Perish'd is Mortham's race and  
name.

Then let it leave her generous  
hand,

And flow in bounty o'er the land ;

Soften the wounded prisoner's  
lot,  
Rebuild the peasant's ruin'd cot ;  
So spoils, acquired by fight afar,  
Shall mitigate domestic war."

## XXIX.

The generous youths, who well  
had known  
Of Mortham's mind the powerful  
tone,  
To that high mind, by sorrow  
swerved,  
Gave sympathy his woes de-  
served ;  
But Wilfrid chief, who saw re-  
veal'd  
Why Mortham wish'd his life  
conceal'd,  
In secret, doubtless, to pursue  
The schemes his wilder'd fancy  
drew.  
Thoughtful he heard Matilda tell,  
That she would share her father's  
cell,  
His partner of captivity,  
Where'er his prison-house should  
be ;  
Yet grieved to think that Rokeby-  
hall,  
Dismantled, and forsook by all,  
Open to rapine and to stealth,  
Had now no safe-guard for the  
wealth  
Intrusted by her kinsman kind,  
And for such noble use design'd.  
"Was Barnard Castle then her  
choice,"  
Wilfrid enquired with hasty voice,  
"Since there the victor's laws  
ordain,  
Her father must a space remain ?"  
A flutter'd hope his accents shook,  
A flutter'd joy was in his look.

Matilda hasten'd to reply,  
For anger flash'd in Redmond's  
eye ;—  
"Duty," she said, with gentle  
grace,  
"Kind Wilfrid, has no choice of  
place ;  
Else had I for my sire assign'd  
Prison less galling to his mind,  
Than that his wild-wood haunts  
which sees  
And hears the murmur of the  
Tees,  
Recalling thus, with every glance,  
What captive's sorrow can en-  
hance ;  
But where those woes are highest,  
there  
Needs Rokeby most his daughter's  
care."

## XXX.

He felt the kindly check she gave,  
And stood abash'd—then answer'd  
grave :—  
"I sought thy purpose, noble  
maid,  
Thy doubts to clear, thy schemes  
to aid.  
I have beneath mine own com-  
mand,  
So wills my sire, a gallant band,  
And well could send some horse-  
man wight  
To bear the treasure forth by  
night,  
And so bestow it as you deem  
In these ill days may safest  
seem."—  
"Thanks, gentle Wilfrid, thanks,"  
she said :  
"O, be it not one day delay'd !"  
And, more, thy sister-friend to  
aid,

Be thou thyself content to hold,  
 In thine own keeping, Mortham's  
 gold,  
 Safest with thee."—While thus  
 she spoke,  
 Arm'd soldiers on their converse  
 broke,  
 The same of whose approach  
 afraid,  
 The ruffians left their ambushade.  
 Their chief to Wilfrid bended low,  
 Then look'd around as for a foe.  
 "What mean'st thou, friend,"  
 young Wycliffe said,  
 "Why thus in arms beset the  
 glade?"—  
 "That would I gladly learn from  
 you ;  
 For up my squadron as I drew,  
 To exercise our martial game  
 Upon the moor of Barninghame,  
 A stranger told you were way-  
 laid,  
 Surrounded, and to death be-  
 tray'd.  
 He had a leader's voice, I ween,  
 A falcon glance, a warrior's mien.  
 He bade me bring you instant  
 aid ;  
 I doubted not, and I obey'd."

## XXXI.

Wilfrid changed colour, and,  
 amazed,  
 Turn'd short, and on the speaker  
 gazed ;  
 While Redmond every thicket  
 round  
 Track'd earnest as a questing  
 hound,  
 And Denzil's carbine he found ;  
 Sure evidence, by which they  
 knew  
 The warning was as kind as true.

Wisest it seem'd, with cautious  
 speed  
 To leave the dell. It was agreed,  
 That Redmond, with Matilda fair,  
 And fitting guard, should home  
 repair ;  
 At nightfall Wilfrid should attend,  
 With a strong band, his sister-  
 friend,  
 To bear with her from Rokeby's  
 bowers  
 To Barnard Castle's lofty towers,  
 Secret and safe the banded chests,  
 In which the wealth of Mortham  
 rests.  
 This hasty purpose fix'd, they  
 part,  
 Each with a grieved and anxious  
 heart.

## CANTO FIFTH.

## I.

THE sultry summer day is done,  
 The western hills have hid the  
 sun.  
 But mountain peak and village  
 spire  
 Retain reflection of his fire.  
 Old Barnard's towers are purple  
 still,  
 To those that gaze from Toller-  
 hill ;  
 Distant and high; the tower of  
 Bowes  
 Like steel upon the anvil glows ;  
 And Stanmore's ridge, behind  
 that lay,  
 Rich with the spoils of parting  
 day,  
 In crimson and in gold array'd,  
 Streaks yet a while the closing  
 shade,



Then slow resigns to darkening  
 heaven  
 The tints which brighter hours  
 had given.  
 Thus aged men, full loth and  
 slow,  
 The vanities of life forego,  
 And count their youthful follies  
 o'er,  
 Till Memory lends her light no  
 more.

## II.

The eve, that slow on upland  
 fades,  
 Has darker closed on Rokeby's  
 glades,  
 Where, sunk within their banks  
 profound,  
 Her guardian streams to meeting  
 wound.  
 The stately oaks, whose sombre  
 frown  
 Of noontide made a twilight  
 brown,  
 Impervious now to fainter light,  
 Of twilight make an early night.  
 Hoarse into middle air arose  
 The vespers of the roosting crows,  
 And with congenial murmurs seem  
 To wake the Genii of the stream ;  
 For louder clamour'd Greta's tide,  
 And Tees in deeper voice replied.  
 And fitful waked the evening  
 wind,  
 Fitful in sighs its breath resign'd.  
 Wilfrid, whose fancy-nurtured  
 soul  
 Felt in the scene a soft control,  
 With lighter footstep press'd the  
 ground,  
 And often paused to look around ;  
 And, though his path was to his  
 love,  
 Could not but linger in the grove,

To drink the thrilling interest  
 dear,  
 Of awful pleasure check'd by  
 fear.  
 Such inconsistent moods have  
 we,  
 Even when our passions strike  
 the key.

## III.

Now, through the wood's dark  
 mazes past,  
 The opening lawn he reach'd at  
 last,  
 Where, silver'd by the moonlight  
 ray,  
 The ancient Hall before him  
 lay.  
 Those martial terrors long were  
 fled,  
 That frown'd ot old around its  
 head :  
 The battlements, the turrets  
 grey,  
 Seem'd half abandon'd to  
 decay ;<sup>328</sup>  
 On barbican and keep of stone  
 Stern Time the foeman's work  
 had done.  
 Where banners the invader  
 braved,  
 The harebell now and wallflower  
 waved ;  
 In the rude guard-room, where  
 of yore  
 Their weary hours the warders  
 wore,  
 Now, while the cheerful fagots  
 blaze,  
 On the paved floor the spindle  
 plays ;  
 The flanking guns dismounted  
 lie,  
 The moat is ruinous and dry,

The grim portcullis gone—and  
 all  
 The fortress turn'd to peaceful  
 Hall.

## IV.

But yet precautions, lately ta'en,  
 Show'd danger's day revived  
 again ;  
 The court-yard wall show'd  
 marks of care,  
 The fall'n defences to repair,  
 Lending such strength as might  
 withstand  
 The insult of marauding band.  
 The beams once more were  
 taught to bear  
 The trembling drawbridge into  
 air,  
 And not, till question'd o'er and  
 o'er,  
 For Wilfrid oped the jealous  
 door,  
 And when he entered, bolt and  
 bar  
 Resumed their place with sullen  
 jar :  
 Then, as he cross'd the vaulted  
 porch,  
 The old grey porter raised his  
 torch,  
 And view'd him o'er, from foot  
 to head,  
 Ere to the hall his steps he led.  
 That huge old hall, of knightly  
 state,  
 Dismantled seem'd and desolate.  
 The moon through transom-  
 shafts of stone,  
 Which cross'd the latticed oriels,  
 shone,  
 And by the mournful light she  
 gave,  
 The Gothic vault seem'd funeral  
 cave.

Pennon and banner waved no  
 more  
 O'er beams of stag and tusks of  
 boar,  
 Nor glimmering arms were  
 marshall'd seen,  
 To glance those silvan spoils  
 between.  
 Those arms, those ensigas,  
 borne away,  
 Accomplish'd Rokeby's brave  
 array,  
 But all were lost on Marston's  
 day !  
 Yet here and there the moon-  
 beams fall  
 Where armour yet adorns the  
 wall,  
 Cumbersome of size, uncouth to  
 sight,  
 And useless in the modern fight !  
 Like veteran relic of the wars,  
 Known only by neglected scars.

## V.

Matilda soon to greet him came,  
 And bade them light the evening  
 flame ;  
 Said, all for parting was prepared,  
 And tarried but for Wilfrid's  
 guard.  
 But then, reluctant to unfold  
 His father's avarice of gold,  
 He hinted, that lest jealous eye  
 Should on their precious burden  
 pry,  
 He judg'd it best the castle gate  
 To enter when the night wore  
 late ;  
 And therefore he had left com-  
 mand  
 With those he trusted of his  
 band,

That they should be at Rokeby  
 met,  
 What time the midnight-watch  
 was set.  
 Now Redmond came, whose  
 anxious care  
 Till then was busied to prepare  
 All needful, meetly to arrange  
 The mansion for its mournful  
 change.  
 With Wilfrid's care and kindness  
 pleased,  
 His cold unready hand he seized,  
 And press'd it, till his kindly  
 strain  
 The gentle youth return'd again.  
 Seem'd as between them this  
 was said,  
 "A while let jealousy be dead ;  
 And let our contest be, whose  
 care  
 Shall best assist this helpless  
 fair."

## VI.

There was no speech the truce  
 to bind,  
 It was a compact of the mind,—  
 A generous thought, at once  
 impress'd  
 On either rival's generous breast.  
 Matilda well the secret took,  
 From sudden change of mien  
 and look ;  
 And—for not small had been her  
 fear  
 Of jealous ire and danger near—  
 Felt, even in her dejected state,  
 A joy beyond the reach of fate.  
 They closed beside the chimney's  
 blaze,  
 And talk'd, and hoped for  
 happier days,  
 And lent their spirits' rising glow  
 A while to gild impending woe ;—

High privilege of youthful time,  
 Worth all the pleasures of our  
 prime !  
 The bickering fagot sparkled  
 bright,  
 And gave the scene of love to  
 sight,  
 Bade Wilfrid's cheek more lively  
 glow,  
 Play'd on Matilda's neck of  
 snow,  
 Her nut-brown curls and fore-  
 head high,  
 And laugh'd in Redmond's azure  
 eye.  
 Two lovers by the maiden sate,  
 Without a glance of jealous  
 hate ;  
 The maid her lovers sat between,  
 With open brow and equal  
 mien ;—  
 It is a sight but rarely spied,  
 Thanks to man's wrath and  
 woman's pride.

## VII.

While thus in peaceful guise  
 they sate,  
 A knock alarm'd the outer gate,  
 And ere the tardy porter stirr'd,  
 The tinkling of a harp was heard.  
 A manly voice of mellow swell,  
 Bore burden to the music well.

## Song.

"Summer eve is gone and  
 past,  
 Summer dew is falling fast ;  
 I have wander'd all the day,  
 Do not bid me farther stray !  
 Gentle hearts, of gentle kin,  
 Take the wandering harper in !"

But the stern porter answer  
gave,  
With "Get thee hence, thou  
strolling knave  
The king wants soldiers; war,  
I trow,  
Were meeter trade for such as  
thou."  
At this unkind reproof, again  
Answer'd the ready Minstrel's  
strain.

**Song resumed.**

"Bid not me, in battle-field,  
Buckler lift or broadsword wield!  
All my strength and all my art  
Is to touch the gentle heart,  
With the wizard notes that  
ring  
From the peaceful minstrel-  
string."—

The porter, all unmoved, re-  
plied,  
"Depart in peace, with Heaven  
to guide  
If longer by the gate thou dwell,  
Trust me, thou shalt not part so  
well."

**VIII.**

With somewhat of appealing  
look,  
The harper's part young Wilfrid  
took:  
"These notes so wild and ready  
thrill,  
They show no vulgar minstrel's  
skill;  
Hard were his task to seek a  
home  
More distant, since the night is  
come;

And for his faith I dare engage—  
Your Harpool's blood is sour'd  
by age;  
His gate, once readily display'd,  
To greet the friend, the poor to  
aid,  
Now even to me, though known  
of old,  
Did but reluctantly unfold."—  
"O blame not, as poor Harpool's  
crime,  
An evil of this evil time.  
He deems dependent on his care  
The safety of his patron's heir,  
Nor judges meet to ope the  
tower  
To guest unknown at parting  
hour,  
Urging his duty to excess  
Of rough and stubborn faithful-  
ness.  
For this poor harper, I would  
fain  
He may relax:—Hark to his  
strain!"—

**IX.**

**Song resumed.**

"I have song of war for  
knight,  
Lay of love for lady bright,  
Fairy tale to lull the heir,  
Goblin grim the maids to  
scare.  
Dark the night, and long till  
day,  
Do not bid me farther stray!  
"Rokeby's lords of martial  
fame,  
I can count them name by  
name; <sup>329</sup>

Legends of their line there be,  
Known to few, but known to  
me ;

If you honour Rokeby's kin,  
Take the wandering harper in !

“ Rokeby's lords had fair  
regard

For the harp, and for the  
bard ;

Baron's race throve never well,  
Where the curse of minstrel  
fell.

If you love that noble kin,  
Take the weary harper in ! ” —

“ Hark ! Harpool parleys—there  
is hope,”

Said Redmond, “ that the gate  
will ope. ” —

—“ For all thy brag and boast,  
I trow,

Nought know'st thou of the Felon  
Sow,” <sup>330</sup>

Quoth Harpool, “ nor how Greta-  
side

She roam'd, and Rokeby forest  
wide ;

Nor how Ralph Rokeby gave the  
beast

To Richmond's friars to make a  
feast.

Of Gilbert Griffinson the tale  
Goes, and of gallant Peter Dale,

That well could strike with sword  
amain,

And of the valiant son of Spain,  
Friar Middleton, and blithe Sir  
Ralph ;

There were a jest to make us  
laugh !

If thou canst tell it, in yon  
shed

Thou'st won thy supper and thy  
bed.”

## X.

Matilda smiled ; “ Cold hope,”  
said she,

“ From Harpool's love of min-  
strelsy !

But, for this harper, may we  
dare,

Redmond, to mend his couch and  
fare ? ” —

“ O, ask me not !—At minstrel-  
string

My heart from infancy would  
spring ;

Nor can I hear its simplest  
strain,

But it brings Erin's dream again,  
When placed by Owen Lysagh's

knee,  
(The Filea of O'Neale was he, <sup>331</sup>

A blind and bearded man, whose  
eld

Was sacred as a prophet's held,)  
I've seen a ring of rugged kerne,

With aspects shaggy, wild, and  
stern,

Enchanted by the master's lay,  
Linger around the livelong day,

Shift from wild rage to wilder  
glee,

To love, to grief, to ecstasy,  
And feel each varied change of

soul  
Obedient to the bard's control.—

Ah, Clandeboy ! thy friendly  
floor

Slieve-Donard's oak shall light  
no more ; <sup>332</sup>

Nor Owen's harp, beside the  
blaze,

Tell maiden's love, or hero's  
praise !

The mantling brambles hide thy  
hearth,

Centre of hospitable mirth ;

All undistinguish'd in the glade,  
 My sires' glad home is prostrate  
 laid,  
 Their vassals wander wide and  
 far,  
 Serve foreign lords in distant  
 war,  
 And now the stranger's sons  
 enjoy  
 The lovely woods of Clandeboy!"  
 He spoke, and proudly turn'd  
 aside,  
 The starting tear to dry and  
 hide.

## XI.

Matilda's dark and soften'd eye  
 Was glistening ere O'Neale's  
 was dry.  
 Her hand upon his arm she  
 laid,  
 "It is the will of Heaven," she  
 said.  
 "And think'st thou, Redmond,  
 I can part  
 From this loved home with light-  
 some heart,  
 Leaving to wild neglect whate'er  
 Even from my infancy was dear?  
 For in this calm domestic bound  
 Were all Matilda's pleasures  
 found.  
 That hearth, my sire was wont to  
 grace,  
 Full soon may be a stranger's  
 place;  
 This hall, in which a child I  
 play'd,  
 Like thine, dear Redmond, lowly  
 laid,  
 The bramble and the thorn may  
 braid;  
 Or, pass'd for aye from me and  
 mine,  
 It ne'er may shelter Rokeby's line.

Yet is this consolation given,  
 My Redmond,—'tis the will of  
 Heaven."

Her word, her action, and her  
 phrase,  
 Were kindly as in early days;  
 For cold reserve had lost its  
 power,  
 In sorrow's sympathetic hour.  
 Young Redmond dared not trust  
 his voice;  
 But rather had it been his choice  
 To share that melancholy hour,  
 Than, arm'd with all a chieftain's  
 power,  
 In full possession to enjoy  
 Slieve-Donard wide, and Clande-  
 boy.

## XII.

The blood left Wilfrid's ashen  
 cheek;  
 Matilda sees, and hastes to  
 speak.—  
 "Happy in friendship's ready  
 aid,  
 Let all my murmurs here be  
 staid!  
 And Rokeby's Maiden will not  
 part  
 From Rokeby's hall with moody  
 heart.  
 This night at least, for Rokeby's  
 fame,  
 The hospitable hearth shall flame,  
 And, ere its native heir retire,  
 Find for the wanderer rest and  
 fire,  
 While this poor harper, by the  
 blaze,  
 Recounts the tale of other days.  
 Bid Harpool ope the door with  
 speed,  
 Admit him, and relieve each  
 need.—

Meantime, kind Wycliffe, wilt  
 thou try  
 Thy minstrel skill?—Nay, no  
 reply—  
 And look not sad!—I guess thy  
 thought,  
 Thy verse with laurels would be  
 bought;  
 And poor Matilda, landless now,  
 Has not a garland for thy brow.  
 True, I must leave sweet  
 Rokeby's glades,  
 Nor wander more in Greta  
 shades;  
 But sure, no rigid jailer, thou  
 Wilt a short prison-walk allow,  
 Where summer flowers grow wild  
 at will,  
 On Marwood-chase and Toller  
 Hill;  
 Then holly green and lily gay  
 Shall twine in guerdon of thy lay."  
 The mournful youth, a space  
 aside,  
 To tune Matilda's harp applied;  
 And then a low sad descant rung,  
 As prelude to the lay he sung.

## XIII.

*The Cypress Wreath.*

O, Lady, twine no wreath for  
 me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree!  
 Too lively grow the lilies light,  
 The varnish'd holly's all too  
 bright,  
 The May-flower and the eglan-  
 tine  
 May shade a brow less sad  
 than mine;  
 But, Lady, weave no wreath  
 for me,  
 Or weave it of the cypress-  
 tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples  
 twine  
 With tendrils of the laughing  
 vine;  
 The manly oak, the pensive  
 yew,  
 To patriot and to sage be due;  
 The myrtle bough bid lovers  
 live,  
 But that Matilda will not give;  
 Then, Lady, twine no wreath  
 for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

Let merry England proudly  
 rear  
 Her blended roses, bought so  
 dear;  
 Let Albin bind her bonnet blue  
 With heath and harebell dipp'd  
 in dew;  
 On favour'd Erin's crest be  
 seen  
 The flower she loves of emerald  
 green—  
 But, Lady, twine no wreath for  
 me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while  
 maids prepare  
 The ivy meet for minstrel's  
 hair;  
 And, while his crown of laurel-  
 leaves,  
 With bloody hand the victor  
 weaves,  
 Let the loud trump his triumph  
 tell;  
 But when you hear the passing-  
 bell,  
 Then, Lady, twine a wreath  
 for me,  
 And twine it of the cypress-  
 tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress-  
bough ;  
But, O Matilda, twine not now !  
Stay till a few brief months  
are past,  
And I have look'd and loved my  
last !  
When villagers my shroud  
bestrew  
With panzies, rosemary, and  
rue,—  
Then, Lady, weave a wreath  
for me,  
And weave it of the cypress-  
tree.

## XIV.

O'Neale observed the starting  
tear,  
And spoke with kind and blithe-  
some cheer—  
“No, noble Wilfrid! ere the  
day  
When mourns the land thy silent  
lay,  
Shall many a wreath be freely  
wove  
By hand of friendship and of  
love.  
I would not wish that rigid  
Fate  
Had doom'd thee to a captive's  
state,  
Whose hands are bound by  
honour's law,  
Who wears a sword he must not  
draw ;  
But were it so, in minstrel pride  
The land together would we  
ride,  
On prancing steeds, like harpers  
old,  
Bound for the halls of barons  
bold,

Each lover of the lyre we'd seek,  
From Michael's Mount to Skid-  
daw's Peak,  
Survey wild Albin's mountain  
strand,  
And roam green Erin's lovely  
land,  
While thou the gentler souls  
should move,  
With lay of pity and of love,  
And I, thy mate, in rougher strain,  
Would sing of war and warriors  
slain.  
Old England's bards were van-  
quish'd then,  
And Scotland's vaunted Haw-  
thornden,  
And, silenced on Iernian shore,  
M'Curtin's harp should charm no  
more !”<sup>333</sup>  
In lively mood he spoke, to wile  
From Wilfrid's woe-worn cheek  
a smile.

## XV.

“But,” said Matilda, “ere thy  
name,  
Good Redmond, gain its destined  
fame,  
Say, wilt thou kindly deign to  
call  
Thy brother-minstrel to the hall ?  
Bid all the household, too, attend,  
Each in his rank a humble  
friend ;  
I know their faithful hearts will  
grieve,  
When their poor Mistress takes  
her leave ;  
So let the horn and beaker flow  
To mitigate their parting woe.”  
The harper came ;—in youth's  
first prime  
Himself ; in mode of olden time



His garb was fashion'd, to express  
The ancient English minstrel's  
dress,<sup>334</sup>

A seemly gown of Kendal green,  
With gorget closed of silver  
sheen ;

His harp in silken scarf was slung,  
And by his side an anlace hung.  
It seem'd some masquer's quaint  
array,  
For revel or for holiday.

## XVI.

He made obeisance with a free  
Yet studied air of courtesy.  
Each look and accent, framed to  
please,

Seem'd to affect a playful ease ;  
His face was of that doubtful kind,  
That wins the eye, but not the  
mind ;

Yet harsh it seem'd to deem amiss  
Of brow so young and smooth as  
this.

His was the subtle look and  
sly,

That, spying all, seems nought  
to spy ;

Round all the group his glances  
stole,

Unmark'd themselves, to mark  
the whole.

Yet sunk beneath Matilda's look,  
Nor could the eye of Redmond  
brook.

To the suspicious, or the old,  
Subtile and dangerous and bold  
Had seem'd this self-invited  
guest ;

But young our lovers,—and the  
rest,

Wrapt in their sorrow and their  
fear

At parting of their Mistress dear,

Tear-blinded to the Castle-hall,  
Came as to bear her funeral pall.

## XVII.

All that expression base was  
gone,

When waked the guest his min-  
strel tone ;

It fled at inspiration's call,  
As erst the demon fled from  
Saul.

More noble glance he cast around,  
More free-drawn breath inspired  
the sound,

His pulse beat bolder and more  
high,

In all the pride of minstrelsy !  
Alas ! too soon that pride was  
o'er,

Sunk with the lay that bade it  
soar !

His soul resumed, with habit's  
chain,

Its vices wild and follies vain,  
And gave the talent, with him  
born,

To be a common curse and scorn.  
Such was the youth whom  
Rokeby's Maid,

With condescending kindness,  
pray'd

Here to renew the strains she  
loved,

At distance heard and well  
approved.

## XVIII.

## Song.

## THE HARP.

I was a wild and wayward boy,  
My childhood scorn'd each childish  
toy,

Retired from all, reserved and coy,  
 To musing prone,  
 I woo'd my solitary joy,  
 My Harp alone.

My youth, with bold Ambition's  
 mood,  
 Despised the humble stream and  
 wood,  
 Where my poor father's cottage  
 stood,  
 To fame unknown ;—  
 What should my soaring views  
 make good?  
 My Harp alone !

Love came with all his frantic  
 fire,  
 And wild romance of vain desire :  
 The baron's daughter heard my  
 lyre,  
 And praised the tone ;—  
 What could presumptuous hope  
 inspire?  
 My Harp alone !

At manhood's touch the bubble  
 burst,  
 And manhood's pride the vision  
 curst,  
 And all that had my folly nursed  
 Love's sway to own ;  
 Yet spared the spell that lull'd me  
 first,  
 My Harp alone !

Woe came with war, and want  
 with woe ;  
 And it was mine to undergo  
 Each outrage of the rebel foe :—  
 Can aught atone  
 My fields laid waste, my cot laid  
 low?  
 My Harp alone !

Ambition's dreams I've seen  
 depart,  
 Have rued of penury the smart,  
 Have felt of love the venom'd dart,  
 When hope was flown ;  
 Yet rests one solace to my  
 heart,—  
 My Harp alone !

Then over mountain, moor, and  
 hill,  
 My faithful Harp, I'll bear thee  
 still ;  
 And when this life of want and ill  
 Is wellnigh gone,  
 Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill,  
 My Harp alone !

## XIX.

“A pleasing lay !” Matilda  
 said ;  
 But Harpool shook his old gray  
 head,  
 And took his baton and his  
 torch,  
 To seek his guard-room in the  
 porch.  
 Edmund observed ; with sudden  
 change,  
 Among the strings his fingers  
 range,  
 Until they waked a bolder glee  
 Of military melody ;  
 Then paused amid the martial  
 sound,  
 And look'd with well-feign'd fear  
 around ;—  
 “None to this noble house be-  
 long,”  
 He said, “that would a Minstrel  
 wrong,  
 Whose fate has been, through  
 good and ill,  
 To love his Royal Master still ;

And with your honour'd leave,  
 would fain  
 Rejoice you with a loyal strain."  
 Then, as assured by sign and  
 look,  
 The warlike tone again he took ;  
 And Harpool stopp'd, and turn'd  
 to hear  
 A ditty of the Cavalier.

## XX.

## Song.

## THE CAVALIER.

While the dawn on the mountain  
 was misty and grey,  
 My true love has mounted his  
 steed and away  
 Over hill, over valley, o'er dale,  
 and o'er down ;  
 Heaven shield the brave Gallant  
 that fights for the Crown !

He has doff'd the silk doublet the  
 breast-plate to bear,  
 He has placed the steel-cap o'er  
 his long flowing hair,  
 From his belt to his stirrup his  
 broadsword hangs down,—  
 Heaven shield the brave Gallant  
 that fights for the Crown !

For the rights of Fair England  
 that broadsword he draws,  
 Her King is his leader, her Church  
 is his cause ;  
 His watchword is honour, his pay  
 is renown,—  
 God strike with the Gallant that  
 strikes for the Crown !

They may boast of their Fairfax,  
 their Waller, and all  
 The roundheaded rebels of West-  
 minster Hall ;

But tell these bold traitors of  
 London's proud town,  
 That the spears of the North have  
 encircled the Crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish,  
 dread of their foes :  
 There's Erin's high Ormond, and  
 Scotland's Montrose !  
 Would you match the base  
 Skippon, and Massey, and  
 Brown,  
 With the Barons of England, that  
 fight for the Crown ?

Now joy to the crest of the brave  
 Cavalier !  
 Be his banner unconquer'd, resist-  
 less his spear,  
 Till in peace and in triumph his  
 toils he may drown,  
 In a pledge to fair England, her  
 Church, and her Crown.

## XXI.

"Alas!" Matilda said, "that  
 strain,  
 Good harper, now is heard in  
 vain !  
 The time has been, at such a  
 sound,  
 When Rokeby's vassals gather'd  
 round,  
 An hundred manly hearts would  
 bound ;  
 But now the stirring verse we  
 hear,  
 Like trump in dying soldier's ear !  
 Listless and sad the notes we own,  
 The power to answer them is  
 flown.  
 Yet not without his meet applause,  
 Be he that sings the rightful  
 cause,

Even when the crisis of its  
fate  
To human eye seems desperate.  
While Rokeby's Heir such power  
retains,  
Let this slight guerdon pay thy  
pains :—  
And, lend thy harp ; I fain would  
try,  
If my poor skill can aught supply,  
Ere yet I leave my father's  
hall,  
To mourn the cause in which we  
fall."

## XXII.

The harper, with a downcast  
look,  
And trembling hand, her bounty  
took.—  
As yet, the conscious pride of  
art  
Had steel'd him in his treacherous  
part ;  
A powerful spring, of force un-  
guess'd,  
That hath each gentler mood  
suppress'd,  
And reign'd in many a human  
breast ;  
From his that plans the red  
campaign,  
To his that wastes the woodland  
reign.  
The falling wing, the blood-shot  
eye,—  
The sportsman marks with  
apathy,  
Each feeling of his victim's ill  
Drown'd in his own successful  
skill.  
The veteran, too, who now no  
more  
Aspires to head the battle's roar,

Loves still the triumph of his  
art,  
And traces on the pencill'd chart  
Some stern invader's destined  
way,  
Through blood and ruin, to his  
prey ;  
Patriots to death, and towns to  
flame,  
He dooms, to raise another's  
name,  
And shares the guilt, though not  
the fame.  
What pays him for his span of  
time  
Spent in premeditating crime ?  
What against pity arms his  
heart?—  
It is the conscious pride of art.

## XXIII.

But principles in Edmund's mind  
Were baseless, vague, and unde-  
fined.  
His soul, like bark with rudder  
lost,  
On Passion's changeful tide was  
tost ;  
Nor Vice nor Virtue had the  
power  
Beyond the impression of the  
hour ;  
And, O ! when Passion rules,  
how rare  
The hours that fall to Virtue's  
share !  
Yet now she roused her—for the  
pride,  
The lack of sterner guilt supplied,  
Could scarce support him when  
arose  
The lay that mourned Matilda's  
woes.

## Song.

## THE FAREWELL.

The sound of Rokeby's woods  
I hear,  
They mingle with the song :  
Dark Greta's voice is in mine  
ear,  
I must not hear them long.  
From every loved and native  
haunt  
The native Heir must stray,  
And, like a ghost whom sun-  
beams daunt,  
Must part before the day.

Soon from the halls my fathers  
rear'd,  
Their scutcheons may de-  
scend,  
A line so long beloved and  
fear'd  
May soon obscurely end.  
No longer here Matilda's tone  
Shall bid those echoes swell ;  
Yet shall they hear her proudly  
own  
The cause in which we fell.

The Lady paused, and then again  
Resumed the lay in loftier strain.

## XXIV.

Let our halls and towers decay,  
Be our name and line forgot,  
Lands and manors pass  
away,—  
We but share our Monarch's  
lot.  
If no more our annals show  
Battles won and banners  
taken,  
Still in death, defeat, and woe,  
Ours be loyalty unshaken !

Constant still in danger's hour,  
Princes own'd our fathers'  
aid ;  
Lands and honours, wealth and  
power,  
Well their loyalty repaid.  
Perish wealth, and power, and  
pride !  
Mortal boons by mortals  
given ;  
But let Constancy abide,—  
Constancy's the gift of  
Heaven.

## XXV.

While thus Matilda's lay was  
heard,  
A thousand thoughts in Edmund  
stirr'd.  
In peasant life he might have  
known  
As fair a face, as sweet a tone ;  
But village notes could ne'er  
supply  
That rich and varied melody ;  
And ne'er in cottage-maid was  
seen  
The easy dignity of mien,  
Claiming respect, yet waving  
state,  
That marks the daughters of the  
great.  
Yet not, perchance, had these  
alone  
His scheme of purposed guilt  
o'erthrown ;  
But while her energy of mind  
Superior rose to griefs combined,  
Lending its kindling to her  
eye,  
Giving her form new majesty,—  
To Edmund's thought Matilda  
seem'd  
The very object he had dream'd ;

When, long ere guilt his soul had  
 known,  
 In Winston bowers he mused  
 alone,  
 Taxing his fancy to combine  
 The face, the air, the voice divine,  
 Of princess fair, by cruel fate  
 Reft of her honours, powers and  
 state,  
 Till to her rightful realm restored  
 By destined hero's conquering  
 sword.

## XXVI.

“Such was my vision!” Edmund  
 thought;  
 “And have I, then, the ruin  
 wrought  
 Of such a maid, that fancy ne'er  
 In fairest vision form'd her peer?  
 Was it my hand that could un-  
 close  
 The postern to her ruthless foes?  
 Foes, lost to honour, law, and  
 faith,  
 Their kindest mercy sudden  
 death!  
 Have I done this? I! who have  
 sworn,  
 That if the globe such angel bore,  
 I would have traced its circle  
 broad,  
 To kiss the ground on which she  
 trode!—  
 And now—O! would that earth  
 would rive,  
 And close upon me while alive!—  
 Is there no hope? Is all then  
 lost?—  
 Bertram's already on his post!  
 Even now, beside the Hall's  
 arch'd door,  
 I saw his shadow cross the floor!  
 He was to wait my signal strain—  
 A little respite thus we gain:

By what I heard the menials say,  
 Young Wycliffe's troop are on  
 their way—  
 Alarm precipitates the crime!  
 My harp must wear away the  
 time.”—  
 And then, in accents faint and  
 low,  
 He falter'd forth a tale of woe.

## XXVII.

## Ballad.

“And whither would you lead  
 me, then?”  
 Quoth the Friar of orders grey;  
 And the Ruffians twain replied  
 again,  
 “By a dying woman to  
 pray.”—  
 “I see,” he said, “a lovely sight,  
 A sight bodes little harm,  
 A lady as a lily bright,  
 With an infant on her arm.”—  
 “Then do thine office, Friar  
 grey,  
 And see thou shrive her free?  
 Else shall the sprite, that parts  
 to-night,  
 Fling all its guilt on thee.  
 “Let mass be said, and trentals  
 read,  
 When thou'rt to convent gone,  
 And bid the bell of St. Benedict  
 Toll out its deepest tone.”  
 The shrift is done, the Friar is  
 gone,  
 Blindfolded as he came—  
 Next morning, all in Littlecot  
 Hall<sup>335</sup>  
 Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darrell is an alter'd man,  
 The village crones can tell ;  
 He looks pale as clay, and strives  
 to pray,  
 If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell's  
 way,  
 He'll beard him in his pride—  
 If he meet a Friar of orders  
 grey,  
 He droops and turns aside.

## XXVIII.

“Harper! methinks thy magic  
 lays,”  
 Matilda said, “can goblins  
 raise!  
 Wellnigh my fancy can discern,  
 Near the dark porch, a visage  
 stern ;  
 E'en now, in yonder shadowy  
 nook,  
 I see it!—Redmond, Wilfrid,  
 look!—  
 A human form distinct and  
 clear—  
 God, for thy mercy!—It draws  
 near!”  
 She saw too true. Stride after  
 stride,  
 The centre of that chamber wide  
 Fierce Bertram gain'd ; then made  
 a stand,  
 And, proudly waving with his  
 hand,  
 Thunder'd—“Be still, upon your  
 lives!—  
 He bleeds who speaks, he dies  
 who strives.”  
 Behind their chief, the robber  
 crew  
 Forth from the darken'd portal  
 drew

In silence—save that echo dread  
 Return'd their heavy measured  
 tread.

The lamp's uncertain lustre gave  
 Their arms to gleam, their plumes  
 to wave ;

File after file in order pass,  
 Like forms on Banquo's mystic  
 glass.

Then, halting at their leader's  
 sign,

At once they form'd and curved  
 their line,

Hemming within its crescent  
 drear

Their victims, like a herd of deer.  
 Another sign, and to the aim

Levell'd at once their muskets  
 came,

As waiting but their chieftain's  
 word,

To make their fatal volley heard.

## XXIX.

Back in a heap the menials drew ;  
 Yet, even in mortal terror, true,  
 Their pale and startled group  
 oppose

Between Matilda and the foes.

“O, haste thee, Wilfrid!” Red-  
 mond cried ;

“Undo that wicket by thy side!  
 Bear hence Matilda—gain the  
 wood—

The pass may be a while made  
 good—

Thy band, ere this, must sure be  
 nigh—

O speak not—dally not—but  
 fly!”

While yet the crowd their motions  
 hide,

Through the low wicket door  
 they glide.

Through vaulted passages they  
 wind,  
 In Gothic intricacy twined ;  
 Wilfrid half led, and half he  
 bore,  
 Matilda to the postern-door,  
 And safe beneath the forest  
 tree,  
 The Lady stands at liberty.  
 The moonbeams, the fresh gale's  
 caress,

Renew'd suspended conscious-  
 ness ;—

“Where's Redmond?” eagerly  
 she cries :

“Thou answer'st not—he dies !  
 he dies !

And thou hast left him, all bereft  
 Of mortal aid—with murderers  
 left !

I know it well—he would not  
 yield

His sword to man—his doom is  
 seal'd !

For my scorn'd life, which thou  
 hast bought

At price of his, I thank thee not.”

### XXX.

The unjust reproach, the angry  
 look,

The heart of Wilfrid could not  
 brook.

“Lady,” he said, “my band so  
 near,

In safety thou mayst rest thee  
 here.

For Redmond's death thou shalt  
 not mourn,

If mine can buy his safe return.”

He turn'd away—his heart  
 throbb'd high,

The tear was bursting from his  
 eye ;

The sense of her injustice press'd  
 Upon the Maid's distracted  
 breast,—

“Stay, Wilfrid, stay ! all aid is  
 vain !”

He heard, but turn'd him not  
 again ;

He reaches now the postern-door,  
 Now enters—and is seen no more.

### XXXI.

With all the agony that e'er  
 Was gender'd 'twixt suspense  
 and fear,

She watch'd the line of windows  
 tall,

Whose Gothic lattice lights the  
 Hall,

Distinguish'd by the paly red  
 The lamps in dim reflection shed,

While all beside in wan moon-  
 light

Each grated casement glimmer'd  
 white.

No sight of harm, no sound of  
 ill,

It is a deep and midnight still.  
 Who look'd upon the scene, had

guess'd

All in the Castle were at rest :

When sudden on the windows  
 shone

A lightning flash, just seen and  
 gone !

A shot is heard—Again the flame  
 Flash'd thick and fast—a volley  
 came !

Then echo'd wildly, from within,  
 Of shout and scream the mingled  
 din,

And weapon-clash and maddening  
 cry,

Of those who kill, and those who  
 die !—



As fill'd the Hall with sulphurous  
 smoke,  
 More red, more dark, the death-  
 flash broke ;  
 And forms were on the lattice  
 cast,  
 That struck, or struggled, as they  
 past.

## XXXII.

What sounds upon the midnight  
 wind  
 Approach so rapidly behind ?  
 It is, it is, the tramp of steeds,  
 Matilda hears the sound, she  
 speeds,  
 Seizes upon the leader's rein—  
 "O, haste to aid, ere aid be  
 vain!  
 Fly to the postern—gain the  
 Hall!"  
 From saddle spring the troopers  
 all ;  
 Their gallant steeds, at liberty,  
 Run wild along the moonlight  
 lea.  
 But, ere they burst upon the  
 scene,  
 Full stubborn had the conflict  
 been.  
 When Bertram mark'd Matilda's  
 flight,  
 It gave the signal for the fight ;  
 And Rokeby's veterans, seam'd  
 with scars  
 Of Scotland's and of Erin's  
 wars,  
 Their momentary panic o'er,  
 Stood to the arms which then  
 they bore ;  
 (For they were weapon'd, and  
 prepared  
 Their Mistress on her way to  
 guard.)

sc.

Then cheer'd them to the fight  
 O'Neale,  
 Then peal'd the shot, and clash'd  
 the steel ;  
 The war-smoke soon with sable  
 breath  
 Darken'd the scene of blood and  
 death,  
 While on the few defenders close  
 The Bandits, with redoubled  
 blows,  
 And, twice driven back, yet fierce  
 and fell  
 Renew the charge with frantic  
 yell.

## XXXIII.

Wilfrid has fall'n—but o'er him  
 stood  
 Young Redmond, soil'd with  
 smoke and blood,  
 Cheering his mates with heart  
 and hand  
 Still to make good their desperate  
 stand.  
 "Up, comrades, up! In Rokeby  
 halls  
 Ne'er be it said our courage  
 falls.  
 What! faint ye for their savage  
 cry,  
 Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt  
 your eye?  
 These rafters have return'd a  
 shout  
 As loud at Rokeby's wassail  
 rout,  
 As thick a smoke these hearths  
 have given  
 At Hallow-tide or Christmas-  
 even.<sup>336</sup>  
 Stand to it yet! renew the fight,  
 For Rokeby's and Matilda's  
 right!

These slaves! they dare not,  
 hand to hand,  
 Bide buffet from a true man's  
 brand."  
 Impetuous, active, fierce, and  
 young,  
 Upon the advancing foes he  
 sprung.  
 Woe to the wretch at whom is  
 bent  
 His brandish'd falchion's sheer  
 descent!  
 Backward they scatter'd as he  
 came,  
 Like wolves before the levin flame,  
 When, 'mid their howling con-  
 clave driven,  
 Hath glanced the thunderbolt of  
 heaven.  
 Bertram rush'd on—but Harpool  
 clasp'd  
 His knees, although in death he  
 gasp'd,  
 His falling corpse before him  
 flung,  
 And round the trammell'd ruffian  
 clung.  
 Just then, the soldiers fill'd the  
 dome,  
 And, shouting, charged the felons  
 home  
 So fiercely, that, in panic dread,  
 They broke, they yielded, fell, or  
 fled.  
 Bertram's stern voice they heed  
 no more,  
 Though heard above the battle's  
 roar ;  
 While, trampling down the dying  
 man,  
 He strove, with volley'd threat  
 and ban,  
 In scorn of odds, in fate's de-  
 spite,  
 rally up the desperate fight.

## XXXIV.

Soon murkier clouds the Hall  
 enfold,  
 Than e'er from battle-thunders  
 roll'd  
 So dense, the combatants scarce  
 know  
 To aim or to avoid the blow.  
 Smothering and blindfold grows  
 the fight—  
 But soon shall dawn a dismal  
 light!  
 'Mid cries and clashing arms,  
 there came  
 The hollow sound of rushing  
 flame ;  
 New horrors on the tumult dire  
 Arise—the Castle is on fire !  
 Doubtful, if chance had cast the  
 brand,  
 Or frantic Bertram's desperate  
 hand.  
 Matilda saw—for frequent broke  
 From the dim casements gusts of  
 smoke.  
 Yon tower, which late so clear  
 defined  
 On the fair hemisphere reclined,  
 That, pencill'd on its azure pure,  
 The eye could count each em-  
 brazure,  
 Now, swath'd within the sweep-  
 ing cloud,  
 Seems giant-spectre in his  
 shroud ;  
 Till, from each loop-hole flashing  
 light,  
 A spout of fire shines ruddy bright,  
 And, gathering to united glare,  
 Streams high into the midnight  
 air ;  
 A dismal beacon, far and wide  
 That waken'd Greta's slumbering  
 side.

Soon all beneath, through gallery  
 long,  
 And pendant arch, the fire flash'd  
 strong,  
 Snatching whatever could main-  
 tain,  
 Raise, or extend, its furious  
 reign ;  
 Startling, with closer cause of  
 dread,  
 The females who the conflict fled,  
 And now rush'd forth upon the  
 plain,  
 Filling the air with clamours vain.

## XXXV.

But ceased not yet, the Hall  
 within,  
 The shriek, the shout, the  
 carnage-din,  
 Till bursting lattices give proof  
 The flames have caught the  
 rafter'd roof.  
 What! wait they till its beams  
 amain  
 Crash on the slayers and the slain?  
 The alarm is caught—the draw-  
 bridge falls,  
 The warriors hurry from the walls,  
 But, by the conflagration's light,  
 Upon the lawn renew the fight.  
 Each struggling felon down was  
 hew'd,  
 Not one could gain the sheltering  
 wood ;  
 But forth the affrighted harper  
 sprung,  
 And to Matilda's robe he clung.  
 Her shriek, entreaty, and com-  
 mand,  
 Stopp'd the pursuer's lifted hand.  
 Denzil and he alive were ta'en ;  
 The rest, save Bertram, all are  
 slain.

## XXXVI.

And where is Bertram?—Soaring  
 high  
 The general flame ascends the  
 sky ;  
 In gather'd group the soldiers  
 gaze  
 Upon the broad and roaring  
 blaze,  
 When, like infernal demon, sent,  
 Red from his penal element,  
 To plague and to pollute the air,—  
 His face all gore, on fire his hair,  
 Forth from the central mass of  
 smoke  
 The giant form of Bertram broke !  
 His brandish'd sword on high he  
 rears,  
 Then plunged among opposing  
 spears ;  
 Round his left arm his mantle  
 truss'd,  
 Received and foil'd three lances'  
 thrust ;  
 Nor these his headlong course  
 withstood,  
 Like reeds he snapp'd the tough  
 ash-wood.  
 In vain his foes around him  
 clung ;  
 With matchless force aside he  
 flung  
 Their boldest,—as the bull, at  
 bay,  
 Tosses the ban-dogs from his way,  
 Through forty foes his path he  
 made,  
 And safely gain'd the forest glade.

## XXXVII.

Scarce was this final conflict o'er,  
 When from the postern Redmond  
 bore

Wilfrid, who, as of life bereft,  
Had in the fatal Hall been left,  
Deserted there by all his train;  
But Redmond saw, and turn'd  
again.—

Beneath an oak he laid him down,  
That in the blaze gleam'd ruddy  
brown,

And then his mantle's clasp un-  
did;

Matilda held his drooping head,  
Till, given to breathe the freer  
air,

Returning life repaid their care.

He gazed on them with heavy  
sigh,—

“I could have wish'd even thus  
to die!”

No more he said—for now with  
speed

Each trooper had regain'd his  
steed;

The ready palfreys stood array'd,  
For Redmond and for Rokeby's  
Maid;

Two Wilfrid on his horse sustain,  
One leads his charger by the rein.  
But oft Matilda look'd behind,  
As up the Vale of Tees they wind,  
Where far the mansion of her  
sires

Beacon'd the dale with midnight  
fires.

In gloomy arch above them  
spread,

The clouded heaven lower'd  
bloody red;

Beneath, in sombre light, the  
flood

Appear'd to roll in waves of  
blood.

Then, one by one, was heard to  
fall

The tower, the donjon-keep, the  
hall.

Each rushing down with thunder  
sound,

A space the conflagration  
drown'd;

Till, gathering strength, again it  
rose,

Announced its triumph in its  
close,

Shook wide its light the landscape  
o'er,

Then sunk—and Robeby was no  
more!

## CANTO SIXTH.

### I.

THE summer sun, whose early  
power

Was wont to gild Matilda's  
bower,

And rouse her with his matin ray  
Her duteous orisons to pay,—

That morning sun has three times  
seen

The flowers unfold on Rokeby  
green,

But sees no more the slumbers  
fly

From fair Matilda's hazel eye;

That morning sun has three times  
broke

On Rokeby's glades of elm and  
oak,

But, rising from their silvan  
screen,

Marks no grey turrets glance  
between.

A shapeless mass lie keep and  
tower,

That, hissing to the morning  
shower,

Can but with smouldering vapour  
pay

The early smile of summer day.

The peasant, to his labour bound,  
Pauses to view the blacken'd  
mound,

Striving, amid the ruin'd space,  
Each well-remember'd spot to  
trace.

That length of frail and fire-  
scorch'd wall

Once screen'd the hospitable hall ;  
When yonder broken arch was  
whole,

'Twas there was dealt the weekly  
dole ;

And where yon tottering columns  
nod,

The chapel sent the hymn to  
God.—

So flits the world's uncertain  
span !

Nor zeal for God, nor love for  
man,

Gives mortal monuments a date  
Beyond the power of Time and  
Fate.

The towers must share the  
builder's doom ;

Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb :

But better boon benignant Heaven  
To Faith and Charity has given,  
And bids the Christian hope  
sublime

Transcend the bounds of Fate  
and Time.

## II.

Now the third night of summer  
came,

Since that which witness'd  
Rokeby's flame.

On Brignall cliffs and Scargill  
brake

The owl's homilies awake,  
The bitter scream'd from rush  
and flag,

The raven slumber'd on his crag,

Forth from his den the otter  
drew,—

Grayling and trout their tyrant  
knew,

As between reed and sedge he  
peers,

With fierce round snout and  
sharpen'd ears,

Or, prowling by the moonbeam  
cool,

Watches the stream or swims  
the pool ;—

Perch'd on his wonted eyrie high,  
Sleep seal'd the tercelet's wearied  
eye,

That all the day had watch'd so  
well

The cushat dart across the  
dell.

In dubious beam reflected shone  
That lofty cliff of pale grey  
stone,

Beside whose base the secret  
cave

To rapine late a refuge gave.

The crag's wild crest of copse  
and yew

On Greta's breast dark shadows  
threw ;

Shadows that met or shunn'd the  
sight,

With every change of fitful light ;  
As hope and fear alternate chase

Our course through life's un-  
certain race.

## III.

Gliding by crag and copsewood  
green,

A solitary form was seen

To trace with stealthy pace the  
wold,

Like fox that seeks the midnight  
fold,

And pauses oft, and covers dismay'd,  
 At every breath that stirs the shade.  
 He passes now the ivy bush,—  
 The owl has seen him, and is hush;  
 He passes now the dodder'd oak,—  
 Ye heard the startled raven croak;  
 Lower and lower he descends,  
 Rustle the leaves, the brushwood bends;  
 The otter hears him tread the shore,  
 And dives, and is beheld no more;  
 And by the cliff of pale grey stone  
 The midnight wanderer stands alone.  
 Methinks, that by the moon we trace  
 A well-remember'd form and face!  
 That stripling shape, that cheek so pale,  
 Combine to tell a rueful tale,  
 Of powers misused, of passion's force,  
 Of guilt, of grief, and of remorse!  
 'Tis Edmund's eye, at every sound  
 That flings that guilty glance around;  
 'Tis Edmund's trembling haste divides  
 The brushwood that the cavern hides;  
 And, when its narrow porch lies bare,  
 'Tis Edmund's form that enters there.

## IV.

His flint and steel have sparkled bright,  
 A lamp hath lent the cavern light.

Fearful and quick his eye surveys  
 Each angle of the gloomy maze.  
 Since last he left that stern abode,  
 It seem'd as none its floor had trode;  
 Untouch'd appear'd the various spoil,  
 The purchase of his comrades' toil;  
 Masks and disguises grim'd with mud,  
 Arms broken and defiled with blood,  
 And all the nameless tools that aid  
 Night-felons in their lawless trade,  
 Upon the gloomy walls were hung,  
 Or lay in nooks obscurely flung.  
 Still on the sordid board appear  
 The relics of the noontide cheer:  
 Flagons and emptied flasks were there,  
 And bench o'erthrown, and shatter'd chair;  
 And all around the semblance show'd,  
 As when the final revel glow'd,  
 When the red sun was setting fast,  
 And parting pledge Guy Denzil past.  
 "To Rokeby treasure-vaults!"  
 they quaff'd,  
 And shouted loud and wildly laugh'd,  
 Pour'd maddening from the rocky door,  
 And parted—to return no more!  
 They found in Rokeby vaults  
 their doom,—  
 A bloody death, a burning tomb!

## V.

There his own peasant dress he spies,  
 Doff'd to assume that quaint disguise ;  
 And, shuddering, thought upon his glee,  
 When prank'd in garb of minstrelsy.  
 "O, be the fatal art accurst,"  
 He cried, "that moved my folly first ;  
 Till, bribed by bandits' base applause,  
 I burst through God's and Nature's laws !  
 Three summer days are scanty past  
 Since I have trod this cavern last,  
 A thoughtless wretch, and prompt to err—  
 But, O, as yet no murderer !  
 Even now I list my comrades' cheer,  
 That general laugh is in mine ear,  
 Which raised my pulse and steel'd my heart,  
 As I rehearsed my treacherous part—  
 And would that all since then could seem  
 The phantom of a fever's dream !  
 But fatal Memory notes too well  
 The horrors of the dying yell  
 From my despairing mates that broke,  
 When flash'd the fire and roll'd the smoke ;  
 When the avengers shouting came,  
 And hemm'd us 'twixt the sword and flame !

My frantic flight,—the lifted brand,—  
 That angel's interposing hand !—  
 If, for my life from slaughter freed,  
 I yet could pay some grateful need !  
 Perchance this object of my quest  
 May aid"—he turn'd, nor spoke the rest.

## VI.

Due northward from the rugged hearth,  
 With paces five he metes the earth,  
 Then toil'd with mattock to explore  
 The entrails of the cavern floor,  
 Nor paused till, deep beneath the ground,  
 His search a small steel casket found.  
 Just as he stoop'd to loose its hasp,  
 His shoulder felt a giant grasp ;  
 He started, and look'd up aghast,  
 Then shriek'd !—"Twas Bertram held him fast.  
 "Fear not !" he said ; but who could hear  
 That deep stern voice, and cease to fear ?  
 "Fear not !—By heaven, he shakes as much  
 As partridge in the falcon's clutch :"—  
 He raised him, and unloosed his hold,  
 While from the opening casket roll'd  
 A chain and reliquaire of gold.

Bertram beheld it with surprise,  
 Gazed on its fashion and device,  
 Then, cheering Edmund as he  
 could,  
 Somewhat he smooth'd his rugged  
 mood :  
 For still the youth's half-lifted  
 eye  
 Quiver'd with terror's agony,  
 And sidelong glanced, as to ex-  
 plore,  
 In meditated flight, the door.  
 "Sit," Bertram said, "from  
 danger, free :  
 Thou canst not, and thou shalt  
 not, flee.  
 Chance brings me hither ; hill  
 and plain  
 I've sought for refuge-place in  
 vain.  
 And tell me now, thou aguish  
 boy,  
 What makest thou here ? what  
 means this toy ?  
 Denzil and thou, I mark'd, were  
 ta'en ;  
 What lucky chance unbound your  
 chain ?  
 I deem'd, long since on Baliol's  
 tower,  
 Your heads were warp'd with  
 sun and shower.  
 Tell me the whole—and, mark !  
 nought e'er  
 Chafes me like falsehood, or like  
 fear."  
 Gathering his courage to his aid,  
 But trembling still, the youth  
 obey'd.

## VII.

"Denzil and I two nights pass'd  
 o'er  
 In fetters on the dungeon floor

A guest the third sad morrow  
 brought ;  
 Our hold dark Oswald Wycliffe  
 sought,  
 And eyed my comrade long  
 askance,  
 With fix'd and penetrating glance.  
 'Guy Denzil art thou call'd?'—  
 'The same.'—  
 'At Court who served wild  
 Buckinghame ;  
 Thence banish'd, won a keeper's  
 place,  
 So Villiers will'd, in Marwood-  
 chase ;  
 That lost—I need not tell thee  
 why—  
 Thou madest thy wits thy wants  
 supply,  
 Then fought for Rokeby :—Have  
 I guess'd  
 My prisoner right?'—'At thy  
 behest.'—  
 He paused a while, and then  
 went on  
 With low and confidential tone ;—  
 Me, as I judge, not then he saw,  
 Close nestled on my couch of  
 straw.—  
 'List to me, Guy. Thou know'st  
 the great  
 Have frequent need of what they  
 hate ;  
 Hence, in their favour oft we  
 see  
 Unscrupled, useful men like thee.  
 Were I disposed to bid thee live,  
 What pledge of faith hast thou  
 to give?'

## VIII.

"The ready Fiend, who never  
 yet  
 Hath failed to sharpen Denzil's  
 wit,



Prompted his lie—"His only child  
Should rest his pledge."—The

Baron smiled,  
And turn'd to me—"Thou art his  
son?"

I bowed—our fetters were undone,  
And we were led to hear apart  
A dreadful lesson of his art.

Wilfrid, he said, his heir and  
son,

Had fair Matilda's favour won ;  
And long since had their union  
been,

But for her fathers bigot spleen,  
Whose brute and blindfold party-  
rage

Would, force per force, her hand  
engage

To a base kern of Irish earth,  
Unknown his lineage and his  
birth,

Save that a dying ruffian bore  
The infant brat to Rokeby door.

Gentle restraint, he said, would  
lead

Old Rokeby to enlarge his creed ;  
But fair occasion he must find

For such restraint well-meant and  
kind,

The Knight being render'd to his  
charge

But as a prisoner at large.

## IX.

"He school'd us in a well-forged  
tale,

Of scheme the Castle walls to  
scale,

To which was leagued each  
Cavalier

That dwells upon the Tyne and  
Wear ;

That Rokeby, his parole forgot,  
Had dealt with us to aid the plot.

Such was the charge, which  
Denzil's zeal

Of hate to Rokeby and O'Neale  
Proffer'd as witness, to make  
good,

Even though the forfeit were  
their blood.

I scrupled, until o'er and o'er  
His prisoners' safety Wycliffe  
swore ;

And then—alas ! what needs there  
more?

I knew I should not live to  
say

The proffer I refused that  
day ;

Ashamed to live, yet loth to  
die,

I soil'd me with their infamy !"

"Poor youth," said Bertram,  
"wavering still,

Unfit alike for good or ill !

But what fell next ?"—"Soon as  
at large

Was scroll'd and sign'd our fatal  
charge,

There never yet, on tragic  
stage,

Was seen so well a painted  
rage

As Oswald's show'd ! With loud  
alarm

He call'd his garrison to arm ;

From tower to tower, from post  
to post,

He hurried as if all were  
lost ;

Consign'd to dungeon and to  
chain

The good old Knight and all his  
train ;

Warn'd each suspected Cavalier,  
Within his limits to appear

To-morrow, at the hour of noon,  
In the high church of Egliston."—

## X.

“Of Egliston!—Even now I  
pass’d,”

Said Bertram, “as the night  
closed fast;

Torches and cressets gleam’d  
around,

I heard the saw and hammer  
sound,

And I could mark they toil’d to  
raise

A scaffold, hung with sable baize,  
Which the grim headsman’s scene  
display’d,

Block, axe, and sawdust ready  
laid.

Some evil deed will there be  
done,

Unless Matilda wed his son;—  
She loves him not—’tis shrewdly  
guess’d

That Redmond rules the damsel’s  
breast.

This is a turn of Oswald’s skill;  
But I may meet, and foil him  
still!—

How camest thou to thy free-  
dom?”—“There

Lies mystery more dark and rare.  
In midst of Wycliffe’s well-feign’d  
rage,

A scroll was offer’d by a page,  
Who told, a muffled horseman  
late

Had left it at the Castle-gate.  
He broke the seal—his cheeks  
show’d change,

Sudden, portentous, wild, and  
strange;

The mimic passion of his eye  
Was turn’d to actual agony;

His hand like summer sapling  
shook,

Terror and guilt were in his look.

Denzil he judged, in time of  
need,

Fit counsellor for evil deed;  
And thus apart his counsel broke,

While with a ghastly smile he  
spoke:—

## XI.

“As in the pageants of the  
stage,

The dead awake in this wild age,  
Mortham—whom all men deem’d  
decreed

In his own deadly snare to  
bleed,

Slain by a bravo, whom, o’er  
sea,

He train’d to aid in murdering  
me,—

Mortham has ’scaped! The  
coward shot

The steed, but harm’d the rider  
not.”

Here, with an execration fell,  
Bertram leap’d up, and paced the  
cell:—

“Thine own grey head, or bosom  
dark,”

He mutter’d, “may be surer  
mark!”

Then sat, and sign’d to Edmund,  
pale

With terror, to resume his tale.  
“Wycliffe went on:—‘Mark with  
what flights

Of wilder’d reverie he writes:—

## The Letter.

“‘Ruler of Mortham’s destiny!  
Though dead, thy victim lives to  
thee.

Once had he all that binds to  
life,

A lovely child, a lovelier wife;

Wealth, fame, and friendship,  
 were his own—  
 Thou gavest the word, and they  
 are flown.  
 Mark how he pays thee:—To  
 thy hand  
 He yields his honours and his  
 land,  
 One boon premised;—Restore  
 his child!  
 And, from his native land exiled,  
 Mortham no more returns to  
 claim  
 His lands, his honours, or his  
 name;  
 Refuse him this, and from the  
 slain  
 Thou shalt see Mortham rise  
 again.'

## XII.

'This billet while the baron read,  
 His faltering accents show'd his  
 dread;  
 He press'd his forehead with his  
 palm,  
 Then took a scornful tone and  
 calm;  
 'Wild as the winds, as billows  
 wild!  
 What wot I of his spouse or  
 child?  
 Hither he brought a joyous dame,  
 Unknown her lineage or her  
 name:  
 Her, in some frantic fit, he slew;  
 The nurse and child in fear with-  
 drew.  
 Heaven be my witness! wist I  
 where  
 To find this youth, my kinsman's  
 heir,—  
 Unguerdon'd, I would give with  
 joy  
 The father's arms to fold his boy,

And Mortham's lands and towers  
 resign  
 To the just heirs of Mortham's  
 line.'—  
 Thou know'st that scarcely e'en  
 his fear  
 Suppresses Denzil's cynic sneer;—  
 'Then happy is thy vassal's part,'  
 He said, 'to ease his patron's  
 heart!  
 In thine own jailer's watchful  
 care  
 Lies Mortham's just and rightful  
 heir;  
 Thy generous wish is fully won,—  
 Redmond O'Neale is Mortham's  
 son.'—

## XIII.

'Up starting with a frenzied  
 look,  
 His clenched hand the Baron  
 shook:  
 'Is Hell at work? or dost thou  
 rave,  
 Or darest thou palter with me,  
 slave!  
 Perchance thou wot'st not,  
 Barnard's towers  
 Have racks, of strange and  
 ghastly powers.'  
 Denzil, who well his safety knew,  
 Firmly rejoind, 'I tell thee true.  
 Thy racks could give thee but  
 to know  
 The proofs, which I, untortured,  
 show.—  
 It chanced upon a winter night,  
 When early snow made Stan-  
 more white.  
 That very night, when first of all  
 Redmond O'Neale saw Rokeby-  
 hall,  
 It was my goodly lot to gain  
 A reliquary and a chain,

Twisted and chased of massive  
gold.

—Demand not how the prize I  
hold!

It was not given, nor lent, nor  
sold.—

Gilt tablets to the chain were  
hung,

With letters in the Irish tongue.

I hid my spoil, for there was need  
That I should leave the land with

speed ;

Nor then I deem'd it safe to bear  
On mine own person gems so  
rare.

Small heed I of the tablets took,  
But since have spell'd them by  
the book,

When some sojourn in Erin's  
land

Of their wild speech had given  
command.

But darkling was the sense ; the  
phrase

And language those of other  
days,

Involved of purpose, as to foil  
An interloper's prying toil.

The words, but not the sense, I  
knew,

Till fortune gave the guiding  
clue.

#### XIV.

““ Three days since, was that  
clue reveal'd,

In Thorsgill as I lay conceal'd,  
And heard at full when Rokeby's  
Maid

Her uncle's history display'd ;

And now I can interpret well

Each syllable the tablets tell.

Mark, then : Fair Edith was the  
joy

Of old O'Neale of Clandeboy ;

But from her sire and country  
fled,

In secret Mortham's Lord to  
wed.

O'Neale, his first resentment o'er,  
Despatch'd his son to Greta's

shore,

Enjoining he should make him  
known

(Until his farther will were  
shown)

To Edith, but to her alone.

What of their ill-starr'd meeting  
fell,

Lord Wycliffe knows, and none  
so well.

#### XV.

““ O'Neale it was, who, in de-  
spair,

Robb'd Mortham of his infant  
heir ;

He bred him in their nurture  
wild,

And call'd him murder'd Connel's  
child.

Soon died the nurse ; the Clan  
believed

What from their Chieftain they  
received

His purpose was, that ne'er again  
The boy should cross the Irish

main ;

But, like his mountain sires, en-  
joy

The woods and wastes of Clande-  
boy.

Then on the land wild troubles  
came,

And stronger Chieftains urged a  
claim,

And wrested from the old man's  
hands

His native towers, his father's  
lands.

Unable then, amid the strife,  
 To guard young Redmond's  
 rights or life,  
 Late and reluctant he restores  
 The infant to his native shores,  
 With goodly gifts and letters  
 stored,  
 With many a deep conjuring  
 word,  
 To Mortham and to Rokeby's  
 Lord.  
 Nought knew the clod of Irish  
 earth,  
 Who was the guide, of Redmond's  
 birth ;  
 But deem'd his Chief's commands  
 were laid  
 On both, by both to be obey'd.  
 How he was wounded by the  
 way,  
 I need not, and I list not say.'—

## XVI.

“ ‘A wondrous tale ! and, grant  
 it true,  
 What,’ Wycliffe answer'd, ‘might  
 I do ?  
 Heaven knows, as willingly as  
 now  
 I raise the bonnet from my  
 brow,  
 Would I my kinsman's manors  
 fair  
 Restore to Mortham, or his heir ;  
 But Mortham is distraught—  
 O'Neale  
 Has drawn for tyranny his steel,  
 Malignant to our rightful cause,  
 And train'd in Rome's delusive  
 laws.  
 Hark thee apart !’ — They  
 whisper'd long,  
 Till Denzil's voice grew bold and  
 strong :—

‘My proofs ! I never will,’ he  
 said,  
 ‘Show mortal man where they  
 are laid.  
 Nor hope discovery to foreclose,  
 By giving me to feed the crows ;  
 For I have mates at large, who  
 know  
 Where I am wont such toys to  
 stow.  
 Free me from peril and from  
 band,  
 These tablets are at thy com-  
 mand ;  
 Nor were it hard to form some  
 train,  
 To wile old Mortham o'er the  
 main.  
 Then, lunatic's nor papist's hand  
 Should wrest from thine the  
 goodly land.’—

— ‘I like thy wit,’ said Wycliffe,  
 ‘well ;  
 But here in hostage shalt thou  
 dwell.  
 Thy son, unless my purpose err,  
 May prove the trustier mes-  
 senger.  
 A scroll to Mortham shall he bear  
 From me, and fetch these tokens  
 rare.  
 Gold shalt thou have, and that  
 good store,  
 And freedom, his commission  
 o'er ;  
 But if his faith should chance to  
 fail,  
 The gibbet frees thee from the  
 jail.’—

## XVII.

“ Mesh'd in the net himself had  
 twined,  
 What subterfuge could Denzil  
 find ?

He told me, with reluctant sigh,  
That hidden here the tokens lie ;  
Conjured my swift return and aid,  
By all he scoff'd and disobey'd,  
And look'd as if the noose were tied,

And I the priest who left his side.  
This scroll for Mortham Wycliffe  
gave,

Whom I must seek by Greta's  
wave ;

Or in the hut where chief he  
hides,

Where Thorsgill's forester resides.  
(Thence chanced it, wandering  
in the glade,

That he descried our ambuscade.)  
I was dismiss'd as evening fell,  
And reach'd but now this rocky  
cell."—

"Give Oswald's letter."—Ber-  
tram read,

And tore it fiercely, shred by  
shred :—

"All lies and villany ! to blind  
His noble kinsman's generous  
mind,

And train him on from day to day,  
Till he can take his life away.—

And now, declare thy purpose,  
youth,

Nor dare to answer, save the  
truth ;

If aught I mark of Denzil's art,  
I'll tear the secret from thy  
heart !"—

### XVIII.

"It needs not. I renounce," he  
said,

"My tutor and his deadly trade.  
Fix'd was my purpose to declare  
To Mortham, Redmond is his  
heir ;

To tell him in what risk he stands,  
And yield these tokens to his  
hands.

Fix'd was my purpose to atone,  
Far as I may, the evil done ;  
And fix'd it rests—if I survive  
This night, and leave this cave  
alive."—

"And Denzil ?"—"Let them  
ply the rack

Even till his joints and sinews  
crack !

If Oswald tear him limb from  
limb,

What ruth can Denzil claim from  
him,

Whose thoughtless youth he led  
astray,

And damn'd to this unhallow'd  
way ?

He school'd me faith and vows  
were vain ;

Now let my master reap his  
gain."—

"True," answer'd Bertram, "'tis  
his meed ;

There's retribution in the deed.  
But thou—thou art not for our

course,

Hast fear, hast pity, hast re-  
morse :

And he, with us the gale who  
braves,

Must heave such cargo to the  
waves,

Or lag with overloaded prore,  
While barks unburden'd reach  
the shore."

### XIX.

He paused, and, stretching him  
at length,  
Seem'd to repose his bulky  
strength.

Communing with his secret mind,  
 As half he sat, and half reclined,  
 One ample hand his forehead  
 press'd,  
 And one was dropp'd across his  
 breast.  
 The shaggy eyebrows deeper  
 came  
 Above his eyes of swarthy flame ;  
 His lip of pride a while forebore  
 The haughty curve till then it  
 wore ;  
 The unalter'd fierceness of his  
 look  
 A shade of darken'd sadness  
 took,—  
 For dark and sad a presage  
 press'd  
 Resistlessly on Bertram's  
 breast,—  
 And when he spoke, his wonted  
 tone,  
 So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was  
 gone.  
 His voice was steady, low, and  
 deep,  
 Like distant waves when breezes  
 sleep ;  
 And sorrow mix'd with Edmund's  
 fear,  
 Its low unbroken depth to hear.

## XX.

“Edmund, in thy sad tale I  
 find  
 The woe that warp'd my patron's  
 mind :  
 'Twould wake the fountains of  
 the eye  
 In other men, but mine are dry.  
 Mortham must never see the  
 fool,  
 That sold himself base Wycliffe's  
 tool ;

Yet less from thirst of sordid  
 gain,  
 Than to avenge supposed dis-  
 dain.  
 Say, Bertram rues his fault ;—  
 a word,  
 Till now, from Bertram never  
 heard :  
 Say, too, that Mortham's Lord he  
 prays  
 To think but on their former  
 days ;  
 On Quariana's beach and rock,  
 On Cayo's bursting battle-shock,  
 On Darien's sands and deadly  
 dew,  
 And on the dart Tlatzeca threw ;—  
 Perchance my patron yet may  
 hear  
 More that may grace his com-  
 rade's bier.  
 My soul hath felt a secret weight,  
 A warning of approaching fate :  
 A priest had said, 'Return,  
 repent !'  
 As well to bid that rock be  
 rent.  
 Firm as that flint I face mine  
 end ;  
 My heart may burst, but cannot  
 bend.

## XXI.

“The dawning of my youth, with  
 awe  
 And prophecy, the Dalesmen  
 saw ;  
 For over Redesdale it came,  
 As bodeful as their beacon-  
 flame.  
 Edmund, thy years were scarcely  
 mine,  
 When, challenging the Clans of  
 Tyne,

To bring their best my brand  
to prove,  
O'er Hexham's altar hung my  
glove; <sup>337</sup>  
But Tynedale, nor in tower nor  
town,  
Held champion meet to take it  
down.  
My noontide, India may declare;  
Like her fierce sun, I fired the  
air!  
Like him, to wood and cave  
bade fly  
Her natives, from mine angry  
eye.  
Panama's maids shall long look  
pale  
When Risingham inspires the  
tale;  
Chili's dark matrons long shall  
tame  
The froward child with Bertram's  
name.  
And now, my race of terror run,  
Mine be the eve of tropic sun!  
No pale gradations quench his  
ray,  
No twilight dew's his wrath  
allay;  
With disk like battle-target red,  
He rushes to his burning bed,  
Dyes the wide wave with bloody  
light,  
Then sinks at once—and all is  
night.—

## XXII.

“Now to thy mission, Edmund.  
Fly,  
Seek Mortham out, and bid him  
hie  
To Richmond, where his troops  
are laid,  
And lead his force to Redmond's  
aid.

Say, till he reaches Egliston,  
A friend will watch to guard his  
son.

Now, fare-thee-well; for night  
draws on,  
And I would rest me here  
alone.”

Despite his ill-dissembled fear,  
There swam in Edmund's eye a  
tear;

A tribute to the courage high,  
Which stoop'd not in extremity,  
But strove, irregularly great,  
To triumph o'er approaching  
fate!

Bertram beheld the dewdrop  
start,

It almost touch'd his iron  
heart:—

“I did not think there lived,”  
he said,

“One, who would tear for  
Bertram shed.”

He loosen'd then his baldric's  
hold,

A buckle broad of massive  
gold;—

“Of all the spoil that paid his  
pains,

But this with Risingham remains;  
And this, dear Edmund, thou  
shalt take

And wear it long for Bertram's  
sake.

Once more—to Mortham speed  
again;

Farewell! and turn thee not  
again.”

## XXIII.

The night has yielded to the  
morn,  
And far the hours of prime are  
worn.



Oswald, who, since the dawn of day,  
Had cursed his messenger's delay,  
Impatient question'd now his train,

“Was Denzil's son return'd again?”

It chanced there answer'd of the crew,

A menial, who young Edmund knew :

“No son of Denzil this,”—he said;

“A peasant boy from Winston glade,

For song and minstrelsy renown'd,

And knavish pranks, the hamlets round.”—

“Not Denzil's son!—From Winston vale!—

Then it was false, that specious tale;

Or, worse—he hath despatch'd the youth

To show to Mortham's Lord its truth.

Fool that I was!—but 'tis too late;—

This is the very turn of fate!—

The tale, or true or false, relies  
On Denzil's evidence! He dies!

Ho! Provost Marshall! instantly  
Lead Denzil to the gallows-tree!

Allow him not a parting word;  
Short be the shrift, and sure the cord!

Then let his gory head appal  
Marauders from the Castle-wall.

Lead forth thy guard, that duty done,

With best despatch to Egliston.—

—Basil, tell Wilfrid he must  
straight  
Attend me at the Castle-gate.”—

## XXIV.

“Alas!” the old domestic said,  
And shook his venerable head,  
“Alas, my Lord! full ill to-day  
May my young master brook the way!

The leech has spoke with grave alarm,

Of unseen hurt, of secret harm,  
Of sorrow lurking at the heart,  
That mars and lets his healing art.”—

“Tush, tell not me!—Romantic boys

Pine themselves sick for airy toys,

I will find cure for Wilfrid soon;

Bid him for Egliston be boune,  
And quick!—I hear the dull death-drum

Tell Denzil's hour of fate is come.”

He paused with scornful smile,  
and then

Resumed his train of thought  
agen.

“Now comes my fortune's crisis  
near!

Entreaty boots not—instant fear,  
Nought else, can bend Matilda's pride,

Or win her to be Wilfrid's bride.

But when she sees the scaffold placed,

With axe and block and headsman graced,

And when she deems, that to deny

Dooms Redmond and her sire to die,

She must give way.—Then, were  
 the line  
 Of Rokeby once combined with  
 mine,  
 I gain the weather-gage of fate !  
 If Mortham come, he comes too  
 late,  
 While I, allied thus and prepared,  
 Bid him defiance to his beard.—  
 —If she prove stubborn, shall I  
 dare  
 To drop the axe?—Soft ! pause  
 we there.  
 Mortham still lives—yon youth  
 may tell  
 His tale—and Fairfax loves him  
 well ;—  
 Else, wherefore should I now  
 delay  
 To sweep this Redmond from  
 my way?—  
 But she to piety perforce  
 Must yield.—Without there !  
 Sound to horse.”

## XXV.

'Twas bustle in the court below,—  
 “Mount, and march forward !”—  
 Forth they go.  
 Steeds neigh and trample all  
 around,  
 Steel rings, spears glimmer,  
 trumpets sound.—  
 Just then was sung his parting  
 hymn ;  
 And Denzil turn'd his eyeballs  
 dim,  
 And, scarcely conscious what he  
 sees,  
 Follows the horsemen down the  
 Tees ;  
 And scarcely conscious what he  
 hears,  
 The trumpets tingle in his ears.

O'er the long bridge they're  
 sweeping now,  
 The van is hid by greenwood  
 bough ;  
 But ere the rearward had pass'd  
 o'er,  
 Guy Denzil heard and saw no  
 more !  
 One stroke, upon the Castle bell,  
 To Oswald rung his dying knell.

## XXVI.

O, for that pencil, erst profuse  
 Of chivalry's emblazon'd hues,  
 That traced of old in Woodstock  
 bower,  
 The pageant of the Leaf and  
 Flower,  
 And bodied forth the tourney  
 high,  
 Held for the hand of Emily !  
 Then might I paint the tumult  
 broad,  
 That to the crowded abbey  
 flow'd,  
 And pour'd, as with an ocean's  
 sound,  
 Into the church's ample bound !  
 Then might I show each varying  
 mien,  
 Exulting, woeful, or serene ;  
 Indifference, with his idiot stare,  
 And Sympathy, with anxious air,  
 Paint the dejected Cavalier,  
 Doubtful, disarm'd, and sad of  
 cheer ;  
 And his proud foe, whose formal  
 eye  
 Claim'd conquest now and  
 mastery ;  
 And the brute crowd, whose  
 envious zeal  
 Huzzas each turn of Fortune's  
 wheel,

And loudest shouts when lowest  
 lie  
 Exalted worth and station high.  
 Yet what may such a wish avail?  
 'Tis mine to tell an onward tale,  
 Hurrying, as best I can, along,  
 The hearers and the hasty  
 song ;—  
 Like traveller when approaching  
 home,  
 Who sees the shades of evening  
 come,  
 And must not now his course  
 delay,  
 Or choose the fair, but winding  
 way ;  
 Nay, scarcely may his pace suspend,  
 Where o'er his head the wildings  
 bend,  
 To bless the breeze that cools his  
 brow,  
 Or snatch a blossom from the  
 bough.

XXVII.

The reverend pile lay wild and  
 waste,  
 Profaned, dishonour'd, and de-  
 faced.  
 Through storied lattices no more  
 In soften'd light the sunbeams  
 pour,  
 Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich  
 Of shrine, and monument, and  
 niche.  
 The Civil fury of the time  
 Made sport of sacrilegious crime ;  
 For dark Fanaticism rent  
 Altar, and screen, and ornament,  
 And peasant hands the tombs  
 o'erthrew  
 Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-  
 Hugh.

And now was seen, unwonted  
 sight,  
 In holy walls a scaffold dight !  
 Where once the priest, of grace  
 divine  
 Dealt to his flock the mystic sign,  
 There stood the block display'd,  
 and there  
 The headsman grim his hatchet  
 bare ;  
 And for the word of Hope and  
 Faith,  
 Resounded loud a doom of death.  
 Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath  
 was heard,  
 And echo'd thrice the herald's  
 word,  
 Dooming, for breach of martial  
 laws,  
 And treason to the Commons'  
 cause,  
 The Knight of Rokeby and  
 O'Neale  
 To stoop their heads to block and  
 steel.  
 The trumpets flourish'd high and  
 shrill,  
 Then was a silence dead and  
 still ;  
 And silent prayers to heaven  
 were cast,  
 And stifled sobs were bursting  
 fast,  
 Till from the crowd begun to rise  
 Murmurs of sorrow or surprise,  
 And from the distant aisles there  
 came  
 Deep-mutter'd threats, with  
 Wycliffe's name.

XXVIII.

But Oswald, guarded by his  
 band,  
 Powerful in evil, waved his hand,

And bade Sedition's voice be  
 dead,  
 On peril of the murmurer's head.  
 Then first his glance sought  
 Rokeby's Knight ;  
 Who gazed on the tremendous  
 sight,  
 As calm as if he came a guest  
 To kindred Baron's feudal feast,  
 As calm as if that trumpet-call  
 Were summons to the banner'd  
 hall ;  
 Firm in his loyalty he stood,  
 And prompt to seal it with his  
 blood.  
 With downcast look drew Oswald  
 nigh,—  
 He durst not cope with Rokeby's  
 eye !—  
 And said, with low and faltering  
 breath,  
 "Thou know'st the terms of  
 life and death."  
 The Knight then turn'd, and  
 sternly smiled ;  
 "The maiden is mine only child,  
 Yet shall my blessing leave her  
 head,  
 If with a traitor's son she wed."  
 Then Redmond spoke : "The  
 life of one  
 Might thy malignity atone,  
 On me be flung a double guilt !  
 Spare Rokeby's blood, let mine  
 be spilt !"  
 Wycliffe had listen'd to his suit,  
 But dread prevail'd, and he was  
 mute.

## XXIX.

And now he pours his choice of  
 fear  
 In secret on Matilda's ear ;

"An union form'd with me and  
 mine,  
 Ensures the faith of Rokeby's  
 line.  
 Consent, and all this dread array,  
 Like morning dream, shall pass  
 away ;  
 Refuse, and, by my duty press'd,  
 I give the word—thou know'st  
 the rest."  
 Matilda, still and motionless,  
 With terror heard the dread  
 address,  
 Pale as the sheeted maid who  
 dies  
 To hopeless love a sacrifice ;  
 Then wrung her hands in agony,  
 And round her cast bewilder'd eye.  
 Now on the scaffold glanced, and  
 now  
 On Wycliffe's unrelenting brow.  
 She veil'd her face, and, with a  
 voice  
 Scarce audible,—"I make my  
 choice !  
 Spare but their lives !—for aught  
 beside,  
 Let Wilfrid's doom my fate de-  
 cide.  
 He once was generous !"—As  
 she spoke,  
 Dark Wycliffe's joy in triumph  
 broke :—  
 "Wilfrid, where loiter'd ye so  
 late ?  
 Why upon Basil rest thy  
 weight ?—  
 Art spell-bound by enchanter's  
 wand ?—  
 Kneel, kneel, and take her yielded  
 hand ;  
 Thank her with raptures, simple  
 boy !  
 Should tears and trembling speak  
 thy joy ?"—

“O hush, my sire! To prayer  
and tear  
Of mine thou hast refused thine  
ear;  
But now the awful hour draws  
on,  
When truth must speak in loftier  
tone.”

## XXX.

He took Matilda's hand: “Dear  
maid,  
Couldst thou so injure me,” he  
said,  
“Of thy poor friend so basely  
deem,  
As blend with him this barbarous  
scheme?  
Alas! my efforts made in vain,  
Might well have saved this added  
pain.  
But now, bear witness earth and  
heaven,  
That ne'er was hope to mortal  
given,  
So twisted with the strings of  
life,  
As this—to call Matilda wife!  
I bid it now for ever part,  
And with the effort bursts my  
heart!”  
His feeble frame was worn so  
low,  
With wounds, with watching,  
and with woe,  
That nature could no more sus-  
tain  
The agony of mental pain.  
He kneel'd—his lip her hand had  
press'd,—  
Just then he felt the stern arrest.  
Lower and lower sunk his head,—  
They raised him,—but the life  
was fled!

Then, first alarm'd, his sire and  
train  
Tried every aid, but tried in vain.  
The soul, too soft its ills to bear,  
Had left our mortal hemisphere,  
And sought in better world the  
mead,  
To blameless life by Heaven de-  
creed.

## XXXI.

The wretched sire beheld, aghast,  
With Wilfrid all his projects  
past,  
All turn'd and centred on his son,  
On Wilfrid all—and he was gone.  
“And I am childless now,” he  
said;  
“Childless, through that relent-  
less maid!  
A lifetime's arts, in vain essay'd,  
Are bursting on their artist's  
head!—  
Here lies my Wilfrid dead—and  
there  
Comes hated Mortham for his  
heir,  
Eager to knit in happy band  
With Rokeby's heiress Redmond's  
hand.  
And shall their triumph soar o'er  
all  
The schemes deep-laid to work  
their fall?  
No!—deeds, which prudence  
might not dare,  
Appal not vengeance and despair.  
The murd'ress weeps upon his  
bier—  
I'll change to real that feigned  
tear!  
They all shall share destruction's  
shock;—  
Ho! lead the captives to the  
block!”—

But ill his Provost could divine  
His feelings, and forbore the  
sign.

“Slave! to the block!—or I, or  
they,  
Shall face the judgment-seat this  
day!”

## XXXII.

The outmost crowd have heard a  
sound,  
Like horse’s hoofs on harden’d  
ground;

Nearer it came, and yet more  
near,—

The very death’s-men paused to  
hear.

’Tis in the churchyard now—the  
tread

Hath waked the dwelling of the  
dead!

Fresh sod, and old sepulchral  
stone,

Return the tramp in varied tone.

All eyes upon the gateway hung,  
When through the Gothic arch  
there sprung

A horseman arm’d, at headlong  
speed—

Sable his cloak, his plume, his  
steed.<sup>338</sup>

Fire from the flinty floor was  
spurn’d,

The vaults unwonted clang re-  
turn’d!—

One instant’s glance around he  
threw,

From saddlebow his pistol drew.

Grimly determined was his look!

His charger with the spurs he  
strook—

All scatter’d backward as he  
came,

For all knew Bertram Risingham!

Three bounds that noble courser  
gave;

The first has reach’d the central  
nave,

The second clear’d the chancel  
wide,

The third—he was at Wycliffe’s  
side.

Full levell’d at the Baron’s head,  
Rung the report—the bullet  
sped—

And to his long account, and  
last,

Without a groan dark Oswald  
past!

All was so quick, that it might  
seem

A flash of lightning, or a dream.

## XXXIII.

While yet the smoke the deed  
conceals,—

Bertram his ready charger  
wheels;

But flounder’d on the pavement-  
floor

The steed, and down the rider  
bore,

And, bursting in the headlong  
sway,

The faithless saddle-girths gave  
way.

’Twas while he toil’d him to be  
freed,

And with the rein to raise the  
steed,

That from amazement’s iron  
trance

All Wycliffe’s soldiers waked at  
once.

Sword, halberd, musket-but, their  
blows

Hail’d upon Bertram as he rose;

A score of pikes, with each a  
 wound,  
 Bore down and pinn'd him to the  
 ground ;  
 But still his struggling force he  
 rears,  
 'Gainst hacking brands and stab-  
 bing spears ;  
 Thrice from assailants shook him  
 free,  
 Once gain'd his feet, and twice  
 his knee.  
 By tenfold odds oppress'd at  
 length,  
 Despite his struggles and his  
 strength,  
 He took a hundred mortal  
 wounds,  
 As mute as fox 'mongst mangling  
 hounds ;  
 And when he died, his parting  
 groan  
 Had more of laughter than of  
 moan !  
 —They gazed, as when a lion  
 dies,  
 And hunters scarcely trust their  
 eyes,  
 But bend their weapons on the  
 slain,  
 Lest the grim king should rouse  
 again ;  
 Then blow and insult some re-  
 new'd,  
 And from the trunk, the head  
 had hew'd,  
 But Basil's voice the deed for-  
 bade ;  
 A mantle o'er the corse he  
 laid :—  
 “ Fell as he was in act and mind,  
 He left no bolder heart behind :  
 Then give him, for a soldier meet,  
 A soldier's cloak for winding  
 sheet.”

## XXXIV.

No more of death and dying  
 pang,  
 No more of trump or bugle clang,  
 Though through the sounding  
 woods there come  
 Banner and bugle, trump and  
 drum.  
 Arm'd with such powers as well  
 had freed  
 Young Redmond at his utmost  
 need,  
 And back'd with such a band of  
 horse,  
 As might less ample powers en-  
 force ;  
 Possess'd of every proof and  
 sign  
 That gave an heir to Mortham's  
 line,  
 And yielded to a father's arms  
 An image of his Edith's charms,—  
 Mortham, is come, to hear and  
 see  
 Of this strange morn the history.  
 What saw he?—not the church's  
 floor,  
 Cumber'd with dead and stain'd  
 with gore ;  
 What heard he?—not the clamor-  
 ous crowd,  
 That shout their gratulations  
 loud :  
 Redmond he saw and heard  
 alone,  
 Clasp'd him, and sobbed, “ My  
 son ! my son !”—

## XXXV.

This chanced upon a summer  
 morn,  
 When yellow waved the heavy  
 corn :

But when brown August o'er the  
 land  
 Call'd forth the reaper's busy  
 band,  
 A gladsome sight the silvan road  
 From Egliston to Mortham  
 show'd,  
 A while the hardy rustic leaves  
 The task to bind and pile the  
 sheaves,  
 And maids their sickles fling  
 aside,  
 To gaze on bridegroom and on  
 bride,  
 And childhood's wondering group  
 draws near,  
 And from the gleaner's hands the  
 ear

Drops, while she folds them for  
 a prayer  
 And blessing on the lovely pair.  
 'Twas then the Maid of Rokeby  
 gave  
 Her plighted troth to Redmond  
 brave ;  
 And Teesdale can remember yet  
 How Fate to Virtue paid her  
 debt,  
 And, for their troubles, bade them  
 prove  
 A lengthen'd life of peace and love  
 Time and Tide had thus their sway,  
 Yielding, like an April day,  
 Smiling noon for sullen morrow,  
 Years of joy for hours of sorrow !



# THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMALN:

OR,

## THE VALE OF ST. JOHN.

A LOVER'S TALE.

### PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

IN the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for the year 1809, three Fragments were inserted, written in imitation of Living Poets. It must have been apparent, that by these proflusions, nothing burlesque, or disrespectful to the authors, was intended, but that they were offered to the public as serious, though certainly very imperfect, imitations of that style of composition by which each of the writers is supposed to be distinguished. As these exercises attracted a greater degree of attention than the author anticipated, he has been induced to complete one of them, and present it as a separate publication.

It is not in this place that an examination of the works of the master whom he has here adopted as his model, can, with propriety, be introduced; since his general acquiescence in the favourable suffrage of the public must necessarily be inferred from the attempt he has now made. He is induced, by the nature of his subject, to offer a few remarks on what has been called ROMANTIC POETRY;—the popularity of which has been revived in the present day, under the auspices, and by the unparalleled success, of one individual.

The original purpose of poetry is either religious or historical, or, as must frequently happen, a mixture of both. To modern readers, the poems of Homer have many of the features of pure romance; but in the estimation of his contemporaries, they probably derived their chief value from their supposed historical authenticity. The same may be generally said of the poetry of all early ages. The marvels and miracles which the poet blends with his song do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period of society; and, indeed, the difference betwixt poetry and prose, as the vehicles of historical truth, is always of late introduction. Poets, under various denominations of Bards, Scalds, Chroniclers, and so forth, are the first historians of all nations. Their intention is to relate the events they have witnessed, or the traditions that have reached them; and they clothe the relation in rhyme, merely as the means of rendering it more solemn in the narrative or more easily committed to memory. But as the poetical historian improves in the art of conveying information, the authenticity of his narrative unavoidably declines. He is tempted to dilate and dwell upon the events that are interesting to his imagination, and, conscious how indifferent his audience is to the naked truth of his poem, his history gradually becomes a romance.

It is in this situation that those epics are found, which have been generally regarded as the standards of poetry; and it has happened somewhat strangely, that the moderns have pointed out as the characteristics and peculiar excellencies of narrative poetry the very circumstances which the authors themselves adopted, only because their art involved the duties of the historian as well as the poet. It cannot be believed, for example, that Homer selected the siege of Troy as the most appropriate subject for poetry; his purpose was to write the early history of his country; the event he has chosen, though not very fruitful in varied incident, nor perfectly well adapted for poetry, was nevertheless combined with traditionary and genealogical anecdotes extremely interesting to those who were to listen to him; and this he has adorned by the exertions of a genius, which, if it has been equalled, has certainly been never surpassed. It was not till comparatively a late period that the general accuracy of his narrative, or his purpose in composing it, was brought into question. Δοκεῖ πρῶτος [δ' Ἀναξαγόρας]

(καθὼ φησι Φαβορίνος ἐν παντοδαπῇ Ἱστορίᾳ) τὴν Ὀμήρου ποιήσιν ἀποφῆναι εἶναι περὶ ἀρετῆς καὶ δικαιοσύνης. But whatever theories might be framed by speculative men, his work was of an historical, not of an allegorical nature. Ἐναντιλλετο μετὰ τοῦ Μέντεω καὶ ὅπου ἐκδόσσοτε ἀφίκοντο, πάντα τὰ ἐπιχώρια διεωρᾶτο, καὶ ἱστορέων ἐπυρῶντο· εἰκόσ δέ μιν ἦν καὶ μνημόσυνα πάντων γράφεσθαι. Instead of recommending the choice of a subject similar to that of Homer, it was to be expected that critics should have exhorted the poets of these latter days to adopt or invent a narrative in itself more susceptible of poetical ornament, and to avail themselves of that advantage in order to compensate, in some degree, the inferiority of genius. The contrary course has been inculcated by almost all the writers upon the *Ἐποποιία*; with what success, the fate of Homer's numerous imitators may best show. The *ultimum supplicium* of criticism was inflicted on the author if he did not choose a subject which at once deprived him of all claim to originality, and placed him, if not in actual contest, at least in fatal comparison, with those giants in the land whom it was most his interest to avoid. The celebrated receipt for writing an epic poem, which appeared in the *Guardian*, was the first instance in which common sense was applied to this department of poetry; and, indeed, if the question be considered on its own merits, we must be satisfied that narrative poetry, if strictly confined to the great occurrences of history, would be deprived of the individual interest which it is so well calculated to excite.

Modern poets may therefore be pardoned in seeking simpler subjects of verse, more interesting in proportion to their simplicity. Two or three figures, well grouped, suit the artist better than a crowd, for whatever purpose assembled. For the same reason, a scene immediately presented to the imagination, and directly brought home to the feelings, though involving the fate of but one or two persons, is more favourable for poetry than the political struggles and convulsions which influence the fate of kingdoms. The former are within the reach and comprehension of all, and, if depicted with vigour, seldom fail to fix attention: The other, if more sublime, are more vague and distant, less capable of being distinctly understood, and infinitely less capable of exciting those sentiments which it is the very purpose of poetry to inspire. To generalise is always to destroy effect. We would, for example, be more interested in the fate of an individual soldier in combat, than in the grand event of a general action; with the happiness of two lovers raised from misery and anxiety to peace and union, than with the successful exertions of a whole nation. From what causes this may originate, is a separate and obviously an immaterial consideration. Before ascribing this peculiarity to causes decidedly and odiously selfish, it is proper to recollect, that while men see only a limited space, and while their affections and conduct are regulated, not by aspiring to an universal good, but by exerting their power of making themselves and others happy within the limited scale allotted to each individual, so long will individual history and individual virtue be the readier and more accessible road to general interest and attention; and, perhaps, we may add, that it is the more useful, as well as the more accessible, inasmuch as it affords an example capable of being easily imitated.

According to the author's idea of Romantic Poetry, as distinguished from Epic, the former comprehends a fictitious narrative, framed and combined at the pleasure of the writer; beginning and ending as he may judge best: which neither exacts nor refuses the use of supernatural machinery; which is free from the technical rules of the *Ἐπέε*; and is subject only to those which good sense, good taste, and good morals, apply to every species of poetry without exception. The date may be in a remote age, or in the present; the story may detail the adventures of a prince or of a peasant. In a word, the author is absolute master of his country and its inhabitants, and everything is permitted to him excepting to be heavy or prosaic, for which, free and unembarrassed as he is, he has no manner of apology. Those, it is probable, will be found the peculiarities of this species of composition; and before joining the outcry against the vitiated

taste that fosters and encourages it, the justice and grounds of it ought to be made perfectly apparent. If the want of sieges, and battles, and great military evolutions in our poetry is complained of, let us reflect, that the campaigns and heroes of our days are perpetuated in a record that neither requires nor admits of the aid of fiction; and if the complaint refers to the inferiority of our bards, let us pay a just tribute to their modesty, limiting them, as it does, to subjects which, however indifferently treated, have still the interest and charm of novelty, and which thus prevents them from adding insipidity to their other more insuperable defects.

## INTRODUCTION.

## I.

COME, LUCY! while 'tis morning  
hour,

The woodland brook we needs  
must pass;

So, ere the sun assume his power,  
We shelter in our poplar bower,  
Where dew lies long upon the flower,  
Though vanish'd from the velvet  
grass.

Curbing the stream, this stony ridge  
May serve us for a sylvan bridge;

For here compell'd to disunite,  
Round petty isles the runnels  
glide,

And chafing off their puny spite,  
The shallow murmurers waste their  
might,

Yielding to footstep free and light  
A dry-shod pass from side to  
side.

## II.

Nay, why this hesitating pause?  
And, Lucy, as thy step withdraws,  
Why sidelong eye the streamlet's  
brim?

Titania's foot without a slip,  
Like thine, though timid, light, and  
slim,

From stone to stone might safely  
trip,

Nor risk the glow-worm clasp to  
dip

That binds her slipper's silken rim.  
Or trust thy lover's strength: nor  
fear

That this same stalwart arm of  
mine,

Which could yon oak's prone trunk  
uprear,

Shall shrink beneath the burden dear  
Of form so slender, light, and fine—  
So,—now, the danger dared at last,  
Look back, and smile at perils past!

## III.

And now we reach the favourite glade,  
Paled in by copsewood, cliff, and  
stone,

Where never harsher sounds invade,  
To break affection's whispering  
tone,

Than the deep breeze that waves the  
shade,

Than the small brooklet's feeble  
moan.

Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat;  
Moss'disthe stone, the turf is green,  
A place where lovers best may meet,  
Who would that not their love be  
seen.

The boughs, that dim the summer  
sky,

Shall hide us from each lurking spy,  
That fain would spread the invidi-  
ous tale,

How Lucy of the lofty eye,  
Noble in birth, in fortunes high,  
She for whom lords and barons sigh,  
Meets her poor Arthur in the dale.

## IV.

How deep that blush!—how deep  
that sigh!

And why does Lucy shun mine eye?  
Is it because that crimson draws  
Its colour from some secret cause,  
Some hidden movement of the breast,  
She would not that her Arthur  
guessed?

O! quicker far is lovers' ken  
 Than the dull glance of common  
 men,  
 And, by strange sympathy, can spell  
 The thoughts the loved one will not  
 tell!  
 And mine, in Lucy's blush, saw met  
 The hues of pleasure and regret;  
 Pride mingled in the sigh her voice,  
 And shared with Love the  
 crimson glow;  
 Well pleased that thou art Arthur's  
 choice,  
 Yet shamed thine own is placed  
 so low:  
 Thou turn'st thy self-confessing  
 cheek,  
 As if to meet the breeze's cool-  
 ing;  
 Then, Lucy, hear thy tutor speak,  
 For Love, too, has his hours of  
 schooling.

## V.

Too oft my anxious eye has spied  
 That secret grief thou fain wouldst  
 hide,  
 The passing pang of humbled pride;  
 Too oft, when through the splendid  
 hall,  
 The load-star of each heart and  
 eye,  
 My fair one leads the glittering ball,  
 Will her stol'n glance on Arthur  
 fall,  
 With such a blush and such a  
 sigh!  
 Thou wouldst not yield, for wealth  
 or rank,  
 The heart thy worth and beauty  
 won,  
 Nor leave me on this mossy bank,  
 To meet a rival on a throne:  
 Why, then, should vain repinings  
 rise,  
 That to thy lover fate denies  
 A nobler name, a wide domain,  
 A Baron's birth, a menial train,  
 Since Heaven assign'd him, for his  
 part,  
 A lyre, a falchion, and a heart?

## VI.

My sword—its master must be  
 dumb;  
 But, when a soldier names my  
 name,  
 Approach, my Lucy! fearless  
 come,  
 Nor dread to hear of Arthur's  
 shame.  
 My heart—'mid all yon courtly  
 crew,  
 Of lordly rank and lofty line,  
 Is there to love and honour  
 true,  
 That boasts a pulse so warm as  
 mine?  
 They praised thy diamonds' lustre  
 rare—  
 Match'd with thine eyes, I thought  
 it faded;  
 They praised the pearls that bound  
 thy hair—  
 I only saw the locks they braided;  
 They talk'd of wealthy dower and  
 land,  
 And titles of high birth the  
 token—  
 I thought of Lucy's heart and hand,  
 Nor knew the sense of what was  
 spoken.  
 And yet, if rank'd in Fortune's  
 roll,  
 I might have learn'd their choice  
 unwise,  
 Who rate the dower above the soul,  
 And Lucy's diamonds o'er her  
 eyes.

## VII.

My lyre—it is an idle toy,  
 That borrows accents not its own,  
 Like warbler of Colombian sky,  
 That sings but in a mimic tone.  
 Ne'er did it sound o'er sainted well,  
 Nor boasts it aught of Border spell;  
 Its strings no feudal slogan pour  
 Its heroes draw no broad claymore;  
 No shouting clans applauses raise,  
 Because it sung their fathers' praise;  
 On Scottish moor, or English  
 down,  
 It ne'er was graced by fair renown;

Nor wou,—best meed to minstrel  
true,—

One favouring smile from fair  
BUCCLEUCH!

Byone poor streamlet sounds its tone,  
And heard by one dear maid alone.

## VIII.

But, if thou bid'st, these tones  
shall tell

Of errant knight, and damozelle ;  
Of the dread knot a Wizard tied,  
In punishment of maiden's pride,  
In notes of marvel and of fear,

That best may charm romantic ear.

For Lucy loves,—like COLLINS, ill-  
starred name

Whose lay's requital, was that tardy  
fame,

Who bound no laurel round his  
living head,

Should hang it o'er his monument  
when dead,—

For Lucy loves to tread enchanted  
strand,

And thread, like him, the maze of  
fairy land ; <sup>330</sup>

Of golden battlements to view the  
gleam,

And slumber soft by some Elysian  
stream ;

Such lays she loves,—and, such my  
Lucy's choice

What other song can claim her  
Poet's voice ?

## CANTO FIRST.

## I.

WHERE is the Maiden of mortal strain,  
That may match with the Baron of  
Triermain <sup>340</sup>

She must be lovely, and constant,  
and kind,

Holy and pure, and humble of mind,  
Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood,  
Courteous, and generous, and noble  
of blood—

Lovely as the sun's first ray,  
When it breaks the clouds of an  
April day ;

Constant and true as the widow'd  
dove,

Kind as a minstrel that sings of love ;  
Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,

Where never sunbeam kiss'd the wave ;  
Humble as maiden that loves in vain,

Holy as hermit's vesper strain ;  
Gentle as breeze that but whispers

and dies,

Yet blithe as the light leaves that  
dance in its sighs ;

Courteous as monarch the morn he  
is crown'd,

Generous as spring-dews that bless  
the glad ground ;

Noble her blood as the currents that  
met

In the veins of the noblest  
Plantagenet—

Such must her form be, her mood,  
and her strain,

That shall match with Sir Roland of  
Triermain.

## II.

Sir Roland de Vaux he hath laid  
him to sleep,

His blood it was fever'd, his  
breathing was deep,

He had been pricking against the  
Scot,

The foray was long, and the  
skirmish hot ;

His dinted helm and his buckler's  
plight

Bore token of a stubborn fight.

All in the castle must hold them  
still,

Harpers must lull him to his rest,

With the slow soft tunes he loves the  
best,

Till sleep sink down upon his breast  
Like the dew on a summer hill.

## III.

It was the dawn of an autumn day ;  
The sun was struggling with frost-  
fog gray,

That like a silvery crape was spread  
Round Skiddaw's dim and distant

head,

And faintly gleam'd each painted  
pane  
Of the lordly halls of Triermaln,  
When that Baron bold awoke.  
Starting he woke, and loudly did  
call,  
Rousing his menials in bower and  
hall,  
While hastily he spoke.

## IV.

“Hearken, my minstrels! Which  
of ye all  
Touch'd his harp with that dying  
fall,  
So sweet, so soft, so faint,  
It seem'd an angel's whisper'd call  
To an expiring saint?  
And hearken, my merry-men!  
What time or where  
Did she pass, that maid with  
her heavenly brow,  
With her look so sweet and her eyes  
so fair,  
And her graceful step and her angel  
air,  
And the eagle plume in her dark-  
brown hair,  
That pass'd from my bower e'en  
now?”

## V.

Answer'd him Richard de Bretville;  
he  
Was chief of the Baron's  
minstrelsy,—  
“Silent, noble chieftain, we  
Have sat since midnight close,  
When such lulling sounds as the  
brooklet sings,  
Murmur'd from our melting strings,  
And hush'd you to repose.  
Had a harp-note sounded here,  
It had caught my watchful ear,  
Although it fell as faint and shy  
As bashful maiden's half-form'd  
sigh,  
When she thinks her lover  
near.”—

Answer'd Philip of Fasthwaite tall,  
He kept guard in the outer-hall,—  
“Since at eve our watch took post,  
Not a foot has thy portal cross'd;  
Else had I heard the steps,  
though low  
And light they fell, as when earth  
receives,  
In morn of frost, the wither'd leaves,  
That drop when no winds  
blow.”—

## VI.

“Then come thou hither, Henry,  
my page,  
Whom I saved from the sack of  
Hermitage,  
When that dark castle, tower, and  
spire,  
Rose to the skies a pile of fire,  
And redden'd all the Nine-stane  
Hill,  
And the shrieks of death, that wildly  
broke  
Through devouring flame and  
smothering smoke,  
Made the warrior's heart-blood  
chill.  
The truest thou of all my train,  
My fleetest courser thou must  
rein,  
And ride to Lyulph's tower,  
And from the Baron of Triermaln  
Greet well that sage of power.  
He is sprung from Druid sires.  
And British bards that tuned their  
lyres  
To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise.  
And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise  
Gifted like his gifted race,  
He the characters can trace,  
Graven deep in elder time  
Upon Helvellyn's cliffs sublime  
Sign and sigil well doth he know  
And can bode of weal and woe,  
Of kingdoms' fall, and fate of wars,  
From mystic dreams and course of  
stars.  
He shall tell if middle earth  
To that enchanting shape gave birth,

Or if 'twas but an airy thing,  
Such as fantastic slumbers bring,  
Framed from the rainbow's varying  
dyes,  
Or fading tints of western skies.  
For, by the Blessed Rood I swear,  
If that fair form breathe vital air,  
No other maiden by my side  
Shall ever rest De Vaux's bride !”

## VII.

The faithful Page he mounts his  
steed,  
And soon he cross'd green Irthing's  
mead,  
Dash'd o'er Kirkoswald's verdant  
plain,  
And Eden barr'd his course in vain.  
He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round,<sup>111</sup>  
For feats of chivalry renown'd,  
Left Mayburgh's mound and stones  
of power,<sup>312</sup>  
By Druids raised in magic hour,  
And traced the Eamont's winding  
way,  
Till Ulfo's lake beneath him lay.

## VIII.

Onward he rode, the pathway still  
Winding betwixt the lake and hill ;  
Till, on the fragment of a rock,  
Struck from its base by lightning  
shock,  
He saw the hoary Sage :  
The silver moss and lichen twined,  
With fern and deer-hair check'd and  
lined,  
A cushion fit for age ;  
And o'er him shook the aspin-tree,  
A restless rustling canopy.  
Then sprung young Henry from his  
selle,  
And greeted Lyulph grave,  
And then his master's tale did tell,  
And then for counsel crave.  
The Man of Years mused long and  
deep,  
Of time's lost treasures taking keep,  
And then, as rousing from a sleep,  
His solemn answer gave.

## IX.

“That maid is born of middle earth,  
And may of man be won,  
Though there have glided since her  
birth  
Five hundred years and one.  
But where's the Knight in all the  
north,  
That dare the adventure follow forth,  
So perilous to knightly worth,  
In the valley of St. John ?  
Listen, youth, to what I tell,  
And bind it on thy memory well ;  
Nor muse that I commence the  
rhyme  
Far distant 'mid the wrecks of  
time.  
The mystic tale, by bard and sage,  
Is handed down from Merlin's age.

## X.

## Lyulph's Tale.

“KING ARTHUR has ridden from  
merry Carlisle  
When Pentecost was o'er :  
He journey'd like errant-knight the  
while,  
And sweetly the summer sun did  
smile  
On mountain, moss, and moor.  
Above his solitary track  
Rose Glaramara's ridgy back,  
Amid whose yawning gulfs the sun  
Cast amber'd radiance red and dun,  
Though never sunbeam could discern  
The surface of that sable tarn,  
In whose black mirror you may spy  
The stars, while noontide lights the  
sky.  
The gallant King he skirted still  
The margin of that mighty hill ;  
Rocks upon rocks incumbent hung,  
And torrents, down the gullies flung,  
Join'd the rude river that brawl'd  
on,  
Recoiling now from crag and stone,  
Now diving deep from human ken,  
And raving down its darksome glen.

The Monarch judged this desert wild,  
 With such romantic ruin piled,  
 Was theatre by Nature's hand  
 For feat of high achievement plann'd.

## XI.

“O rather he chose, that Monarch bold,  
 On vent'rous quest to ride,  
 In plate and mail, by wood and wold,  
 Than, with ermine trapp'd and cloth  
 of gold,  
 In princely bower to bide ;  
 The bursting crash of a foeman's  
 spear  
 As it shiver'd against his mail,  
 Was merrier music to his ear  
 Than courtier's whisper'd tale :  
 And the clash of Caliburn more dear,  
 When on the hostile casque it  
 rung.  
 Than all the lays  
 To their monarch's praise  
 That the harpers of Reged sung.  
 He loved better to rest by wood or  
 river,  
 Than in bower of his bride, Dame  
 Guenever,  
 For he left that lady, so lovely of  
 cheer,  
 To follow adventures of danger and  
 fear ;  
 And the frank-hearted Monarch full  
 little did wot,  
 That she smiled, in his absence, on  
 brave Lancelot.

## XII.

“He rode, till over down and dell  
 The shade more broad and deeper  
 fell ;  
 And though around the mountain's  
 head  
 Flow'd streams of purple, and gold,  
 and red,  
 Dark at the base, unblest by beam,  
 Frown'd the black rocks, and roar'd  
 the stream.

With toil the King his way pursued  
 By lonely Threlkeld's waste and  
 wood,  
 Till on his course obliquely shone  
 The narrow valley of SAINT JOHN,  
 Down sloping to the western sky,  
 Where lingering sunbeams love to  
 lie.

Right glad to feel those beams again,  
 The King drew up his charger's  
 rein ;  
 With gauntlet raised he screen'd his  
 sight,  
 As dazzled with the level light,  
 And, from beneath his glove of  
 mail,  
 Scann'd at his ease the lovely vale,  
 While 'gainst the sun his armour  
 bright  
 Gleam'd ruddy like the beacon's  
 light.

## XIII.

“Paled in by many a lofty hill,  
 The narrow dale lay smooth and  
 still,  
 And, down its verdant bosom led,  
 A winding brooklet found its bed.  
 But, midmost of the vale, a mound  
 Arose with airy turrets crown'd,  
 Buttress, and rampire's circling  
 bound,  
 And mighty keep and tower ;  
 Seem'd some primeval giant's hand  
 The castle's massive walls had  
 plann'd,  
 A ponderous bulwark to withstand  
 Ambitious Nimrod's power.  
 Above the moated entrance slung,  
 The balanced drawbridge trembling  
 hung,  
 As jealous of a foe ;  
 Wicket of oak, as iron hard,  
 With iron studded, clench'd, and  
 barr'd,  
 And prong'd portcullis, join'd to  
 guard  
 The gloomy pass below.  
 But the gray walls no banners  
 crown'd,  
 Upon the watch-tower's airy round



No warder stood his horn to sound,  
 No guard beside the bridge was  
 found,  
 And, where the Gothic gateway  
 frown'd,  
 Glanced neither bill nor bow.

## XIV.

“Beneath the castle's gloomy pride  
 In ample round did Arthur ride  
 Three times; nor living thing he  
 spied,  
 Nor heard a living sound,  
 Save that, awakening from her  
 dream,

The owlet now began to scream,  
 In concert with the rushing stream,  
 That wash'd the battled mound.  
 He lighted from his goodly steed,  
 And he left him to graze on bank  
 and mead;  
 And slowly he climb'd the narrow  
 way,  
 That reach'd the entrance grim and  
 gray,  
 And he stood the outward arch  
 below,  
 And his bugle-horn prepared to blow,  
 In summons blithe and bold,  
 Deeming to rouse from iron sleep  
 The guardian of this dismal Keep,  
 Which well he guess'd the hold  
 Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,  
 Or pagan of gigantic limb,  
 The tyrant of the wold.

## XV.

“The ivory bugle's golden tip  
 Twice touch'd the monarch's manly  
 lip,  
 And twice his hand withdrew.  
 —Think not but Arthur's heart was  
 good!  
 His shield was cross'd by the blessed  
 rood,  
 Had a pagan host before him stood,  
 He had charg'd them through  
 and through;  
 s. c.

Yet the silence of that ancient place  
 Sunk on his heart, and he paused a  
 space

Ere yet his horn he blew.  
 But, instant as its 'larum rung,  
 The castle gate was open flung,  
 Portcullis rose with crashing groan  
 Full harshly up its groove of  
 stone;  
 The balance-beams obey'd the blast,  
 And down the trembling drawbridge  
 cast,  
 The vaulted arch before him lay,  
 With nought to bar the gloomy  
 way,  
 And onward Arthur paced, with hand  
 On Caliburn's resistless brand.

## XVI.

“A hundred torches, flashing bright,  
 Dispell'd at once the gloomy night  
 That lour'd along the walls,  
 And show'd the King's astonish'd  
 sight  
 The inmates of the halls.  
 Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,  
 Nor giant huge of form and limb,  
 Nor heathen knight, was  
 there;  
 But the cressets, which odours flung  
 aloft,  
 Show'd by their yellow light and soft,  
 A band of damsels fair.  
 Onward they came, like summer  
 wave  
 That dances to the shore;  
 An hundred voices welcome gave,  
 And welcome o'er and o'er!  
 An hundred lovely hands assail  
 The bucklers of the monarch's mail  
 And busy labour'd to unhasp  
 Rivet of steel and iron clasp.  
 One wrapp'd him in a mantle fair,  
 And one flung odours on his hair;  
 His short curl'd ringlets one smooth'd  
 down,  
 One wreathed them with a myrtle  
 crown.  
 A bride upon her wedding-day,  
 Was tended ne'er by troop so gay.

## XVII.

“ Loud laugh'd they all,—the King,  
 in vain,  
 With questions task'd the giddy  
 train ;  
 Let him entreat, or crave, or call,  
 'Twas one reply,—loud laugh'd they  
 all.  
 Then o'er him mimic chains they  
 fling,  
 Framed of the fairest flowers of  
 spring.  
 While some their gentle force unite,  
 Onward to drag the wondering  
 knight,  
 Some, bolder, urge his pace with  
 blows,  
 Dealt with the lily or the rose.  
 Behind him were in triumph borne  
 The warlike arms he late had worn.  
 Four of the train combined to rear  
 The terrors of Tintadgel's spear ;  
 Two, laughing at their lack of  
 strength,  
 Dragg'd Caliburn in cumbrous  
 length ;  
 One, while she aped a martial stride,  
 Placed on her brows the helmet's  
 pride ;  
 Then scream'd, 'twixt laughter and  
 surprise,  
 To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes.  
 With revel-shout, and triumph-song,  
 Thus gaily march'd the giddy throng.

## XVIII.

“ Through many a gallery and hall  
 They led, I ween, their royal thrall ;  
 At length, beneath a fair arcade  
 Their march and song at once they  
 staid.  
 The eldest maiden of the band,  
 (The lovely maid was scarce  
 eighteen,)  
 Raised, with imposing air, her hand,  
 And reverent silence did command,  
 On entrance of their Queen,  
 And they were mute.—But as a  
 glance  
 They steal on Arthur's countenance

Bewilder'd with surprise,  
 Their smother'd mirth again 'gan  
 speak,  
 In archly dimpled chin and cheek,  
 And laughter-lighted eyes.

## XIX.

“ The attributes of those high days  
 Now only live in minstrel-lays ;  
 For Nature, now exhausted, still  
 Was then profuse of good and ill.  
 Strength was gigantic, valour high,  
 And wisdom soar'd beyond the sky.  
 And beauty had such matchless beam  
 As lights not now a lover's dream.  
 Yet e'en in that romantic age,  
 Ne'er were such charms by  
 mortal seen,  
 As Arthur's dazzled eyes engage,  
 When forth on that enchanted stage,  
 With glittering train of maid and  
 page,  
 Advanced the castle's Queen !  
 While up the hall she slowly pass'd,  
 Her dark eye on the King she cast,  
 That flash'd expression strong ;  
 The longer dwelt that lingering look,  
 Her cheek the livelier colour took,  
 And scarce the shame-faced King  
 could brook  
 The gaze that lasted long.  
 A sage, who had that look espied,  
 Where kindling passion strove with  
 pride,  
 Had whisper'd, ' Prince, beware !  
 From the chafed tiger rend the prey,  
 Rush on the lion when at bay,  
 Bar the fell dragon's blighted way,  
 But shun that lovely snare !—

## XX.

“ At once that inward strife suppress'd  
 The dame approach'd her warlike  
 guest,  
 With greeting in that fair degree,  
 Where female pride and courtesy  
 Are blended with such passing art  
 As awes at once and charms the  
 heart.  
 A courtly welcome first she gave,  
 Then of his goodness 'gan to crave

Construction fair and true  
 Of her light maidens' idle mirth,  
 Who drew from lonely glens their  
 birth,  
 Nor knew to pay to stranger worth  
 And dignity their due ;  
 And then she pray'd that he would  
 rest  
 That night her castle's honour'd  
 guest.  
 The Monarch meetly thanks ex-  
 press'd ;  
 The banquet rose at her behest,  
 With lay and tale, and laugh and  
 jest,  
 Apace the evening flew.

## XXI.

"The Lady sate the Monarch by,  
 Now in her turn abash'd and shy,  
 And with indifference seem'd to hear  
 The toys he whispered in her ear.  
 Her bearing modest was and fair,  
 Yet shadows of constraint were  
 there,  
 That show'd an over-cautious care  
 Some inward thought to hide ;  
 Oft did she pause in full reply,  
 And oft cast down her large dark  
 eye,  
 Oft check'd the soft voluptuous sigh,  
 That heaved her bosom's pride.  
 Slight symptoms these, but shepherds  
 know  
 How hot the midday sun shall  
 glow,  
 From the mist of morning sky ;  
 And so the wily Monarch guess'd,  
 That this assumed restraint express'd  
 More ardent passions in the breast,  
 Than ventured to the eye.  
 Closer he press'd, while beakers  
 rang,  
 While maidens laugh'd and minstrels  
 sang,  
 Still closer to her ear—  
 But why pursue the common tale ?  
 Or wherefore show how knights  
 prevail  
 When ladies dare to hear ?

Or wherefore trace, from what slight  
 cause  
 Its source one tyrant passion draws,  
 Till, mastering all within,  
 Where lives the man that has not  
 tried,  
 How mirth can into folly glide,  
 And folly into sin !"

## CANTO SECOND.

## I.

*Lylph's Tale, continued.*

"ANOTHER day, another day,  
 And yet another glides away !  
 The Saxon stern, the pagan Dane,  
 Maraud on Britain's shores again,  
 Arthur, of Christendom the flower,  
 Lies loitering in a lady's bower ;  
 The horn, that foemen wont to fear,  
 Sounds but to wake the Cumbrian  
 deer,  
 And Caliburn, the British pride,  
 Hangs useless by a lover's side.

## II.

"Another day, another day,  
 And yet another, glides away !  
 Heroic plans in pleasure drown'd,  
 He thinks not of the Table Round ;  
 In lawless love dissolved his life,  
 He thinks not of his beauteous wife :  
 Better he loves to snatch a flower  
 From bosom of his paramour,  
 Than from a Saxon knight to wrest  
 The honours of his heathen crest !  
 Better to wreath, 'mid tresses  
 brown,  
 The heron's plume her hawk struck  
 down,  
 Than o'er the altar give to flow  
 The banners of a Paynim foe.  
 Thus, week by week, and day by  
 day,  
 His life inglorious glides away :  
 But she, that soothes his dream,  
 with fear  
 Beholds his hour of waking near.

## III.

“ Much force have mortal charms to stay

Our peace in virtue's toilsome way  
But Guendolen's might far outshine  
Each maid of merely mortal line.  
Her mother was of human birth,  
Her sire a Genie of the earth,  
In days of old deem'd to preside  
O'er lovers' wiles and beauty's pride,  
By youths and virgins worshipp'd long,

With festive dance and choral song,  
Till, when the cross to Britain came,  
On heathen altars died the flame.

Now, deep in Wastdale solitude,  
The downfall of his rights he rued,  
And, born of his resentment heir,  
He train'd to guile that lady fair,  
To sink in slothful sin and shame  
The champions of the Christian name.

Well skill'd to keep vain thoughts alive,

And all to promise, nought to give,—  
The timid youth had hope in store,  
The bold and pressing gain'd no more.

As wilder'd children leave their home,

After the rainbow's arch to roam,  
Her lovers barter'd fair esteem,  
Faith, fame, and honour, for a dream.

## IV.

“ Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame

She practised thus—till Arthur came;  
Then, frail humanity had part,  
And all the mother claim'd her heart.  
Forgot each rule her father gave,  
Sunk from a princess to a slave,  
Too late must Guendolen deplore,  
He, that has all, can hope no more!  
Now must she see her lover strain,  
At every turn her feeble chain;  
Watch, to new-bind each knot, and shrink

To view each fast-decaying link.

Art she invokes to Nature's aid,  
Her vest to zone, her locks to braid;  
Each varied pleasure heard her call,  
The feast, the tourney, and the ball:  
Her storied lore she next applies,  
Taxing her mind to aid her eyes;  
Now more than mortal wise, and then

In female softness sunk again;  
Now, raptured, with each wish complying,

With feign'd reluctance now denying;

Each charm she varied, to retain  
A varying heart—and all in vain!”

## V.

“ Thus in the garden's narrow bound,

Flank'd by some castle's Gothic round,

Fain would the artist's skill provide,  
The limits of his realms to hide.

The walks in labyrinths he twines,  
Shade after shade with skill combines,

With many a varied flowery knot,  
And cospse, and arbour, decks the spot,

Tempting the hasty foot to stay,  
And linger on the lovely way——

Vain art! vain hope! 'tis fruitless all!

At length we reach the bounding wall,

And, sick of flower and trim-dress'd tree,

Long for rough glades and forest free.

## VI.

“ Three summer months had scantily flown,

When Arthur, in embarrass'd tone,  
Spoke of his liegemen and his throne;

Said, all too long had been his stay,  
And duties, which a Monarch sway,

Duties, unknown to humbler men,  
Must tear her knight from Guen-

dolen.—

She listen'd silently the while,  
 Her mood express'd in bitter smile;  
 Beneath her eye must Arthur quail,  
 And oft resume the unfinish'd tale,  
 Confessing, by his downcast eye,  
 The wrong he sought to justify.  
 He ceased. A moment mute she  
 gaz'd,  
 And then her looks to heaven she  
 rais'd  
 One palm her temples veiled, to  
 hide  
 The tear that sprung in spite of  
 pride!

The other for an instant press'd  
 The foldings of her silken vest!

## VII.

"At her reproachful sign and look,  
 The hint the Monarch's conscience  
 took.

Eager he spoke—'No, lady, no!  
 Deem not of British Arthur so,  
 Nor think he can deserter prove  
 To the dear pledge of mutual love.  
 I swear by sceptre and by sword,  
 As belted knight and Britain's lord,  
 That if a boy shall claim my care,  
 That boy is born a kingdom's heir;  
 But, if a maiden Fate allows,  
 To choose that maid a fitting spouse,  
 A summer-day in lists shall strive  
 My knights,—the bravest knights  
 alive,—

And he, the best and bravest tried,  
 Shall Arthur's daughter claim for  
 bride.'

He spoke, with voice resolved and  
 high—

The lady deign'd him not reply.

## VIII.

"At dawn of morn, ere on the brake  
 His matins did a warbler make,  
 Or stir'd his wing to brush away  
 A single dew-drop from the spray.  
 Ere yet a sunbeam, through the  
 mist,  
 The castle-battlements had kiss'd,

The gates revolve, the drawbridge  
 falls,

And Arthur sallies from the walls.  
 Doff'd his soft garb of Persia's loom,  
 And steel from spur to helmet-plume,  
 His Lybian steed full proudly trode,  
 And joyful neigh'd beneath his load.  
 The Monarch gave a passing sigh  
 To penitence and pleasures by,  
 When, lo! to his astonish'd ken  
 Appear'd the form of Guendolen.

## IX.

"Beyond the outmost wall she  
 stood,

Attired like huntress of the wood:  
 Sandall'd her feet, her ankles bare,  
 And eagle-plumage deck'd her hair;  
 Firm was her look, her bearing bold,  
 And in her hand a cup of gold.  
 'Thou goest!' she said, 'and ne'er  
 again

Must we two meet, in joy or pain.  
 Full fain would I this hour delay,  
 Though weak the wish—yet, wilt  
 thou stay?

—No! thou look'st forward. Still  
 attend,—

Part we like lover and like friend,  
 She rais'd the cup—'Not this the  
 juice

The sluggish vines of earth produce;  
 Pledge we, at parting, in the draught  
 Which Genii love!'—she said, and  
 quaff'd;

And strange unwonted lustres fly  
 From her flush'd cheek and sparkling  
 eye.

## X.

"The courteous Monarch bent him  
 low,

And, stooping down from saddlebow,  
 Lifted the cup, in act to drink.  
 A drop escaped the goblet's brink—  
 Intense as liquid fire from hell,  
 Upon the charger's neck it fell.  
 Screaming with agony and fright,  
 He bolted twenty feet upright—

—The peasant still can show the dint,  
Where his hoofs lighted on the flint.—  
From Arthur's hand the goblet flew,  
Scattering a shower of fiery dew,  
That burn'd and blighted where it  
fell!

The frantic steed rush'd up the dell,  
As whistles from the bow the reed;  
Nor bit nor rein could check his  
speed,

Until he gain'd the hill;  
Then breath and sinew fail'd apace,  
And, reeling from the desperate race,  
He stood, exhausted, still.

The Monarch, breathless and  
amazed,

Back on the fatal castle gazed—  
Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,  
Darkening against the morning  
sky;<sup>343</sup>

But, on the spot where once they  
frown'd,

The lonely streamlet brawl'd around  
A tufted knoll, where dimly shone  
Fragments of rock and rifted stone.  
Musing on this strange hap the  
while,

The king wends back to fair  
Carlisle:

And cares, that cumber royal sway  
Wore memory of the past away.

### XI.

“ Full fifteen years, and more, were  
sped,

Each brought new wreaths to  
Arthur's head.

Twelve bloody fields, with glory  
fought,

The Saxons to subjection brought:  
Rython, the mighty giant, slain  
By his good brand, relieved Bre-  
tagne:

The Pictish Gillamore in fight,  
And Roman Lucius, own'd his  
might;

And wide were through the world  
renown'd

The glories of his Table Round.

Each knight who sought adventurous  
fame,

To the bold court of Britain came,  
And all who suffer'd causeless wrong,  
From tyrant proud, or faitour strong,  
Sought Arthur's presence to com-  
plain,

Nor there for aid implored in vain.

### XII.

“ For this the King, with pomp and  
pride,

Held solemn court at Whitsuntide,  
And summon'd Prince and Peer,  
All who owed homage for their land,  
Or who craved knighthood from his  
hand,

Or who had succour to demand,  
To come from far and near.

At such high tide, were glee and  
game

Mingled with feats of martial fame,  
For many a stranger champion  
came,

In lists to break a spear;  
And not a knight of Arthur's host,  
Save that he trode some foreign  
coast,

But at this feast of Pentecost  
Before him must appear.

Ah, Minstrels! when the Table  
Round

Arose, with all its warriors crown'd,  
There was a theme for bards to  
sound

In triumph to their string!  
Five hundred years are past and gone,  
But time shall draw his dying groan,  
Ere he behold the British throne  
Begirt with such a ring!

### XIII.

“ The heralds named the appointed  
spot,

As Caerleon or Camelot,  
Or Carlisle fair and free.

At Penrith, now, the feast was set,  
And in fair Eamont's vale were met  
The flower of Chivalry.<sup>344</sup>

There Galaad sate with manly grace,  
 Yet maiden meekness in his face ;  
 There Morolt of the iron mace,  
 And love-lorn Tristrem there :  
 And Dinadam with lively glance  
 And Lanval with the fairy lance,  
 And Mordred with his look askance,  
 Brunor and Bevidere.

Why should I tell of numbers more ?  
 Sir Cay, Sir Banier, and Sir Bore.

Sir Carodac the keen,  
 The gentle Gawain's courteous lore,  
 Hector de Mares and Pellinore,  
 And Lancelot, that ever more  
 Look'd stol'n - wise on the  
 Queen.<sup>346</sup>

## XIV.

"When wine and mirth did most  
 abound,  
 And harpers play'd their blythest  
 round,

A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,  
 And marshals clear'd the ring ;  
 A maiden, on a palfrey white,  
 Heading a band of damsels bright,  
 Paced through the circle, to alight  
 And kneel before the King.

Arthur, with strong emotion, saw  
 Her graceful boldness check'd by  
 awe,

Her dress, like huntress of the wold,  
 Her bow and baldric trapp'd with  
 gold,

Her sandall'd feet, her ankles bare,  
 And the eagle-plume that deck'd her  
 hair.

Graceful her veil she backward  
 flung——

The King, as from his seat he  
 sprung,

Almost cried, 'Guendolen !'  
 But 'twas a face more frank and  
 wild,

Betwixt the woman and the child,  
 Where less of magic beauty smiled  
 Than of the race of men ;

And in the forehead's haughty grace,  
 The lines of Britain's royal race,  
 Pendragon's you might ken.

## XV.

"Faltering, yet gracefully, she said—  
 'Great Prince ! behold an orphan  
 maid,

In her departed mother's name,  
 A father's vow'd protection claim !  
 The vow was sworn in desert lone,  
 In the deep valley of St. John.'

At once the King the suppliant  
 raised,

And kiss'd her brow, her beauty  
 praised ;

His vow, he said, should well be kept,  
 Ere in the sea the sun was dipp'd,—  
 Then, conscious, glanced upon his  
 queen ;

But she, unruffled at the scene  
 Of human frailty, construed mild,  
 Look'd upon Lancelot and smiled.

## XVI.

"Up ! up ! each knight of gallant  
 crest

Take buckler, spear, and brand !  
 He that to-day shall bear him best,  
 Shall win my Gyneth's hand.

And Arthur's daughter, when a bride,  
 Shall bring a noble dower ;

Both fair Strath-Clyde and Reged  
 wide,

And Carlisle town and tower.'  
 Then might you hear each valiant  
 knight,

To page and squire that cried,  
 'Bring my armour bright, and my  
 courser wight !

'Tis not each day that a warrior's  
 might

May win a royal bride.

Then cloaks and caps of maintenance  
 In haste aside they fling ;

The helmets glance, and gleams the  
 lance,

And the steel-weaved hauberks  
 ring.

Small care had they of their peaceful  
 array,

They might gather it that wolde ;  
 For brake and bramble glitter'd gay,  
 With pearls and cloth of gold.

## XVII.

" Within trumpet sound of the Table  
 Round  
 Were fifty champions free,  
 And they all arise to fight that  
 prize,—  
 They all arise but three.  
 Nor love's fond troth, nor wedlock's  
 oath,  
 One gallant could withhold,  
 For priests will allow of a broken  
 vow,  
 For penance or for gold.  
 But sigh and glance from ladies  
 bright  
 Among the troop were thrown,  
 To plead their right, and true-love  
 plight,  
 And 'plain of honour flown.  
 The knights they busied them so  
 fast,  
 With buckling spur and belt,  
 That sigh and look, by ladies cast,  
 Were neither seen nor felt.  
 From pleading, or upbraiding glance,  
 Each gallant turns aside,  
 And only thought, 'If speeds my  
 lance,  
 A queen becomes my bride!  
 She has fair Strath-Clyde, and Reged  
 wide,  
 And Carlisle tower and town;  
 She is the loveliest maid, beside,  
 That ever heir'd a crown.'  
 So in haste their coursers they be-  
 stride,  
 And strike their visors down.

## XVIII.

" The champions, arm'd in martial  
 sort,  
 Have throug'd into the list,  
 And but three knights of Arthur's  
 court  
 Are from the tourney miss'd.  
 And still these lovers' fame survives  
 For faith so constant shown,—  
 There were two who loved their  
 neighbours' wives,  
 And one who loved his own,<sup>340</sup>

The first was Lancelot de Lac,  
 The second Tristrem bold,  
 The third was valiant Carodac,  
 Who won the cup of gold,  
 What time, of all King Arthur's  
 crew  
 (Thereof came jeer and laugh,)  
 He, as the mate of lady true,  
 Alone the cup could quaff.  
 Though envy's tongue would fain  
 surmise,  
 That but for very shame,  
 Sir Carodac, to fight that prize,  
 Had given both cup and dame;  
 Yet, since but one of that fair court  
 Was true to wedlock's shrine,  
 Brand him who will with base re-  
 port,—  
 He shall be free from mine.

## XIX.

" Now caracoled the steeds in air,  
 Now plumes and pennons wanton'd  
 fair,  
 As all around the lists so wide  
 In panoply the champions ride.  
 King Arthur saw with startled eye,  
 The flower of chivalry march by,  
 The bulwark of the Christian creed,  
 The kingdom's shield in hour of need.  
 Too late he thought him of the woe  
 Might from their civil conflict flow;  
 For well he knew they would not  
 part  
 Till cold was many a gallant heart.  
 His hasty vow he 'gan to rue,  
 And Gyneth then apart he drew;  
 To her his leading-staff resign'd,  
 But added caution grave and kind.

## XX.

" Thou see'st, my child, as promise-  
 bound,  
 I bid the trump for tourney sound.  
 Take thou my warder as the queen  
 And umpire of the martial scene;  
 But mark thou this:— as Beauty  
 bright  
 Is polar star to valiant knight,



As at her word his sword he draws,  
His fairest guerdon her applause,  
So gentle maid should never ask  
Of knighthood vain and dangerous  
task;

And Beauty's eyes should ever be  
Like the twin stars that soothe the  
sea,

And Beauty's breath shall whisper  
peace,

And bid the storm of battle cease.

I tell thee this, lest all too far,  
These knights urge tourney into war.  
Bliethe at the trumpet let them go,  
And fairly counter blow for blow;—

No striplings these, who succour need  
For a razed helm or falling steed.

But, Gyneth, when the strife grows  
warm,

And threatens death or deadly harm,  
Thy sire entreats, thy king com-  
mands,

Thou drop the warder from thy  
hands.

Trust thou thy father with thy fate,  
Doubt not he choose thee fitting  
mate;

Nor be it said, through Gyneth's  
pride

A rose of Arthur's chaplet died.

## XXI.

"A proud and discontented glow  
O'ershadow'd Gyneth's brow of  
snow;

She put the warder by:—

'Reserve thy boon, my liege,' she  
said,

'Thus chaffer'd down and limited,  
Debased and narrow'd for a maid  
Of less degree than I.

No petty chief, but holds his heir  
At a more honour'd price and rare

Than Britain's King holds me!

Although the sun-burn'd maid, for  
dower,

Has but her father's rugged tower,  
His barren hill and lee.--

King Arthur swore, "By crown and  
sword,

As belted knight and Britain's lord,

That a whole summer's day should  
strive

His knights, the bravest knights  
alive!"

Recall thine oath! and to her glen  
Poor Gyneth can return agen;

Not on thy daughter will the stain,  
That soils thy sword and crown  
remain.

But think not she will e'er be bride  
Save to the bravest, proved and  
tried;

Pendragon's daughter will not fear  
For clashing sword or splinter'd  
spear,

Nor shrink though blood should  
flow;

And all too well sad Guendolen  
Hath taught the faithlessness of  
men,

That child of hers should pity, when  
Their meed they undergo.—

## XXII.

"He frown'd and sigh'd, the  
Monarch bold:—

'I give—what I may not withhold;  
For, not for danger, dread, or death,  
Must British Arthur break his faith.

Too late I mark, thy mother's art  
Hath taught thee this relentless part.

I blame her not, for she had wrong,  
But not to these my faults belong.

Use, then, the warder as thou wilt;  
But trust me, that, if life be spilt,

In Arthur's love, in Arthur's grace,  
Gyneth shall lose a daughter's place.'

With that he turn'd his head aside,  
Nor brook'd to gaze upon her pride,

As, with the truncheon raised, she  
sate

The arbitress of mortal fate;

Nor brook'd to mark, in ranks dis-  
posed,

How the bold champions stood  
opposed,

For shrill the trumpet-flourish fell  
Upon his ear like passing bell!

Then first from sight of martial fray  
Did Britain's hero turn away.

## XXIII.

“But Gyneth heard the clangour high,  
 As hears the hawk the partridge cry.  
 Oh, blame her not! the blood was hers,  
 That at the trumpet's summons stirs!—  
 And e'en the gentlest female eye  
 Might the brave strife of chivalry  
 A while untroubled view;  
 So well accomplish'd was each knight,  
 To strike and to defend in fight,  
 Their meeting was a goodly sight,  
 While plate and mail held true.  
 The lists with painted plumes were strown,  
 Upon the wind at random thrown,  
 But helm and breastplate bloodless shone,  
 It seem'd their feather'd crests alone  
 Should this encounter rue.  
 And ever, as the combat grows,  
 The trumpet's cheery voice arose,  
 Like lark's shrill song the flourish flows,  
 Heard while the gale of April blows  
 The merry greenwood through.

## XXIV.

“But soon to earnest grew their game,  
 The spears drew blood, the swords struck flame,  
 And, horse and man, to ground there came  
 Knights, who shall rise no more!  
 Gone was the pride the war that graced  
 Gay shields were cleft, and crests defaced.  
 And steel coats riven, and helms unbraced,  
 And pennons stream'd with gore.  
 Gone, too, were fence and fair array,  
 And desperate strength made deadly way  
 At random through the bloody fray,

And blows were dealt with headlong sway  
 Unheeding where they fell;  
 And now the trumpet's clamours seem  
 Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing scream,  
 Heard o'er the whirlpool's gulging stream,  
 The sinking seaman's knell!

## XXV.

“Seem'd in this dismal hour, that Fate  
 Would Camlan's ruin antedate,  
 And spare dark Mordred's crime;  
 Already gasping on the ground  
 Lie twenty of the Table Round,  
 Of chivalry the prime.  
 Arthur, in anguish, tore away  
 From head and beard his tresses gray,  
 And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay,  
 And quaked with ruth and fear;  
 But still she deem'd her mother's shade  
 Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade  
 The sign that had the slaughter staid,  
 And chid the rising tear.  
 Then Brunor, Taulas, Mador, fell,  
 Helias the White, and Lionel,  
 And many a champion more;  
 Rochemont and Dinadam are down,  
 And Ferrand of the Forest Brown  
 Lies gasping in his gore.  
 Vanoc, by mighty Morolt press'd  
 Even to the confines of the list,  
 Young Vanoc of the beardless face,  
 (Fame spoke the youth of Merlin's race,)  
 O'erpower'd at Gyneth's footstool bled,  
 His heart's-blood dyed her sandals red.  
 But then the sky was overcast.  
 Then howl'd at once a whirlwind's blast,  
 And, rent by sudden throes,  
 Yawn'd in mid lists the quaking earth,  
 And from the gulf, — tremendous birth!—  
 The form of Merlin rose.

## XXVI.

“ Sternly the Wizard Prophet eyed  
The dreary lists with slaughter dyed,

And sternly raised his hand :—

‘ Madmen,’ he said, ‘ your strife  
forbear ;

And thou, fair cause of mischief, hear

The doom thy fates demand !

Long shall close in stony sleep

Eyes for ruth that would not weep ;

Iron lethargy shall seal

Heart that pity scorn’d to feel.

Yet, because thy mother’s art

Warp’d thine unsuspecting heart,

And for love of Arthur’s race,

Punishment is blent with grace,

Thou shalt bear thy penance lone

In the Valley of Saint John,

And this weird shall overtake  
thee ;

Sleep, until a knight shall wake

thee,

For feats of arms as far renown’d

As warrior of the Table Round.

Long endurance of thy slumber

Well may teach the world to  
number

All their woes from Gyneth’s pride,

When the Red Cross champions  
died.’

## XXVII.

‘ As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth’s eye  
Slumber’s load begins to lie ;

Fear and anger vainly strive

Still to keep its light alive.

Twice, with effort and with pause,

O’er her brow her hand she draws ;

Twice her strength in vain she  
tries,

From the fatal chair to rise,

Merlin’s magic doom is spoken.

Vanoc’s death must now be  
wroken,

Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall,

Curtaining each azure ball,

Slowly as on summer eves

Violets fold their dusky leaves,

The weighty baton of command

Now bears down her sinking hand,

On her shoulder droops her head ;

Net of pearl and golden thread,

Bursting, gave her locks to flow

O’er her arm and breast of snow.

And so lovely seem’d she there,

Spell-bound in her ivory chair,

That her angry sire, repenting,

Craved stern Merlin for relenting,

And the champions, for her sake,

Would again the contest wake ;

Till, in necromantic night,

Gyneth vanish’d from their sight.

## XXVIII.

“ Still she bears her weird alone,

In the Valley of Saint John ;

And her semblance oft will seem,

Mingling in a champion’s dream,

Of her weary lot to plain,

And crave his aid to burst her

chain.

While her wondrous tale was

new,

Warriors to her rescue drew,

East and west, and south and

north,

From the Liffy, Thames, and

Forth.

Most have sought in vain the

glen,

Tower nor castle could they ken ;

Nor at every time or tide,

Nor by every eye, descried.

Fast and vigil must be borne,

Many a night in watching worn,

Ere an eye of mortal powers

Can discern those magic towers.

Of the persevering few,

Some from hopeless task with-  
drew,

When they read the dismal threat

Graved upon the gloomy gate.

Few have braved the yawning door,

And those few return’d no more.

In the lapse of time forgot,

Wellnigh lost in Gyneth’s lot ;

Sound her sleep as in the tomb,

Till waken’d by the trump of  
doom.

END OF LYULPH’S TALE.

Here pause my tale ; for all too soon,  
 My Lucy, comes the hour of noon.  
 Already from thy lofty dome  
 Its courtly inmates 'gin to roam,  
 And each, to kill the goodly day  
 That God has granted them, his way  
 Of lazy sauntering has sought ;  
 Lordlings and witlings not a  
 few,  
 Incapable of doing aught,  
 Yet ill at ease with nought to do.  
 Here is no longer place for me ;  
 For, Lucy, thou wouldst blush to see  
 Some phantom, fashionably thin,  
 With limb of lath and kerchief'd  
 chin,  
 And lounging gape, or sneering  
 grin,  
 Steal sudden on our privacy.  
 And how should I, so humbly born,  
 Endure the graceful spectre's scorn ?  
 Faith ! ill, I fear, while conjuring  
 wand  
 Of English oak is hard at hand.

## II.

Or grant the hour be all too soon  
 For Hessian boot and pantaloons,  
 And grant the lounge seldom strays  
 Beyond the smooth and gravell'd  
 maze,  
 Laud we the gods, that Fashion's  
 train  
 Holds hearts of more adventurous  
 strain.  
 Artists are hers, who scorn to trace  
 Their rules from Nature's boundless  
 grace,  
 But their right paramount assert  
 To limit her by pedant art,  
 Damning whate'er of vast and fair  
 Exceeds a canvass three feet square.  
 This thicket, for their *gumption* fit,  
 May furnish such a happy *bit*.  
 Bards, too, are hers, wont to recite  
 Their own sweet lays by waxen light,  
 Half in the salver's tingle drown'd,  
 While the *chasse-café* glides around ;  
 And such may hither secret stray,  
 To labour an extemporé :

Or sportsman, with his boisterous  
 hollo  
 May here his wiser spaniel follow,  
 Or stage-struck Juliet may presume  
 To choose this bower for tiring-room ;  
 And we alike must shun regard,  
 From painter, player, sportsman,  
 bard.  
 Insects that skim in Fashion's sky,  
 Wasp, blue-bottle, or butterfly,  
 Lucy, have all alarms for us,  
 For all can hum and all can buzz.

## III.

But oh, my Lucy say how long  
 We still must dread this trifling  
 through,  
 And stoop to hide, with coward art,  
 The genuine feelings of the heart !  
 No parents thine whose just command  
 Should rule their child's obedient  
 hand ;  
 Thy guardians, with contending  
 voice,  
 Press each his individual choice.  
 And which is Lucy's ?—Can it be  
 That puny fop, trimm'd cap-a-pee,  
 Who loves in the saloon to show  
 The arms that never knew a foe ;  
 Whose sabre trails along the ground,  
 Whose legs in shapeless boots are  
 drown'd ;  
 A new Achilles, sure,—the steel  
 Fled from his breast to fence his heel ;  
 One, for the simple manly grace  
 That wont to deck our martial race,  
 Who comes in foreign trashery  
 Of tinkling chain and spur,  
 A walking haberdashery,  
 Of feathers, lace, and fur :  
 In Rowley's antiquated phrase,  
 Horse-milliner of modern days ?

## IV.

Or is it he, the wordy youth,  
 So early train'd for statesman's  
 part,  
 Who talks of honour, faith, and  
 truth,  
 As themes that he has got by  
 heart ;

Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach,  
Whose logic is from Single-speech ;  
Who scorns the meanest thought to  
    vent,  
Save in the phrase of Parliament ;  
Who, in a tale of cat and mouse,  
Calls "order," and "divides the  
    house,"

Who "craves permission to reply,"  
Whose "noble friend is in his eye ;"  
Whose loving tender some have  
    reckon'd  
A *motion*, you should gladly *second* ?

## V.

What, neither? Can there be a  
    third,  
To such resistless swains preferr'd?—  
O why, my Lucy, turn aside,  
With that quick glance of injured  
    pride ?

Forgive me, love, I cannot bear  
That alter'd and resentful air.  
Were all the wealth of Russel mine,  
And all the rank of Howard's line,  
All would I give for leave to dry  
That dewdrop trembling in thine eye.  
Think not I fear such fops can wile  
From Lucy more than careless smile ;  
But yet if wealth and high degree  
Give gilded counters currency,  
Must I not fear, when rank and birth  
Stamp the pure ore of genuine worth?  
Nobles there are, whose martial fires  
Rival the fame that raised their sires,  
And patriots, skill'd through storms  
    of fate

To guide and guard the reeling state.  
Such, such there are—If such should  
    come,

Arthur must tremble and be dumb,  
Self-exiled seek some distant shore,  
And mourn till life and grief are o'er.

## VI.

What sight, what signal of alarm,  
That Lucy clings to Arthur's arm?  
Or is it, that the rugged way  
Makes Beauty lean on lover's stay?  
Oh, no! for on the vale and brake,  
Nor sight nor sounds of danger wake,

And this trim sward of velvet green,  
Were carpet for the Fairy Queen.  
That pressure slight was but to tell,  
That Lucy loves her Arthur well,  
And fain would banish from his mind  
Suspicious fear and doubt unkind.

## VII.

But wouldst thou bid the demons fly  
Like mist before the dawning sky,  
There is but one resistless spell—  
Say, wilt thou guess, or must I tell?  
'Twere hard to name, in minstrel  
    phrase,

A landaulet and four blood-bays,  
But bards agree this wizard band  
Can but be bound in Northern land.  
'Tis there—nay, draw not back thy  
    hand!—

'Tis there this slender finger round  
Must golden amulet be bound,  
Which, bless'd with many a holy  
    prayer,

Can change to rapture lovers' care,  
And doubt and jealousy shall die,  
And fears give place to ecstasy.

## VIII.

Now, trust me, Lucy, all too long  
Has been thy lover's tale and song.  
O, why so silent, love, I pray?  
Have I not spoke the livelong day?  
And will not Lucy deign to say  
    One word her friend to bless :  
I ask but one—a simple sound,  
Within three little letters bound,  
    O, let the word be YES!

## CANTO THIRD.

## INTRODUCTION.

## I.

LONG loved, long woo'd, and lately  
    won,  
My life's best hope, and now mine  
    own!  
Doth not this rude and Alpine glen  
Recall our favourite haunts agen?

A wild resemblance we can trace,  
Though reft of every softer grace,  
As the rough warrior's brow may  
bear

A likeness to a sister fair.  
Full well advised our Highland host,  
That this wild pass on foot be  
cross'd,

While round Ben-Cruach's mighty  
base  
Wheel the slow steeds and lingering  
chaise,

The keen old carle, with Scottish  
pride,  
He praised his glen and mountains  
wide ;

An eye he bears for nature's face,  
Ay, and for woman's lovely grace.  
Even in such mean degree we find  
The subtle Scot's observing mind ;  
For, nor the chariot nor the train  
Could gape of vulgar wonder gain,  
But when old Allan would expound  
Of Beal-na-paish the Celtic sound.  
His bonnet doff'd, and bow, applied  
His legend to my bonny bride ;  
While Lucy blush'd beneath his eye,  
Courteous and cautious, shrewd and  
sly.

## II.

Enough of him.—Now, ere we lose,  
Plunged in the vale, the distant  
views,

Turn thee, my love ! look back once  
more

To the blue lake's retiring shore.  
On its smooth breast the shadows  
seem

Like objects in a morning dream,  
What time the slumberer is aware  
He sleeps, and all the vision's air :  
Even so, on yonder liquid lawn,  
In hues of bright reflection drawn,  
Distinct the shaggy mountains lie,  
Distinct the rocks, distinct the sky ;  
The summer-clouds so plain we note,  
That we might count each dappled  
spot :

We gaze and we admire, yet know  
The scene is all delusive show.

Such dreams of bliss would Arthur  
draw,  
When first his Lucy's form he saw ;  
Yet sigh'd and sicken'd as he drew,  
Despairing they could ere prove true !

## III.

But, Lucy, turn thee now, to view  
Up the fair glen, our destined  
way :

The fairy path that we pursue,  
Distinguish'd but by greener hue,  
Winds round the purple brae,  
While Alpine flowers of varied dye  
For carpet serve, or tapestry.

See how the little runnels leap,  
In threads of silver, down the steep,  
To swell the brooklet's moan !

Seems that the Highland Naiad  
grieves,  
Fantastic while her crown she  
weaves,

Of rowan, birch, and alder leaves,  
So lovely, and so lone.

There's no illusion there ; these  
flowers,

That wailing brook, these lovely  
bowers,

Are, Lucy, all our own ;  
And, since thine Arthur call'd thee  
wife,

Such seems the prospect of his life,  
A lovely path, on-winding still,  
By gurgling brook and sloping hill.

'Tis true, that mortals cannot tell  
What waits them in the distant dell ;  
But be it hap, or be it harm,  
We tread the pathway arm in arm.

## IV.

And now, my Lucy, wot'st thou why  
I could thy bidding twice deny,  
When twice you pray'd I would  
again

Resume the legendary strain  
Of the bold knight of Triermain ?  
At length yon peevish vow you swore,  
That you would sue to me no more,  
Until the minstrel fit drew near,  
And made me prize a listening ear.

But, loveliest, when thou first didst  
pray

Continuance of the knightly lay,  
Was it not on the happy day  
That made thy hand mine own ?  
When, dizzied with mine ecstasy,  
Nought past, or present, or to be,  
Could I or think on, hear, or see,  
Save, Lucy, thee alone !  
A giddy draught my rapture was,  
As ever chemist's magic gas.

## V.

Again the summons I denied  
In yon fair capital of Clyde :  
My Harp—or let me rather choose  
The good old classic form—my Muse,  
(For Harp's an over-scuted phrase,  
Worn out by bards of modern days,)  
My Muse, then—seldom will she  
wake,

Save by dim wood and silent lake ;  
She is the wild and rustic Maid,  
Whose foot unsandall'd loves to tread  
Where the soft greensward is inlaid

With varied moss and thyme ;  
And, lest the simple lily-braid,  
That coronets her temples, fade,  
She hides her still in greenwood  
shade,

To meditate her rhyme.

## VI.

And now she comes ! The murmur  
dear

Of the wild brook hath caught her  
ear,

The glade hath won her eye ;  
She longs to join with each blithe rill  
That dances down the Highland hill,  
Her blither melody.

And now, my Lucy's way to cheer,  
She bids Ben-Cruach's echoes hear  
How closed the tale, my love whilere  
Loved for its chivalry.

List how she tells, in notes of flame,  
"Child Roland to the dark tower  
came !"

## I.

BEWCASTLE now must keep the Hold,  
Speir-Adam's steeds must bide in  
stall,

Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold  
Must only shoot from battled  
wall ;

And Liddesdale may buckle spur,  
And Teviot now may belt the  
brand,

Taras and Ewes keep nightly stir,  
And Eskdale foray Cumberland.  
Of wasted fields and plundered flocks  
The Borderers bootless may com-  
plain ;

They lack the sword of brave de Vaux  
There comes no aid from Triermain.

That lord, on high adventure bound,  
Hath wander'd forth alone,  
And day and night keeps watchful  
round

In the Valley of Saint John.

## II.

When first began his vigil bold,  
The moon twelve summer nights  
was old,

And shone both fair and full ;  
High in the vault of cloudless  
blue,

O'er streamlet, dale, and rock, she  
threw

Her light composed and cool.

Stretch'd on the brown hill's heathy  
breast,

Sir Roland eyed the vale ;

Chief where, distinguish'd from the  
rest,

Those clustering rocks uprear'd their  
crest,

The dwelling of the fair distress'd,  
As told gray Lyulph's tale.

Thus as he lay, the lamp of night  
Was quivering on his armour bright,  
In beams that rose and fell,

And danced upon his buckler's  
boss,

That lay beside him on the moss,  
As on a crystal well.

## III.

Ever he watch'd, and oft he deem'd,  
 While on the mound the moonlight  
 stream'd,  
 It alter'd to his eyes ;  
 Fain would he hope the rocks 'gan  
 change  
 To buttress'd walls their shapeless  
 range,  
 Fain think, by transmutation strange,  
 He saw gray turrets rise.  
 But scarce his heart with hope  
 thro' d high,  
 Before the wild illusions fly,  
 Which fancy had conceived,  
 Abetted by an anxious eye  
 That long'd to be deceived.  
 It was a fond deception all,  
 Such as, in solitary hall,  
 Beguiles the musing eye,  
 When, gazing on the sinking fire,  
 Bulwark, and battlement, and spire,  
 In the red gulf we spy.  
 For, seen by moon of middle night,  
 Or by the blaze of noontide bright,  
 Or by the dawn of morning light,  
 Or evening's western flame,  
 In every tide, at every hour,  
 In mist, in sunshine, and in shower,  
 The rocks remain'd the same.

## IV.

Oft has he traced the charmed mound,  
 Oft climb'd its crest, or paced it  
 round,  
 Yet nothing might explore,  
 Save that the crags so rudely piled,  
 At distance seen, resemblance wild  
 To a rough fortress bore.  
 Yet still his watch the Warrior keeps,  
 Feeds hard and spare, and seldom  
 sleeps,  
 And drinks but of the well ;  
 Ever by day he walks the hill,  
 And when the evening gale is chill,  
 He seeks a rocky cell,  
 Like hermit poor to bid his bead,  
 And tell his Ave and his Creed,  
 Invoking every saint at need,  
 For aid to burst the spell.

## V.

And now the moon her orb has hid,  
 And dwindled to a si ver thread,  
 Dim seen in middle heaven,  
 While o'er its curve careering fast,  
 Before the fury of the blast  
 The midnight clouds are driven.  
 The brooklet raved, for on the hills  
 The upland showers had swoln the  
 rills,  
 And down the torrents came ;  
 Mutter'd the distant thunder dread,  
 And frequent o'er the vale was spread  
 A sheet of lightning flame.  
 De Vaux, within his mountain cave,  
 (No human step the storm durst  
 brave,)  
 To moody meditation gave  
 Each faculty of soul,  
 Till, lull'd by distant torrent sound,  
 And the sad winds that whistled  
 round,  
 Upon his thoughts, in musing  
 drown'd,  
 A broken slumber stole.

## VI.

'Twas then was heard a heavy sound,  
 (Sound, strange and fearful there  
 to hear,  
 'Mongst desert hills, where, leagues  
 around,  
 Dwelt but the gorcock and the  
 deer :)  
 As, starting from his couch of fern,  
 Again he heard in clangour stern,  
 That deep and solemn swell,—  
 Twelve times, in measured tone, it  
 spoke,  
 Like some proud minster's pealing  
 clock,  
 Or city's larum-bell.  
 What thought was Roland's first  
 when fell,  
 In that deep wilderness, the knell  
 Upon his startled ear ?  
 To slander warrior were I loth,  
 Yet must I hold my minstrel troth,—  
 It was a thought of fear.



## VII.

But lively was the mingled thrill  
 That chased that momentary chill,  
 For Love's keen wish was there,  
 And eager Hope, and Valour high,  
 And the proud glow of Chivalry,  
 That burn'd to do and dare.  
 Forth from the cave the Warrior  
 rush'd,  
 Long ere the mountain-voice was  
 hush'd,  
 That answer'd to the knell ;  
 For long and far the unwonted  
 sound,  
 Edging in echoes round and round,  
 Was toss'd from fell to fell ;  
 And Glaramara answer flung,  
 And Grisdale-pike responsive rung,  
 And Legbert heights their echoes  
 swung,  
 As far as Derwent's dell.

## VIII.

Forth upon trackless darkness gazed  
 The Knight, bedeafen'd and amazed,  
 Till all was hush'd and still,  
 Save the swoln torrent's sullen roar,  
 And the night-blast that wildly bore  
 Its course along the hill.  
 Then on the northern sky there came  
 A light, as of reflected flame,  
 And over Legbert-head,  
 As if by magic art controll'd,  
 A mighty meteor slowly roll'd  
 Its orb of fiery red ;  
 Thou would'st have thought some  
 demon dire  
 Came mounted on that car of fire,  
 To do his errant dread.  
 Far on the sloping valley's course,  
 On thicket, rock, and torrent hoarse,  
 Shingle and Scrae, and Fell and  
 Force,  
 A dusky light arose :  
 Display'd, yet alter'd was the scene ;  
 Dark rock, and brook of silver sheen,  
 Even the gay thicket's summer  
 green,  
 In bloody tincture glows.

## IX.

De Vaux had mark'd the sunbeams  
 set,  
 At eve, upon the coronet  
 Of that enchanted mound,  
 And seen but crags at random flung,  
 That, o'er the brawling torrent  
 hung,  
 In desolation frown'd.  
 What sees he by that meteor's  
 lour ?—  
 A banner'd Castle, keep, and tower,  
 Return the lurid gleam,  
 With battled walls and buttress fast,  
 And barbican and ballium vast,  
 And airy flanking towers, that cast  
 Their shadows on the stream.  
 'Tis no deceit !—distinctly clear  
 Crenell and parapet appear,  
 While o'er the pile that meteor drear  
 Makes momentary pause ;  
 Then forth its solemn path it drew,  
 And fainter yet and fainter grew  
 Those gloomy towers upon the view,  
 As its wild light withdraws.

## X.

Forth from the cave did Roland rush,  
 O'er crag and stream, through brier  
 and bush  
 Yet far he had not sped,  
 Ere sunk was that portentous light  
 Behind the hills, and utter night  
 Was on the valley spread.  
 He paused perforce, and blew his  
 horn,  
 And, on the mountain-echoes  
 borne,  
 Was heard an answering sound,  
 A wild and lonely trumpet-note,—  
 In middle air it seem'd to float  
 High o'er the battled mound ;  
 And sounds were heard, as when a  
 guard,  
 Of some proud castle, holding round,  
 Pace forth their nightly round.  
 The valiant Knight of Triermain  
 Rung forth his challenge-blast  
 again,  
 But answer came there none ;

And 'mid the mingled wind and rain,  
 Darkling he sought the vale in  
 vain,  
 Until the dawning shone ;  
 And when it dawn'd, that wondrous  
 sight,  
 Distinctly seen by meteor light,  
 It all had pass'd away !  
 And that enchanted mount once  
 more  
 A pile of granite fragments bore,  
 As at the close of day.

## XI.

Steel'd for the deed, De Vaux's heart,  
 Scorn'd from his venturous quest to  
 part,  
 He walks the vale once more ;  
 But only sees, by night or day,  
 That shatter'd pile of rocks so gray.  
 Hears but the torrent's roar.  
 Till when, through hills of azure  
 borne,  
 The moon renew'd her silver horn,  
 Just at the time her waning ray  
 Had faded in the dawning day,  
 A summer mist arose ;  
 Adown the vale the vapours float,  
 And cloudy undulations moat  
 That tufted mound of mystic note,  
 As round its base they close.  
 And higher now the fleecy tide  
 Ascends its stern and shaggy side,  
 Until the airy billows hide  
 The rock's majestic isle ;  
 It seem'd a veil of filmy lawn,  
 By some fantastic fairy drawn  
 Around enchanted pile.

## XII.

The breeze came softly down the  
 brook,  
 And, sighing as it blew,  
 The veil of silver mist it shook,  
 And to De Vaux's eager look  
 Renew'd that wondrous view.  
 For, though the loitering vapour  
 braved  
 The gentle breeze, yet oft it waded  
 Its mantle's dewy fold ;

And still, when shook that filmy  
 screen,  
 Were towers and bastions dimly  
 seen,  
 And Gothic battlements between  
 Their gloomy length unroll'd.  
 Speed, speed, De Vaux, ere on thine  
 eye  
 Once more the fleeting vision die !  
 —The gallant knight 'gan speed  
 As prompt and light as, when the  
 bound  
 Is opening, and the horn is wound,  
 Careers the hunter's steed.  
 Down the steep dell his course  
 amain  
 Hath rivall'd archer's shaft ;  
 But ere the mound he could attain,  
 The rocks their shapeless form  
 regain,  
 And, mocking loud his labour vain,  
 The mountain spirits laugh'd.  
 Far up the echoing dell was born  
 Their wild unearthly shout of scorn.

## XIII.

Wroth wax'd the Warrior.—“Am  
 I then  
 Fool'd by the enemies of men,  
 Like a poor hind, whose homeward  
 way  
 Is haunted by malicious fay ?  
 Is Triermain become your taunt,  
 De Vaux your scorn ? False fiends,  
 avaunt !”  
 A weighty curtal-axe he bare ;  
 The baleful blade so bright and  
 square,  
 And the tough shaft of heben wood,  
 Were oft in Scottish gore imbrued.  
 Backward his stately form he drew,  
 And at the rocks the weapon threw,  
 Just where one crag's projected  
 crest  
 Hung proudly balanced o'er the rest.  
 Hurl'd with main force, the weapon's  
 shock  
 Rent a huge fragment of the rock.  
 If by mere strength, 'twere hard to  
 tell,  
 Or if the blow dissolved some spell,

But down the headlong ruin came,  
 With cloud of dust and flash of  
 flame.  
 Down bank, o'er bush, its course  
 was borne,  
 Crush'd lay the copse, the earth was  
 torn,  
 Till staid at length, the ruin dread  
 Cumber'd the torrent's rocky bed,  
 And bade the waters' high-swoln  
 tide  
 Seek other passage for its pride.

## XIV.

When ceased that thunder, Triermal-  
 main  
 Survey'd the mound's rude front  
 again ;  
 And, lo ! the ruin had laid bare,  
 Hewn in the stone, a winding stair,  
 Whose moss'd and fractured steps  
 might lend  
 The means the summit to ascend ;  
 And by whose aid the brave De Vaux  
 Began to scale these magic rocks,  
 And soon a platform won,  
 Where, the wild witchery to close,  
 Within three lances' length arose  
 The Castle of Saint John !  
 No misty phantom of the air,  
 No meteor-blazon'd show was there ;  
 In morning splendour, full and fair,  
 The massive fortress shone.

## XV.

Embattled high and proudly tower'd,  
 Shaded by pond'rous flankers, lower'd  
 The portal's gloomy way.  
 Though for six hundred years and  
 more,  
 Its strength had brook'd the tempest's  
 roar,  
 The scutcheon'd emblems which it  
 bore  
 Had suffer'd no decay :  
 But from the eastern battlement  
 A turret had made sheer descent,  
 And, down in recent ruin rent,  
 In the mid torrent lay.

Else, o'er the Castle's brow sublime,  
 Insults of violence or of time  
 Unfelt had pass'd away.  
 In shapeless characters of yore,  
 The gate this stern inscription bore :—

## XVI.

## Inscription.

“Patience waits the destined day,  
 Strength can clear the cumber'd way.  
 Warrior, who hast waited long,  
 Firm of soul, of sinew strong,  
 It is given to thee to gaze  
 On the pile of ancient days.  
 Never mortal builder's hand  
 This enduring fabric plann'd ;  
 Sign and sigil, word of power,  
 From the earth raised keep and  
 tower.  
 View it o'er, and pace it round,  
 Rampart, turret, battled mound.  
 Dare no more ! To cross the gate  
 Were to tamper with thy fate ;  
 Strength and fortitude were vain,  
 View it o'er—and turn again.”—

## XVII.

“That would I,” said the Warrior  
 bold,  
 “If that my frame were bent and old,  
 And my thin blood dropp'd slow and  
 cold  
 As icicle in thaw ;  
 But while my heart can feel it dance,  
 Blithe as the sparkling wine of  
 France,  
 And this good arm wields sword or  
 lance,  
 I mock these words of awe !”  
 He said ; the wicket felt the sway  
 Of his strong hand, and straight  
 gave way,  
 And, with rude crash and jarring  
 bray,  
 The rusty bolts withdraw ;  
 But o'er the threshold as he strode,  
 And forward took the vaulted road,

An unseen arm, with force amain,  
 The ponderous gate flung close again,  
 And rusted bolt and bar  
 Spontaneous took their place once  
 more,  
 While the deep arch with sullen roar  
 Return'd their surly jar.  
 "Now closed is the gin and the prey  
 within  
 By the Rood of Lanercost!  
 But he that would win the war-wolf's  
 skin,  
 May rue him of his boast."  
 Thus muttering, on the Warrior  
 went,  
 By dubious light down steep descent.

## XVIII.

Unbarr'd, unlock'd, unwatch'd, a  
 port  
 Led to the Castle's outer court:  
 There the main fortress, broad and  
 tall,  
 Spread its long range of bower and  
 hall  
 And towers of varied size,  
 Wrought with each ornament ex-  
 treme,  
 That Gothic art, in wildest dream  
 Of fancy, could devise;  
 But full between the Warrior's way  
 And the main portal arch, there lay  
 An inner moat;  
 Nor bridge nor boat  
 Affords De Vaux the means to cross  
 The clear, profound, and silent fosse.  
 His arms aside in haste he flings,  
 Cuirass of steel and hauberk rings,  
 And down falls helm, and down the  
 shield,  
 Rough with the dints of many a field.  
 Fair was his manly form, and fair  
 His keen dark eye, and close curl'd  
 hair,  
 When, all unarm'd, save that the  
 brand  
 Of well-proved metal graced his hand,  
 With nought to fence his dauntless  
 breast  
 But the close gipon's under-vest,

Whose sullied buff the sable stains  
 Of hauberk and of mail retains,—  
 Roland De Vaux upon the brim  
 Of the broad moat stood prompt to  
 swim.

## XIX.

Accoutred thus he dared the tide,  
 And soon he reach'd the farther side,  
 And enter'd soon the Hold,  
 And paced a hall, whose walls so  
 wide  
 Were blazon'd all with feats of pride,  
 By warriors done of old.  
 In middle lists they counter'd here,  
 While trumpets seem'd to blow;  
 And there, in den or desert drear,  
 They quell'd gigantic foe,  
 Braved the fierce griffon in his ire,  
 Or faced the dragon's breath of fire.  
 Strange in their arms, and strange  
 in face,  
 Heroes they seem'd of ancient race,  
 Whose deeds of arms, and race, and  
 name,  
 Forgotten long by later fame,  
 Were here depicted, to appal  
 Those of an age degenerate,  
 Whose bold intrusion braved their fate  
 In this enchanted hall.  
 For some short space the venturous  
 Knight  
 With these high marvels fed his sight,  
 Then sought the chamber's upper  
 end,  
 Where three broad easy steps ascend  
 To an arch'd portal door,  
 In whose broad folding leaves of state  
 Was framed a wicket window-grate,  
 And, ere he ventured more,  
 The gallant Knight took earnest view  
 The grated wicket-window through.

## XX.

O, for his arms! Of martial weed  
 Had never mortal Knight such  
 need!—  
 He spied a stately gallery; all  
 Of snow-white marble was the wall,  
 The vaulting, and the floor;

And, contrast strange! on either hand  
There stood array'd in sable band

Four Maids whom Afric bore ;  
And each a Lybian tiger led,  
Held by as bright and frail a thread  
As Lucy's golden hair,—  
For the leash that bound these  
monsters dread

Was but of gossamer.  
Each Maiden's short barbaric vest  
Left all unclosed the knee and breast,  
And limbs of shapely jet ;  
White was their vest and turban's  
fold,

On arms and ankles rings of gold  
In savage pomp were set ;  
A quiver on their shoulders lay,  
And in their hand an assagay.  
Such and so silent stood they there,  
That Roland wellnigh hoped  
He saw a band of statues rare,  
Station'd the gazer's soul to scare ;  
But when the wicket oped,  
Each grisly beast 'gan upward draw,  
Roll'd his grim eye, and spread his  
claw,  
Scented the air, and licked his jaw ;  
While these weird Maids, in Moorish  
tongue,  
A wild and dismal warning sung.

## XXI.

“Rash Adventurer, bear thee back !  
Dread the spell of Dahomay !  
Fear the race of Zaharak,  
Daughters of the burning day !

“When the whirlwind's gusts are  
wheeling,  
Ours it is the dance to braid ;  
Zarah's sands in pillars reeling,  
Join the measure that we tread,  
When the Moon has donn'd her cloak,  
And the stars are red to see,  
Shrill when pipes the sad Siroc,  
Music meet for such as we.

“Where the shatter'd columns lie,  
Showing Carthage once had been,  
If the wandering Santon's eye  
Our mysterious rites hath seen,—

Oft he cons the prayer of death,  
To the nations preaches doom,  
‘Azrael's brand hath left the sheath !  
Moslems, think upon the tomb !’

“Ours the scorpion, ours the snake,  
Ours the hydra of the fen,  
Ours the tiger of the brake,  
All that plague the sons of men.  
Ours the tempest's midnight wrack,  
Pestilence that wastes by day—  
Dread the race of Zaharak !  
Fear the spell of Dahomay !”

## XXII.

Uncouth and strange the accents  
shrill  
Rung those vaulted roofs among,  
Long it was ere, faint and still,  
Died the far resounding song.  
While yet the distant echoes roll,  
The Warrior communed with his  
soul.  
“When first I took this venturous  
quest,  
I swore upon the rood,  
Neither to stop, nor turn, nor rest,  
For evil or for good.

My forward path too well I ween,  
Lies yonder fearful ranks between !  
For man unarm'd, 'tis bootless hope  
With tigers and with fiends to cope—  
Yet, if I turn, what waits me there,  
Save famine dire and fell despair ?—  
Other conclusions let me try,  
Since, choose how'er I list, I die.  
Forward, lies faith and knightly fame ;  
Behind, are perjury and shame.  
In life or death, I hold my word !”  
With that he drew his trusty sword,  
Caught down a banner from the  
wall,  
And enter'd thus the fearful hall.

## XXIII.

On high each wayward Maiden  
threw  
Her swarthy arm, with wild halloo !  
On either side a tiger sprung—  
Against the leftward foe he flung

The ready banner, to engage  
 With tangling folds the brutal  
 rage ;  
 The right-hand monster in mid air  
 He struck so fiercely and so fair,  
 Through gullet and through spinal  
 bone,  
 The trenchant blade had sheerly  
 gone.  
 His grisly brethren ramp'd and  
 yell'd,  
 But the slight leash their rage with-  
 held,  
 Whilst, 'twixt their ranks, the  
 dangerous road  
 Firmly, though swift, the champion  
 strode.  
 Safe to the gallery's bound he drew,  
 Safe pass'd an open portal through ;  
 And when against pursuit he flung  
 The gate, judge if the echoes rung !  
 Onward his daring course he bore,  
 While, mix'd with dying growl and  
 roar,  
 Wild jubilee and loud hurra  
 Pursued him on his venturous way.

## XXIV.

"Hurra, hurra ! Our watch is  
 done !  
 We hail once more the tropic sun.  
 Pallid beams of northern day,  
 Farewell, farewell ! Hurra, hurra !

"Five hundred years o'er this cold  
 glen  
 Hath the pale sun come round agen ;  
 Foot of man, till now, hath ne'er  
 Dared to cross the Hall of Fear.

"Warrior ! thou, whose dauntless  
 heart  
 Gives us from our ward to part,  
 Be as strong in future trial,  
 Where resistance is denial.

"Now for Afric's glowing sky,  
 Zwenga wide and Atlas high,  
 Zaharak and Dahomay !—  
 Mount the winds ! Hurra, hurra !"

## XXV.

The wizard song at distance died,  
 As if in ether borne astray,  
 While through waste halls and  
 chambers wide  
 The Knight pursued his steady way,  
 Till to a lofty dome he came,  
 That flash'd with such a brilliant  
 flame,  
 As if the wealth of all the world  
 Were there in rich confusion hurl'd.  
 For here the gold, in sandy heaps,  
 With duller earth, incorporate, sleeps ;  
 Was there in ingots piled, and there  
 Coin'd badge of empery it bare ;  
 Yonder, huge bars of silver lay,  
 Dimm'd by the diamond's neighbour-  
 ing ray,  
 Like the pale moon in morning day ;  
 And in the midst four Maidens stand,  
 The daughters of some distant land.  
 Their hue was of the dark-red dye,  
 That fringes oft a thunder sky ;  
 Their hands palmetto baskets bare,  
 And cotton fillets bound their hair ;  
 Slim was their form, their mien was  
 shy,  
 To earth they bent the humbled eye,  
 Folded their arms, and suppliant  
 kneel'd,  
 And thus their proffer'd gifts re-  
 veal'd.

## XXVI.

## CHORUS.

"See the treasures Merlin piled,  
 Portion meet for Arthur's child.  
 Bathe in Wealth's unbounded stream,  
 Wealth that Avarice ne'er could  
 dream !"

## FIRST MAIDEN.

"See these clots of virgin gold !  
 Sever'd from the sparry mould,  
 Nature's mystic alchemy  
 In the mine thus bade them lie ;  
 And their orient smile can win  
 Kings to stoop, and saints to sin.—"

## SECOND MAIDEN.

“See these pearls, that long have  
slept ;  
These were tears by Naiads wept  
For the loss of Marinel.  
Tritons in the silver shell  
Treasured them, till hard and white  
As the teeth of Amphitrite.”—

## THIRD MAIDEN.

“Does a livelier hue delight ?  
Here are rubies blazing bright,  
Here the emerald's fairy green,  
And the topaz glows between ;  
Here their varied hues unite,  
In the changeful chrysolite.”—

## FOURTH MAIDEN.

“Leave these gems of poorer shine,  
Leave them all, and look on mine !  
While their glories I expand.  
Shade thine eyebrows with thy hand.  
Mid-day sun and diamond's blaze  
Blind the rash beholder's gaze.”—

## CHORUS.

“Warrior, seize the splendid store ;  
Would 'twere all our mountains bore !  
We should ne'er in future story,  
Read, Peru, thy perish'd glory !”

## XXVII.

Calmly and unconcern'd, the Knight  
Waved aside the treasures bright :—  
“Gentle Maidens, rise, I pray !  
Bar not thus my destined way.  
Let these boasted brilliant toys  
Braid the hair of girls and boys !  
Bid your streams of gold expand  
O'er proud London's thirsty land.  
De Vaux of wealth saw never need,  
Save to purvey him arms and steed,  
And all the ore he deign'd to hoard  
Inlays his helm, and hilts his sword.”  
Thus gently parting from their hold,  
He left, unmoved, the dome of gold.

## XXVIII.

And now the morning sun was high,  
De Vaux was weary, faint, and dry ;  
When, lo ! a plashing sound he hears,  
A glad some signal that he hears  
Some frolic water-run ;  
And soon he reach'd a court-yard  
square,  
Where, dancing in the sultry air,  
Toss'd high aloft, a fountain fair  
Was sparkling in the sun.  
On right and left, a fair arcade,  
In long perspective view display'd  
Alleys and bowers, for sun or shade :  
But, full in front, a door,  
Low-brow'd and dark, seem'd as it  
led  
To the lone dwelling of the dead,  
Whose memory was no more.

## XXIX.

Here stopp'd De Vaux an instant's  
space,  
To bathe his parched lips and face,  
And mark'd with well-pleas'd  
eye,  
Refracted on the fountain stream,  
In rainbow hues the dazzling beam  
Of that gay summer sky.  
His senses felt a mild control,  
Like that which lulls the weary soul,  
From contemplation high  
Relaxing, when the ear receives  
The music that the greenwood leaves  
Make to the breezes' sigh.

## XXX.

And oft in such a dreamy mood,  
The half-shut eye can frame  
Fair apparitions in the wood,  
As if the nymphs of field and flood  
In gay procession came.  
Are these of such fantastic mould,  
Seen distant down the fair arcade,  
These Maids enlink'd in sister-fold,  
Who, late at bashful distance  
staid,  
Now tripping from the green-  
wood shade,

Nearer the musing champion draw,  
And, in a pause of seeming awe,  
Again stand doubtful now?—  
Ah, that sly pause of witching  
powers!

That seems to say, "To please be ours,  
Be yours to tell us how."

Their hue was of the golden glow  
That suns of Candahar bestow,  
O'er which in slight suffusion flows  
A frequent tinge of paly rose;  
Their limbs were fashion'd fair and  
free,

In nature's justest symmetry;  
And, wreathed with flowers, with  
odours graced,  
Their raven ringlets reach'd the  
waist:

In eastern pomp, its gilding pale  
The hennah lent each shapely nail,  
And the dark sumah gave the eye  
More liquid and more lustrous dye.  
The spotless veil of misty lawn,  
In studied disarrangement, drawn  
The form and bosom o'er,  
To win the eye, or tempt the touch,  
For modesty show'd all too much—  
Too much—yet promised more.

## XXXI.

"Gentle Knight, a while delay,"  
Thus they sung, "thy toilsome way,  
While we pay the duty due  
To our Master and to you.  
Over Avarice, over Fear,  
Love triumphant led thee here;  
Warrior, list to us, for we  
Are slaves to Love, are friends to  
thee.

Though no treasured gems have we,  
To proffer on the bended knee,  
Though we boast nor arm nor heart,  
For the assagay or dart,  
Swains allow each simple girl  
Ruby lip and teeth of pearl;  
Or, if dangers more you prize,  
Flatterers find them in our eyes.

"Stay, then, gentle Warrior, stay,  
Rest till evening steal on day;  
Stay, O, stay!—in yonder bowers  
We will braid thy locks with flowers,

Spread the feast and fill the wine,  
Charm thy ear with sounds divine.  
Weave our dances till delight  
Yield to languor, day to night.

"Then shall she you most approve  
Sing the lays that best you love,  
Soft thy mossy couch shall spread,  
Watch thy pillow, prop thy head,  
Till the weary night be o'er—  
Gentle Warrior, wouldst thou more?  
Wouldst thou more, fair Warrior,  
—she  
Is slave to Love and slave to thee."

## XXXII.

O, do not hold it for a crime  
In the bold hero of my rhyme,  
For Stoic look,  
And meet rebuke,  
He lack'd the heart or time;  
As round the band of sirens trip,  
He kiss'd one damsel's laughing lip,  
And press'd another's proffer'd hand.  
Spoke to them all in accents bland,  
But broke their magic circle through:  
"Kind Maids," he said, "adieu,  
adieu!

My fate, my fortune, forward lies."  
He said, and vanish'd from their eyes;  
But, as he dared that darksome way,  
Still heard behind their lovely lay:  
"Fair Flower of Courtesy, depart!  
Go, where the feelings of the heart  
With the warm pulse in concord  
move;  
Go, where Virtue sanctions Love!"

## XXXIII.

Downward De Vaux through dark-  
some ways  
And ruin'd vaults has gone,  
Till issue from their wilder'd maze,  
Or safe retreat, seem'd none,—  
And e'en the dismal path he strays  
Grew worse as he went on.  
For cheerful sun, for living air,  
Foul vapours rise and mine-fires  
glare,



Whose fearful light the dangers  
show'd  
That dogg'd him on that dreadful  
road.

Deep pits, and lakes of waters dun,  
They show'd, but show'd not how  
to shun.

These scenes of desolate despair,  
These smothering clouds of poison'd  
air,

How gladly had De Vaux exchanged,  
Though 'twere to face yon tigers  
ranged !

Nay, soothful bards have said  
So perilous his state seem'd now,  
He wish'd him under arbour bough  
With Asia's willing maid.  
When, joyful sound ! at distance near  
A trumpet flourish'd loud and clear,  
And as it ceased, a lofty lay  
Seem'd thus to chide his lagging way.

## XXXIV.

"Son of Honour, theme of story,  
Think on the reward before ye !  
Danger, darkness, toil despise ;  
'Tis Ambition bids thee rise.

"He that would her heights ascend,  
Many a weary step must wend ;  
Hand and foot and knee he tries ;  
Thus Ambition's minions rise.

"Lag not now, though rough the  
way,  
Fortune's mood brooks no delay ;  
Grasp the boon that's spread before  
ye,  
Monarch's power, and Conqueror's  
glory !"

It ceased. Advancing on the sound,  
A steep ascent the Wanderer found,  
And then a turret stair :  
Nor climb'd he far its steepy round  
Till fresher blew the air,  
And next a welcome glimpse was  
given,  
That cheer'd him with the light of  
heaven.

At length his toil had won  
A lofty hall with trophies dressed,  
Where, as to greet imperial guest,  
Four Maidens stood, whose crimson  
vest  
Was bound with golden zone.

## XXXV.

Of Europe seem'd the damsels all ;  
The first a nymph of lively Gaul,  
Whose easy step and laughing eye  
Her borrow'd air of awe belie ;  
The next a maid of Spain,  
Dark-eyed, dark-hair'd, sedate, yet  
bold ;

White ivory skin and tress of gold,  
Her shy and bashful comrade told  
For daughter of Almaine.  
These maidens bore a royal robe,  
With crown, with sceptre, and with  
globe,

Emblems of empery ;  
The fourth a space behind them stood  
And leant upon a harp, in mood  
Of minstrel ecstasy.  
Of merry England she, in dress  
Like ancient British Druidess.  
Her hair an azure fillet bound,  
Her graceful vesture swept the  
ground,  
And, in her hand display'd,  
A crown did that fourth Maiden hold,  
But unadorn'd with gems and gold,  
Of glossy laurel made.

## XXXVI.

At once to brave De Vaux knelt down  
These foremost Maidens three,  
And proffer'd sceptre, robe, and crown,  
Liegedom and seignorie,  
O'er many a region wide and fair,  
Destined, they said, for Arthur's heir ;  
But homage would he none :  
"Rather," he said, "De Vaux would  
ride,  
A Warden of the Border-side,  
In plate and mail, than, robed in  
pride,  
A monarch's empire own ;

Rather, far rather, would he be  
 A free-born knight of England free,  
 Than sit on Despot's throne."  
 So pass'd he on, when that fourth  
 Maid,  
 As starting from a trance,  
 Upon the harp her finger laid ;  
 Her magic touch the chords obey'd,  
 Their soul awaked at once !

## SONG OF THE FOURTH MAIDEN.

" Quake to your foundations deep,  
 Stately Towers, and Banner'd Keep,  
 Bid your vaulted echoes moan,  
 As the dreaded step they own.

" Fiends, that wait on Merlin's spell,  
 Hear the foot-fall ! mark it well !  
 Spread your dusky wings abroad,  
 Boune ye for your homeward road !

" It is HIS, the first who e'er  
 Dared the dismal Hall of Fear ;  
 HIS, who hath the snares defied  
 Spread by Pleasure, Wealth, and  
 Pride.

Quake to your foundations deep,  
 Bastion huge, and Turret steep !  
 Tremble, Keep ! and totter, Tower !  
 This is Gyneth's waking hour."

## XXXVII.

Thus while she sung, the venturous  
 Knight  
 Has reach'd a bower, where milder  
 light

Through crimson curtains fell ;  
 Such soften'd shade the hill receives,  
 Her purple veil when twilight leaves  
 Upon its western swell.

That bower, the gazer to bewitch,  
 Hath wondrous store of rare and rich  
 As e'er was seen with eye ;

For there by magic skill, I wis,  
 Form of each thing that living is  
 Was limn'd in proper dye.

All seem'd to sleep—the timid hare  
 On form, the stag upon his lair,  
 The eagle in her eyrie fair  
 Between the earth and sky.

But what of pictured rich and rare  
 Could win De Vaux's eye-glance,  
 where,

Deep slumbering in the fatal chair,  
 He saw King Arthur's child !  
 Doubt, and anger, and dismay,  
 From her brow had pass'd away,  
 F'orgot was that fell tourney-day,  
 For, as she slept, she smiled :  
 It seem'd, that the repentant Seer  
 Her sleep of many a hundred year  
 With gentle dreams beguiled.

## XXXVIII.

That form of maiden loveliness,  
 'Twixt childhood and 'twixt youth,  
 That ivory chair, that sylvan dress,  
 The arms and ankles bare, express  
 Of Lyulph's tale the truth.

Still upon her garment's hem  
 Vanoc's blood made purple gem,  
 And the warder of command  
 Cumber'd still her sleeping hand ;  
 Still her dark locks dishevell'd flow  
 From net of pearl o'er breast of snow ;  
 And so fair the slumberer seems,  
 That De Vaux impeach'd his dreams,  
 Vapid all and void of might,  
 Hiding half her charms from sight.  
 Motionless a while he stands,  
 Folds his arms and clasps his hands,  
 Trembling in his fitful joy,  
 Doubtful how he should destroy

Long-enduring spell ;  
 Doubtful, too, when slowly rise  
 Dark-fringed lids of Gyneth's eyes,  
 What these eyes shall tell.—  
 " St. George ! St. Mary ! can it be,  
 That they will kindly look on me ! "

## XXXIX.

Gently, lo ! the Warrior kneels,  
 Soft that lovely hand he steals,  
 Soft to kiss, and soft to clasp—  
 But the warder leaves her grasp ;  
 Lightning flashes, rolls the  
 thunder !

Gyneth startles from her sleep,  
 Totters Tower, and trembles Keep,  
 Burst the Castle-walls asunder !

Fierce and frequent were the shocks,—  
 Melt the magic halls away ;  
 —But beneath their mystic rocks,  
 In the arms of bold De Vaux,  
 Safe the princess lay ;  
 Safe and free from magic power,  
 Blushing like the rose's flower  
 Opening to the day ;  
 And round the Champion's brows  
 were bound

The crown that Druidess had wound,  
 Of the green laurel-bay.  
 And this was what remain'd of all  
 The wealth of each enchanted hall,  
 The Garland and the Dame :  
 But where should Warrior seek the  
 meed,  
 Due to high worth for daring deed,  
 Except from LOVE and FAME !

## CONCLUSION.

## I.

My LUCY, when the Maid is won,  
 The Minstrel's task, thou know'st, is  
 done ;  
 And to require of bard  
 That to his dregs the tale should  
 run,  
 Were ordinance too hard.  
 Our lovers, briefly be it said,  
 Wedded as lovers wont to wed,  
 When tale or play is o'er ;  
 Lived long and blest, loved fond and  
 true,  
 And saw a numerous race renew  
 The honours that they bore.  
 Know, too, that when a pilgrim  
 strays  
 In morning mist or evening maze,  
 Along the mountain lone,  
 That fairy fortress often mocks  
 His gaze upon the castled rocks  
 Of the Valley of St. John ;

But never man since brave De Vaux  
 The charmed portal won.  
 'Tis now a vain illusive show,  
 That melts when'er the sunbeams  
 glow  
 Or the fresh breeze hath blown.

## II.

But see, my love, where far below  
 Our lingering wheels are moving  
 slow,  
 The whites, up-gazing still,  
 Our menials eye our steepy way,  
 Marvelling, perchance, what whim  
 can stay  
 Our steps, when eve is sinking gray,  
 On this gigantic hill.  
 So think the vulgar—Life and time  
 Ring all their joys in one dull chime  
 Of luxury and ease ;  
 And, O ! beside these simple knaves,  
 How many better born are slaves  
 To such coarse joys as these,—  
 Dead to the nobler sense that glows  
 When nature's grander scenes un-  
 close !  
 But, Lucy, we will love them yet,  
 The mountain's misty coronet,  
 The greenwood, and the wold ;  
 And love the more, that of their  
 maze  
 Adventure high of other days  
 By ancient bards is told,  
 Bringing, perchance, like my poor  
 tale,  
 Some moral truth in fiction's veil :  
 Nor love them less, than o'er the hill  
 The evening breeze, as now, comes  
 chill :—  
 My love shall wrap her warm,  
 And, fearless of the slippery way,  
 While safe she trips the heathy brae,  
 Shall hang on Arthur's arm.

# THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE scene of this Poem lies, at first, in the Castle of Artornish, on the coast of Argyleshire; and, afterwards, in the Islands of Skye and Arran, and upon the coast of Ayrshire. Finally, it is laid near Stirling. The story opens in the spring of the year 1307, when Bruce, who had been driven out of Scotland by the English, and the Barons who adhered to that foreign interest, returned from the Island of Rachrin on the coast of Ireland, again to assert his claims to the Scottish crown. Many of the personages and incidents introduced are of historical celebrity. The authorities used are chiefly those of the venerable Lord Hailes, as well entitled to be called the restorer of Scottish history, as Bruce the restorer of Scottish monarchy; and of Archdeacon Barbour, a correct edition of whose Metrical History of Robert Bruce will soon, I trust, appear under the care of my learned friend, the Rev. Dr. Jamieson.

ABBOTSFORD, 10th December, 1814.

### CANTO FIRST.

AUTUMN departs—but still his  
mantle's fold  
Rests on the groves of noble  
Somerville,  
Beneath a shroud of russet dropp'd  
with gold  
Tweed and his tributaries mingle  
still;  
Hoarser the wind, and deeper  
sounds the rill,  
Yet lingering notes of sylvan music  
swell,  
The deep-toned cushat, and the red-  
breast shrill;  
And yet some tints of summer  
splendour tell  
When the broad sun sinks down on  
Ettrick's western fell.

Autumn departs — from Gala's  
fields no more  
Come rural sounds our kindred  
banks to cheer;  
Bient with the stream, and gale  
that wafts it o'er,  
No more the distant reaper's mirth  
we hear.

The last blithe shout hath died  
upon our ear,  
And harvest-home hath hush'd the  
clanging wain,  
On the waste hill no forms of life  
appear,  
Save where, sad laggard of the  
autumnal train,  
Some age-struck wanderer gleans  
few ears of scatter'd grain.

Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes  
have pleasure still,  
Lovest thou through Autumn's  
fading realms to stray,  
To see the heath-flower wither'd on  
the hill,  
To listen to the wood's expiring  
lay,  
To note the red leaf shivering on  
the spray,  
To mark the last bright tints the  
mountain stain,  
On the waste fields to trace the  
gleaner's way,  
And moralize on mortal joy and  
pain?—  
O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn  
not the minstrel strain.

No! do not scorn, although its  
 hoarser note  
 Scarce with the cushat's homely  
 song can vie,  
 Though faint its beauties as the  
 tints remote  
 That gleam through mist in  
 autumn's evening sky,  
 And few as leaves that tremble,  
 sear and dry,  
 When wild November hath his  
 bugle wound;  
 Nor mock my toil—a lonely  
 gleaner I,  
 Through fields time-wasted, on sad  
 inquest bound,  
 Where happier bards of yore have  
 richer harvest found.

So shalt thou list, and haply not  
 unmoved,  
 To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior  
 day;  
 In distant lands, by the rough West  
 reprov'd,  
 Still live some relics of the ancient  
 lay.  
 For, when on Coolin's hills the  
 lights decay.  
 With such the Seer of Skye the  
 eye beguiles;  
 'Tis known amid the pathless  
 wastes of Reay.  
 In Harries known, and in Iona's  
 piles,  
 Where rest from mortal coil the  
 Mighty of the Isles.

## I.

"WAKE, Maid of Lorn!" the  
 Minstrels sung.  
 Thy rugged halls, Artornish!  
 rung,<sup>347</sup>  
 And the dark seas, thy towers that  
 lave,  
 Heaved on the beach a softer wave,  
 As 'mid the tuneful choir to keep  
 The diapason of the Deep.  
 Lull'd were the winds on Innin-  
 more,  
 And green Loch-Alline's woodland  
 shore.

As if wild woods and waves had  
 pleasure  
 In listing to the lovely measure.  
 And ne'er to symphony more  
 sweet  
 Gave mountain echoes answer  
 meet,  
 Since, met from mainland and  
 from isle,  
 Ross, Arran, Ilay, and Argyle,  
 Each minstrel's tributary lay  
 Paid homage to the festal day.  
 Dull and dishonour'd were the bard,  
 Worthless of guerdon and regard,  
 Deaf to the hope of minstrel fame,  
 Or lady's smiles, his noblest aim,  
 Who on that morn's resistless call  
 Were silent in Artornish hall.

## II.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!" 'twas  
 thus they sung,  
 And yet more proud the descant rung,  
 "Wake, Maid of Lorn! high right  
 is ours,  
 To charm dull sleep from Beauty's  
 bowers;  
 Earth, Ocean, Air, have nought so  
 shy  
 But owns the power of minstrelsy.  
 In Lettermore the timid deer  
 Will pause, the harp's wild chime  
 to hear;  
 Rude Heiskar's seal through  
 surges dark  
 Will long pursue the minstrel's  
 bark;<sup>348</sup>  
 To list his notes, the eagle proud  
 Will poise him on Ben-Cailliach's  
 cloud;  
 Then let not Maiden's ear disdain  
 The summons of the minstrel train,  
 But, while our harps wild music make,  
 Edith of Lorn, awake, awake!

## III.

"O wake, while Dawn, with dewy  
 shine,  
 Wakes Nature's charms to vie with  
 thine!

She bids the mottled thrush rejoice  
To mate thy melody of voice ;  
The dew that on the violet lies  
Mocks the dark lustre of thine eyes ;  
But, Edith, wake, and all we see  
Of sweet and fair shall yield to  
thee !"—

"She comes not yet," gray Ferrand  
cried ;

"Brethren, let softer spell be tried,  
Those notes prolong'd, that soothing  
theme,

Which best may mix with Beauty's  
dream,

And whisper, with their silvery  
tone,

The hope she loves, yet fears to  
own."

He spoke, and on the harp-strings  
died

The strains of flattery and of pride ;  
More soft, more low, more tender  
fell

The lay of love he bade them tell.

## IV.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn ! the moments  
fly,

Which yet that maiden-name allow ;  
Wake, Maiden, wake ! the hour is  
nigh,

When love shall claim a plighted  
vow.

By Fear, thy bosom's fluttering guest,  
By Hope, that soon shall fears  
remove,

We bid thee break the bonds of  
rest,

And wake thee at the call of Love !  
"Wake, Edith, wake ! in yonder  
bay

Lies many a galley gaily mann'd,  
We hear the merry pibrochs play,

We see the streamers' silken band.  
What Chieftain's praise these pibrochs  
swell,

What crest is on these banners  
wove,

The harp, the minstrel, dare not  
tell—

The riddle must be read by Love."

## V.

Retired her maiden train among,  
Edith of Lorn received the song,  
But tamed the minstrel's pride had  
been

That had her cold demeanour seen ;  
For not upon her cheek awoke  
The glow of pride when Flattery  
spoke,

Nor could their tenderest numbers  
bring

One sigh responsive to the string.  
As vainly had her maidens vied  
In skill to deck the princely bride.

Her locks, in dark-brown length  
array'd,

Cathleen of Ulne, 'twas thine to  
braid ;

Young Eva with meet reverence drew  
On the light foot the silken shoe,  
While on the ankle's slender round  
Those strings of pearl fair Bertha  
wound,

That, bleach'd Lochryan's depths  
within,

Seem'd dusky still on Edith's skin.

But Einion, of experience old,  
Had weightiest task—the mantle's  
fold

In many an artful plait she tied,  
To show the form it seem'd to hide,  
Till on the floor descending roll'd  
Its waves of crimson blent with gold.

## VI.

O ! lives there now so cold a maid,  
Who thus in beauty's pomp array'd,  
In beauty's proudest pitch of power,  
And conquest won—the bridal hour—

With every charm that wins the heart,  
By Nature given, enhanced by Art,  
Could yet the fair reflection view,  
In the bright mirror pictured true,  
And not one dimple on her cheek  
A tell-tale consciousness bespeak ?—  
Lives still such maid ?—Fair damsels,  
say,

For further vouches not my lay,  
Save that such lived in Britain's isle,  
When Lorn's bright Edith scorn'd  
to smile.

## VII.

But Morag, to whose fostering care  
Proud Lorn had given his daughter  
fair,

Morag, who saw a mother's aid  
By all a daughter's love repaid,  
(Strict was that bond—most kind of  
all—

Inviolatè in Highland hall)—  
Gray Morag sate a space apart,  
In Edith's eyes to read her heart.  
In vain the attendants' fond appeal  
To Morag's skill, to Morag's zeal;  
She mark'd her child receive their  
care,

Cold as the image sculptured fair,  
(Form of some sainted patroness,)  
Which cloister'd maids combine to  
dress;

She mark'd—and knew her nursling's  
heart

In the vain pomp took little part.  
Wistful a while she gazed—then  
press'd

The maiden to her anxious breast  
In finish'd loveliness—and led  
To where a turret's airy head,  
Slender and steep, and battled round,  
O'erlook'd, dark Mull! thy mighty  
Sound,<sup>349</sup>

Where thwarting tides, with mingled  
roar,

Part thy swarth hills from Morven's  
shore.

## VIII.

"Daughter," she said, "these seas  
behold,

Round twice a hundred islands roll'd,  
From Hirt, that hears their northern  
roar,

To the green Ilay's fertile shore;<sup>350</sup>  
Or mainland turn, where many a  
tower

Owens thy bold brother's feudal  
power,

Each on its own dark cape reclined,  
And listening to its own wild wind,  
From where Mingarry, sternly placèd,  
O'erawes the woodland and the  
waste.<sup>351</sup>

To where Dunstaffnage hears the  
raging

Of Connal with his rocks engaging.  
Think'st thou, amid this ample  
round,

A single brow but thine has frown'd,  
To sadden this auspicious morn,  
That bids the daughter of high Lorn  
Impledge her spousal faith to wed  
The heir of mighty Somerled?<sup>352</sup>

Ronald, from many a hero sprung,  
The fair, the valiant, and the young,  
LORD OF THE ISLES, whose lofty  
name<sup>353</sup>

A thousand bards have given to  
fame,

The mate of monarchs, and allied  
On equal terms with England's  
pride.—

From chieftain's tower to bondsman's  
cot,

Who hears the tale, and triumphs  
not?

The damsel dons her best attire,  
The shepherd lights his beltane fire,  
Joy, joy! each warder's horn hath  
sung,

Joy, joy! each matin bell hath rung;  
The holy priest says grateful mass,  
Loud shouts each hardy galla-glass,  
No mountain den holds outcast boor,  
Of heart so dull, of soul so poor,  
But he hath flung his task aside,  
And claim'd this morn for holy-tide;  
Yet, empress of this joyful day,  
Edith is sad while all are gay."—

## IX.

Proud Edith's soul came to her eye,  
Resentment check'd the struggling  
sigh.

Her hurrying hand indignant dried  
The burning tears of injured pride—  
"Morag, forbear! or lend thy praise  
To swell yon hireling harpers' lays;

Make to yon maids thy boast of  
power,

That they may waste a wondering  
hour,

Telling of banners proudly borne,  
Of pealing bell and bugle-horn,

Or, theme more dear, of robes of  
price,  
Crownlets and gauds of rare device.  
But thou, experienced as thou art,  
Think'st thou with these to cheat  
the heart,  
That, bound in strong affection's  
chain,  
Looks for return and looks in vain?  
No! sum thine Edith's wretched lot  
In these brief words—He loves her  
not!

## X.

“Debate it not—too long I strove  
To call his cold observance love,  
All blinded by the league that stiled  
Edith of Lorn,—while yet a child,  
She tripp'd the heath by Morag's  
side,—  
The brave Lord Ronald's destined  
bride.  
Ere yet I saw him, while afar  
His broadsword blazed in Scotland's  
war,  
Train'd to believe our fates the same,  
My bosom throbb'd when Ronald's  
name  
Came gracing Fame's heroic tale,  
Like perfume on the summer gale.  
What pilgrim sought our halls, nor  
told  
Of Ronald's deeds in battle bold;  
Who touch'd the harp to heroes'  
praise,  
But his achievements swell'd the  
lays?  
Even Morag—not a tale of fame  
Was hers but closed with Ronald's  
name.  
He came! and all that had been told  
Of his high worth seem'd poor and  
cold,  
Tame, lifeless, void or energy,  
Unjust to Ronald and to me!

## XI.

“Since then, what thought had  
Edith's heart  
And gave not plighted love its  
part!—

And what requital? cold delay—  
Excuse that shunn'd the spousal  
day.—  
It dawns, and Ronald is not here!—  
Hunts he Bentalla's nimble deer,  
Or loiters he in secret dell  
To bid some lighter love farewell,  
And swear, that though he may not  
scorn  
A daughter of the House of Lorn,<sup>361</sup>  
Yet, when these formal rites are o'er,  
Again they meet, to part no more?”

## XII.

—“Hush, daughter, hush! thy  
doubts remove,  
More nobly think of Ronald's love.  
Look, where beneath the castle gray  
His fleet unmoor from Aros bay!  
See'st not each galley's topmast  
bend,  
As on the yards the sails ascend?  
Hiding the dark-blue land, they rise  
Like the white clouds on April skies;  
The shouting vassals man the oars,  
Behind them sink Mull's mountain  
shores,  
Onward their merry course they  
keep,  
Through whistling breeze and foam-  
ing deep.  
And mark the headmost, seaward  
cast,  
Stoop to the freshening gale her  
mast,  
As if she vail'd its banner'd pride,  
To greet afar her prince's bride!  
Thy Ronald comes, and while in  
speed  
His galley mates the flying steed,  
He chides her sloth!”—Fair Edith  
sigh'd,  
Blush'd, sadly smiled, and thus  
replied:—

## XIII.

“Sweet thought, but vain!—No,  
Morag! mark,  
Type of his course, yon lonely bark,  
That oft hath shifted helm and sail,  
To win its way against the gale.



Since peep of morn, my vacant eyes  
 Have view'd by fits the course she  
 tries;  
 Now, though the darkening scud  
 comes on,  
 And dawn's fair promises be gone,  
 And though the weary crew may see  
 Our sheltering haven on their lee,  
 Still closer to the rising wind  
 They strive her shivering sail to  
 bind,  
 Still nearer to the shelves' dread  
 verge  
 At every tack her course they urge,  
 As if they fear'd Artornish more  
 Than adverse winds and breakers'  
 roar."

## XIV.

Sooth spoke the maid.—Amid the  
 tide  
 The skiff she mark'd lay tossing  
 sore,  
 And shifted oft her stooping side,  
 In weary tack from shore to  
 shore.  
 Yet on her destined course no  
 more  
 She gain'd, of forward way,  
 Than what a minstrel may com-  
 pare  
 To the poor meed which peasants  
 share,  
 Who toil the livelong day;  
 And such the risk her pilot braves,  
 That oft, before she wore,  
 Her boltsprit kiss'd the broken  
 waves,  
 Where in white foam the ocean  
 raves  
 Upon the shelving shore.  
 Yet, to their destined purpose true,  
 Undaunted toil'd her hardy crew,  
 Nor look'd where shelter lay,  
 Nor for Artornish Castle drew,  
 Nor steer'd for Aros bay.

## XV.

Thus while they strove with wind  
 and seas,  
 Borne onward by the willing breeze,  
 Lord Ronald's fleet swept by,

SC.

Streamer'd with silk, and trick'd  
 with gold,  
 Mann'd with the noble and the bold  
 Of Island chivalry.  
 Around their prows the ocean roars,  
 And chafes beneath their thousand  
 oars,  
 Yet bears them on their way:  
 So chafes the war-horse in his  
 might,  
 That fieldward bears some valiant  
 knight,  
 Champs, till both bit and boss are  
 white,  
 But, foaming, must obey.

On each gay deck they might behold  
 Lances of steel and crests of gold,  
 And hauberks with their burnish'd  
 fold,  
 That shimmer'd fair and free;  
 And each proud galley, as she  
 pass'd,  
 To the wild cadence of the blast  
 Gave wilder minstrelsy.  
 Full many a shrill triumphant note  
 Saline and Scallastle bade float  
 Their misty shores around;  
 And Morven's echoes answer'd well,  
 And Duart heard the distant swell  
 Come down the darksome Sound.

## XVI.

So bore they on with mirth and  
 pride,  
 And if that labouring bark they  
 spied,  
 'Twas with such idle eye  
 As nobles cast on lowly boor,  
 When, toiling in his task obscure,  
 They pass him careless by.  
 Let them sweep on with heedless  
 eyes!  
 But, had they known what mighty  
 prize  
 In that frail vessel lay,  
 The famish'd wolf, that prowls the  
 wold,  
 Had scatheless pass'd the unguarded  
 fold,  
 Ere, drifting by these galleys bold,  
 Unchallenged were her way!

P

And thou, Lord Ronald, sweep thou  
 on,  
 With mirth, and pride, and minstrel  
 tone!  
 But hast thou known who sail'd so  
 nigh,  
 Far other glance were in thine eye!  
 Far other flush were on thy brow,  
 That, shaded by the bonnet, now  
 Assumes but ill the blithesome cheer  
 Of bridegroom when the bride is  
 near!

## XVII.

Yes, sweep they on!—We will not  
 leave,  
 For them that triumph, those who  
 grieve.

With that armada gay  
 Be laughter loud and jocund shout,  
 And bards to cheer the wassail route,  
 With tale, romance, and lay;  
 And of wild mirth each clamorous art,  
 Which, if it cannot cheer the heart,  
 May stupefy and stun its smart,  
 For one loud busy day.

Yes, sweep they on!—But with that  
 skiff

Abides the minstrel tale,  
 Where there was dread of surge and  
 cliff.

Labour that strain'd each sinew stiff,  
 And one sad Maiden's wail.

## XVIII.

All day with fruitless strife they toil'd,  
 With eve the ebbing currents boil'd  
 More fierce from strait and lake;  
 And midway through the channel met  
 Conflicting tides that foam and fret,  
 And high their mingled billows jet,  
 As spears, that, in the battle set,  
 Spring upward as they break.

Then, too, the lights of eve were  
 past,

And louder sung the western blast

On rocks of Inninmore;

Rent was the sail, and strain'd the  
 mast,

And many a leak was gaping fast,  
 And the pale steersman stood aghast,  
 And gave the conflict o'er.

## XIX.

'Twas then that One, whose lofty  
 look

Nor labour dull'd nor terror shook,

Thus to the Leader spoke:—

“Brother, how hopest thou to abide  
 The fury of this wilder'd tide,  
 Or how avoid the rock's rude side,  
 Until the day has broke?”

Didst thou not mark the vessel reel,  
 With quivering planks, and groaning  
 keel,

At the last billow's shock?

Yet how of better counsel tell,

Though here thou see'st poor Isabel

Half dead with want and fear;

For look on sea, or look on land,

Or yon dark sky—on every hand

Despair and death are near.

For her alone I grieve,—on me

Danger sits light, by land and sea,

I follow where thou wilt;

Either to bide the tempest's lour,

Or wend to yon unfriendly tower,

Or rush amid their naval power,  
 With war-cry wake their wassail-  
 hour,

And die with hand on hilt.”—

## XX.

That elder Leader's calm reply

In steady voice was given,

“In man's most dark extremity

Oft succour dawns from Heaven.

Edward, trim thou the shatter'd sail,

The helm be mine, and down the gale

Let our free course be driven;

So shall we 'scape the western bay,

The hostile fleet, the unequal fray,

So safely hold our vessel's way

Beneath the Castle wall;

For if a hope of safety rest,

'Tis on the sacred name of guest,

Who seeks for shelter, storm-dis-  
 tress'd,

Within a chieftain's hall.

If not—it best beseems our worth.

Our name, our right, our lofty birth  
 By noble hands to fall.”

## XXI.

The helm, to his strong arm con-  
sign'd,  
Gave the reef'd sail to meet the wind,  
And on her alter'd way,  
Fierce bounding, forward sprung the  
ship,  
Like greyhound starting from the  
slip

To seize his flying prey.  
Awaked before the rushing prow,  
The mimic fires of ocean glow,  
Those lightnings of the wave ;<sup>355</sup>  
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides,  
And, flashing round, the vessel's  
sides

With elvish lustre lave,  
While, far behind, their livid light  
To the dark billows of the night  
A gloomy splendour gave.  
It seems as if old Ocean shakes  
From his dark brow the lucid flakes  
In envious pageantry,  
To match the meteor-light that  
streaks  
Grim Hecla's midnight sky.

## XXII.

Nor lack'd they steadier light to keep  
Their course upon the darken'd  
deep ;—

Artornish, on her frowning steep  
'Twixt cloud and ocean hung,  
Glanced with a thousand lights of  
glee,

And landward far, and far to sea,  
Her festal radiance flung.  
By that blithe beacon-light they  
steer'd,  
Whose lustre mingled well  
With the pale beam that now  
appear'd,  
As the cold moon her head uprear'd  
Above the eastern fell.

## XXIII.

Thus guided, on their course they  
hore,  
Until they near'd the mainland  
shore,

When frequent on the hollow blast  
Wild shouts of merriment were cast,  
And wind and wave and sea-birds'  
cry

With wassail sounds in concert vie,  
Like funeral shrieks with revelry,  
Or like the battle-shout  
By peasants heard from cliffs on  
high,

When Triumph, Rage, and Agony,  
Madden the fight and route.  
Now nearer yet, through mist and  
storm

Dimly arose the Castle's form,  
And deepen'd shadow made,  
Far lengthen'd on the main below,  
Where, dancing in reflected glow,  
A hundred torches play'd,  
Spangling the wave with lights as  
vain

As pleasures in this vale of pain,  
That dazzle as they fade.

## XXIV.

Beneath the Castle's sheltering lee,  
They staid their course in quiet sea.  
Hewn in the rock, a passage there  
Sought the dark fortress by a stair,<sup>360</sup>

So straight, so high, so steep,  
With peasant's staff one valiant hand  
Might well the dizzy pass have  
mann'd,

'Gainst hundreds arm'd with spear  
and brand,  
And plunged them in the deep.  
His bugle then the helmsman  
wound ;

Loud answer'd every echo round,  
From turret, rock, and bay,  
The postern's hinges crash and  
groan,  
And soon the warder's cresset shone  
On those rude steps of slippery  
stone,

To light the upward way.  
"Thrice welcome, holy Sire!" he  
said ;

"Full long the spousal train have  
staid,  
And, vex'd at thy delay,

Fear'd lest, amidst these wildering  
seas,  
The darksome night and freshening  
breeze  
Had driven thy bark astray."—

## XXV.

"Warder," the younger stranger  
said,  
"Thine erring guess some mirth had  
made  
In mirthful hour; but nights like  
these,  
When the rough winds wake western  
seas,  
Brook not of glee. We crave some  
aid  
And needful shelter for this maid  
Until the break of day;  
For, to ourselves, the deck's rude  
plank  
Is easy as the mossy bank  
That's breath'd upon by May.  
And for our storm-toss'd skiff we  
seek  
Short shelter in this leeward creek,  
Prompt when the dawn the east shall  
streak  
Again to bear away."—  
Answered the Warder,—"In what  
name  
Assert ye hospitable claim?  
Whence come, or whether  
bound?  
Hath Erin seen your parting sails?  
Or come ye on Norwegian gales?  
And seek ye England's fertile vales,  
Or Scotland's mountain ground?"

## XXVI.

"Warriors—for other title none  
For some brief space we list to own,  
Bound by a vow—warriors are we;  
In strife by land, and storm by sea,  
We have been known to fame;  
And these brief words have import  
dear,  
When sounded in a noble ear,  
To harbour safe, and friendly cheer,  
That gives us rightful claim.

Grant us the trivial boon we seek,  
And we in other realms will speak  
Fair of your courtesy;  
Deny—and be your niggard Hold  
Scorn'd by the noble and the bold,  
Shunn'd by the pilgrim on the wold,  
And wanderer on the lea!"—

## XXVII.

"Bold stranger, no—'gainst claim  
like thine,  
No bolt revolves by hand of mine,  
Though urged in tone that more  
express'd  
A monarch than a suppliant guest.  
Be what ye will, Artornish Hall  
On this glad eve is free to all.  
Though ye had drawn a hostile  
sword  
'Gainst our ally, great England's  
Lord,  
Or mail upon your shoulders borne,  
To battle with the Lord of Lorn,  
Or, outlaw'd, dwelt by greenwood  
trèe  
With the fierce Knight of Ellerslie,  
Or aided even the murderous strife,  
When Comyn fell beneath the knife  
Of that fell homicide The Bruce,  
This night had been a term of  
truce.—  
Ho, vassals! give these guests your  
care,  
And show the narrow postern stair."

## XXVIII.

To land these two bold brethren  
leapt,  
(The weary crew their vessel kept,)  
And, lighted by the torches' flare,  
That seaward flung their smoky  
glare,  
The younger knight that maiden  
bare  
Half lifeless up the rock;  
On his strong shoulder lean'd her  
head,  
And down her long dark tresses  
shed,  
As the wild vine in tendrils spread,  
Droops from the mountain oak.

Him follow'd close that elder Lord,  
 And in his hand a sheathed sword,  
 Such as few arms could wield ;  
 But when he boun'd him to such  
 task,  
 Well could it cleave the strongest  
 casque,  
 And rend the surest shield.

## XXIX.

The raised portcullis' arch they pass,  
 The wicket with its bars of brass,  
 The entrance long and low,  
 Flank'd at each turn by loop-holes  
 strait,  
 Where bowmen might in ambush  
 wait,  
 (If force or fraud should burst the  
 gate,)  
 To gall an entering foe.  
 But every jealous post of ward  
 Was now defenceless and unbarr'd,  
 And all the passage free  
 To one low-brow'd and vaulted  
 room,  
 Where squire and yeoman, page and  
 groom,  
 Plied their loud revelry.

## XXX.

And "Rest ye here," the Warder  
 bade,  
 "Till to our Lord your suit is  
 said.—  
 And, comrades, gaze not on the  
 maid,  
 And on these men who ask our aid,  
 As if ye ne'er had seen  
 A damsel tired of midnight bark,  
 Or wanderers of a moulding stark,  
 And bearing martial mien."  
 But not for Eachin's reproof  
 Would page or vassal stand aloof,  
 But crowded on to stare,  
 As men of courtesy untaught,  
 Till fiery Edward roughly caught,  
 From one the foremost there,  
 His chequer'd plaid, and in its  
 shroud,  
 To hide her from the vulgar crowd,  
 Involved his sister fair.

His brother, as the clansman bent  
 His sullen brow in discontent,  
 Made brief and stern excuse ;—  
 "Vassal, were thine the cloak of  
 pall  
 That decks thy Lord in bridal hall,  
 'Twere honour'd by her use."

## XXXI.

Proud was his tone, but calm ; his  
 eye  
 Had that compelling dignity,  
 His mien that bearing haught and  
 high,  
 Which common spirits fear !  
 Needed nor word nor signal more,  
 Nod, wink, and laughter, all were  
 o'er ;  
 Upon each other back they bore,  
 And gazed like startled deer.  
 But now appear'd the Seneschal,  
 Commission'd by his lord to call  
 The strangers to the Baron's  
 hall,  
 Where feasted fair and free  
 That Island Prince in nuptial tide,  
 With Edith there his lovely bride,  
 And her bold brother by her side,  
 And many a chief, the flower and  
 pride  
 Of Western land and sea.

Here pause we, gentles, for a  
 space ;  
 And, if our tale hath won your  
 grace,  
 Grant us brief patience, and again  
 We will renew the minstrel strain.

## CANTO SECOND.

FILL the bright goblet, spread the  
 festive board !  
 Summon the gay, the noble, and  
 the fair !  
 Through the loud hall in joyous  
 concert pour'd,  
 Let mirth and music sound the dirge  
 of Care!

But ask thou not if Happiness be  
there,  
If the loud laugh disguise convulsive throes,  
Or if the brow the heart's true  
lively wear;  
Lift not the festal mask!—enough  
to know,  
No scene of mortal life but teems  
with mortal woe.

## II.

With beakers' clang, with harpers'  
lay,  
With all that olden time deem'd  
gay,  
The Island Chieftain feasted high;  
But there was in his troubled eye  
A gloomy fire, and on his brow  
Now sudden flush'd, and faded  
now,  
Emotions such as draw their birth  
From deeper source than festal  
mirth.  
By fits he paused, and harper's  
strain  
And jester's tale went round in  
vain,  
Or fell but on his idle ear  
Like distant sounds which dreamers  
hear.  
Then would he rouse him, and  
employ  
Each art to aid the clamorous joy,  
And call for pledge and lay,  
And, for brief space, of all the  
crowd,  
As he was loudest of the loud,  
Seem gayest of the gay.

## III.

Yet nought amiss the bridal throng  
Mark'd in brief mirth, or musing  
long;  
The vacant brow, the unlistening  
ear,  
They gave to thoughts of raptures  
near,

And his fierce starts of sudden  
glee  
Seem'd bursts of bridegroom's  
ecstasy.  
Nor thus alone misjudged the  
crowd,  
Since lofty Lorn, suspicious, proud,  
And jealous of his honour'd line,  
And that keen knight, De Argentine,<sup>357</sup>  
(From England sent on errand  
high,  
The western league more firm to  
tie,)  
Both deem'd in Ronald's mood to  
find  
A lover's transport-troubled mind.  
But one sad heart, one tearful  
eye,  
Pierced deeper through the mystery,  
And watch'd, with agony and fear,  
Her wayward bridegroom's varied  
cheer.

## IV.

She watch'd—yet fear'd to meet his  
glance,  
And he shunn'd hers;—till when  
by chance  
They met, the point of foeman's  
lance  
Had given a milder pang!  
Beneath the intolerable smart  
He writhed—then sternly mann'd  
his heart  
To play his hard but destined  
part,  
And from the table sprang.  
“Fill me the mighty cup!” he  
said,  
“Erst own'd by royal Somerled: <sup>358</sup>  
Fill it, till on the studded brim  
In burning gold the bubbles swim,  
And every gem of varied shine  
Glow doubly bright in rosy wine!  
To you, brave lord, and brother  
mine,  
Of Lorn, this pledge I drink—  
The union of Our House with  
thine,  
By this fair bridal-link!”—

## V.

"Let it pass round!" quoth He of Lorn,  
 "And in good time—that winded horn  
 Must of the Abbot tell;  
 The laggard monk is come at last."

Lord Ronald heard the bugle-blast,  
 And on the floor at random cast,  
 The untasted goblet fell.  
 But when the warder in his ear  
 Tells other news, his blither cheer  
 Returns like sun of May,  
 When through a thunder-cloud it  
 beams!—  
 Lord of two hundred isles, he  
 seems  
 As glad of brief delay,  
 As some poor criminal might feel,  
 When, from the gibbet or the  
 wheel,  
 Respited for a day.

## VI.

"Brother of Lorn," with hurried  
 voice  
 He said, "And you, fair lords,  
 rejoice!  
 Here, to augment our glee,  
 Come wandering knights from  
 travel far,  
 Well proved, they say, in strife of  
 war,  
 And tempest on the sea.—  
 Ho! give them at your board such  
 place  
 As best their presences may grace,  
 And bid them welcome free!"  
 With solemn step, and silver wand,  
 The Seneschal the presence scann'd  
 Of these strange guests; <sup>359</sup> and  
 well he knew  
 How to assign their rank its due;  
 For though the costly furs  
 That erst had deck'd their caps  
 were torn,  
 And their gay robes were over-worn,  
 And soil'd their gilded spurs,

Yet such a high commanding grace  
 Was in their mien and in their  
 face,  
 As suited best the princely dais,  
 And royal canopy;  
 And there he marshall'd them their  
 place,  
 First of that company.

## VII.

Then lords and ladies spake aside,  
 And angry looks the error chide,  
 That gave to guests unnamed,  
 unknown,  
 A place so near their prince's  
 throne;  
 But Owen Erraught said,  
 "For forty years a seneschal,  
 To marshal guests in bower and  
 hall  
 Has been my honour'd trade.  
 Worship and birth to me are  
 known,  
 By look, by bearing, and by tone,  
 Not by furr'd robe or broider'd  
 zone;  
 And 'gainst an oaken bough  
 I'll gage my silver wand of state,  
 That these three strangers oft  
 have sate  
 In higher place than now."—

## VIII.

"I, too," the aged Ferrand said,  
 "Am qualified by minstrel trade  
 Of rank and place to tell;—  
 Mark'd ye the younger stranger's  
 eye,  
 My mates, how quick, how keen,  
 how high,  
 How fierce its flashes fell,  
 Glancing among the noble rout  
 As if to seek the noblest out,  
 Because the owner might not  
 brook  
 On any save his peers to look?  
 And yet it moves me more.  
 That steady, calm, majestic brow,  
 With which the elder chief even  
 now  
 Scann'd the gay presence o'er,

Like being of superior kind,  
 In whose high-toned impartial  
 mind  
 Degrees of mortal rank and state  
 Seem objects of indifferent weight.  
 The lady too—though closely  
 tied  
 The mantle veil both face and  
 eye,  
 Her motions' grace it could not  
 hide,  
 Nor could her form's fair  
 symmetry."

## IX.

Suspicious doubt and lordly scorn  
 Lour'd on the haughty front of  
 Lorn.  
 From underneath his brows of  
 pride,  
 The stranger guests he sternly eyed,  
 And whisper'd closely what the  
 ear  
 Of Argentine alone might hear ;  
 Then question'd, high and  
 brief,  
 If, in their voyage, aught they  
 knew  
 Of the rebellious Scottish crew,  
 Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew,  
 With Carrick's outlaw'd  
 Chief? <sup>300</sup>  
 And if, their winter's exile o'er,  
 They harbour'd still by Ulster's  
 shore,  
 Or launch'd their galleys on the  
 main,  
 To vex their native land again?

## X.

That younger stranger, fierce and  
 high,  
 At once confronts the Chieftain's  
 eye  
 With look of equal scorn ;  
 "Of rebels have we nought to  
 show ;  
 But if of Royal Bruce thou'dst  
 know,  
 I warn thee he has sworn,

Ere thrice three days shall come  
 and go,  
 His banner Scottish winds shall  
 blow,  
 Despite each mean or mighty foe,  
 From England's every bill and bow,  
 To Allaster of Lorn."  
 Kindled the mountain Chieftain's  
 ire,  
 But Ronald quench'd the rising  
 fire ;  
 "Brother, it better suits the time  
 To chase the night with Ferrand's  
 rhyme,  
 Than wake, 'midst mirth and wine,  
 the jars  
 That flow from these unhappy  
 wars."—  
 "Content," said Lorn ; and spoke  
 apart  
 With Ferrand, master of his art,  
 Then whisper'd Argentine,—  
 "The lay I named will carry smart  
 To these bold strangers' haughty  
 heart,  
 If right this guess of mine."  
 He ceased, and it was silence all,  
 Until the minstrel waked the hall.

## XI.

The Brooch of Lorn. <sup>301</sup>

"Whence the brooch of burning  
 gold,  
 That clasps the Chieftain's mantle-  
 fold,  
 Wrought and chased with rare  
 device,  
 Studded fair with gems of price, <sup>302</sup>  
 On the varied tartans beaming,  
 As, through night's pale rainbow  
 gleaming,  
 Fainter now, now seen afar,  
 Fitful shines the northern star?  
 "Gem! ne'er wrought on Highland  
 mountain,  
 Did the fairy of the fountain,  
 Or the mermaid of the wave,  
 Frame thee in some coral cave?"



Did, in Iceland's darksome mine,  
Dwarf's swart hands thy metal  
twine?  
Or, mortal-moulded, comest thou  
here,  
From England's love, or France's  
fear?

## XII.

## Song continued.

"No!—thy splendours nothing tell  
Foreign art or faëry spell.  
Moulded thou for monarch's use,  
By the overweening Bruce,  
When the royal robe he tied  
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;  
Thence in triumph wert thou torn,  
By the victor hand of Lorn!

"When the gem was won and lost,  
Widely was the war-cry toss'd!  
Rung aloud Bendourish fell,  
Answer'd Douchart's sounding dell,  
Fled the deer from wild Teyndrum,  
When the homicide, o'ercome,  
Hardly 'scaped, with scathe and  
scorn,  
Left the pledge with conquering  
Lorn!

## XIII.

## Song concluded.

"Vain wasthen the Douglas brand,<sup>363</sup>  
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,  
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,  
Making sure of murder's work;<sup>364</sup>  
Barendown fled fast away,  
Fled the fiery De la Haye,<sup>365</sup>  
When this brooch, triumphant borne,  
Beam'd upon the breast of Lorn.

"Farthest fled its former Lord,  
Left his men to brand and cord,  
Bloody brand of Highland steel,  
English gibbet, axe, and wheel.  
Let him fly from coast to coast,  
Dogg'd by Conyn's vengeful ghost,  
While his spoils, in triumph worn,  
Long shall grace victorious Lorn!"

## XIV.

As glares the tiger on his foes,  
Hemm'd in by hunters, spears, and  
bows,  
And, ere he bounds upon the ring,  
Selects the object of his spring,—  
Now on the bard, now on his Lord,  
So Edward glared and grasp'd his  
sword—  
But stern his brother spoke,—“Be  
still.

What! art thou yet so wild of will,  
After high deeds and sufferings long,  
To chafe thee for a menial's song?—  
Well hast thou framed, Old Man,  
thy strains,  
To praise the hand that pays thy  
pains!<sup>366</sup>

Yet something might thy song have  
told

Of Lorn's three vassals, true and  
bold,

Who rent their Lord from Bruce's  
hold,

As underneath his knee he lay,  
And died to save him in the fray.

I've heard the Bruce's cloak and clasp  
Was clench'd within their dying  
grasp,

What time a hundred foemen more  
Rush'd in, and back the victor bore,

Long after Lorn had left the strife,  
Full glad to 'scape with limb and

life.—

Enough of this—And, Minstrel, hold,  
As minstrel-hire, this chain of gold,  
For future lays a fair excuse,  
To speak more nobly of the Bruce.”—

## XV.

“Now, by Columba's shrine, I swear,  
Aud every saint that's buried there,  
'Tis he himself!” Lorn sternly cries,  
“And for my kinsman's death he  
dies.”

As loudly Ronald calls,—“Forbear!  
Not in my sight while brand I wear,  
O'ermatch'd by odds, shall warrior  
fall,

Or blood of stranger stain my hall!”

This ancient fortress of my race  
 Shall be misfortune's resting-place,  
 Shelter and shield of the distress'd,  
 No slaughter-house for shipwreck'd  
 guest."—

"Talk not to me," fierce Lorn  
 replied,

"Of odds or match!—when Comyn  
 died,

Three daggers clash'd within his side!  
 Talk not to me of sheltering hall,  
 The Church of God saw Comyn fall!  
 On God's own altar stream'd his  
 blood,

While o'er my prostrate kinsman  
 stood

The ruthless murderer—e'en as  
 now—

With armed hand and scornful  
 brow!—

Up, all who love me! blow on blow!  
 And lay the outlaw'd felons low!"

## XVI.

Then up sprang many a mainland  
 Lord,

Obedient to their Chieftain's word.  
 Barcaldine's arm is high in air,  
 And Kinloch-Alline's blade is bare,  
 Black Murthok's dirk has left its  
 sheath,

And clench'd is Dermid's hand of  
 death.

Their mutter'd threats of vengeance  
 swell

Into a wild and warlike yell;  
 Onward they press with weapons  
 high,

The affrighted females shriek and fly,  
 And, Scotland, then thy brightest ray  
 Had darken'd ere its noon of day,—  
 But every chief of birth and fame,  
 That from the Isles of Ocean came,  
 At Ronald's side that hour withstood  
 Fierce Lorn's relentless thirst for  
 blood.

## XVII.

Brave Torquil from Dunvegan high,  
 Lord of the misty hills of Skye,  
 Mac-Niel, wild Bara's ancient thane,  
 Duart, of bold Cian-Gillian's strain,

Fergus, of Canna's castled bay,  
 Mac-Duffith, Lord of Colonsay,  
 Soon as they saw the broadswords  
 glance,

With ready weapons rose at once,  
 More prompt, that many an ancient  
 feud,

Full oft suppress'd, full oft renew'd,  
 Glow'd 'twixt the chieftains of Argyle,  
 And many a lord of ocean's isle.

Wild was the scene—each sword  
 was bare,

Back stream'd each chieftain's  
 shaggy hair,

In gloomy opposition set,  
 Eyes, hands, and brandish'd weapons  
 met;

Blue gleaming o'er the social board,  
 Flash'd to the torches many a  
 sword;

And soon those bridal lights may  
 shine

On purple blood for rosy wine.

## XVIII.

While thus for blows and death  
 prepared,

Each heart was up, each weapon  
 bared,

Each foot advanced,—a surly pause  
 Still revered hospitable laws.

All menaced violence, but alike  
 Reluctant each the first to strike,  
 (For eye accursed in minstrel line  
 Is he who brawls 'mid song and  
 wine,)

And, match'd in numbers and in  
 might,

Doubtful and desperate seem'd the  
 fight.

Thus threat and murmur died away,  
 Till on the crowded hall there lay  
 Such silence, as the deadly still,  
 Ere bursts the thunder on the hill.

With blade advanced, each Chieftain  
 bold

Show'd like the Sworder's form of  
 old,

As wanting still the torch of life,  
 To wake the marble into strife.

## XIX.

That awful pause the stranger maid,  
And Edith, seized to pray for aid.  
As to De Argentine she clung,  
Away her veil the stranger flung,  
And, lovely 'mid her wild despair,  
Fast stream'd her eyes, wide flow'd  
her hair.

"O thou, of knighthood once the  
flower,  
Sure refuge in distressful hour,  
Thou, who in Judah well hast fought  
For our dear faith, and oft hast  
sought

Renown in knightly exercise,  
When this poor hand has dealt the  
prize,

Say, can thy soul of honour brook  
On the unequal strife to look,  
When, butcher'd thus in peaceful  
hall,

Those once thy friends, my brethren,  
fall!"

To Argentine she turn'd her word,  
But her eye sought the Island Lord.  
A flush like evening's setting flame  
Glow'd on his cheek; his hardy  
frame,

As with a brief convulsion, shook:  
With hurried voice and eager look,—  
"Fear not," he said, "my Isabel!  
What said I—Edith!—all is well—  
Nay, fear not—I will well provide  
The safety of my lovely bride—  
My bride?"—but there the accent  
clung

In tremor to his faltering tongue.

## XX.

Now rose De Argentine, to claim  
The prisoners in his sovereign's  
name,

To England's crown, who, vassals  
sworn,

'Gainst their liege lord had weapon  
borne—

(Such speech, I ween, was but to  
hide

His care their safety to provide;

For knight more true in thought  
and deed

Than Argentine ne'er spurr'd a  
steed)—

And Ronald, who his meaning  
guess'd,

Seem'd half to sanction the request.

This purpose fiery Torquil broke:—  
"Somewhat we've heard of England's  
yoke,"

He said, "and, in our islands, Fame  
Hath whisper'd of a lawful claim,  
That calls the Bruce fair Scotland's  
Lord,

Though disposess'd by foreign  
sword.

This craves reflection—but though  
right

And just the charge of England's  
Knight,

Let England's crown her rebels seize  
Where she has power;—in towers  
like these,

'Midst Scottish Chieftains summon'd  
here

To bridal mirth and bridal cheer,  
Be sure, with no consent of mine,  
Shall either Lorn or Argentine  
With chains or violence, in our sight,  
Oppress a brave and banish'd  
Knight."

## XXI.

Then waked the wild debate again,  
With brawling threat and clamour  
vain.

Vassals and menials, thronging in,  
Lent their brute rage to swell the  
din;

When, far and wide, a bugle-clang  
From the dark ocean upward rang.

"The Abbot comes!" they cry at  
once,

"The holy man, whose favour'd  
glance

Hath sainted visions known;  
Angels have met him on the  
way,

Beside the blessed martyrs' bay,  
And by Columba's stone,

His monks have heard their  
hymnings high  
Sound from the summit of Dun-Y,  
To cheer his penance lone,  
When at each cross, on girth and  
wold,  
(Their number thrice a hundred-  
fold,)  
His prayer he made, his beads he  
told,

With Aves many a one—  
He comes our feuds to reconcile,  
A sainted man from sainted isle ;  
We will his holy doom abide,  
The Abbot shall our strife decide.”

## XXII.

Scarcely this fair accord was o'er,  
When through the wide revolving  
door

The black-stoled brethren wind ;  
Twelve sandall'd monks, who relics  
bore,

With many a torch-bearer before,  
And many a cross behind.  
Then sunk each fierce uplifted hand,  
And dagger bright and flashing  
brand

Dropp'd swiftly at the sight ;  
They vanish'd from the Churchman's  
eye,  
As shooting stars, that glance and  
die,

Dart from the vault of night.

## XXIII.

The Abbot on the threshold stood,  
And in his hand the holy rood ;  
Back on his shoulders flow'd his  
hood,

The torch's glaring ray  
Show'd, in its red and flashing light,  
His wither'd cheek and amice white,  
His blue eye glistening cold and  
bright,

His tresses scant and gray.  
“Fair Lords,” he said, “Our Lady's  
love,  
And peace be with you from above,  
And Benedicite !—

—But what means this? no peace  
is here !—

Do dirks unsheathed suit bridal  
cheer?

Or are these naked brands  
A seemly show for Churchman's  
sight,  
When he comes summon'd to unite  
Betrothed hearts and hands?”

## XXIV.

Then, cloaking hate with fiery zeal,  
Proud Lorn first answer'd the  
appeal ;—

“Thou comest, O holy Man,  
True sons of blessed church to greet,  
But little deeming here to meet  
A wretch, beneath the ban  
Of Pope and Church, for murder  
done

Even on the sacred altar-stone !—  
Well mayst thou wonder we should  
know

Such miscreant here, nor lay him  
low,

Or dream of greeting, peace, or  
truce,

With excommunicated Bruce !  
Yet well I grant, to end debate,  
Thy sainted voice decide his fate.”

## XXV.

Then Ronald pled the stranger's  
cause,  
And knighthood's oath and honour's  
laws ;

And Isabel, on bended knee,  
Brought pray'rs and tears to back  
the plea :

And Edith lent her generous aid,  
And wept, and Lorn for mercy  
pray'd.

“Hence,” he exclaim'd, “degenerate  
maid !

Was't not enough to Ronald's bower  
I brought thee, like a paramour,<sup>367</sup>  
Or bond-maid at her master's gate,  
His careless cold approach to  
wait ?—

But the bold Lord of Cumberland,  
The gallant Clifford, seeks thy hand ;  
His it shall be—Nay, no reply !  
Hence ! till those rebel eyes be  
dry.”

With grief the Abbot heard and saw,  
Yet not relax'd his brow of awe.

## XXVI.

Then Argentine, in England's name,  
So highly urged his sovereign's  
claim,

He waked a spark, that, long  
suppress'd,  
Had smoulder'd in Lord Ronald's  
breast ;

And now, as from the flint the fire,  
Flash'd forth at once his generous  
ire.

“Enough of noble blood,” he said,  
“By English Edward had been shed,  
Since matchless Wallace first had  
been

In mock'ry crown'd with wreaths  
of green,<sup>368</sup>

And done to death by felon hand,  
For guarding well his father's land.  
Where's Nigel Bruce? and De la  
Haye,

And valiant Seton—where are they?  
Where Somerville, the kind and  
free?

And Fraser, flower of chivalry?<sup>369</sup>  
Have they not been on gibbet bound,  
Their quarters flung to hawk and  
hound,

And hold we here a cold debate,  
To yield more victims to their fate?  
What! can the English Leopard's  
mood

Never be gorged with northern  
blood?

Was not the life of Athole shed,  
To soothe the tyrant's sicken'd bed?<sup>370</sup>  
And must his word, till dying day,  
Be nought but quarter, hang, and  
slay!—<sup>371</sup>

Thou frown'st, De Argentine,—My  
gage

Is prompt to prove the strife I  
wage.”—

## XXVII.

“Nor deem,” said stout Dunvegan's  
knight,

“That thou shalt brave alone the  
fight!

By saints of isle and mainland both,  
By Woden wild, (my grandsire's  
oath,)

Let Rome and England do their  
worst,

Howe'er attainted or accursed,  
If Bruce shall e'er find friends again,  
Once more to brave a battle-plain,  
If Douglas couch again his lance,  
Or Randolph dare another chance,  
Old Torquil will not be to lack  
With twice a thousand at his  
back—

Nay, chafe not at my bearing bold,  
Good Abbot! for thou know'st of  
old,

Torquil's rude thought and stubborn  
will

Smack of the wild Norwegian still ;  
Nor will I barter Freedom's cause  
For England's wealth, or Rome's  
applause.”

## XXVIII.

The Abbot seem'd with eye severe  
The hardy Chieftain's speech to  
hear ;

Then on King Robert turn'd the  
Monk,

But twice his courage came and  
sunk,

Confronted with the hero's look ;  
Twice fell his eye, his accents shook ;  
At length, resolved in tone and brow,  
Sternly he question'd him—“And  
thou,

Unhappy! what hast thou to plead,  
Why I denounce not on thy deed  
That awful doom which canons  
tell

Shuts paradise, and opens hell ;  
Anathema of power so dread,  
It blends the living with the dead,  
Bids each good angel soar away,  
And every ill one claim his prey ;

Expels thee from the church's care,  
 And deafens Heaven against thy  
 prayer ;  
 Arms every hand against thy life,  
 Bans all who aid thee in the strife,  
 Nay, each whose succour, cold and  
 scant,  
 With meanest alms relieves thy  
 want ;  
 Haunts thee while living, — and,  
 when dead,  
 Dwells on thy yet devoted head,  
 Rends Honour's scutcheon from thy  
 hearse,  
 Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse,  
 And spurns thy corpse from hallow'd  
 ground,  
 Flung like vile carrion to the hound ;  
 Such is the dire and desperate  
 doom  
 For sacrilege, decreed by Rome ;  
 And such the well-deserved meed  
 Of thine unhallow'd, ruthless  
 deed."—

## XXIX.

"Abbot!" The Bruce replied, "thy  
 charge  
 It boots not to dispute at large.  
 This much, howe'er, I bid thee  
 know,  
 No selfish vengeance dealt the blow,  
 For Comyn died his country's foe.  
 Nor blame I friends whose ill-timed  
 speed  
 Fulfill'd my soon-repent'd deed,  
 Nor censure those from whose stern  
 tongue  
 The dire anathema has rung.  
 I only blame mine own wild ire,  
 By Scotland's wrongs incensed to  
 fire.  
 Heaven knows my purpose to atone,  
 Far as I may, the evil done,  
 And hears a penitent's appeal  
 From papal curse and prelate's zeal.  
 My first and dearest task achieved,  
 Fair Scotland from her thrall  
 relieved,  
 Shall many a priest in cope and stole  
 Say requiem for Red Comyn's soul,

While I the blessed cross advance,  
 And expiate this unhappy chance  
 In Palestine, with sword and lance.<sup>372</sup>  
 But, while content the Church should  
 know  
 My conscience owns the debt I owe,  
 Unto De Argentine and Lorn  
 The name of traitor I return,  
 Bid them defiance stern and high,  
 And give them in their throats the  
 lie !  
 These brief words spoke, I speak no  
 more.  
 Do what thou wilt ; my shrift is  
 o'er."

## XXX.

Like man by prodigy amazed,  
 Upon the King the Abbot gazed ;  
 Then o'er his pallid features glance,  
 Convulsions of ecstatic trance.  
 His breathing came more thick and  
 fast,  
 And from his pale blue eyes were  
 cast  
 Strange rays of wild and wandering  
 light  
 Uprise his locks of silver white,  
 Flush'd is his brow, through every  
 vein  
 In azure tide the currents strain,  
 And undistinguish'd accents broke  
 The awful silence ere he spoke.

## XXXI.

"De Bruce! I rose with purpose  
 dread  
 To speak my curse upon thy head,<sup>373</sup>  
 And give thee as an outcast o'er  
 To him who burns to shed thy  
 gore ;—  
 But, like the Midianite of old,  
 Who stood on Zophim, heaven-  
 controll'd,  
 I feel within mine aged breast  
 A power that will not be repress'd.<sup>374</sup>  
 It prompts my voice, it swells my  
 veins,  
 It burns, it maddens, it constrains !—  
 De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow  
 Hath at God's altar slain thy foe :

O'erinaster'd yet by high behest,  
I bless thee, and thou shalt be  
bless'd!"

He spoke, and o'er the astonish'd  
throng  
Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

## XXXII.

Again that light has fired his eye,  
Again his form swells bold and high,  
The broken voice of age is gone,  
'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone:—  
"Thrice vanquish'd on the battle-  
plain,

Thy followers slaughter'd, fled, or  
ta'en,

A hunted wanderer on the wild,  
On foreign shores a man exiled,<sup>376</sup>  
Disown'd, deserted, and distress'd,  
I bless thee, and thou shalt be  
bless'd!

Bless'd in the hall and in the field,  
Under the mantle as the shield.  
Avenger of thy country's shame,  
Restorer of her injured fame,  
Bless'd in thy sceptre and thy sword,  
De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful  
Lord,

Bless'd in thy deeds and in thy fame,  
What lengthen'd honours wait thy  
name!

In distant ages, sire to son  
Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,  
And teach his infants, in the use  
Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.  
Go, then, triumphant! sweep along  
Thy course, the theme of many a  
song!

The Power, whose dictates swell my  
breast,  
Hath bless'd thee, and thou shalt be  
bless'd!—

Enough—my short-lived strength  
decays,

And sinks the momentary blaze.—  
Heaven hath our destined purpose  
broke,

Not here must nuptial vow be spoke;  
Brethren, our errand here is o'er,  
Our task discharged.—Unmoor,  
unmoor!"—

His priests received the exhausted  
Monk,

As breathless in their arms he sunk.  
Punctual his orders to obey,  
The train refused all longer stay,  
Embark'd, raised sail, and bore  
away.

## CANTO THIRD.

## I.

HAST thou not mark'd, when o'er  
thy startled head  
Sudden and deep the thunder-peal  
has roll'd,  
How, when its echoes fell, a silence  
dead  
Sunk on the wood, the meadow,  
and the wold?  
The rye-grass shakes not on the  
sod-built fold,  
The rustling aspen's leaves are  
mute and still,  
The wall-flower waves not on the  
ruin'd hold,  
Till, murmuring distant first, then  
near and shrill,  
The savage whirlwind wakes, and  
sweeps the groaning hill.

## II.

Artornish! such a silence sunk  
Upon thy halls, when that gray  
Monk

His prophet-speech had spoke;  
And his obedient brethren's sail  
Was stretch'd to meet the southern  
gale

Before a whisper woke.  
Then murmuring sounds of doubt  
and fear,

Close pour'd in many an anxious ear,  
The solemn stillness broke;  
And still they gazed with eager  
guess,

Where, in an oriel's deep recess,  
The Island Prince seem'd bent to  
press

What Lorn, by his impatient cheer,  
And gesture fierce, scarce deign'd to  
hear.

## III.

Starting at length, with frowning  
look,

His hand he clench'd, his head he  
shook,

And sternly flung apart;—

“And deem'st thou me so mean of  
mood,

As to forget the mortal feud,  
And clasp the hand with blood im-  
bued

From my dear Kinsman's heart?

Is this thy rede?—a due return  
For ancient league and friendship  
sworn!

But well our mountain proverb shows  
The faith of Islesmen ebbs and flows.

Be it even so—believe, ere long,  
He that now bears shall wreak the  
wrong.—

Call Edith—call the Maid of Lorn!  
My sister, slaves!—for further scorn,

Be sure nor she nor I will stay.—

Away, De Argentine, away!—  
We nor ally nor brother know,  
In Bruce's friend, or England's foe.”

## IV.

But who the Chieftain's rage can tell,  
When, sought from lowest dungeon  
cell

To highest tower the castle round,  
No Lady Edith was there found!

He shouted, “Falsehood!—  
treachery!

Revenge and blood!—a lordly meed  
To him that will avenge the deed!

A Baron's lands!”—His frantic mood  
Was scarcely by the news withstood,

That Morag shared his sister's flight,  
And that, in hurry of the night,

'Scaped noteless, and without re-  
mark,

Two strangers sought the Abbot's  
bark.—

“Man every galley!—fly—pursue!  
The priest his treachery shall rue!

Ay, and the time shall quickly come,  
When we shall hear the thanks that  
Rome

Will pay his feigned prophecy!”  
Such was fierce Lorn's indignant  
cry;

And Cormac Doil in haste obey'd,  
Hoisted his sail, his anchor weigh'd,

(For, glad of each pretext for spoil,  
A pirate sworn was Cormac Doil.)<sup>376</sup>

But others, lingering, spoke apart,—  
“The Maid has given her maiden  
heart

To Ronald of the Isles,  
And, fearful lest her brother's word  
Bestow her on that English Lord,

She seeks Iona's piles,  
And wisely deems it best to dwell  
A votaress in the holy cell,  
Until these feuds so fierce and fell  
The Abbot reconciles.”

## V.

As, impotent of ire, the hall  
Echo'd to Lorn's impatient call,  
“My horse, my mantle, and my  
train!

Let none who honours Lorn re-  
main!”—

Courteous, but stern, a bold request  
To Bruce De Argentine express'd.

“Lord Earl,” he said,—“I cannot  
chuse

But yield such title to the Bruce,  
Though name and earldom both are  
gone,

Since he braced rebel's armour on—  
But, Earl or Serf—rude phrase was  
thine

Of late, and launch'd at Argentine:  
Such as compels me to demand  
Redress of honour at thy hand.

We need not to each other tell,  
That both can wield their weapons  
well;

Then do me but the soldier grace,  
This glove upon thy helm to  
place

Where we may meet in fight;  
And I will say, as still I've  
said,

Though by ambition far misled,  
Thou art a noble knight.”—



## VI.

"And I," the princely Bruce replied,  
 "Might term it stain on knighthood's  
 pride,  
 That the bright sword of Argentine  
 Should in a tyrant's quarrel shine ;  
 But, for your brave request,  
 Be sure the honour'd pledge you gave  
 In every battle-field shall wave  
 Upon your helmet-crest ;  
 Believe, that if my hasty tongue  
 Hath done thine honour causeless  
 wrong,  
 It shall be well redress'd.  
 Not dearer to my soul was glove,  
 Bestow'd in youth by lady's love,  
 Than this which thou hast given !  
 Thus, then, my noble foe I greet ;  
 Health and high fortune till we meet,  
 And then—what pleases Heav en."

## VII.

Thus parted they — for now, with  
 sound  
 Like waves roll'd back from rocky  
 ground,  
 The friends of Lorn retire ;  
 Each mainland chieftain, with his  
 train,  
 Draws to his mountain towers again,  
 Pondering how mortal schemes prove  
 vain,  
 And mortal hopes expire.  
 But through the castle double guard,  
 By Ronald's charge, kept wakeful  
 ward,  
 Wicket and gate were trebly barr'd,  
 By beam and bolt and chain ;  
 Then of the guests, in courteous sort,  
 He pray'd excuse for mirth broke  
 short,  
 And bade them in Artornish fort  
 In confidence remain.  
 Now torch and menial tendance led  
 Chieftain and knight to bower and  
 bed,  
 And beads were told, and Aves said,  
 And soon they sunk away  
 Into such sleep as won't to shed  
 Oblivion on the weary head,  
 After a toilsome day.

## VIII.

But soon uproused, the Monarch  
 cried  
 To Edward slumbering by his side,  
 "Awake, or sleep for aye !  
 Even now there jarr'd a secret door—  
 A taper-light gleams on the floor—  
 Up, Edward, up, I say !  
 Some one glides in like midnight  
 ghost—  
 Nay, strike not ! 'tis our noble Host."  
 Advancing then his taper's flame,  
 Ronald stept forth, and with him  
 came  
 Dunvegan's chief—each bent the  
 knee  
 To Bruce in sign of fealty,  
 And proffer'd him his sword,  
 And hail'd him, in a monarch's  
 style,  
 As king of mainland and of isle,  
 And Scotland's rightful lord.  
 "And O," said Ronald, "Own'd of  
 Heaven !  
 Say, is my erring youth forgiven,  
 By falsehood's arts from duty driven,  
 Who rebel falchion drew,  
 Yet ever to thy deeds of fame,  
 Even while I strove against thy  
 claim,  
 Paid homage just and true?"—  
 "Alas ! dear youth, the unhappy  
 time,"  
 Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the  
 crime,  
 Since, guiltier far than you,  
 Even I"—he paused ; for Falkirk's  
 woes  
 Upon his conscious soul arose.<sup>377</sup>  
 The Chieftain to his breast he press'd,  
 And in a sigh conceal'd the rest.

## IX.

They proffer'd aid, by arms and  
 might,  
 To repossess him in his right ;  
 But well their counsels must be  
 weigh'd,  
 Ere banners raised and musters  
 made,

For English hire and Lorn's intrigues  
Bound many chiefs in southern  
leagues.

In answer, Bruce his purpose bold  
To his new vassals frankly told.

"The winter worn in exile o'er,  
I long'd for Carrick's kindred shore.

I thought upon my native Ayr,  
And long'd to see the burly iare  
That Clifford makes, whose lordly  
call

Now echoes through my father's  
hall.

But first my course to Arran led,  
Where valiant Lennox gathers head  
And on the sea, by tempest toss'd,  
Our barks dispersed, our purpose  
cross'd,

Mine own, a hostile sail to shun,  
Far from her destined course had  
run,

When that wise will, which masters  
ours,

Compell'd us to your friendly towers."

## X.

Then Torquil spoke:—"The time  
craves speed!

We must not linger in our deed,  
But instant pray our Sovereign  
Liege,

To shun the perils of a siege.  
The vengeful Lorn, with all his  
powers,

Lies but too near Artornish towers,  
And England's light-arm'd vessels  
ride,

Not distant far, the waves of Clyde,  
Prompt at these tidings to unmoor,  
And sweep each strait, and guard  
each shore.

Then, till this fresh alarm pass by,  
Secret and safe my Liege must lie  
In the far bounds of friendly Skye,  
Torquil thy pilot and thy guide."

"Not so, brave Chieftain," Ronald  
cried;

"Myself will on my Sovereign wait,  
And raise in arms the men of Sleate,  
Whilst thou, renown'd where chiefs  
debate,

Shalt sway their souls by council  
sage,

And awe them by thy locks of age."  
—"And if my words in weight shall  
fail,

This ponderous sword shall turn the  
scale."

## XI.

—"The scheme," said Bruce, "con-  
tents me well;

Meantime, 'twere best that Isabel,  
For safety, with my bark and crew,  
Again to friendly Erin drew.

There Edward, too, shall with her  
wend,

In need to cheer her and defend,  
And muster up each scatter'd  
friend."

Here seem'd it as Lord Ronald's ear  
Would other council gladlier hear;  
But, all achieved as soon as plann'd,  
Both barks, in secret arm'd and  
mann'd,

From out the haven bore;  
On different voyage forth they ply,  
This winged for the coast of Skye,  
And that for Erin's shore.

## XII.

With Bruce and Ronald bides the  
tale.

To favouring winds they gave the  
sail,

Till Mull's dark headlands scarce  
they knew,

And Ardnamurchan's hills were blue.  
But then the squalls blew close and  
hard,

And, fain to strike the galley's yard,  
And take them to the oar,

With these rude seas, in weary plight,  
They strove the livelong day and  
night,

Nor till the dawning had a sight  
Of Skye's romantic shore.

Where Coolin stoops him to the west,  
They saw upon his shiver'd crest

The sun's arising gleam;

But such the labour and delay,  
Ere they were moor'd in Scavigh bay,  
(For calmer heaven compell'd to stay,)

He shot a western beam.  
Then Ronald said, "If true mine eye,  
These are the savage wilds that lie  
North of Strathnardill and Dun-  
skye; <sup>378</sup>

No human foot comes here,  
And, since these adverse breezes  
blow,

If my good Liege love hunter's bow,  
What hinders that on land we go,  
And strike a mountain-deer?

Allan, my page, shall with us wend;  
A bow full deftly can he bend,  
And, if we meet a herd, may send  
A shaft shall mend our cheer."

Then each took bow and bolts in  
hand,

Their row-boat launch'd and leapt  
to land,

And left their skiff and train,  
Where a wild stream, with headlong  
shock,

Came brawling down its bed of rock,  
To mingle with the main.

## XIII.

A while their route they silent made,  
As men who stalk for mountain-  
deer,

Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,  
"St. Mary! what a scene is  
here!

I've traversed many a mountain-  
strand,

Abroad and in my native land,  
And it has been my lot to tread

Where safety more than pleasure led;  
Thus, many a waste I've wander'd  
o'er,

Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a  
moor,

But, by my halidome,  
A scene so rude, so wild as this,  
Yet so sublime in barrenness,  
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps  
press,

Where'er I happ'd to roam."

## XIV.

No marvel thus the Monarch spake;  
For rarely human eye has known

A scene so stern as that dread lake,  
With its dark ledge of barren  
stone.

Seems that primeval earthquake's  
sway

Hath rent a strange and shatter'd  
way

Through the rude bosom of the  
hill,

And that each naked precipice,  
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,

Tells of the outrage still.  
The wildest glen, but this, can show

Some touch of Nature's genial  
glow;

On high Benmore green mosses  
grow,

And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,  
And copse on Cruchan-Ben;

But here,—above, around, below,  
On mountain or in glen,

Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor  
flower,

Nor aught of vegetative power,  
The weary eye may ken.

For all is rocks at random thrown,  
Black waves, bare crags, and banks

of stone,  
As if were here denied

The summer sun, the spring's sweet  
dew,

That clothe with many a varied hue  
The bleakest mountain-side.

## XV.

And wilder, forward as they wound,  
Were the proud cliffs and lake pro-  
found.

Huge terraces of granite black  
Afforded rude and cumber'd track;

For from the mountain hoar,  
Hurl'd headlong in some night of  
fear,

When yell'd the wolf and fled the  
deer,

Loose crags had toppled o'er;

And some, chance - poised and  
balanced, lay,  
So that a stripling arm might sway  
A mass no host could raise,  
In Nature's rage at random thrown,  
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone  
On its precarious base.

The evening mists, with ceaseless  
change,

Now clothed the mountains' lofty  
range,

Now left their foreheads bare,  
And round the skirts their mantle  
furl'd,

Or on the sable waters curl'd,  
Or on the eddying breezes whirl'd,  
Dispersed in middle air.

And oft, condensed, at once they  
lower,

When, brief and fierce, the mountain  
shower

Pours like a torrent down,  
And when return the sun's glad  
beams,

Whiten'd with foam a thousand  
streams

Leap from the mountain's  
crown.

## XVI.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose  
barriers drear

Are precipices sharp and sheer,  
Yielding no track for goat or deer,

Save the black shelves we tread,  
How term you its dark waves? and  
how

Yon northern mountain's pathless  
brow,

And yonder peak of dread,  
That to the evening sun uplifts

The griesly gulfs and slaty rifts,  
Which seam its shiver'd  
head?"—

"Coriskin call the dark lake's name,  
Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,

From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.  
But bards, familiar in our isles

Rather with Nature's frowns than  
smiles,

Full oft their careless humours please

By sportive names from scenes like  
these.

I would old Turquil were to show  
His maidens with their breasts of  
snow,

Or that my noble Liege were nigh  
To hear his Nurse sing lullaby!

(The Maids—tall cliffs with breakers  
white,

The Nurse—a torrent's roaring  
might,)

Or that your eye could see the mood  
Of Corryvreckin's whirlpool rude,

When dons the Hag her whiten'd  
hood—

'Tis thus our islesmen's fancy frames,  
For scenes so stern, fantastic names."

## XVII.

Answer'd the Bruce, "And musing  
mind

Might here a graver moral find.

These mighty cliffs, that heave on  
high

Their naked brow to middle sky,

Indifferent to the sun or snow,

Where nought can fade, and nought  
can blow,

May they not mark a Monarch's  
fate,—

Raised high 'mid storms of strife and  
state,

Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed,  
His soul a rock, his heart a waste?

O'er hope and love and fear aloft

High rears his crowned head—But  
soft!

Look, underneath yon jutting crag

Are hunters and a slaughter'd stag.

Who may they be? But late you  
said

No steps these desert regions  
tread?"—

## XVIII.

"So said I—and believed in sooth,"

Ronald replied, "I spoke the truth.

Yet now I spy, by yonder stone,

Five men—they mark us, and come  
on;

And by their badge on bonnet borne,  
I guess them of the land of Lorn,  
Foes to my Liege."—"So let it be;  
I've faced worse odds than five to  
three—

—But the poor page can little aid;  
Then be our battle thus array'd,  
If our free passage they contest;  
Cope thou with two, I'll match the  
rest."

"Not so, my Liege—for, by my life,  
This sword shall meet the treble  
strife;

My strength, my skill in arms, more  
small,

And less the loss should Ronald fall.  
But islesmen soon to soldiers grow,  
Allan has sword as well as bow,  
And were my Monarch's order given,  
Two shafts should make our number  
even."

"No! not to save my life!" he  
said;

"Enough of blood rests on my head,  
Too rashly spill'd—we soon shall  
know,

Whether they come as friend or foe."

## XIX.

Nigh came the strangers, and more  
nigh;—

Still less they pleased the Monarch's  
eye.

Men were they all of evil mien,<sup>77</sup>  
Down-look'd, unwilling to be seen;  
They moved with half-resolved pace,  
And bent on earth each gloomy  
face.

The foremost two were fair array'd,  
With brogue and bonnet, trews and  
plaid,

And bore the arms of mountaineers.  
Daggers and broadswords, bows  
and spears.

The three, that lagg'd small space  
behind,

Seem'd serfs of more degraded kind;  
Goat-skins or deer-hides o'er them  
cast,

Made a rude fence against the blast;

Their arms and feet and heads were  
bare,

Matted their beards, unshorn their  
hair;

For arms, the caitiff's bore in hand,  
A club, an axe, a rusty brand.

## XX.

Onward, still mute, they kept the  
track;—

"Tell who ye be, or else stand  
back,"

Said Bruce; "In deserts when they  
meet,

Men pass not as in peaceful street."  
Still, at his stern command, they  
stood,

And proffer'd greeting brief and rude,  
But acted courtesy so ill,  
As seem'd of fear, and not of will.

"Wanderers we are, as you may  
be;

Men hither driven by wind and sea,  
Who, if you list to taste our cheer,  
Will share with you this fallow  
deer."

"If from the sea, where lies your  
bark?"—

"Ten fathom deep in ocean dark!  
Wreck'd yesternight: but we are  
men,

Who little sense of peril ken.

The shades come down—the day is  
shut—

Will you go with us to our hut?"—

"Our vessel waits us in the bay;  
Thanks for your proffer—have good-  
day."

"Was that your galley, then, which  
rode

Not far from shore when evening  
glow'd?"—

"It was."—"Then spare your  
needless pain,  
There will she now be sought in  
vain.

We saw her from the mountain head,  
When, with St. George's blazon red,  
A southern vessel bore in sight,  
And yours raised sail, and took to  
flight."

## XXI.

“Now, by the rood, unwelcome  
news!”  
Thus with Lord Ronald communed  
Bruce;  
“Nor rests there light enough to  
show  
If this their tale be true or no.  
The men seem bred of churlish  
kind,  
Yet mellow nuts have hardest rind;  
We will go with them—food and  
fire  
And sheltering roof our wants  
require.  
Sure guard 'gainst teachery will we  
keep,  
And watch by turns our comrades'  
sleep.—  
Good fellows, thanks; your guests  
we'll be,  
And well will pay the courtesy.  
Come, lead us where your lodging  
lies,—  
—Nay, soft! we mix not companies.—  
Show us the path o'er crag and  
stone,  
And we will follow you;—lead on.”

## XXII.

They reach'd the dreary cabin, made  
Of sails against a rock display'd,  
And there, on entering, found  
A slender boy, whose form and  
mien  
Ill suited with such savage scene,  
In cap and cloak of velvet green,  
Low seated on the ground.  
His garb was such as minstrels  
wear,  
Dark was his hue, and dark his  
hair,  
His youthful cheek was marr'd by  
care,  
His eyes in sorrow drown'd.  
“Whence this poor boy?”—As  
Ronald spoke,  
The voice his trance of anguish  
broke;

As if awaked from ghastly dream,  
He raised his head with start and  
scream,

And wildly gazed around;  
Then to the wall his face he turn'd,  
And his dark neck with blushes  
burn'd.

## XXIII.

“Whose is the boy?” again he said.  
“By chance of war our captive made;  
He may be yours, if you should hold  
That music has more charms than  
gold;  
For, though from earliest childhood  
mute,  
The lad can deftly touch the lute,  
And on the rote and viol play,  
And well can drive the time away  
For those who love such glee;  
For me, the favouring breeze, when  
loud  
It pipes upon the galley's shroud,  
Makes blither melody.”—  
“Hath he, then, sense of spoken  
sound?”—  
“Aye; so his mother bade us  
know,  
A crone in our late shipwreck  
drown'd,  
And hence the silly stripling's woe.  
More of the youth I cannot say,  
Our captive but since yesterday;  
When wind and weather wax'd so  
grim,  
We little listed think of him.—  
But why waste time in idle words?  
Sit to your cheer—unbelt your  
swords.”  
Sudden the captive turn'd his head,  
And one quick glance to Ronald sped.  
It was a keen and warning look,  
And well the Chief the signal took.

## XXIV.

“Kind host,” he said, “our needs  
require  
A separate board and separate fire;  
For know, that on a pilgrimage  
Wend I, my comrade, and this page.

And, sworn to vigil and to fast,  
Long as this hallow'd task shall  
last,

We never doff the plaid or sword,  
Or feast us at a stranger's board ;  
And never share one common sleep,  
But one must still his vigil keep.  
Thus, for our separate use, good  
friend,

We'll hold this hut's remoter end."—  
"A churlish vow," the eldest said,  
"And hard, methinks, to be obey'd.  
How say you, if, to wreak the scorn  
That pays our kindness harsh return,  
We should refuse to share our  
meal?"—

"Then say we, that our swords are  
steel !

And our vow binds us not to fast,  
Where gold or force may buy re-  
past."—

Their host's dark brow grew keen  
and fell,

His teeth are clench'd, his features  
swell ;

Yet sunk the felon's moody ire  
Before Lord Ronald's glance of fire,  
Nor could his craven courage brook  
The Monarch's calm and dauntless  
look.

With laugh constrain'd,—“ Let every  
man

Follow the fashion of his clan !  
Each to his separate quarters keep,  
And feed or fast, or wake or sleep.”

## XXV.

Their fire at separate distance burns,  
By turns they eat, keep guard by  
turns ;

For evil seem'd that old man's eye,  
Dark and designing, fierce yet shy.  
Still he avoided forward look,  
But slow and circumspectly took  
A circling, never-ceasing glance,  
By doubt and cunning mark'd at  
once,

Which shot a mischief-boding ray,  
From under eyebrows shagg'd and  
gray.

The younger, too, who seem'd his  
son,

Had that dark look the timid shun ;  
The half-clad serfs behind them sate,  
And scowl'd a glare 'twixt fear and  
hate—

Till all, as darkness onward crept,  
Couch'd down, and seem'd to sleep,  
or slept.

Nor he, that boy, whose powerless  
tongue

Must trust his eyes to wail his  
wrong,

A longer watch of sorrow made,  
But stretch'd his limbs to slumber  
laid.

## XXVI.

Not in his dangerous host confides  
The King, but wary watch provides.  
Ronald keeps ward till midnight  
past,

Then wakes the King, young Allan  
last ;

Thus rank'd, to give the youthful  
page

The rest required by tender age.  
What is Lord Ronald's wakeful  
thought,

To chase the languor toil had  
brought?—

(For deem not that he deign'd to  
throw

Much care upon such coward foe),—  
He thinks of lovely Isabel,

When at her foeman's feet she fell,  
Nor less when, placed in princely  
selle,

She glanced on him with favouring  
eyes,

At Woodstock when he won the  
prize.

Nor, fair in joy, in sorrow fair,  
In pride of place as 'mid despair,  
Must she alone engross his care.

His thoughts to his betrothed bride,  
To Edith, turn—O how decide,  
When here his love and heart are  
given,

And there his faith stands plight to  
Heaven !

No drowsy ward 'tis his to keep,  
 For seldom lovers long for sleep.  
 Till sung his midnight hymn the owl,  
 Answer'd the dog-fox with his howl,  
 Then waked the King — at his request,  
 Lord Ronald stretch'd himself to rest.

## XXVII.

What spell was good King Robert's,  
 say,  
 To drive the weary night away?  
 His was the patriot's burning thought,  
 Of Freedom's battle bravely fought,  
 Of castles storm'd, of cities freed,  
 Of deep design and daring deed,  
 Of England's roses reft and torn,  
 And Scotland's cross in triumph worn,  
 Of rout and rally, war and truce,—  
 As heroes think, so thought the Bruce.  
 No marvel, 'mid such musings high,  
 Sleep shunn'd the Monarch's thoughtful eye.  
 Now over Coolin's eastern head  
 The grayish light begins to spread,  
 The otter to his cavern drew,  
 And clamour'd shrill the wakening mew;  
 Then watch'd the page—to needful rest  
 The King resign'd his anxious breast.

## XXVIII.

To Allan's eyes was harder task,  
 The weary watch their safeties ask.  
 He trimm'd the fire, and gave to shine  
 With bickering light the splinter'd pine;  
 Then gazed awhile, where silent laid  
 Their hosts were shrouded by the plaid.  
 But little fear waked in his mind,  
 For he was bred of martial kind,

And, if to manhood he arrive,  
 May match the boldest knight alive.  
 Then thought he of his mother's tower,  
 His little sisters' greenwood bower,  
 How there the Easter-gambols pass,  
 And of Dan Joseph's lengthen'd mass.  
 But still before his weary eye  
 In rays prolong'd the blazes die—  
 Again he roused him — on the lake  
 Look'd forth, where now the twilight-flake  
 Of pale cold dawn began to wake.  
 On Coolin's cliffs the mist lay furl'd,  
 The morning breeze the lake had curl'd,  
 The short dark waves, heaved to the land,  
 With ceaseless splash kiss'd cliff or sand;—  
 It was a slumbrous sound—he turn'd  
 To tales at which his youth had burn'd,  
 Of pilgrim's path by demon cross'd,  
 Of sprightly elf or yelling ghost,  
 Of the wild witch's baneful cot,  
 And mermaid's alabaster grot,  
 Who bathes her limbs in sunless well,  
 Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.<sup>380</sup>  
 Thither in fancy rapt he flies,  
 And on his sight the vaults arise;  
 That hut's dark walls he sees no more,  
 His foot is on the marble floor,  
 And o'er his head the dazzling spars  
 Gleam like a firmament of stars!  
 —Hark! hears he not the sea-nymph speak  
 Her anger in that thrilling shriek!—  
 No! all too late, with Allan's dream  
 Mingled the captive's warning scream.  
 As from the ground he strives to start,  
 A ruffian's dagger finds his heart!  
 Upward he casts his dizzy eyes, . . .  
 Murmurs his master's name, . . . and dies!



## XXIX.

Not so awoke the King! his hand  
 Snatch'd from the flame a knotted  
 brand,  
 The nearest weapon of his wrath;  
 With this he cross'd the murderer's  
 path,  
 And venged young Allan well!  
 The spatter'd brain and bubbling  
 blood  
 Hiss'd on the half-extinguish'd wood,  
 The miscreant gasp'd and fell!  
 Nor rose in peace the Island Lord;  
 One caitiff died upon his sword,  
 And one beneath his grasp lies prone,  
 In mortal grapple overthrown.  
 But while Lord Ronald's dagger  
 drank  
 The life-blood from his panting  
 flank,  
 The Father-ruffian of the band  
 Behind him rears a coward hand!  
 —O for a moment's aid,  
 Till Bruce, who deals no double  
 blow,  
 Dash to the earth another foe,  
 Above his comrade laid!—  
 And it is gain'd—the captive sprung  
 On the raised arm, and closely clung,  
 And, ere he shook him loose,  
 The master'd felon press'd the  
 ground,  
 And gasp'd beneath a mortal wound,  
 While o'er him stands the Bruce.

## XXX.

“Miscreant! while lasts thy flitting  
 spark,  
 Give me to know the purpose dark,  
 That arm'd thy hand with murderous  
 knife,  
 Against offenceless stranger's life?”—  
 “No stranger thou!” with accent  
 fell,  
 Murmur'd the wretch; “I know  
 thee well;  
 And know thee for the foeman sworn  
 Of my high chief, the mighty  
 Lorn.”—

“Speak yet again, and speak the  
 truth  
 For thy soul's sake!—from whence  
 this youth?  
 His country, birth, and name  
 declare,  
 And thus one evil deed repair.”—  
 —“Vex me no more! . . . my blood  
 runs cold . . .  
 No more I know than I have told.  
 We found him in a bark we sought  
 With different purpose . . . and I  
 thought” . . .  
 Fate cut him short; in blood and  
 broil,  
 As he had lived, died Cormac Doil.

## XXXI.

Then resting on his bloody blade,  
 The valiant Bruce to Ronald said,  
 “Now shame upon us both!—that  
 boy  
 Lifts his mute face to heaven,  
 And clasps his hands, to testify  
 His gratitude to God on high,  
 For strange deliverance given.  
 His speechless gesture thanks hath  
 paid,  
 Which our free tongues have left  
 unsaid!”  
 He raised the youth with kindly  
 word,  
 But mark'd him shudder at the  
 sword:  
 He cleansed it from its hue of death,  
 And plunged the weapon in its  
 sheath.  
 “Alas, poor child! unfitting part  
 Fate doom'd, when with so soft a  
 heart,  
 And form so slight as thine,  
 She made thee first a pirate's slave,  
 Then, in his stead, a patron gave  
 Of wayward lot like mine;  
 A landless prince, whose wandering  
 life  
 Is but one scene of blood and strife—  
 Yet scant of friends the Bruce shall  
 be,  
 But he'll find resting-place for  
 thee.—

Come, noble Ronald! o'er the dead  
Enough thy generous grief is paid,  
And well has Allan's fate been wroke;  
Come, wend we hence—the day has  
broke

Seek we our bark—I trust the tale  
Was false, that she had hoisted  
sail."

## XXXII.

Yet, ere they left that charnel-cell,  
The Island Lord bade sad farewell  
To Allan:—"Who shall tell this  
tale,"

He said, "in halls of Donagaile!  
Oh, who his widow'd mother tell,  
That, ere his bloom, her fairest  
fell!—

Rest thee, poor youth! and trust my  
care

For mass and knell and funeral  
prayer;

While o'er those caitiffs, where they  
lie,

The wolf shall snarl, the raven cry!"  
And now the eastern mountain's head  
On the dark lake threw lustre red;  
Bright gleams of gold and purple  
streak

Ravine and precipice and peak—  
(So earthly power at distance shows;  
Reveals his splendour, hides his  
woes.)

O'er sheets of granite, dark and  
broad,

Rent and unequal, lay the road,  
In sad discourse the warriors wind,  
And the mute captive moves behind.

## CANTO FOURTH.

## I.

STRANGER! if e'er thine ardent step  
hath traced

The northern realms of ancient  
Caledon,

Where the proud Queen of  
Wilderness hath placed,

By lake and cataract, her lonely  
throne;

Sublime but sad delight thy soul  
hath known,

Gazing on pathless glen and  
mountain high,

Listing where from the cliffs the  
torrents thrown

Mingle their echoes with the  
eagle's cry,

And with the sounding lake, and  
with the moaning sky.

Yes! 'twas sublime, but sad.—  
The loneliness

Loaded thy heart, the desert tired  
thine eye;

And strange and awful fears began  
to press

Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.  
Then hast thou wish'd some wood-

man's cottage nigh,  
Something that show'd of life,

though low and mean;  
Glad sight, its curling wreath of  
smoke to spy,

Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol  
would have been,

Or children whooping wild beneath  
the willows green.

Such are the scenes, where savage  
grandeur wakes

Anawfulthrill that softens into sighs;  
Such feelings rouse them by dim

Rannoch's lakes,  
In dark Glencoe such gloomy

raptures rise:  
Or farther, where, beneath the

northern skies,  
Chides wild Loch - Eribol his

caverns hoar—  
But, be the minstrel judge, they

yield the prize  
Of desert dignity to that dread shore,

That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears  
Coriskin roar.

## II.

Through such wild scenes the  
champion pass'd,

When bold halloo and bugle-blast  
Upon the breeze came loud and

fast.

"There," said the Bruce, "rung  
Edward's horn !  
What can have caused such brief  
return ?  
And see, brave Ronald,—see him  
dart  
O'er stock and stone like hunted hart,  
Precipitate, as is the use,  
In war or sport, of Edward Bruce.  
— He marks us, and his eager cry  
Will tell his news ere he be nigh."

## III.

Loud Edward shouts, "What make  
ye here,  
Warring upon the mountain-deer,  
When Scotland wants her King ?  
A bark from Lennox cross'd our  
track,  
With her in speed I hurried back,  
These joyful news to bring—  
The Stuart stirs in Teviotdale,  
And Douglas wakes his native vale ;  
Thy storm-toss'd fleet hath won its  
way  
With little loss to Brodick Bay,  
And Lennox, with a gallant band,  
Waits but thy coming and command  
To waft them o'er to Carrick strand.  
There are blithe news!—but mark  
the close !  
Edward, the deadliest of our foes,  
As with his host he northward  
pass'd,  
Hath on the Borders breathed his  
last."

## IV.

Still stood the Bruce—his steady  
cheek  
Was little wont his joy to speak,  
But then his colour rose :  
"Now, Scotland ! shortly shalt thou  
see,  
With God's high will, thy children  
free,  
And vengeance on thy foes !  
Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs,  
Bear witness with me, Heaven, be-  
longs  
My joy o'er Edward's bier ;<sup>381</sup>

I took my knighthood at his hand,  
And lordship held of him, and land,  
And well may vouch it here,  
That, blot the story from his page,  
Of Scotland ruin'd in his rage,  
You read a monarch brave and sage,  
And to his people dear."—  
"Let London's burghers mourn her  
Lord,  
And Croydon monks his praise  
record,"

The eager Edward said ;  
"Eternal as his own, my hate  
Surmounts the bounds of mortal  
fate,  
And dies not with the dead !  
Such hate was his on Solway's strand,  
When vengeance clench'd his palsied  
hand,  
That pointed yet to Scotland's land,<sup>382</sup>  
As his last accents pray'd  
Disgrace and curse upon his heir,  
If he one Scottish head should spare,  
Till stretch'd upon the bloody lair  
Each rebel corpse was laid !  
Such hate was his, when his last  
breath  
Renounced the peaceful house of  
death,  
And bade his bones to Scotland's  
coast  
Be borne by his remorseless host,  
As if his dead and stony eye  
Could still enjoy her misery !  
Such hate was his—dark, deadly,  
long ;  
Mine, — as enduring, deep and  
strong !"—

## V.

"Let women, Edward, war with  
words,  
With curses monks, but men with  
swords :  
Nor doubt of living foes, to sate  
Deepest revenge and deadliest hate,  
Now, to the sea ! behold the beach,  
And see the galleys' pendants stretch  
Their fluttering length down favour-  
ing gale !  
Aboard, aboard ! and hoist the sail,

Hold we our way for Arran first,  
Where meet in arms our friends  
dispersed ;

Lennox the loyal, De la Haye,  
And Boyd the bold in battle fray.  
I long the hardy band to head,  
And see once more my standard  
spread.—

Does noble Ronald share our course,  
Or stay to raise his island force ?"—

"Come weal, come woe, by Bruce's  
side,"

Replied the Chief, "will Ronald  
bide.

And since two galleys yonder ride,  
Be mine, so please my liege,  
dismiss'd

To wake to arms the clans of Uist,  
And all who hear the Minche's roar,  
On the Long Island's lonely shore.  
The nearer Isles, with slight delay,  
Ourselves may summon in our way ;  
And soon on Arran's shore shall  
meet,

With Torquil's aid, a gallant fleet,  
If aught avails their Chieftain's hest  
Among the islesmen of the west."

## VI.

Thus was their venturous council  
said.

But, ere their sails the galleys  
spread,

Coriskin dark and Coolin high  
Echoed the dirge's doleful cry.

Along that sable lake pass'd slow,—  
Fit scene for such a sight of woe,—

The sorrowing islesmen, as they bore  
The murder'd Allan to the shore.

At every pause, with dismal shout,  
Their coronach of grief rung out,

And ever, when they moved again,  
The pipes resumed their clamorous  
strain,

And, with the pibroch's shrilling  
wail,

Mourn'd the young heir of Dona-  
gaile.

Round and around, from cliff and  
cave,

His answer stern old Coolin gave,

Till high upon his misty side  
Languish'd the mournful notes, and  
died

For never sounds, by mortal made,  
Attain'd his high and haggard head,  
That echoes but the tempest's moan,  
Or the deep thunder's rending groan.

## VII.

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,

She bounds before the gale,  
The mountain breeze from Ben-na-  
darch

Is joyous in her sail !  
With fluttering sound like laughter  
hoarse,

The cords and canvass strain,  
The waves, divided by her force,  
In rippling eddies chased her course,  
As if they laugh'd again.

Not down the breeze more blithely  
flew,  
Skimming the wave, the light sea-  
mew,

Than the gay galley bore  
Her course upon that favouring wind,  
And Coolin's crest has sunk behind,  
And Slapin's cavern'd shore.

'Twas then that warlike signals wake  
Dunscath's dark towers and Eisord's  
lake,

And soon, from Cavilgarrigh's head,  
Thick wreaths of eddying smoke  
were spread ;

A summons these of war and wrath  
To the brave clans of Sleat and Strath,  
And, ready at the sight,

Each warrior to his weapons sprung,  
And targe upon his shoulder flung,  
Impatient for the fight.

Mac-Kinnon's chief, in warfare gray,  
Had charge to muster their array,  
And guide their barks to Brodick  
Bay.

## VIII.

Signal of Ronald's high command,  
A beacon gleam'd o'er sea and land,  
From Canua's tower, that, steep and  
gray,  
Like falcon-nest o'erhangs the bay.

Seek not the giddy crag to climb,  
To view the turret scathed by  
time ;

It is a task of doubt and fear  
To aught but goat or mountain-  
deer.

But rest thee on the silver beach,  
And let the aged herdsman teach  
His tale of former day ;  
His cur's wild clamour he shall  
chide,

And for thy seat by ocean's side,  
His varied plaid display ;  
Then tell, how with their Chieftain  
came,

In ancient times, a foreign dame  
To yonder turret gray.

Stern was her Lord's suspicious  
mind,

Who in so rude a jail confined  
So soft and fair a thrall !

And oft, when moon on ocean slept,  
That lovely lady sate and wept  
Upon the castle-wall,

And turn'd her eye to southern  
climes,

And thought perchance of happier  
times,

And touch'd her lute by fits, and  
sung

Wild ditties in her native tongue.

And still, when on the cliff and  
bay

Placid and pale the moonbeams  
play,

And every breeze is mute,  
Upon the lone Hebridean's ear  
Steals a strange pleasure mix'd with  
fear,

While from that cliff he seems to  
hear

The murmur of a lute,  
And sounds, as of a captive lone,  
That mourns her woes in tongue un-  
known.—

Strange is the tale— but all too  
long

Already hath it staid the song—

Yet who may pass them by,  
That crag and tower in ruins gray,  
Nor to their hapless tenant pay  
The tribute of a sigh !

## IX.

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark  
O'er the broad ocean driven,  
Her path by Ronin's mountains  
dark

The steersman's hand hath  
given.

And Ronin's mountains dark have  
sent

Their hunters to the shore,<sup>384</sup>

And each his ashen bow unbent,  
And gave his pastime o'er,  
And at the Island Lord's command,  
For hunting spear took warrior's  
brand.

On Scoreigg next a warning light  
Summon'd her warriors to the fight ;  
A numerous race, ere stern MacLeod  
O'er their bleak shores in vengeance  
strode,<sup>385</sup>

When all in vain the ocean-cave  
Its refuge to his victims gave.  
The Chief, relentless in his wrath,  
With blazing heath blockades the  
path ;

In dense and stifling volumes roll'd,  
The vapour fill'd the cavern'd hold !  
The warrior-threat, the infant's plain,  
The mother's screams, were heard in  
vain ;

The vengeful Chief maintains his fires,  
Till in the vault a tribe expires !  
The bones which strew that cavern's  
gloom,  
Too well attest their dismal doom.

## X.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark  
On a breeze from the northward  
free,

So shoots through the morning sky  
the lark,

Or the swan through the summer  
sea.

The shores of Mull on the eastward  
lay,

And Ulva dark and Colonsay,  
And all the group of islets gay  
That guard famed Staffa round.

Then all unknown its columns rose,  
Where dark and undisturb'd repose

The cormorant had found,  
And the shy seal had quiet home,  
And welter'd in that wondrous dome,  
Where, as to shame the temples  
deck'd

By skill of earthly architect,  
Nature he self, it seem'd, would raise  
A Minster to her Maker's praise!<sup>386</sup>

Not for a meaner use ascend  
Her columns, or her arches bend;  
Nor of a theme less solemn tells  
That mighty surge that ebbs and  
swells,

And still, between each awful pause,  
From the high vault an answer  
draws,

In varied tone prolong'd and high,  
That mocks the organ's melody.

Nor doth its entrance front in vain  
To old Iona's holy fane,  
That Nature's voice might seem to  
say,

"Well hast thou done, frail Child of  
clay!

Thy humble powers that stately shrine  
Task'd high and hard—but witness  
mine!"

### XI.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,  
Before the gale she bounds;  
So darts the dolphin from the  
shark,

Or the deer before the hounds.  
They left Loch-Tua on their lee,  
And they waken'd the men of the  
wild T'ree,

And the Chief of the sandy Coll;  
They paused not at Columba's isle,  
Though peal'd the bells from the holy  
pile

With long and measured toll;  
No time for matin or for mass,  
And the sounds of the holy summons  
pass

Away in the billows' roll.  
Lochbuie's fierce and warlike Lord  
Their signal saw, and grasp'd his  
sword,

And verdant Ilay call'd her host,  
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast  
Lord Ronald's call obey,  
And Scarba's isle, whose tortured  
shore

Still rings to Corrievreken's roar,  
And lonely Colonsay;  
— Scenes sung by him who sings no  
more!<sup>387</sup>

His bright and brief career is o'er,  
And mute his tuneful strains;  
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,  
That loved the light of song to pour;  
A distant and a deadly shore  
Has LEYDEN'S cold remains!

### XII.

Ever the breeze blows merrily,  
But the galley ploughs no more the  
sea.

Lest, rounding wild Cantyre, they  
meet

The southern foemen's watchful fleet,  
They held unwonted way;—  
Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,  
Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus  
o'er,<sup>388</sup>

As far as Kilmaconnel's shore,  
Upon the eastern bay.

It was a wondrous sight to see  
Topmast and pennon glitter free,  
High raised above the greenwood tree,  
As on dry land the galley moves,  
By cliff and copse and a lder groves.  
Deep import from that selcouth sign,  
Did many a mountain Seer divine,  
For ancient legends told the Gael,  
That when a royal bark should sail  
O'er Kilmaconnel moss,  
Old Albyn should in fight prevail,  
And every foe should faint and quail  
Before her silver Cross.

### XIII.

Now launch'd once more, the inland  
sea

They furrow with fair augury,  
And steer for Arran's isle;

The sun, ere yet he sunk behind  
Ben-Ghoil, "the Mountain of the  
Wind,"

Gave his grim peaks a greeting  
kind,

And bade Loch Ranza smile.<sup>389</sup>  
Thither their destined course they  
drew ;

It seem'd the isle her monarch knew,  
So brilliant was the landward view,

The ocean so serene ;  
Each puny wave in diamonds roll'd  
O'er the calm deep, where hues of  
gold

With azure strove and green.  
The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,  
Glow'd with the tints of evening's  
hour,

The beach was silver sheen,  
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,  
And, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,  
With breathless pause between.

O who, with speech of war and woes,  
Would wish to break the soft repose  
Of such enchanting scene !

## XIV.

Is it of war Lord Ronald speaks ?  
The blush that dies his manly cheeks,  
The timid look and downcast eye,  
And faltering voice the theme deny.

And good King Robert's brow ex-  
press'd,

He ponder'd o'er some high request,  
As doubtful to approve ;  
Yet in his eye and lip the while,  
Dwelt the half-pitying glance and  
smile,

Which manhood's graver mood  
beguile,  
When lovers talk of love.

Anxious his suit Lord Ronald pled ;  
—" And for my bride betrothed," he  
said,

" My Liege has heard the rumour  
spread

Of Edith from Artornish fled.  
Too hard her fate—I claim no right  
To blame her for her hasty flight ;  
Be joy and happiness her lot !—  
But she hath fled the bridal-knot,

And Lorn recall'd his promised plight,  
In the assembled chieftains' sight.—

When, to fulfil our fathers' band,  
I proffer'd all I could—my hand—  
I was repulsed with scorn ;  
Mine honour I should ill assert,  
And worse the feelings of my heart,  
If I should play a suitor's part  
Again, to pleasure Lorn."—

## XV.

" Young Lord," the Royal Bruce  
replied,

" That question must the Church  
decide ;

Yet seems it hard, since rumours state  
Edith takes Clifford for her mate,  
The very tie, which she hath broke,  
To thee should still be binding yoke.

But, for my sister Isabel—  
The mood of woman who can tell ?  
I guess the Champion of the Rock,  
Victorious in the tourney shock,  
That knight unknown, to whom the  
prize

She dealt,—had favour in her eyes ;  
But since our brother Nigel's fate,  
Our ruin'd house and hapless state,  
From worldly joy and hope estranged,  
Much is the hapless mourner changed.  
Perchance," here smiled the noble  
King,

" This tale may other musings bring.  
Soon shall we know—yon mountains  
hide

The little convent of Saint Bride ;  
There, sent by Edward, she must  
stay,

Till fate shall give more prosperous  
day ;

And thither will I bear thy suit,  
Nor will thine advocate be mute."

## XVI.

As thus they talk'd in earnest mood,  
That speech ess boy beside them stood.  
He stoop'd his head against the  
mast,

And bitter sobs came thick and fast,

A grief that would not be repress'd,  
But seem'd to burst his youthful  
breast.

His hands, against his forehead held,  
As if by force his tears repell'd,  
But through his fingers, long and  
slight,  
Fast trill'd the drops of crystal  
bright.

Edward, who walk'd the deck apart,  
First spied this conflict of the heart.  
Thoughtless as brave, with bluntness  
kind

He sought to cheer the sorrower's  
mind ;

By force the slender hand he drew  
From those poor eyes that stream'd  
with dew.

As in his hold the stripling strove,—  
('Twas a rough grasp, though meant  
in love,)

Away his tears the warrior swept,  
And bade shame on him that he  
wept.

"I would to heaven, thy helpless  
tongue

Could tell me who hath wrought  
thee wrong !

For, were he of our crew the best,  
The insult went not unredress'd.

Come, cheer thee ; thou art now of  
age

To be a warrior's gallant page ;  
Thou shalt be mine !—a palisrey fair  
O'er hill andholt my boy shall  
bear,

To nold my bow in hunting grove,  
Or speed on errand to my love ;  
For well I wot thou wilt not tell  
The temple where my wishes dwell."

### XVII.

Bruce interposed,—“Gay Edward,  
no,

This is no youth to hold thy bow,  
To fill thy goblet, or to bear  
Thy message light to lighter fair.  
Thou art a patron all too wild  
And thoughtless, for this orphan  
child.

See'st thou not how apart he steals,  
Keeps lonely couch, and lonely  
meals ?

Fitter by far in yon calm cell  
To tend our sister Isabel,  
With father Augustin to share  
The peaceful change of convent  
prayer,

Than wander wild adventures  
through,  
With such a reckless guide as  
you.”—

“Thanks, brother !” Edward an-  
swer'd gay,

“For the high laud thy words convey !  
But we may learn some future day,  
If thou or I can this poor boy  
Protect the best, or best employ.

Meanwhile, our vessel nears the  
strand ;

Launch we the boat, and seek the  
land.”

### XVIII.

To land King Robert lightly sprung,  
And thrice aloud his bugle rung  
With note protong'd and varied  
strain,

Till bold Ben-Ghoil replied again.  
Good Douglas then, and De la Haye,  
Had in a glen a hart at bay,  
And Lennox cheer'd the laggard  
hounds,

When waked that horn the green-  
wood bounds.

“It is the foe !” cried Boyd, who  
came

In breathless haste with eye of flame,  
“It is the foe !—each valiant lord  
Fling by his bow, and grasp his  
sword !”

“Not so,” replied the good Lord  
James,

“That blast no English bugle  
claims.

Oft have I heard it fire the fight,  
Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight.  
Dead were my heart, and deaf mine  
ear,

If Bruce should call, nor Douglas  
hear !



Each to Loch Ranza's margin  
spring ;  
That blast was winded by the  
King !"<sup>390</sup>

## XIX.

Fast to their mates the tidings  
spread,  
And fast to shore the warriors sped.  
Bursting from glen and greenwood  
tree,  
High waked their loyal jubilee !  
Around the royal Bruce they crowd,  
And clasp'd his hands, and wept  
aloud.  
Veterans of early fields were there,  
Whose helmets press'd their hoary  
hair,  
Whose swords and axes bore a stain  
From life-blood of the red-hair'd  
Dane ;  
And boys, whose hands scarce  
brook'd to wield  
The heavy sword or bossy shield.  
Men too were there that bore the  
scars  
Impress'd in Albyn's woful wars,  
At Falkirk's fierce and fatal fight,  
Feyndrum's dread rout, and Meth-  
ven's flight ;  
The might of Douglas there was  
seen,  
There Lennox with his graceful  
mien ;  
Kirkpatrick, Closeburn's dreaded  
Knight ;  
The Lindsay, fiery, fierce, and light ;  
The Heir of murder'd De la Haye,  
And Boyd the grave, and Seton gay,  
Around their King regain'd they  
press'd,  
Wept, shouted, clasp'd him to their  
breast,  
And young and old, and serf and  
lord,  
And he who ne'er unsheathed a  
sword,  
And he in many a peril tried,  
Alike resolved the brunt to bide,  
And live or die by Bruce's side !

SC.

## XX.

Oh, War ! thou hast thy fierce de-  
light,  
Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright !  
Such gleams, as from thy polish'd  
shield  
Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field !  
Such transports wake, severe and  
high,  
Amid the pealing conquest-cry ;  
Scarce less, when, after battle lost,  
Muste the remnants of a host,  
And as each comrade's name they  
tell,  
Who in the well-fought conflict fell,  
Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eye,  
Vow to avenge them or to die !—  
Warriors !—and where are warriors  
found,  
If not on martial Britain's ground ?  
And who, when waked with note of  
fire,  
Love more than they the British  
lyre ?—  
Know ye not,—hearts to honour dear !  
That joy, deep-thrilling, stern, severe,  
At which the heartstrings vibrate  
high,  
And wake the fountains of the eye ?  
And blame ye, then, the Bruce, if  
trace  
Of tear is on his manly face,  
When, scanty relics of the train  
That hail'd at Scone his early reign,  
This patriot band around him hung,  
And to his knees and bosom clung ?—  
Blame ye the Bruce ?—his brother  
blamed,  
But shared the weakness, while  
ashamed,  
With haughty laugh his head he  
turn'd,  
And dash'd away the tear he  
scorn'd.<sup>391</sup>

## XXI.

'Tis morning, and the Convent bell  
Long time had ceased its matin  
knell,  
Within thy walls, Saint Bride !

Q

An aged Sister sought the cell  
 Assign'd to Lady Isabel,  
 And hurriedly she cried,  
 "Haste, gentle Lady, haste—there  
 waits  
 A noble stranger at the gates ;  
 Saint Bride's poor vot'ress ne'er has  
 seen  
 A Knight of such a princely mien ;  
 His errand, as he bade me tell,  
 Is with the Lady Isabel."  
 The princess rose,—for on her knee  
 Low bent she told her rosary,—  
 "Let him by thee his purpose teach :  
 I may not give a stranger speech."—  
 "Saint Bride forefend, thou royal  
 Maid !"  
 The portress cross'd herself, and  
 said,—  
 "Not to be prioress might I  
 Debate his will, his suit deny."—  
 "Has earthly show then, simple  
 fool,  
 Power o'er a sister of thy rule,  
 And art thou, like the worldly train,  
 Subdued by splendours light and  
 vain ?"—

## XXII.

"No, Lady ! in old eyes like mine,  
 Gauds have no glitter, gems no  
 shine ;  
 Nor grace his rank attendants vain,  
 One youthful page is all his train.  
 It is the form, the eye, the word,  
 The bearing of that stranger Lord ;  
 His stature, manly, bold, and tall,  
 Built like a castle's battled wall,  
 Yet moulded in such just degrees,  
 His giant strength seems lightsome  
 ease.  
 Close as the tendrils of the vine  
 His locks upon his forehead twine,  
 Jet-black, save where some touch of  
 gray  
 Has ta'en the youthful hue away.  
 Weather and war their rougher  
 trace  
 Have left on that majestic face ;—  
 But 'tis his dignity of eye !  
 There, if a suppliant, would I fly,

Secure, 'mid danger, wrongs, and  
 grief,  
 Of sympathy, redress, relief—  
 That glance, if guilty, would I dread  
 More than the doom that spoke me  
 dead !"—  
 "Enough, enough," the princess  
 cried,  
 "'Tis Scotland's hope, her joy, her  
 pride !  
 To meaner front was ne'er assign'd,  
 Such mastery o'er the common  
 mind—  
 Bestow'd thy high designs to aid,  
 How long, O Heaven ! how long de-  
 lay'd !—  
 Haste, Mona, haste, to introduce  
 My darling brother, royal Bruce !"

## XXIII.

They met like friends who part in  
 pain,  
 And meet in doubtful hope again.  
 But when subdued that fitful swell,  
 The Bruce survey'd the humble  
 cell ;—  
 "And this is thine, poor Isabel !—  
 That pallet-couch, and naked wall,  
 For room of state, and bed of pall ;  
 For costly robes and jewels rare,  
 A string of beads and zone of hair ;  
 And for the trumpet's sprightly call  
 To sport or banquet, grove or hall,  
 The bell's grim voice divides thy  
 care,  
 'Twixt hours of penitence and  
 prayer !—  
 O ill for thee, my royal claim  
 From the First David's sainted name !  
 O woe for thee, that while he sought  
 His right, thy brother feebly  
 fought !"

## XXIV.

"Now lay these vain regrets aside,  
 And be the unshaken Bruce !" she  
 cried.  
 "For more I glory to have shared  
 The woes thy venturous spirit dared,

When raising first thy valiant band  
 In rescue of thy native land,  
 Than had fair Fortune set me down  
 The partner of an empire's crown.  
 And grieve not that on Pleasure's  
 stream

No more I drive in giddy dream,  
 For Heaven the erring pilot knew,  
 And from the gulf the vessel drew,  
 Tried me with judgments stern and  
 great,

My house's ruin, thy defeat,  
 Poor Nigel's death, till, tamed, I  
 own,

My hopes are fix'd on Heaven  
 alone ;

Nor e'er shall earthly prospects win  
 My heart to this vain world of  
 sin."—

## XXV.

"Nay, Isabel, for such stern choice,  
 First wilt thou wait thy brother's  
 voice ;

Then ponder if in convent scene  
 No softer thoughts might inter-  
 vene—

Say they were of that unknown  
 Knight,

Victor in Woodstock's tourney-  
 fight—

Nay, if his name such blush you  
 owe,

Victorious o'er a fairer foe !"  
 Truly his penetrating eye

Hath caught that blush's passing  
 dye,—

Like the last beam of evening  
 thrown

On a white cloud—just seen and  
 gone.

Soon with calm cheek and steady  
 eye,

The princess made composed  
 reply :—

"I guess my brother's meaning  
 well ;

For not so silent is the cell,  
 But we have heard the islesmen all  
 Arm in thy cause at Ronald's call,

And mine eye proves that Knight  
 unknown

And the Brave Island Lord are  
 one—

Had then his suit been earlier made,  
 In his own name, with thee to aid,  
 (But that his plighted faith for-  
 bade,)

I know not . . . . . But thy page  
 so near?—

This is no tale for menial's ear."

## XXVI.

Still stood that page, as far apart  
 As the small cell would space  
 afford ;

With dizzy eye and bursting heart,  
 He leant his weight on Bruce's  
 sword,

The monarch's mantle too he bore,  
 And drew the fold his visage o'er.

"Fear not for him—in murderous  
 strife,"

Said Bruce, "his warning saved my  
 life ;

Full seldom parts he from my side,  
 And in his silence I confide,  
 Since he can tell no tale again.

He is a boy of gentle strain,  
 And I have purposed he shall dwell

In Augustin the chaplain's cell,  
 And wait on thee, my Isabel.—

Mind not his tears ; I've seen them  
 flow,

As in the thaw dissolves the snow.  
 'Tis a kind youth, but fanciful,

Unfit against the tide to pull,  
 And those that with the Bruce

would sail,  
 Must learn to strive with stream

and gale.—  
 But forward, gentle Isabel—

My answer for Lord Ronald tell."—

## XXVII.

"This answer be to Ronald given—  
 The heart he asks is fix'd on  
 heaven.

My love was like a summer flower,  
 That wither'd in the wintry hour,

Born but of vanity and pride,  
And with these sunny visions died.  
If further press his suit—then say,  
He should his plighted troth obey,  
Troth plighted both with ring and  
word,

And sworn on crucifix and sword.—  
Oh, shame thee, Robert! I have  
seen

Thou hast a woman's guardian  
been!

Even in extremity's dread hour,  
When press'd on thee the Southern  
power,

And safety, to all human sight,  
Was only found in rapid flight,  
Thou heard'st a wretched female  
plain

In agony of travail-pain,  
And thou didst bid thy little band  
Upon the instant turn and stand,  
And dare the worst the foe  
might do,

Rather than, like a knight untrue,  
Leave to pursuers merciless  
A woman in her last distress.<sup>302</sup>

And wilt thou now deny thine aid  
To an oppress'd and injured maid,  
Even plead for Ronald's perfidy,  
And press his fickle faith on me?—

So witness Heaven, as true I vow,  
Had I those earthly feelings now,  
Which could my former bosom move  
Ere taught to set its hopes above,  
I'd spurn each proffer he could  
bring,

Till at my feet he laid the ring,  
The ring and spousal contract both,  
And fair acquittal of his oath,  
By her who brooks his perjured  
scorn,

The ill-requited Maid of Lorn!

## XXVIII.

With sudden impulse forward  
sprung

The page, and on her neck he  
hung;

Then, recollected instantly,  
His head he stoop'd, and bent his  
knee,

Kiss'd twice the hand of Isabel,  
Arose, and sudden left the cell.—  
The princess, loosen'd from his hold,  
Blush'd angry at his bearing bold;

But good King Robert cried,  
“Chafe not—by signs he speaks his  
mind,

He heard the plan my care design'd,  
Nor could his transports hide.—

But, sister, now bethink thee well;  
No easy choice the convent cell;  
Trust, I shall play no tyrant part,  
Either to force thy hand or heart,  
Or suffer that Lord Ronald scorn,  
Or wrong for thee, the Maid of  
Lorn.

But think,—not long the time has  
been,

That thou wert wont to sigh unseen,  
And wouldst the ditties best approve,  
That told some lay of hapless love.

Now are thy wishes in thy power,  
And thou art bent on cloister bower!  
O! if our Edward knew the change,  
How would his busy satire range,  
With many a sarcasm varied still  
On woman's wish, and woman's  
will!”—

## XXIX.

“Brother, I well believe,” she said,  
“Even so would Edward's part be  
play'd.

Kindly in heart, in word severe,  
A foe to thought, and grief, and  
fear,

He holds his humour uncontroll'd;  
But thou art of another mould.

Say then to Ronald, as I say,  
Unless before my feet he lay  
The ring which bound the faith he  
swore,

By Edith freely yielded o'er,  
He moves his suit to me no more.

Nor do I promise, even if now  
He stood absolved of spousal vow,  
That I would change my purpose  
made

To sheiter me in holy shade.—  
Brother, for little space, farewell!  
To other duties warns the bell.”—

## XXX.

"Lost to the world," King Robert  
said,

When he had left the royal maid,  
"Lost to the world by lot severe,  
O what a gem lies buried here,  
Nipp'd by misfortune's cruel frost,  
The buds of fair affection lost !—  
But what have I with love to do ?  
Far sterner cares my lot pursue.

—Pent in this isle we may not lie,  
Nor would it long our wants supply.  
Right opposite, the mainland towers  
Of my own Turnberry court our  
powers—

—Might not my father's beadsman  
hoar,

•Cuthbert, who dwells upon the shore,  
Kindle a signal-flame, to show  
The time propitious for the blow ?  
It shall be so—some friend shall bear  
Our mandate with despatch and  
care ;

—Edward shall find the messenger.  
That fortress ours, the island fleet  
May on the coast of Carrick meet.—  
O Scotland ! shall it e'er be mine  
To wreak thy wrongs in battle-line,  
To raise my victor-head, and see  
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people  
free,—

That glance of bliss is all I crave,  
Betwixt my labours and my grave !"  
Then down the hill he slowly went,  
Oft pausing on the steep descent,  
And reach'd the spot where his bold  
train

Held rustic camp upon the plain.

## CANTO FIFTH.

## I.

ON fair Loch-Ranza stream'd the  
early day,  
Thin wreaths of cottage-smoke are  
upward curl'd  
From the lone hamlet, which her  
inland bay  
And circling mountains sever from  
the world.

And there the fisherman his sail  
unfurld,  
The goat-herd drove his kids to  
steep Ben-Ghoil,  
Before the hut the dame her spindle  
twirl'd,  
Courting the sunbeam as she plied  
her toil,—  
For, wake where'er he may, Man  
wakes to care and toil.

But other duties call'd each convent  
maid,  
Roused by the summons of the  
moss-grown bell ;  
Sung were the matins, and the  
mass was said,  
And every sister sought her separate  
cell,  
Such was the rule, her rosary to  
tell.  
And Isabel has knelt in lonely  
prayer ;  
The sunbeam, through the narrow  
lattice, fell  
Upon the snowy neck and long  
dark hair,  
As stoop'd her gentle head in meek  
devotion there.

## II.

She raised her eyes, that duty done,  
When glanced upon the pavement-  
stone,  
Gemm'd and enchased, a golden  
ring,  
Bound to a scroll with silken  
string ;  
With few brief words inscribed to  
tell,  
"This for the Lady Isabel."  
Within, the writing farther bore,—  
" 'Twas with this ring his plight  
he swore,  
With this his promise I restore ;  
To her who can the heart command,  
Well may I yield the plighted hand.  
And O ! for better fortune born,  
Grudge not a passing sigh to  
mourn  
Her who was Edith once of Lorn !"

One single flash of glad surprise  
Just glanced from Isabel's dark  
eyes,

But vanish'd in the blush of shame,  
That, as its penance, instant came.  
"O thought unworthy of my  
race!

Selfish, ungenerous, mean, and  
base,

A moment's throb of joy to own,  
That rose upon her hopes o'er-  
thrown!—

Thou pledge of vows too well  
believed,

Of man ingrate and maid deceived,  
Think not thy lustre here shall  
gain

Another heart to hope in vain!  
For thou shalt rest, thou tempting  
gaud,

Where worldly thoughts are over-  
awed.

And worldly splendours sink de-  
based."

Then by the cross the ring she  
placed.

### III.

Next rose the thought,—its owner  
far,

How came it here through bolt  
and bar?—

But the dim lattice is ajar.—

She looks abroad, the morning  
dew

A light short step had brush'd  
anew,

And there were foot-prints seen  
On the carved buttress rising  
still,

Till on the mossy window-sill  
Their track effaced the green.

The ivy twigs were torn and fray'd,  
As if some climber's steps to aid.—

But who the hardy messenger,  
Whose venturous path these signs  
infer?—

"Strangedoubts are mine!—Mona,  
draw nigh;

—Nought 'scapes old Mona's  
curious eye—

What strangers, gentle mother,  
say,

Have sought these holy walls to-  
day?"—

"None, Lady, none of note or  
name;

Only your brother's foot-page came,  
At peep of dawn—I pray'd him  
pass

To chapel where they said the  
mass;

But like an arrow he shot by,  
And tears seem'd bursting from  
his eye."

### IV.

The truth at once on Isabel,  
As darted by a sunbeam, fell.—

"'Tis Edith's self!—her speech-  
less woe,

Her form, her looks, the secret  
show!

—Instant, good Mona, to the bay,  
And to my royal brother say,  
I do conjure him seek my cell,  
With that mute page he loves so  
well."

"What! know'st thou not his  
warlike host

At break of day has left our coast?  
My old eyes saw them from the  
tower.

At eve they couch'd in greenwood  
bower,

At dawn a bugle signal, made  
By their bold Lord, their ranks  
array'd;

Up sprung the spears through bush  
and tree,

No time for benedicite!  
Like deer, that, rousing from their  
lair

Just shake the dewdrops from their  
hair,

And toss their armed crests aloft,  
Such matins theirs!"—"Good  
mother, soft—

Where does my brother bend his  
way?"—

"As I have heard, for Brodick  
Bay,

Across the isle—of barks a score  
Lie there, 'tis said, to waft them  
o'er,

On sudden news, to Carrick-  
shore."—

"If such their purpose, deep the  
need,"

Said anxious Isabel, "of speed!  
Call Father Augustin, good  
dame."—

The nun obey'd, the Father came.

## V.

"Kind Father, hie without delay,  
Across the hills to Brodick Bay.  
This message to the Bruce be  
given;

I pray him, by his hopes of Heaven,  
That, till he speak with me, he  
stay!

Or, if his haste brook no delay,  
That he deliver, on 'my suit,  
Into thy charge that stripling mute.  
Thus prays his sister Isabel,  
For causes more than she may  
tell—

Away, good father! and take heed,  
That life and death are on thy  
speed."

His cowl the good old priest did on,  
Took his piked staff and sandall'd  
shoon,

And, like a palmer bent by eld,  
O'er moss and moor his journey  
held.

## VI.

Heavy and dull the foot of age,  
And rugged was the pilgrimage;  
But none was there beside, whose  
care

Might such important message  
bear.

Through birchen copse he wander'd  
slow,

Stunted and sapless, thin and low;  
By many a mountain stream he  
pass'd,

From the tall cliffs in tumult cast,

Dashing to foam their waters  
dun,

And sparkling in the summer  
sun.

Round his gray head the wild  
curlew

In many a fearless circle flew.

O'er chasms he pass'd, where  
fractures wide

Craved waryeye and ample stride,<sup>393</sup>  
He cross'd his brow beside the stone  
Where Druids erst heard victims  
groan,<sup>394</sup>

And at the cairns upon the wild,  
O'er many a heathen hero piled,  
He breathed a timid prayer for  
those

Who died ere Shiloh's sun arose.  
Beside Macfarlane's Cross he staid,  
There told his hours within the  
shade,

And at the stream his thirst allay'd.  
Thence onward journeying slowly  
still,

As evening closed he reach'd the  
hill,

Where, rising through the wood-  
land green,

Old Brodick's gothic towers were  
seen,

From Hastings, late their English  
lord,

Douglas had won them by the  
sword.<sup>395</sup>

The sun that sunk behind the isle,  
Now tinged them with a parting  
smile.

## VII.

But though the beams of light  
decay,

'Twas bustle all in Brodick Bay.  
The Bruce's followers crowd the  
shore,

And boats and bargessome unmoor,  
Some raise the sail, some seize the  
oar;

Their eyes oft turn'd where  
glimmer'd far

What might have seem'd an early  
star

On heaven's blue arch, save that its  
light  
Was all too flickering, fierce, and  
bright.

Far distant in the south, the ray  
Shone pale amid retiring day,  
But as, on Carrick shore,  
Dim seen in outline faintly blue,  
The shades of evening closer  
drew,

It kindled more and more.

The monk's slow steps now press  
the sands,

And now amid a scene he stands,

Full strange to churchman's eye;  
Warriors, who, arming for the  
fight,

Rivet and clasp their harness light,  
And twinkling spears, and axes  
bright,

And helmets flashing high.

Oft, too, with unaccustom'd ears,  
A language much unmeet he  
hears,<sup>390</sup>

While, hastening all on  
board,

As stormy as the swelling surge

That mix'd its roar, the leaders  
urge

Their followers to the ocean  
verge,

With many a haughty word.

### VIII.

Through that wild thron'g the Father  
pass'd.

And reach'd the Royal Bruce at  
last.

He leant against a stranded boat,  
That the approaching tide must  
float,

And counted every rippling wave,

As higher yet her side they lave,

And oft the distant fire he eyed,

And closer yet his hauberk tied,

And loosen'd in its sheath his  
brand.

Edward and Lennox were at hand,

Douglas and Roland had the care

The soldiers to the barks to share.—

The Monk approach'd and homage  
paid ;

"And art thou come," King Robert  
said,

"So far to bless us ere we part?"—

—"My Liege, and with a loyal  
heart!"—

But other charge I have to tell,"—

And spoke the hest of Isabel.

—"Now by Saint Giles," the monarch  
cried,

"This moves me much!—this morn-  
ing tide,

I sent the stripling to Saint Bride,

With my commandment there to  
bide."—

—"Thither he came the portress  
show'd,

But there, my Liege, made brief  
abode."—

### IX.

"Twas I," said Edward, "found  
employ

Of nobler import for the boy.

Deep pondering in my anxious mind,

A fitting messenger to find,

To bear t'ly written mandate o'er

To Cuthbert on the Carrick shore,

I chanced, at early dawn, to pass

The chapel gate to snatch a mass.

I found the stripling on a tomb

Low-seated, weeping for the doom

That gave his youth to convent  
gloom.

I told my purpose, and his eyes

Flash'd joyful at the glad surprise.

He bounded to the skiff, the sail

Was spread before a prosperous gale,

And well my charge he hath obey'd ;

For, see ! the ruddy signal made,

That Clifford, with his merry-men all,

Guards carelessly our father's

hall."<sup>397</sup>

### X.

"O wild of thought, and hard of  
heart!"

Answer'd the Monarch, "on a part

Of such deep danger to employ

A mute, an orphan, and a boy!



Unfit for flight, unfit for strife,  
 Without a tongue to plead for life!  
 Now, were my right restored by  
 Heaven,  
 Edward, my crown I would have  
 given,  
 Ere, thrust on such adventure wild,  
 I peril'd thus the helpless child."—  
 —Offended half, and half submit,  
 "Brother and Liege, of blame like  
 this,"

Edward replied, "I little dream'd.  
 A stranger messenger, I deem'd,  
 Might safest seek the beadsman's cell,  
 Where all thy squires are known so  
 well.

Noteless his presence, sharp his  
 sense,

His imperfection his defence.  
 If seen, none can his errand guess;  
 If ta'en, his words no tale express—  
 Methinks, too, yonder beacon's shine  
 Might expiate greater fault than  
 mine."—

"Rash," said King Robert, "was  
 the deed—

But it is done.—Embark with  
 speed!—

Good Father, say to Isabel  
 How this unhappy chance befell;  
 If well we thrive on yonder shore,  
 Soon shall my care her page restore.  
 Our greeting to our sister bear,  
 And think of us in mass and  
 prayer."—

## XI.

"Aye!" said the Priest, "while this  
 poor hand

Can chalice raise or cross command,  
 While my old voice has accents' use,  
 Can Augustin forget the Bruce!"

Then to his side Lord Ronald press'd,  
 And whisper'd, "Bear thou this  
 request,

That when by Bruce's side I fight,  
 For Scotland's crown and freedom's  
 right,

The princess grace her knight to  
 bear

Some token of her favouring care;

It shall be shown where England's  
 best

May shrink to see it on my crest.  
 And for the boy—since weightier  
 care

For royal Bruce the times prepare,  
 The helpless youth is Ronald's  
 charge,

His couch my plaid, his fence my  
 targe."

He ceased; for many an eager hand  
 Had urged the barges from the  
 strand.

Their number was a score and ten,  
 They bore thrice threescore chosen  
 men.

With such small force did Bruce at  
 last

The die for death or empire cast!

## XII.

Now on the darkening main afloat,  
 Ready and mann'd rocks every boat;  
 Beneath their oars the ocean's might  
 Was dash'd to sparks of glimmering  
 light.

Faint and more faint, as off they  
 bore,

Their armour glanced against the  
 shore,

And, mingled with the dashing tide,  
 Their murmuring voices distant  
 died.—

"God speed them!" said the Priest,  
 as dark

On distant billows glides each bark;  
 "O Heaven! when swords for  
 freedom shine,

And monarch's right, the cause is  
 thine!

Edge doubly every patriot blow!  
 Beat down the banners of the foe!

And be it to the nations known,  
 That Victory is from God alone!"

As up the hill his path he drew,  
 He turn'd his blessings to renew,

Oft turn'd, till on the darken'd coast  
 All traces of their course were lost;

Then slowly bent to Brodick tower,  
 To shelter for the evening hour.

## XIII.

In night the fairy prospects sink,  
Where Cumray's isles with verdant  
link

Close the fair entrance of the Clyde ;  
The woods of Bute, no more descried,  
Are gone—and on the placid sea  
The rowers ply their task with glee,  
While hands that knightly lances  
bore

Impatient aid the labouring oar.  
The half-faced moon shone dim and  
pale,  
And glanced against the whiten'd  
sail ;

But on that ruddy beacon-light  
Each steersman kept the helm aright,  
And oft, for such the King's  
command,

That all at once might reach the  
strand,  
From boat to boat loud shout and  
hail

Warn'd them to crowd or slacken  
sail.

South and by west the armada bore,  
And near at length the Carrick shore.  
As less and less the distance grows,  
High and more high the beacon  
rose ;

The light, that seem'd a twinkling  
star,

Now blazed portentous, fierce, and  
far.

Dark-red the heaven above it glow'd,  
Dark-red the sea beneath it flow'd,  
Red rose the rocks on ocean's brim,  
In blood-red light her islets swim ;

Wild scream the dazzled sea-fowl  
gave,  
Dropp'd from their crags on plashing  
wave.

The deer to distant covert drew,  
The black-cock deem'd it day, and  
crew.

Like some tall castle given to flame,  
O'er half the land the lustre came.

“ Now, good my Liege, and brother  
sage,

What think ye of mine elfin  
page ? ”—

“ Row on ! ” the noble King replied,  
“ We'll learn the truth whate'er  
betide ;  
Yet sure the beadsman and the child  
Could ne'er have waked that beacon  
wild.”

## XIV.

With that the boats approach'd the  
land,

But Edward's grounded on the sand ;  
The eager Knight leap'd in the sea  
Waist-deep, and first on shore was  
he,

Though every barge's hardy band  
Contended which should gain the  
land,

When that strange light, which,  
seen afar,

Seem'd steady as the polar star,  
Now, like a prophet's fiery chair,  
Seem'd travelling the realms of air.  
Wide o'er the sky the splendour  
glows,

As that portentous meteor rose ;  
Helm, axe, and falchion glitter'd  
bright,

And in the red and dusky light  
His comrade's face each warrior saw,  
Nor marvell'd it was pale with awe.  
Then high in air the beams were  
lost,

And darkness sunk upon the coast.—  
Ronald to Heaven a prayer address'd,  
And Douglas cross'd his dauntless  
breast ;

“ Saint James protect us ! ” Lennox  
cried,

But reckless Edward spoke aside,  
“ Deem'st thou, Kirkpatrick, in that  
flame

Red Comyn's angry spirit came,  
Or would thy dauntless heart endure  
Once more to make assurance  
sure ? ”—

“ Hush ! ” said the Bruce, “ we soon  
shall know,

If this be sorcerer's empty show,  
Or stratagem of southern foe.  
The moon shines out—upon the sand  
Let every leader rank his band.”

## XV.

Faintly the moon's pale beams supply  
That ruddy light's unnatural dye ;  
The dubious cold reflection lay  
On the wet sands and quiet bay.  
Beneath the rocks King Robert drew  
His scatter'd files to order due,  
Till shield compact and serried spear  
In the cool light shone blue and clear.

Then down a path that sought the  
tide,  
That speechless page was seen to  
glide ;

He knelt him lowly on the sand,  
And gave a scroll to Robert's hand.  
"A torch," the Monarch cried,  
"What, ho !

Now shall we Cuthbert's tidings  
know."

But evil news the letters bare,  
The Clifford's force was strong and  
ware,

Augmented, too, that very morn,  
By mountaineers who came with  
Lorn.

Long harrow'd by oppressor's hand,  
Courage and faith had fled the land,  
And over Carrick, dark and deep,  
Had sunk dejection's iron sleep.—

Cuthbert had seen that beacon-flame,  
Unwitting from what source it came.  
Doubtful of perilous event,

Edward's mute messenger he sent,  
If Bruce deceived should venture  
o'er,

To warn him from the fatal shore.

## XVI.

As round the torch the leaders  
crowd,  
Bruce read these chilling news  
aloud.

"What council, nobles, have we  
now?—

To ambush us in greenwood bough,  
And take the chance which fate may  
send

To bring our enterprise to end,

Or shall we turn us to the main  
As exiles, and embark again?"—  
Answer'd fierce Edward, "Hap  
what may,

In Carrick, Carrick's Lord must  
stay.

I would not minstrels told the tale,  
Wildfire or meteor made us  
quail."—

Answer'd the Douglas, "If my  
Liege

May win yon walls by storm or  
siege,

Then were each brave and patriot  
heart

Kindled of new for loyal part."—

Answer'd Lord Ronald, "Not for  
shame

Would I that aged Torquil came,  
And found, for all our empty boast,  
Without a blow we fled the coast.

I will not credit that this land,  
So famed for warlike heart and hand,  
The nurse of Wallace and of Bruce,

Will long with tyrants hold a  
truce."—

"Prove we our fate—the brunt we'll  
bide !"

So Boyd and Haye and Lennox  
cried ;

So said, so vow'd, the leaders all ;  
So Bruce resolved : "And in my  
hall

Since the Bold Southern make their  
home,

The hour of payment soon shall  
come,

When with a rough and rugged host  
Clifford may reckon to his cost.

Meantime, through well-known  
bosk and dell,

I'll lead where we may shelter well."

## XVII.

Now ask you whence that wondrous  
light,

Whose fairy glow beguiled their  
sight?—

It ne'er was known<sup>308</sup>—yet gray-hair'd  
eld

A supers'titious credence held,

That never did a mortal hand  
 Wake its broad glare on Carrick  
 strand ;  
 Nay, and that on the self-same night  
 When Bruce cross'd o'er, still gleams  
 the light.  
 Yearly it gleams o'er mount and  
 moor,  
 And glittering wave and crimson'd  
 shore—

But whether beam celestial, lent  
 By Heaven to aid the King's descent,  
 Or fire hell-kindled from beneath,  
 To lure him to defeat and death,  
 Or were it but some meteor strange,  
 Of such as oft through midnight  
 range,  
 Startling the traveller late and lone,  
 I know not—and it ne'er was known.

### VIII.

Now up the rocky pass they drew,  
 And Ronald, to his promise true,  
 Still made his arm the stripling's  
 stay

To aid him on the rugged way.  
 "Now cheer thee, simple Amadine !  
 Why throbs that silly heart of  
 thine ?"—

—That name the pirates to their  
 slave

(In Gaelic 'tis the Changeling)  
 gave—

"Dost thou not rest thee on my  
 arm ?

Do not my plaid-folds hold thee  
 warm ?

Hath not the wild bull's treble  
 hide

This targe for thee and me supplied ?  
 Is not Clan-Colla's sword of steel ?

And, trembler, canst thou terror feel ?  
 Cheer thee, and still that throbbing  
 heart ;

From Ronald's guard thou shalt not  
 part."

—O ! many a shaft, at random sent,  
 Finds mark the archer little meant !  
 And many a word, at random spoken,  
 May soothe or wound a heart that's  
 broken !

Half soothed, half grieved, half  
 terrified,  
 Close drew the page to Ronald's side ;  
 A wild delirious thrill of joy  
 Was in that hour of agony,  
 As up the steepy pass he strove,  
 Fear, toil, and sorrow, lost in love !

### XIX.

The barrier of that iron shore,  
 The rock's steep ledge, is now climb'd  
 o'er ;  
 And from the castle's distant wall,  
 From tower to tower the warders  
 call :

The sound swings over land and  
 sea,

And marks a watchful enemy.—  
 They gain'd the Chase, a wide  
 domain

Left for the Castle's sylvan reign,<sup>309</sup>  
 (Seek not the scene—the axe, the  
 plough,

The boor's dull fence, have marr'd it  
 now),

But then, soft swept in velvet green  
 The plain with many a glade  
 between,

Whose tangled alleys far invade  
 The depth of the brown forest shade.  
 Here the tall fern obscured the lawn ;  
 Fair shelter for the sportive fawn ;  
 There, tufted close with copsewood  
 green,

Was many a swelling hillock seen ;  
 And all around was verdure meet  
 For pressure of the fairies' feet.

The glossy holly loved the park,  
 The yew-tree lent its shadow dark,  
 And many an old oak, worn and  
 bare,

With all its shiver'd boughs, was  
 there.

Lovely between, the moonbeams fell  
 On lawn and hillock, glade and dell.  
 The gallant Monarch sigh'd to see  
 These glades so loved in childhood  
 free.

Bethinking that, as outlaw now,  
 He ranged beneath the forest bough.

## XX.

Fast o'er the moonlight Chase they  
 sped.  
 Well knew the band that measured  
 tread,  
 When, in retreat or in advance,  
 The serried warriors move at once ;  
 And evil were the luck, if dawn  
 Descried them on the open lawn.  
 Copses they traverse, brooks they  
 cross,  
 Strain up the bank and o'er the  
 moss.  
 From the exhausted page's brow  
 Cold drops of toil are streaming  
 now ;  
 With effort faint and lengthen'd  
 pause,  
 His weary step the stripling draws.  
 "Nay, droop not yet !" the warrior  
 said ;  
 "Come, let me give thee ease and  
 aid !  
 Strong are mine arms, and little care  
 A weight so slight as thine to  
 bear.—  
 What ! wilt thou not ?—capricious  
 boy !  
 Then thine own limbs and strength  
 employ.  
 Pass but this night, and pass thy  
 care,  
 I'll place thee with a lady fair,  
 Where thou shalt tune thy lute to  
 tell  
 How Ronald loves fair Isabel !"  
 Worn out, dishearten'd, and dis-  
 may'd,  
 Here Amadine let go the plaid ;  
 His trembling limbs their aid refuse,  
 He sunk among the midnight dews !

## XXI.

What may be done ?—the night is  
 gone—  
 The Bruce's band moves swiftly  
 on—  
 Eternal shame, if at the brunt  
 Lord Ronald grace not battle's  
 front !—

"See yonder oak, within whose trunk  
 Decay a darken'd cell hath sunk ;  
 Enter, and rest thee there a space,  
 Wrap in my plaid thy limbs, thy  
 face.  
 I will not be, believe me, far ;  
 But must not quit the ranks of  
 war.  
 Well will I mark the bosky bourne,  
 And soon, to guard thee hence,  
 return.—  
 Nay, weep not so, thou simple boy !  
 But sleep in peace, and wake in  
 joy."  
 In sylvan lodging close bestow'd,  
 He placed the page, and onward  
 strode  
 With strength put forth, o'er moss  
 and brook,  
 And soon the marching band o'er-  
 took.

## XXII.

Thus strangely left, long sobb'd and  
 wept  
 The page, till, wearied out, he  
 slept—  
 A rough voice waked his dream—  
 "Nay, here,  
 Here by this thicket, pass'd the  
 deer—  
 Beneath that oak old Ryno staid—  
 What have we here ?—a Scottish  
 plaid,  
 And in its folds a stripling laid ?—  
 Come forth ! thy name and business  
 tell !—  
 What, silent ?—then I guess thee  
 well,  
 The spy that sought old Cuthbert's  
 cell,  
 Wafted from Arran yester morn—  
 Come, comrades, we will straight  
 return.  
 Our Lord may choose the rack should  
 teach  
 To this young lurcher use of speech.  
 Thy bow-string, till I bind him  
 fast."—  
 "Nay, but he weeps and stands  
 aghast ;

Unbound we'll lead him, fear it  
not ;  
'Tis a fair stripling, though a Scot."  
The hunters to the castle sped,  
And there the hapless captive led.

## XXIII.

Stout Clifford in the castle-court  
Prepared him for the morning  
sport ;  
And now with Lorn held deep dis-  
course,  
Now gave command for hound and  
horse.  
War-steeds and palfreys paw'd the  
ground,  
And many a deer-dog howl'd around.  
To Amadine, Lorn's well-known  
word  
Replying to that Southern Lord,  
Mix'd with this clanging din, might  
seem  
The phantasm of a fever'd dream.  
The tone upon his ringing ears  
Came like the sounds which fancy  
hears,  
When in rude waves or roaring  
winds  
Some words of woe the musér finds,  
Until more loudly and more near,  
Their speech arrests the page's ear.

## XXIV.

"And was she thus," said Clifford,  
"lost ?  
The priest should rue it to his cost !  
What says the monk ?"—"The holy  
Sire  
Owns, that in masquer's quaint attire  
She sought his skiff, disguised, un-  
known  
To all except to him alone.  
But, says the priest, a bark from  
Lorn  
Laid them aboard that very morn,  
And pirates seized her for their  
prey.  
He proffer'd ransom-gold to pay,

And they agreed—but ere told o'er,  
The winds blow loud, the billows  
roar ;  
They sever'd, and they met no more.  
He deems—such tempest vex'd the  
coast—  
Ship, crew, and fugitive, were lost.  
So let it be, with the disgrace  
And scandal of her lofty race !  
Thrice better she had ne'er been born,  
Than brought her infamy on Lorn !'

## XXV.

Lord Clifford now the captive  
spied ;—  
"Whom, Herbert, hast thou there ?"  
he cried.  
"A spy we seized within the Chase,  
A hollow oak his lurking place."  
"What tidings can the youth  
afford ?"—  
"He plays the muſte."  
noose a cord—  
Unless brave Lorn reverse the doom  
For his plaid's sake."  
"Clan-  
Colla's loom,"  
Said Lorn, whose care-  
less glances  
trace  
Rather the vesture than ; the face,  
"Clan-Colla's dames such tartans  
twine ;  
Wearer nor plaid claims care of  
mine.  
Give him, if my advice you crave,  
His own scathed oak ; and let him  
wave  
In air, unless, by terrors' wrung,  
A frank confession find his tongue.—  
Nor shall he die without his rite ;  
—Thou, Angus Rocky, attend the  
sight,  
And give Clan-Colla's dirge thy  
breath,  
As they convey him into his death."  
"O brother ! cruel, to the last !"  
Through the poor captive's bosom  
pass'd  
The thought, but, to his purpose true,  
He said not, though he sigh'd,  
"Adieu !"

## XXVI.

And will he keep his purpose still,  
In sight of that last closing ill,  
When one poor breath, one single  
word,

May freedom, safety, life, afford?  
Can he resist the instinctive call,  
For life that bids us barter all?—  
Love, strong as death, his heart hath  
steel'd,

His nerves hath strung—he will not  
yield!

Since that poor breath, that little  
word,  
May yield Lord Ronald to the  
sword.—

Clan-Colla's dirge is pealing wide,  
The griesly headsman's by his side;  
Along the greenwood Chase they  
bend,

And now their march has ghastly  
end!

That old and shatter'd oak beneath,  
They destine for the place of death.

—What thoughts are his, while all  
in vain

His eye for aid explores the plain?  
What thoughts, while, with a dizzy  
ear,

He hears the death-prayer mutter'd  
near?

And must he die such death accurst,  
Or will that bosom-secret burst?

Cold on his brow breaks terror's dew,  
His trembling lips are livid blue;  
The agony of parting life  
Has nought to match that moment's  
strife!

## XXVII.

But other witnesses are nigh,  
Who mock at fear, and death defy!  
Soon as the dire lament was play'd,  
It waked the lurking ambushade.  
The Island Lord look'd forth, and  
spied

The cause, and loud in fury cried,  
“By Heaven, they lead the page to  
die,

And mock me in his agony!  
They shall abye it!”—On his arm

Bruce laid strong grasp, “They  
shall not harm

A ringlet of the stripling's hair;  
But, till I give the word, forbear.

—Douglas, lead fifty of our force  
Up yonder hollow water-course,  
And couch thee midway on the wold,  
Between the flyers and their hold:  
A spear above the copse display'd,  
Be signal of the ambush made.

—Edward, with forty spearmen,  
straight

Through yonder copse approach the  
gate

And, when thou hear'st the battle-din,  
Rush forward, and the passage win,  
Secure the drawbridge—storm the  
port,

And man and guard the castle-  
court.—

The rest move slowly forth with me,  
In shelter of the forest-tree,  
Till Douglas at his post I see.”

## XXVIII.

Like war-horse eager to rush on,  
Compell'd to wait the signal blown,  
Hid, and scarce hid, by greenwood  
bough,

Trembling with rage, stands Ronald  
now,

And in his grasp his sword gleams  
blue,

Soon to be dyed with deadlier hue.—  
Meanwhile the Bruce, with steady  
eye,

Sees the dark death-train moving by,  
And, heedful, measures oft the space  
The Douglas and his band must  
trace,

Ere they can reach their destined  
ground..

Now sinks the dirge's wailing sound,  
Now cluster round the direful tree

That slow and solemn company,  
While hymn mistuned and mutter'd  
prayer

The victim for his fate prepare.—

What glances o'er the greenwood  
shade?

The spear that marks the ambushade:

"Now, noble Chief! I leave thee  
loose;  
Upon them, Ronald!" said the  
Bruce.

## XXIX.

"The Bruce, the Bruce!" to well-  
known cry

His native rocks and woods reply.

"The Bruce, the Bruce!" in that  
dread word

The knell of hundred deaths was  
heard.

The astonish'd Southern gazed at  
first,

Where the wild tempest was to burst,  
That waked in that presaging name.

Before, behind, around it came!

Half-arm'd, surprised, on every side  
Hemm'd in, hew'd down, they bled  
and died.

Deep in the ring the Bruce engaged,  
And fierce Clan-Colla's broadsword  
raged!

Full soon the few who fought were  
sped,

Nor better was their lot who fled,  
And met, 'mid terror's wild career,  
The Douglas's redoubted spear!

Two hundred yeomen on that morn  
The castle left, and none return.

## XXX.

Not on their flight press'd Ronald's  
brand,

A gentler duty claim'd his hand.

He raised the page, where on the  
plain

His fear had sunk him with the  
slain:

And twice, that morn, surprise well  
near

Betray'd the secret kept by fear;

Once, when, with life returning,  
came

To the boy's lip Lord Ronald's  
name,

And hardly recollection drown'd

The accents in a murmuring sound;

And once, when scarce he could  
resist

The Chieftain's care to loose the  
vest,

Drawn tightly o'er his labouring  
breast.

But then the Bruce's bugle blew,

For martial work was yet to do.

## XXXI.

A harder task fierce Edward waits.

Ere signal given, the castle gates

His fury had assail'd;

Such was his wonted reckless mood,

Yet desperate valour oft made good,

Even by its daring, venture rude,

Where prudence might have fail'd.

Upon the bridge his strength he  
threw,

And struck the iron chain in two,

By which its planks arose;

The warder next his axe's edge

Struck down upon the thresholdledge,

'Twixt door and post a ghastly  
wedge!

The gate they may not close.

Well fought the Southern in the fray,

Clifford and Lorn fought well that  
day,

But stubborn Edward forced his way

Against a hundred foes.

Loud came the cry, "The Bruce,  
the Bruce!"

No hope or in defence or truce,

Fresh combatants pour in;

Mad with success, and drunk with  
gore,

They drive the struggling foe before,

And ward on ward they win.

Unsparring was the vengeful sword,

And limbs were lopp'd and life-blood  
pour'd,

The cry of death and conflict roar'd,

And fearful was the din!

The startling horses plunged and  
flung,

Clamour'd the dogs till turrets rung,

Nor sunk the fearful cry,

Till not a foeman was there found

Alive, save those who on the ground

Groan'd in their agony!



## XXXII.

The valiant Clifford is no more ;  
 On Ronald's broadsword stream'd  
 his gore.  
 But better hap had he of Lorn,  
 Who, by the foemen backward  
 borne,  
 Yet gain'd with slender train the  
 port,  
 Where lay his bark beneath the  
 fort,  
 And cut the cable loose.  
 Short were his shrift in that debate,  
 That hour of fury and of fate,  
 If Lorn encounter'd Bruce !  
 Then long and loud the victor  
 shout  
 From turret and from tower rung  
 out,  
 The rugged vaults replied ;  
 And from the donjon tower on  
 high,  
 The men of Carrick may descry  
 Saint Andrew's cross, in blazonry  
 Of silver, waving wide !

## XXXIII.

The Bruce hath won his father's  
 hall !<sup>400</sup>  
 —“ Welcome, brave friends and  
 comrades all,  
 Welcome to mirth and joy !  
 The first, the last, is welcome  
 here,  
 From lord and chieftain, prince and  
 peer,  
 To this poor speechless boy.  
 Great God ! once more my sire's  
 abode  
 Is mine — behold the floor I trode  
 In tottering infancy !  
 And there the vaulted arch, whose  
 sound  
 Echoed my joyous shout and bound  
 In boyhood, and that rung around  
 To youth's unthinking glee !  
 O first, to thee, all-gracious Heaven,  
 Then to my friends, my thanks be  
 given ! ” —

He paused a space, his brow he  
 cross'd —  
 Then on the board his sword he  
 toss'd,  
 Yet steaming hot ; with Southern  
 gore  
 From hilt to point 'twas crimson'd  
 o'er.

## XXXIV.

“ Bring here,” he said, “ the mazers  
 four,  
 My noble fathers loved of yore.<sup>401</sup>  
 Thrice let them circle round the  
 board,  
 The pledge, fair Scotland's rights  
 restored !  
 And he whose lip shall touch the  
 wine,  
 Without a vow as true as mine,  
 To hold both lands and life at  
 nought,  
 Until her freedom shall be bought, —  
 Be brand of a disloyal Scot,  
 And lasting infamy his lot !  
 Sit, gentle friends ! our hour of  
 glee  
 Is brief, we'll spend it joyously !  
 Blithest of all the sun's bright  
 beams,  
 When betwixt storm and storm he  
 gleams.  
 Well is our country's work begun,  
 But more, far more, must yet be  
 done.  
 Speed messengers the country  
 through ;  
 Arouse old friends, and gather  
 new ;<sup>402</sup>  
 Warn Lanark's knights to gird their  
 mail,  
 Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale,  
 Let Etrick's archers sharp their  
 darts,  
 The fairest forms, the truest hearts !  
 Call all, call all ! from Reeds-wair-  
 Path,  
 To the wild confines of Cape-Wrath ;  
 Wide let the news through Scotland  
 ring,  
 The Northern Eagle claps his wing ! ”

## CANTO SIXTH.

## I.

O WHO, that shared them, ever  
shall forget  
The emotions of the spirit-rousing  
time,  
When breathless in the mart the  
couriers met,  
Early and late, at evening and at  
prime ;  
When the loud cannon and the  
merry chime  
Hail'd news on news, as field on  
field was won,  
When Hope, long doubtful, soar'd  
at length sublime,  
And our glad eyes, awake as day  
began,  
Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, to  
meet the rising sun !

O these were hours, when thrilling  
joy repaid  
A long, long course of darkness,  
doubts, and fears !  
The heart-sick faintness of the  
hope delay'd,  
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed,  
and the tears  
That track'd with terror twenty  
rolling years,  
All was forgot in that blithe  
jubilee !  
Her downcast eye even pale  
Affliction rears,  
To sigh a thankful prayer, amid  
the glee,  
That hail'd the Despot's fall, and  
peace and liberty !

Such news o'er Scotland's hills  
triumphant rode,  
When 'gainst the invaders turn'd  
the battle's scale,  
When Bruce's banner had victori-  
ous flow'd  
O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in  
Ury's vale ;<sup>403</sup>  
When English blood oft deluged  
Douglas-dale,<sup>404</sup>

And fiery Edward routed stout St.  
John,<sup>405</sup>

When Randolph's war-cry swell'd  
the southern gale<sup>406</sup>  
And many a fortress, town, and  
tower, was won,  
And Fame still sounded forth fresh  
deeds of glory done.

## II.

Blithe tidings flew from baron's  
tower,  
To peasant's cot, to forest-bower,  
And waked the solitary cell,  
Where lone Saint Bride's recluses  
dwell.

Princess no more, fair Isabel,  
A vot'ress of the order now,  
Say, did the rule that bid thee  
wear

Dim veil and woollen scapulaire,  
And rest thy locks of dark-brown  
hair,

That stern and rigid vow,  
Did it condemn the transport high,  
Which glisten'd in thy watery eye,  
When minstrel or when palmer  
told

Each fresh exploit of Bruce the  
bold ?—

And whose the lovely form, that  
shares

Thy anxious hopes, thy fears, thy  
prayers ?

No sister she of convent shade ;  
So say these locks in lengthen'd  
braid,

So say the blushes and the sighs,  
The tremors that unbidden rise,  
When, mingled with the Bruce's  
fame,

The brave Lord Ronald's praises  
came.

## III.

Believe, his father's castle won,  
And his bold enterprise begun,  
That Bruce's earliest cares restore  
The speechless page to Arran's  
shore :

Nor think that long the quaint  
 disguise  
 Conceal'd her from a sister's  
 eyes;  
 And sister-like in love they dwell  
 In that lone convent's silent cell.  
 There Bruce's slow assent allows  
 Fair Isabel the veil and vows;  
 And there, her sex's dress regain'd,  
 The lovely Maid of Lorn remain'd,  
 Unnamed, unknown, while Scotland  
 far  
 Resounded with the din of war;  
 And many a month, and many a  
 day,  
 In calm seclusion wore away.

## IV.

These days, these months, to years  
 had worn,  
 When tidings of high weight were  
 borne  
 To that lone island's shore;  
 Of all the Scottish conquests made  
 By the First Edward's ruthless  
 blade,  
 His son retain'd no more,  
 Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's  
 towers,  
 Beleagu'rd by King Robert's  
 powers;  
 And they took term of truce,<sup>407</sup>  
 If England's King should not  
 relieve  
 The siege ere John the Baptist's  
 eve,  
 To yield them to the Bruce.  
 England was roused—on every  
 side  
 Courier and post and herald hied,  
 To summon prince and peer,  
 At Berwick-bounds to meet their  
 Liege,<sup>408</sup>  
 Prepared to raise fair Stirling's  
 siege,  
 With buckler, brand, and spear.  
 The term was nigh—they muster'd  
 fast,  
 By beacon and by bugle-blast  
 Forth marshal'd for the field;

There rode each knight of noble  
 name,  
 There England's hardy archers  
 came,  
 The land they trode seem'd all on  
 flame,  
 With banner, blade, and shield!  
 And not famed England's powers  
 alone,  
 Renown'd in arms, the summons  
 own;  
 For Neustria's knights obey'd,  
 Gascogne hath lent her horsemen  
 good,  
 And Cambria, but of late subdued,  
 Sent forth her mountain-multi-  
 tude,<sup>409</sup>  
 And Connoght pour'd from waste  
 and wood  
 Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre  
 rude  
 Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.<sup>410</sup>

## V.

Right to devoted Caledon  
 The storm of war rolls slowly on,  
 With menace deep and dread;  
 So the dark clouds, with gathering  
 power,  
 Suspend awhile the threaten'd  
 shower,  
 Till every peak and summit lower  
 Round the pale pilgrim's head.  
 Not with such pilgrim's startled eye  
 King Robert mark'd the tempest  
 nigh!  
 Resolved the brunt to bide,  
 His royal summons warn'd the land,  
 That all who own'd their King's  
 command  
 Should instant take the spear and  
 brand,  
 To combat at his side.  
 O who may tell the sons of fame,  
 That at King Robert's bidding came,  
 To battle for the right!  
 From Cheviot to the shores of Ross,  
 From Solway-Sands to Marshal's  
 Moss,  
 All boun'd them for the fight.

Such news the royal courier tells,  
Who came to rouse dark Arran's  
dells ;

But farther tidings must the ear  
Of Isabel in secret hear.  
These in her cloister walk, next morn,  
Thus shared she with the Maid of  
Lorn.

## VI.

“ My Edith, can I tell how dear  
Our intercourse of hearts sincere  
Hath been to Isabel ?—  
Judge then the sorrow of my heart,  
When I must say the words, We part !  
The cheerless convent-cell  
Was not, sweet maiden, made for  
thee ;

Go thou where thy vocation free  
On happier fortunes fell.  
Nor, Edith, judge thyself betray'd  
Though Robert knows that Lorn's  
high Maid  
And his poor silent page were one.  
Versed in the fickle heart of man,  
Earnest and anxious hath he look'd  
How Ronald's heart the message  
brook'd

That gave him, with her last farewell,  
The charge of Sister Isabel,  
To think upon thy better right,  
And keep the faith his promise plight.  
Forgive him for thy sister's sake,  
At first if vain repinings wake—

Long since that mood is gone :  
Now dwells he on thy juster claims,  
And oft his breach of faith he blames—  
Forgive him for thine own ! ”—

## VII.

“ No ! never to Lord Ronald's bower  
Will I again as paramour ”—  
“ Nay, hush thee, too impatient maid,  
Until my final tale be said !—  
The good King Robert would engage  
Edith once more his elfin page,  
By her own heart, and her own eye,  
Her lover's penitence to try—  
Safe in his royal charge and free,  
Should such thy final purpose be,

Again unknown to seek the cell,  
And live and die with Isabel.”  
Thus spoke the maid—King Robert's  
eye

Might have some glance of policy ;  
Dunstafnage had the monarch ta'en,  
And Lorn had own'd King Robert's  
reign ;

Her brother had to England fled,  
And there in banishment was dead ;  
Ample, through exile, death, and  
flight,

O'er tower and land was Edith's  
right :  
This ample right o'er tower and land  
Were safe in Ronald's faithful hand.

## VIII.

Embarrass'd eye and blushing cheek  
Pleasure and shame, and fear be-  
speak !

Yet much the reasoning Edith made :  
“ Her sister's faith she must upbraid,  
Who gave such secret, dark and dear,  
In council to another's ear.  
Why should she leave the peaceful  
cell ?—

How should she part with Isabel ?—  
How wear that strange attireagen ?—  
How risk herself 'midst martial  
men ?—

And how be guarded on the way ?—  
At least she might entreat delay.”

Kind Isabel, with secret smile,  
Saw and forgave the maiden's wife,  
Reluctant to be thought to move  
At the first call of truant love.

## IX.

Oh, blame her not !—when zephyrs  
wake,

The aspen's trembling leaves must  
shake ;

When beams the sun through April's  
shower,

It needs must bloom, the violet  
flower ;

And Love, howe'er the maiden strive,  
Must with reviving hope revive !

A thousand soft excuses came,  
To plead his cause 'gainst virgin  
shame.

Pledged by their sires in earliest  
youth,

He had her plighted faith and truth—  
Then, 'twas her Liege's strict com-  
mand,

And she, beneath his royal hand,  
A ward in person and in land :—

And, last, she was resolved to stay  
Only brief space—one little day—  
Close hidden in her safe disguise  
From all, but most from Ronald's  
eyes—

But once to see him more!—nor  
blame

Her wish—to hear him name her  
name!—

Then, to bear back to solitude  
The thought he had his falsehood  
rued!

But Isabel, who long had seen  
Her palid cheek and pensive mien,  
And well herself the cause might  
know,

Though innocent, of Edith's woe,  
Joy'd, generous, that revolving time  
Gave means to expiate the crime.

High glow'd her bosom as she said,  
"Well shall her sufferings be re-  
paid!"

Now came the parting hour—a band  
From Arran's mountains left the  
land;

Their chief, Fitz-Louis,<sup>411</sup> had the care  
The speechless Amadine to bear  
To Bruce, with honour, as behoved  
To page the monarch dearly loved.

## X.

The King had deem'd the maiden  
bright  
Should reach him long before the  
fight,

But storms and fate her course delay :  
It was on eve of battle-day,  
When o'er the Gillie's-hill she rode.  
The landscape like a furnace glow'd,  
And far as e'er the eye was borne,  
The lances waved like autumn-corn.

In battles four beneath their eye,  
The forces of King Robert lie.<sup>412</sup>  
And one below the hill was laid,  
Reserved for rescue and for aid ;

And three, advanced, form'd vaward-  
line,

'Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's  
shrine.

Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh  
As well might mutual aid supply.

Beyond, the Southern host appears,  
A boundless wilderness of spears,  
Whose verge or rear the anxious eye  
Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy.<sup>413</sup>

Thick flashing in the evening beam,  
Glaives, lances, bills, and banners  
gleam ;

And where the heaven join'd with the  
hill,

Was distant armour flashing still,  
So wide, so far, the boundless host  
Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

## XI.

Down from the hill the maiden pass'd,  
At the wild show of war aghast ;  
And traversed first the rearward  
host.

Reserved for aid where needed most.  
The men of Carrick and of Ayr,  
Lennox and Lanark, too, were there,  
And all the western land ;

With these the valiant of the Isles  
Beneath their chieftains rank'd their  
files,<sup>414</sup>

In many a plaided band.  
There, in the centre, proudly raised,  
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,  
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore  
A galley driven by sail and oar.  
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made  
Warriors in mail and plate array'd,  
With the plumed bonnet and the  
plaid

By these Hebrideans worn ;  
But O ! unseem for three long years,  
Dear was the garb of mountaineers  
To the fair Maid of Lorn !  
For one she look'd—but he was far  
Busied amid the ranks of war—

Yet with affection's troubled eye  
 She mark'd his banner boldly fly,  
 Gave on the countless foe a glance,  
 And thought on battle's desperate  
 chance.

## XII.

To centre of the vaward-line  
 Fitz-Louis guided Amadine.  
 Arm'd all on foot, that host appears  
 A serried mass of glimmering spears.  
 There stood the Marchers' warlike  
 band,

The warriors there of Lodon's land ;  
 Ettrick and Liddell bent the yew,  
 A band of archers fierce, though few ;  
 The men of Nith and Annan's vale,  
 And the bold spears of Teviotdale ;—  
 The dauntless Douglas these obey,  
 And the young Stuart's gentle sway.  
 North-eastward by Saint Ninian's  
 shrine,  
 Beneath fierce Randolph's charge,  
 combine

The warriors whom the hardy North,  
 From Tay to Sutherland sent forth.  
 The rest of Scotland's war-array  
 With Edward Bruce to westward lay,  
 Where Bannock, with his broken  
 bank

And deep ravine, protects their flank,  
 Behind them, screen'd by sheltering  
 wood,

The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal,  
 stood :

His men-at-arms bear mace and  
 lance,

And plumes that wave, and helms  
 that glance.

Thus fair divided by the King,  
 Centre, and right, and left-ward  
 wing,

Composed his front ; nor distant far  
 Was strong reserve to aid the war.  
 And 'twas to front of this array,  
 Her guide and Edith made their way.

## XIII.

Here must they pause ; for, in advance  
 As far as one might pitch a lance,  
 The Monarch rode along the van,<sup>415</sup>  
 The foe's approaching force to scan,

His line to marshal and to range,  
 And ranks to square, and fronts to  
 change.

Alone he rode—from head to heel  
 Sheathed in his ready arms of steel ;  
 Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,  
 But, till more near the shock of fight,  
 Reining a palfrey low and light.

A diadem of gold was set  
 Above his bright steel basinet,  
 And clasp'd within its glittering twine  
 Was seen the glove of Argentine ;  
 Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,  
 Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.

He ranged his soldiers for the fight,  
 Accoutred thus, in open sight  
 Of either host. — Three bowshots  
 far,

Paused the deep front of England's  
 war,

And rested on their arms awhile,  
 To close and rank their warlike file,  
 And hold high council, if that night  
 Should view the strife, or dawning  
 light.

## XIV.

O gay, yet tearful to behold,  
 Flashing with steel and rough with  
 gold,

And bristled o'er with bills and  
 spears,

With plumes and pennons waving  
 fair,

Was that bright battle-front ! for  
 there

Rode England's King and peers :  
 And who, that saw that monarch ride,  
 His kingdom battled by his side,  
 Could then his direful doom fore-  
 tell !—

Fair was his seat in knightly selle,  
 And in his sprightly eye was set  
 Some spark of the Plantagenet.  
 Though light and wandering was  
 his glance,

It flash'd at sight of shield and lance.  
 " Know'st thou," he said, " De  
 Argentine,

Yon knight who marshals thus their  
 line ? "

"The tokens on his helmet tell  
The Bruce, my Liege : I know him  
well."—

"And shall the audacious traitor  
brave

The presence where our banners  
wave?"—

"So please my Liege," said Argen-  
tine,

"Were he but horsed on steed like  
mine,

To give him fair and knightly chance,  
I would adventure forth my lance."—

"In battle-day," the King replied,  
"Nice tourney rules are set aside.

—Still must the rebel dare our wrath?  
Set on him—sweep him from our  
path!"

And, at King Edward's signal, soon  
Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry  
Boune.

## XV.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,  
A race renown'd for knightly fame.

He burn'd before his Monarch's eye  
To do some deed of chivalry.

He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his  
lance,

And darted on the Bruce at once.

—As motionless as rocks, that bide

The wrath of the advancing tide,  
The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast  
beat high,

And dazzled was each gazing eye—

The heart had hardly time to think,

The eyelid scarce had time to wink,  
While on the King, like flash of  
flame,

Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse  
came!

The partridge may the falcon mock,  
If that slight palfrey stand the  
shock—

But, swerving from the Knight's  
career,

Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the  
spear.

Onward the baffled warrior bore  
His course—but soon his course was  
o'er!

High in his stirrups stood the King,  
And gave his battle-axe the swing.

Right on De Boune, the whiles he  
pass'd,

Fell that stern dint—the first—the  
last!

Such strength upon the blow was put,  
The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut;

The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,  
Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp,

Springs from the bow the startled  
horse,

Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;  
—First of that fatal field, how soon,

How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

## XVI.

One pitying glance the Monarch sped,  
Where on the field his foe lay dead;

Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head,  
And, pacing back his sober way,

Slowly he gain'd his own array.

There round their King the leaders  
crowd,

And blame his recklessness aloud,

That risk'd 'gainst each adventurous  
spear,

A life so valued and so dear.

His broken weapon's shaft survey'd

The King, and careless answer  
made,—

"My loss may pay my folly's tax;

I've broke my trusty battle axe."

'Twas then Fitz-Louis, bending low,

Did Isabel's commission show;

Edith, disguised at distance stands,

And hides her blushes with her  
hands.

The Monarch's brow has changed its  
hue,

Away the gory axe he threw,

While to the seeming page he drew,  
Clearing war's terrors from his

eye,

Her hand with gentle ease he took,

With such a kind protecting look,

As to a weak and timid boy

Might speak, that elder brother's  
care

And elder brother's love were there.

## XVII.

"Fear not," he said, "young Amadine!"

Then whisper'd, "Still that name be thine.

Fate plays her wonted fantasy,  
Kind Amadine, with thee and me,  
And sends thee here in doubtful hour.  
But soon we are beyond her power;  
For on this chosen battle-plain,  
Victor or vanquish'd, I remain.

Do thou to yonder hill repair;  
The followers of our host are there,  
And all who may not weapons bear.—

Fitz-Louis, have him in thy care.—  
Joyful we meet, if all go well;  
If not, in Arran's holy cell  
Thou must take part with Isabel;  
For brave Lord Ronald, too, hath sworn,

Not to regain the Maid of Lorn,  
(The bliss on earth he covets most,)  
Would he forsake his battle-post,  
Or shun the fortune that may fall  
To Bruce, to Scotland, and to all.—  
But, hark! some news these trumpets tell;

Forgive my haste—farewell!—farewell!"—

And in a lower voice he said,  
"Be of good cheer—farewell, sweet maid!"—

## XVIII.

"What train of dust, with trumpet-sound

And glimmering spears, is wheeling round

Our leftward flank?"<sup>416</sup>—the Monarch cried,

To Moray's Earl who rode beside.  
"Lo! round thy station pass the foes!  
Randolph, thy wreath has lost a rose."

The Earl his visor closed, and said,  
"My wreath shall bloom, or life shall fade.—

Follow, my household!"—And they go

Like lightning on the advancing foe.

"My Liege," said noble Douglas then,

"Earl Randolph has but one to ten:  
Let me go forth his band to aid!"

—"Stir not. The error he hath made,

Let him amend it as he may;  
I will not weaken mine array."

Then loudly rose the conflict cry,  
And Douglas's brave heart swell'd high,—

"My Liege," he said, "with patient ear

I must not Moray's death-knell hear!"—

"Then go—but speed thee back again."

Forth sprung the Douglas with his train:

But, when they won a rising hill,  
He bade his followers hold them still.—

"See, see! the routed Southern fly!  
The Earl hath won the victory.

Lo! where yon steeds run masterless,  
His banner towers above the press.

Rein up; our presence would impair  
The fame we come too late to share."

Back to the host the Douglas rode,  
And soon glad tidings are abroad,

That, Dayncourt by stout Randolph slain,

His followers fled with loosen'd rein.—

That skirmish closed the busy day,  
And couch'd in battle's prompt array,

Each army on their weapons lay.

## XIX.

It was a night of lovely June,  
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,

Demayet smiled beneath her ray;  
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,

And, twined in links of silver bright,  
Her winding river lay.

Ah, gentle planet! other sight  
Shall greet thee next returning night,

Of broken arms and banners tore,  
And marshes dark with human

gore,



And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,  
 And Forth that floats their frequent corse,  
 And many a wounded wretch to plain  
 Beneath thy silver light in vain !  
 But now, from England's host, the cry  
 Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,  
 While from the Scottish legions pass  
 The murmur'd prayer, the early mass !—  
 Here, numbers had presumption given ;  
 There, bands o'er-match'd sought aid from Heaven.

## XX.

On Gillie's-hill, whose height commands  
 The battle-field, fair Edith stands,  
 With serf and page unfit for war,  
 To eye the conflict from afar.  
 O ! with what doubtful agony  
 She sees the dawning tint the sky !—  
 Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,  
 And glistens now Demayet dun ;  
 Is it the lark that carols shrill,  
 Is it the bittern's early hum ?  
 No !—distant, but increasing still,  
 The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,  
 With the deep murmur of the drum.  
 Responsive from the Scottish host,  
 Pipe-clang and bugle sound were toss'd,<sup>417</sup>  
 His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,  
 And started from the ground ;  
 Arm'd and array'd for instant fight,  
 Rose archer, spearman, squire and knight,  
 And in the pomp of battle bright  
 The dread battalia frown'd.

## XXI.

Now onward, and in open view,  
 The countless ranks of England drew,<sup>418</sup>

Dark rolling like the ocean-tide,  
 When the rough west hath chafed  
 his pride,  
 And his deep roar sends challenge wide

To all that bars his way !  
 In front the gallant archers trode,  
 The men-at-arms behind them rode,  
 And midmost of the phalanx broad  
 The Monarch held his sway.  
 Beside him many a war-horse fumes,  
 Around him waves a sea of plumes,  
 Where many a knight in battle known,  
 And some who spurs had first braced on,  
 And deem'd that fight should see them won,

King Edward's hests obey.  
 De Argentine attends his side,  
 With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,  
 Selected champions from the train,  
 To wait upon his bridle-rein.  
 Upon the Scottish foe he gazed—  
 —At once, before his sight amazed,  
 Sunk banner, spear, and shield ;  
 Each weapon-point is downward sent,  
 Each warrior to the ground is bent.  
 “ The rebels, Argentine, repent !  
 For pardon they have kneel'd.”—  
 “ Aye !—but they bend to other powers,  
 And other pardon sue than ours !  
 See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,  
 And blesses them with lifted hands !<sup>419</sup>  
 Upon the spot where they have kneel'd,  
 These men will die, or win the field.”—  
 —“ Then prove we if they die or win !  
 Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin.”

## XXII.

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,  
 Just as the Northern ranks arose,  
 Signal for England's archery  
 To halt and bend their bows.

Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a  
 pace,  
 Glanced at the intervening space,  
 And raised his left hand high ;  
 To the right ear the cords they  
 bring—  
 —At once ten thousand bow-strings  
 ring,  
 Ten thousand arrows fly !  
 Nor paused on the devoted Scot  
 The ceaseless fury of their shot ;  
 As fiercely and as fast,  
 Forth whistling came the gray-goose  
 wing  
 As the wild hailstones pelt and ring  
 Adown December's blast.  
 Nor mountain targe of tough bull-  
 hide,  
 Nor lowland mail, that storm may  
 bide ;  
 Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd  
 pride,  
 If the fell shower may last !  
 Upon the right, behind the wood,  
 Each by his steed dismounted, stood  
 The Scottish chivalry ;—  
 With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,  
 Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce  
 restrain  
 His own keen heart, his eager train,  
 Until the archers gain'd the plain ;  
 Then, " Mount, ye gallants free !"  
 He cried ; and, vaulting from the  
 ground,  
 His saddle every horseman found.  
 On high their glittering crests they  
 toss,  
 As springs the wild-fire from the  
 moss ;  
 The shield hangs down on every  
 breast,  
 Each ready lance is in the rest,  
 And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—  
 " Forth, Marshal ! on the peasant foe !  
 We'll tame the terrors of their bow,  
 And cut the bow-string loose !"<sup>420</sup>

## XXIII.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers'  
 flanks,  
 They rush'd among the archer ranks.

No spears were there the shock to let,  
 No stakes to turn the charge were set,  
 And how shall yeoman's armour  
 slight,  
 Stand the long lance and mace of  
 might ?  
 Or what may their short swords  
 avail,  
 'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of  
 mail ?  
 Amid their ranks the chargers  
 sprung,  
 High o'er their heads the weapons  
 swung,  
 And shriek and groan and vengeful  
 shout  
 Give note of triumph and of rout !  
 Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,  
 Their English hearts the strife made  
 good.  
 Borne down at length on every side,  
 Compell'd to flight, they scatter  
 wide.—  
 Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,  
 And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee !  
 The broken bows of Bannock's shore  
 Shall in the greenwood ring no  
 more !  
 Round Wakefield's merry May-pole  
 now,  
 The maids may twine the summer  
 bough,  
 May northward look with longing  
 glance,  
 For those that wont to lead the  
 dance,  
 For the blithe archers look in vain !  
 Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,  
 Pierced through, trode down, by thou-  
 sands slain,  
 They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

## XXIV.

The King with scorn beheld their  
 flight.  
 " Are these," he said, " our yeomen  
 might ?  
 Each braggart churl could boast  
 before,  
 Twelve Scottish lives his baldric  
 bore !"<sup>421</sup>

Fitter to plunder chase or park,  
Than make a manly foe their mark.—  
Forward, each gentleman and  
knight!

Let gentle blood show generous  
might,

And chivalry redeem the fight!"

To rightward of the wild affray,

The field show'd fair and level way;

But, in mid-space, the Bruce's  
care

Had bored the ground with many a  
pit,

With turf and brushwood hidden yet,

That form'd a ghastly snare.

Rushing, ten thousand horsemen  
came,

With spears in rest, and hearts on  
flame,

That panted for the shock!

With blazing crests and banners  
spread,

And trumpet-clang and clamour  
dread,

The wide plain thunder'd to their  
tread,

As far as Stirling rock.

Down! down! in headlong over-  
throw,<sup>122</sup>

Horseman and horse, the foremost  
go,

Wild floundering on the field!

The first are in destruction's gorge,  
Their followers wildly o'er them

urge;—

The knightly helm and shield,

The mail, the axon, and the spear,

Strong hand, high heart, are useless  
here!

Loud from the mass confused the  
cry

Of dying warriors swells on high,

And steeds that shriek in agony!<sup>123</sup>

They came like mountain-torrent red,

That tumbled o'er its rocky bed;

They broke like that same torrent's  
wave,

When swallow'd by a darksome cave.

Billows on billows burst and boil,

Maintaining still the stern turmoil,

And to their wild and tortured groan

Each adds new terrors of his own!

## XXV.

Too strong in courage and in might  
Was England yet, to yield the fight.

Her noblest all are here;

Names that to fear were never known,

Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,

And Oxford's famed De Vere.

There Gloster plied the bloody sword

And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,

Bottetourt and Sanzavere,

Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came,

And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's  
fame—

Names known too well in Scotland's  
war,

At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,

Blazed broader yet in after years,

At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.

Pembroke with these, and Argentine,

Brought up the rearward battle-line.

With caution o'er the ground they  
tread,

Slippery with blood and piled with  
dead,

Till hand to hand in battle set,

The bills with spears and axes met,

And, closing dark on every side,

Raged the full contest far and wide.

Then was the strength of Douglas  
tried,

Then proved was Randolph's  
generous pride,

And well did Stewart's actions grace  
The sire of Scotland's royal race!

Firmly they kept their ground;

As firmly England onward press'd,

And down went many a noble crest,

And rent was many a valiant breast,

And Slaughter revell'd round.

## XXVI.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was  
set,

Unceasing blow by blow was met;

The groans of those who fell

Were drown'd amid the shriller clang

That from the blades and harness  
rang,

And in the battle-yell.

Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,  
 Both Southron fierce and hardy Scot ;  
 And O ! amid that waste of life,  
 What various motives fired the strife !  
 The aspiring Noble bled for fame,  
 The Patriot for his country's claim ;  
 This Knight his youthful strength to  
 prove,  
 And that to win his lady's love ;  
 Some fought from ruffian thirst of  
 blood,  
 From habit some, or hardihood.  
 But ruffian stern, and soldier good,  
 The noble and the slave,  
 From various cause the same wild  
 road,  
 On the same bloody morning, trode,  
 To that dark inn, the grave !

## XXVII.

The tug of strife to flag begins,  
 Though neither loses yet nor wins.  
 High rides the sun, thick rolls the  
 dust,  
 And feebler speeds the blow and  
 thrust.  
 Douglas leans on his war-sword  
 now,  
 And Randolph wipes his bloody  
 brow ;  
 Nor less had toil'd each Southern  
 knight,  
 From morn till mid-day in the fight.  
 Strong Egremont for air must gasp,  
 Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,  
 And Montague must quit his spear,  
 And sinks thy falchion, bold De  
 Vere !  
 The blows of Berkley fall less fast,  
 And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast  
 Hath lost its lively tone ;  
 Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,  
 And Percy's shout was fainter heard,  
 " My merry-men, fight on ! "

## XXVIII.

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,  
 The slackening of the storm could  
 spy.

" One effort more, and Scotland's  
 free !

Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee  
 Is firm as Ailsa Rock ;

Rush on with Highland sword and  
 targe,

I, with my Carrick spearmen,  
 charge ;

Now, forward to the shock ! " <sup>424</sup>

At once the spears were forward  
 thrown,

Against the sun the broadswords  
 shone ;

The pibroch lent its maddening tone,  
 And loud King Robert's voice was  
 known—

" Carrick, press on—they fail, they  
 fail !

Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,  
 The foe is fainting fast !

Each strike for parent, child, and  
 wife,

For Scotland, liberty, and life,—  
 The battle cannot last ! "

## XXIX.

The fresh and desperate onset bore  
 The foes three furlongs back and  
 more,

Leaving their noblest in their gore.  
 Alone, De Argentine

Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,  
 Gathers the relics of the field,  
 Renews the ranks where they have  
 reel'd,

And still makes good the line.  
 Brief strife, but fierce,—his efforts  
 raise

A bright but momentary blaze.  
 Fair Edith heard the Southron shout,  
 Beheld them turning from the rout,  
 Heard the wild call their trumpets sent.  
 In notes 'twixt triumph and lament,  
 That rallying force, combined anew,  
 Appear'd in her distracted view,

To hem the Islesmen round ;  
 " O God ! the combat they renew,  
 And is no rescue found !

And ye that look thus tamely on,  
 And see your native land o'erthrown,  
 O ! are your hearts of flesh or stone ? "

## XXX.

The multitude that watch'd afar,  
 Rejected from the ranks of war,  
 Had not unmoved beheld the fight,  
 When strove the Bruce for Scotland's  
 right ;  
 Each heart had caught the patriot  
 spark,  
 Old man and stripling, priest and  
 clerk,  
 Bondsman and serf; even female  
 hand  
 Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand ;  
 But, when mute Amadine they  
 heard  
 Give to their zeal his signal-word,  
 A frenzy fired the throng ;  
 "Portents and miracles impeach  
 Our sloth—the dumb our duties  
 teach—  
 And he that gives the mute his  
 speech,  
 Can bid the weak be strong.  
 To us, as to our lords, are given  
 A native earth, a promised heaven ;  
 To us, as to our lords, belongs  
 The vengeance for our nation's  
 wrongs ;  
 The choice, 'twixt death or freedom,  
 warms ;  
 Our breasts as theirs—To arms, to  
 arms !"  
 To arms they flew,—axe, club, or  
 spear,—  
 And mimic ensigns high they rear,<sup>423</sup>  
 And, like a banner'd host afar,  
 Bear down on England's wearied war.

## XXXI.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain,  
 Reproof, command, and counsel  
 vain,  
 The rearward squadrons fled amain,  
 Or made but doubtful stay ;—  
 But when they mark'd the seeming  
 show  
 Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd  
 foe,  
 The boldest broke array.

O give their hapless prince his  
 due!<sup>426</sup>  
 In vain the royal Edward threw  
 His person 'mid the spears,  
 Cried, "Fight!" to terror and  
 despair,  
 Menaced, and wept, and tore his  
 hair,  
 And cursed their caitiff fears ;  
 Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle rein,  
 And forced him from the fatal plain.  
 With them rode Argentine, until  
 They gain'd the summit of the hill,  
 But quitted there the train :—  
 "In yonder field a gage I left,—  
 I must not live of fame bereft ;  
 I needs must turn again.  
 Speed hence, my Liege, for on your  
 trace  
 The fiery Douglas takes the chase,  
 I know his banner well.  
 God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,  
 And many a happier field than this !—  
 Once more, my Liege, farewell."

## XXXII.

Again he faced the battle-field,—  
 Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.  
 "Now then," he said, and couch'd  
 his spear,  
 "My course is run, the goal is near ;  
 One effort more, one brave career,  
 Must close this race of mine."  
 Then in his stirrups rising high,  
 He shouted loud his battle-cry,  
 "Saint James for Argentine !"  
 And, of the bold pursuers, four  
 The gallant knight from saddle bore ;  
 But not unharmed—a lance's point  
 Has found his breastplate's loosen'd  
 joint,  
 An axe has razed his crest ;  
 Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,  
 Who press'd the chase with gory  
 sword,  
 He rode with spear in rest,  
 And through his bloody tartans bored.  
 And through his gallant breast.  
 Nail'd to the earth, the mountaineer  
 Yet writhed him up against the spear,  
 And swung his broadsword round !

—Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way,  
 Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,  
 The blood gush'd from the wound ;  
 And the grim Lord of Colonsay  
 Hath turn'd him on the ground,  
 And laugh'd in death-pang, that his blade  
 The mortal thrust so well repaid.

## XXXIII.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done,  
 To use his conquest boldly won ;  
 And gave command for horse and spear  
 To press the Southron's scatter'd rear,  
 Nor let his broken force combine,  
 —When the war-cry of Argentine  
 Fell faintly on his ear ;  
 "Save, save his life," he cried, "O save  
 The kind, the noble, and the brave !"  
 The squadrons round free passage gave,  
 The wounded knight drew near ;  
 He raised his red-cross shield no more,  
 Helm, cuish, and breastplate stream'd with gore,  
 Yet, as he saw the King advance,  
 He strove even then to couch his lance—  
 The effort was in vain !  
 The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse ;  
 Wounded and weary, in mid course  
 He stumbled on the plain.  
 Then foremost was the generous Bruce  
 To raise his head, his helm to loose ;—  
 "Lord Earl, the day is thine !  
 My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,  
 Have made our meeting all too late :  
 Yet this may Argentine,  
 As boon from ancient comrade, crave—  
 A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave."

## XXXIV.

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp  
 Kindly replied ; but, in his clasp,  
 It stiffen'd and grew cold—  
 "And, O farewell !" the victor cried,  
 "Of chivalry the flower and pride,  
 The arm in battle bold,  
 The courteous mien, the noble race,  
 The stainless faith, the manly face !—  
 Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,  
 For late-wake of De Argentine.  
 O'er better knight on death-bier laid,  
 Torch never gleam'd nor mass was said !"

## XXXV.

Nor for De Argentine alone,  
 Through Ninian's church these torches shone,  
 And rose the death-prayer's awful tone.<sup>427</sup>  
 That yellow lustre glimmer'd pale,  
 On broken plate and bloodied mail,  
 Rent crest and shatter'd coronet,  
 Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret ;  
 And the best names that England knew,  
 Claim'd in the death-prayer dismal due.  
 Yet mourn not, Land of Fame !  
 Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield  
 Retreated from so sad a field,  
 Since Norman William came.  
 Oft may thine annals justly boast  
 Of battles stern by Scotland lost ;  
 Grudge not her victory,  
 When for her freeborn rights she strove ;  
 Rights dear to all who freedom love,  
 To none so dear as thee !

## XXXVI.

Turn we to Bruce, whose curious ear  
 Must from Fitz-Louis tidings hear ;  
 With him, a hundred voices tell  
 Of prodigy and miracle,

"For the mute page had spoke."—  
"Page!" said Fitz-Louis, "rather  
say,

An angel sent from realms of day,  
To burst the English yoke.  
I saw his plume and bonnet drop,  
When hurrying from the mountain  
top;

A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,  
To his bright eyes new lustre gave,  
A step as light upon the green,  
As if his pinions waved unseen!"—

"Spoke he with none?"—"With  
none—one word

Burst when he saw the Island Lord,  
Returning from the battle-field."—

"What answer made the Chief?"  
—"He kneel'd,

Durst not look up, but mutter'd low,  
Some mingled sounds that none  
might know,

And greeted him 'twixt joy and fear,  
As being of superior sphere."

## XXXVII.

Even upon Bannock's bloody plain,  
Heap'd then with thousands of the  
slain,

'Mid victor monarch's musings high,  
Mirth laugh'd in good King Robert's  
eye.

"And bore he such angelic air,  
Such noble front, such waving hair?  
Hath Ronald kneel'd to him?" he said,  
"Then must we call the church to  
aid—

Our will be to the Abbot known,  
Ere these strange news are wider  
blown,

To Cambuskenneth straight ye pass,  
And deck the church for solemn mass,  
To pay for high deliverance given,  
A nation's thanks to gracious Heaven.  
Let him array, besides, such state,  
As should on princes' nuptials wait.

Ourselves the cause, through fortune's  
spite,

That once broke short that spousal  
rite,

Ourselves will grace, with early morn,  
The bridal of the Maid of Lorn."

## CONCLUSION.

Go forth, my Song, upon thy  
venturous way;

Go boldly forth; nor yet thy master  
blame,

Who chose no patron for his  
humble lay,

And graced thy numbers with no  
friendly name,

Whose partial zeal might smooth  
thy path to fame.

*There was*—and O! how many  
sorrows crowd

Into these two brief words!—*there  
was* a claim

By generous friendship given—had  
fate allow'd,

It well had bid thee rank the proudest  
of the proud!

All angel now—yet little less than  
all,

While still a pilgrim in our world  
below!

What 'vails it us that patience to  
recall,

Which hid its own to soothe all  
other woe;

What 'vails to tell, how Virtue's  
purest glow

Shone yet more lovely in a form so  
fair:

And, least of all, what 'vails the  
world should know,

That one poor garland, twined to  
deck thy hair,

Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop  
and wither there!

# THE FIELD OF WATERLOO:

A POEM.

Though Valois braved young Edward's gentle hand,  
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,  
With Europe's chosen sons, in arms renown'd,  
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,  
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd,—  
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound.

AKENSIDE.

TO

HER GRACE

THE

DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON,

PRINCESS OF WATERLOO,

&c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

---

## ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be some apology for the imperfections of this poem, that it was composed hastily, and during a short tour upon the Continent, when the Author's labours were liable to frequent interruption; but its best apology is, that it was written for the purpose of assisting the Waterloo Subscription.

ABBOTSFORD, 1815.

I.

FAIR Brussels, thou art far behind,  
Though, lingering on the morning  
wind,

We yet may hear the hour  
Peal'd over orchard and canal,  
With voice prolong'd and measured  
fall,

From proud St. Michael's tower;  
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us  
now,

Where the tall beeches' glossy bough  
For many a league around,

With birch and darksome oak be-  
tween,

Spreads deep and far a pathless  
screen,

Of tangled forest ground.  
Stems planted close by stems  
defy

The adventurous foot—the curious  
eye

For access seeks in vain;  
And the brown tapestry of leaves,  
Strew'd on the blighted ground, re-  
ceives

Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.



No opening glade dawns on our way,  
 No streamlet, glancing to the ray,  
 Our woodland path has cross'd ;  
 And the straight causeway which we tread,  
 Prolongs a line of dull arcade,  
 Unvarying through the unvaried shade  
 Until in distance lost.

## II.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds ;  
 In groups the scattering wood recedes,  
 Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,  
 And corn-fields, glance between ;  
 The peasant, at his labour blithe,  
 Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe :—<sup>128</sup>

But when these ears were green,  
 Placed close within destruction's scope,  
 Full little was that rustic's hope  
 Their ripening to have seen !  
 And, lo, a hamlet and its fane :—  
 Let not the gazer with disdain  
 Their architecture view ;  
 For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,  
 And disproportion'd spire, are thine,  
 Immortal WATERLOO !

## III.

Fear not the heat, though full and high  
 The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky,  
 And scarce a forest straggler now  
 To shade us spreads a greenwood bough ;  
 These fields have seen a hotter day  
 Than e'er was fired by sunny ray.  
 Yet one mile on—yon shatter'd hedge  
 Crests the soft hill whose long smooth ridge  
 Looks on the field below,  
 And sinks so gently on the dale,  
 That not the folds of Beauty's veil  
 In easier curves can flow.

SC.

Brief space from thence, the ground again  
 Ascending slowly from the plain,  
 Forms an opposing screen,  
 Which, with its crest of upland ground,  
 Shuts the horizon all around.  
 The soften'd vale between  
 Slopes smooth and fair for courser's tread ;  
 Not the most timid maid need dread  
 To give her snow-white palfrey head  
 On that wide stubble-ground ;  
 Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush, are there,  
 Her course to intercept or scare,  
 Nor fosse nor fence are found,  
 Save where, from out her shatter'd bowers,  
 Rise Hougomont's dismantled towers.

## IV.

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene  
 Can tell of that which late hath been ?—  
 A stranger might reply,  
 " The bare extent of stubble-plain  
 Seems lately lighten'd of its grain ;  
 And yonder sable tracks remain  
 Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,  
 When harvest-home was nigh.  
 On these broad spots of trampled ground,  
 Perchance the rustics danced such round  
 As Teniers loved to draw ;  
 And where the earth seems scorch'd by flame,  
 To dress the homely feast they came,  
 And toil'd the kerchief'd village dame  
 Around her fire of straw."

## V.

So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,  
 Of that which is from that which seems :—  
 But other harvest here,

R

Than that which peasant's scythe  
 demands,  
 Was gather'd in by sterner hands,  
 With bayonet, blade, and spear.  
 No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,  
 No stinted harvest thin and cheap !  
 Heroes before each fatal sweep  
 Fell thick as ripen'd grain ;  
 And ere the darkening of the day,  
 Piled high as autumn shocks, there  
 lay  
 The ghastly harvest of the fray,  
 The corpses of the slain.

## VI.

Ay, look again—that line, so black  
 And trampled, marks the bivouac,  
 Yon deep-graved ruts the artillery's  
 track,  
 So often lost and won ;  
 And close beside, the harden'd mud  
 Still shows where, fetlock-deep in  
 blood,  
 The fierce dragoon, through battle's  
 flood,  
 Dash'd the hot war-horse on.  
 These spots of excavation tell  
 The ravage of the bursting shell—  
 And feel'st thou not the tainted  
 steam,  
 That reeks against the sultry beam,  
 From yonder trenched mound ?  
 The pestilential fumes declare  
 That Carnage has replenish'd there  
 Her garner-house profound.

## VII.

Far other harvest-home and feast,  
 Than claims the boor from scythe  
 released,  
 On these scorch'd fields were  
 known !  
 Death hover'd o'er the maddening  
 rout,  
 And, in the thrilling battle-shout,  
 Sent for the bloody banquet out  
 A summons of his own.  
 Through rolling smoke the Demon's  
 eye  
 Could well each destined guest espy,

Well could his ear in ecstasy  
 Distinguish every tone  
 That fill'd the chorus of the fray—  
 From cannon-roar and trumpet-bray  
 From charging squadrons' wild  
 hurra,  
 From the wild clang that mark'd  
 their way,—  
 Down to the dying groan,  
 And the last sob of life's decay.  
 When breath was all but flown.

## VIII.

Feast on, stern foe of mortal life,  
 Feast on!—but think not that a  
 strife,  
 With such promiscuous carnage rife,  
 Protracted space may last ;  
 The deadly tug of war at length  
 Must limits find in human strength,  
 And cease when these are past.  
 Vain hope!—that morn's o'erclouded  
 sun  
 Heard the wild shout of fight begun  
 Ere he attain'd his height,  
 And through the war-smoke,  
 volumed high,  
 Still peals that unremitted cry,  
 Though now he stoops to night.  
 For ten long hours of doubt and  
 dread,  
 Fresh succours from the extended  
 head  
 Of either hill the contest fed ;  
 Still down the slope they drew,  
 The charge of columns paused not,  
 Nor ceased the storm of shell and  
 shot ;  
 For all that war could do  
 Of skill and force was proved that  
 day,  
 And turn'd not yet the doubtful fray  
 On bloody Waterloo.

## IX.

Pale Brussels ! then what thoughts  
 were thine,<sup>420</sup>  
 When ceaseless from the distant line  
 Continued thunders came !

Each burgher held his breath, to hear  
 These forerunners of havoc near,  
 Of rapine and of flame.  
 What ghastly sights were thine to meet,  
 When rolling through thy stately street,  
 The wounded show'd their mangled plight  
 In token of the unfinish'd fight,  
 And from each anguish-laden wain  
 The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain !  
 How often in the distant drum  
 Heard'st thou the fell Invader come,  
 While Ruin, shouting to his band,  
 Shook high her torch and gory brand !—  
 Cheer thee, fair City ! From yon stand,  
 Impatient, still his outstretch'd hand  
 Points to his prey in vain,  
 While maddening in his eager mood,  
 And all unwont to be withstood,  
 He fires the fight again.

## X.

“On ! On !” was still his stern  
 exclaim ;<sup>430</sup>  
 “Confront the battery's jaws of  
 flame !  
 Rush on the levell'd gun !  
 My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance !  
 Each Hulan forward with his lance,  
 My Guard—my Chosen—charge for  
 France  
 France and Napo'leon !”  
 Loud answer'd their acclaiming  
 shout,  
 Greeting the mandate which sent  
 out  
 Their bravest and their best to dare  
 The fate their leader shunn'd to  
 share.<sup>431</sup>  
 But HE, his country's sword and  
 shield,  
 Still in the battle-front reveal'd,  
 Where danger fiercest swept the  
 field,  
 Came like a beam of light,

In action prompt, in sentence brief—  
 “Soldiers, stand firm,” exclaim'd  
 the Chief,  
 “England shall tell the fight !”<sup>432</sup>

## XI.

On came the whirlwind—like the  
 last  
 But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast—  
 On came the whirlwind—steel-  
 gleams broke  
 Like lightning through the rolling  
 smoke ;  
 The war was waked anew,  
 Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd  
 loud,  
 And from their throats, with flash  
 and cloud,  
 Their showers of iron threw.  
 Beneath their fire, in full career,  
 Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,  
 The lancer couch'd his ruthless  
 spear,  
 And hurrying as to havoc near,  
 The cohorts' eagles flew.  
 In one dark torrent, broad and  
 strong,  
 The advancing onset roll'd along,  
 Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,  
 That, from the shroud of smoke and  
 flame,  
 Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

## XII.

But on the British heart were lost  
 The terrors of the charging host ;  
 For not an eye the storm that view'd  
 Changed its proud glance of fortitude,  
 Nor was one forward footstep staid,  
 As dropp'd the dying and the dead.  
 Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,  
 Fast they renew'd each serried  
 square ;  
 And on the wounded and the slain  
 Closed their diminish'd files again,  
 Till from their line scarce spears'  
 lengths three  
 Emerging from the smoke they see  
 Helmet, and plume, and panoply,—  
 Then waked their fire at once !

Each musketeer's revolving knell,  
As fast, as regularly fell,  
As when they practise to display  
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,  
Down were the eagle banners sent,  
Down reeling steeds and riders  
went,  
Corslets were pierced, and pennons  
rent ;

And, to augment the fray,  
Wheel'd full against their staggering  
flanks,  
The English horsemen's foaming  
ranks

Forced their resistless way.  
Then to the musket-knell succeeds  
The clash of swords—the neigh of  
steeds—

As plies the smith his changing  
trade,<sup>433</sup>

Against the cuirass rang the blade ;  
And while amid their close array  
The well-served cannon rent their  
way,

And while amid their scatter'd band  
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,  
Recoil'd in common rout and fear,  
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,  
Horsemen and foot—a mingled host,  
Their leaders fall'n, their standards  
lost.

## XIII.

Then, WELLINGTON ! thy piercing eye  
This crisis caught of destiny—

The British host had stood  
That morn 'gainst charge of sword  
and lance

As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,  
But when thy voice had said,  
“Advance !”

They were their ocean's flood.—  
O Thou, whose inauspicious aim  
Hath wrought thy host this hour of  
shame,  
Think'st thou thy broken bands will  
bide

The terrors of yon rushing tide ?  
Or will thy chosen brook to feel  
The British shock of levell'd steel,<sup>434</sup>

Or dost thou turn thine eye

Where coming squadrons gleam afar,  
And fresher thunders wake the war,

And other standards fly ?—  
Think not that in yon columns, file  
Thy conquering troops from Distant  
Dyle—

Is Blucher yet unknown ?  
Or dwells not in thy memory still,  
(Heard frequent in thine hour of  
ill,)

What notes of hate and vengeance  
thrill

In Prussia's trumpet tone ?—  
What yet remains ?—shall it be thine  
To head the relics of thy line

In one dread effort more ?—  
The Roman lore thy leisure loved,  
And thou canst tell what fortune  
proved

That Chieftain, who, of yore,  
Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd,  
And with the gladiators' aid  
For empire enterprised—

He stood the cast his rashness play'd,  
Left not the victims he had made,  
Dug his red grave with his own  
blade

And on the field he lost was laid,  
Abhorr'd—but not despised.

## XIV.

But if revolves thy fainter thought  
On safety—howsoever bought,—  
Then turn thy fearful rein and ride.  
Though twice ten thousand men have  
died

On this eventful day,  
To gild the military fame  
Which thou, for life, in traffic tame  
Wilt barter thus away.

Shall future ages tell this tale  
Of inconsistency faint and frail ?  
And art thou He of Lodi's bridge,  
Marengo's field, and Wagram's  
ridge !

Or is thy soul like mountain-tide,  
That, swell'd by winter storm and  
shower,  
Rolls down in turbulence of power,  
A torrent fierce and wide ;

Left of these aids, a rill obscure,  
Shrinking unnoticed, mean and poor,  
Whose channel shows display'd  
The wrecks of its impetuous course,  
But not one symptom of the force  
By which these wrecks were made !

## XV.

Spur on thy way !—since now thine  
ear  
Has brook'd thy veterans' wish to  
hear,

Who, as thy flight they eyed,  
Exclaim'd,—while tears of anguish  
came,

Wrung forth by pride, and rage, and  
shame,—

“O, that he had but died !”  
But yet, to sum this hour of ill,  
Look, ere thou leavest the fatal hill,

Back on yon broken ranks—  
Upon whose wild confusion gleams  
The moon, as on the troubled streams  
When rivers break their banks,  
And, to the ruin'd peasant's eye,  
Objects half seen roll swiftly by,

Down the dread current hur'd—  
So mingle banner, wain, and gun,  
Where the tumultuous flight rolls on  
Of warriors, who, when morn begun,  
Defied a banded world.

## XVI.

List—frequent to the hurrying rout,  
The stern pursuers' vengeful shout  
Tells, that upon their broken rear  
Rages the Prussian's bloody spear.

So fell a shriek was none,  
When Beresina's icy flood  
Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and  
blood,

And, pressing on thy desperate way,  
Raised oft and long their wild hurra,  
The children of the Don.

Thine ear no yell of horror cleft  
So ominous, when, all bereft  
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—  
Ay, left by thee—found soldier's  
grave

In Leipsic's corpse-encumber'd wave.

Fate, in those various perils past,  
Reserved thee still some future cast ;  
On the dread die thou now hast  
thrown,

Hangs not a single field alone,  
Nor one campaign—thy martial  
fame,

Thy empire, dynasty, and name,  
Have felt the final stroke ;

And now, o'er thy devoted head  
The last stern vial's wrath is shed,  
The last dread seal is broke.

## XVII.

Since live thou wilt—refuse not  
now

Before these demagogues to bow,  
Late objects of thy scorn and hate,  
Who shall thy once imperial fate  
Make wordy theme of vain debate.—  
Or shall we say, thou stoop'st less  
low

In seeking refuge from the foe,  
Against whose heart, in prosperous  
life,

Thine hand hath ever held the knife ?  
Such homage hath been paid  
By Roman and by Grecian voice,  
And there were honour in the choice,  
If it were freely made.

Then safely come—in one so low,—  
So lost,—we cannot own a foe ;  
Though dear experience bid us end,  
In thee we ne'er can hail a friend.—  
Come, howsoe'er—but do not hide  
Close in thy heart that germ of  
pride,

Erewhile, by gifted bard espied,  
That “yet imperial hope ;”  
Think not that for a fresh rebound,  
To raise ambition from the ground,  
We yield thee means or scope.

In safety come—but ne'er again  
Hold type of independent reign ;  
No islet calls thee lord,

We leave thee no confederate band,  
No symbol of thy lost command,  
To be a dagger in the hand  
From which we wrench'd the  
sword.

## XVIII.

Yet, even in yon sequester'd spot,  
 May worthier conquest be thy lot  
 Than yet thy life has known ;  
 Conquest, unbought by blood or  
 harm,  
 That needs nor foreign aid nor arm,  
 A triumph all thine own.  
 Such waits thee when thou shalt  
 control  
 Those passions wild, that stubborn  
 soul,  
 That marr'd thy prosperous  
 scene :—  
 Hear this—from no unmoved heart,  
 Which sighs, comparing what THOU  
 ART  
 With what thou MIGHT'ST HAVE  
 BEEN !

## XIX.

Thou, too, whose deeds of fame re-  
 new'd  
 Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,  
 To thine own noble heart must owe  
 More than the meed she can bestow.  
 For not a people's just acclaim,  
 Not the full hail of Europe's fame,  
 Thy Prince's smiles, thy State's decree  
 The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,  
 Not these such pure delight afford  
 As that, when hanging up thy sword,  
 Well may'st thou think, "This  
 honest steel  
 Was ever drawn for public weal ;  
 And, such was rightful Heaven's  
 decree,  
 Ne'er sheathed unless with victory !"

## XX.

Look forth, once more, with soften'd  
 heart,  
 Ere from the field of fame we part ;  
 Triumph and Sorrow border near,  
 And joy oft melts into a tear.  
 Alas ! what links of love that morn  
 Has War's rude hand asunder torn !  
 For ne'er was field so sternly fought,  
 And ne'er was conquest dearer  
 bought

Here piled in common slaughter  
 sleep  
 Those whom affection long shall  
 weep :  
 Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall  
 strain  
 His orphans to his heart again ;  
 The son, whom, on his native shore,  
 The parent's voice shall bless no  
 more ;  
 The bridegroom, who has hardly  
 press'd  
 His blushing consort to his breast ;  
 The husband, whom through many  
 a year  
 Long love and mutual faith endear.  
 Thou canst not name one tender tie,  
 But here dissolved its relics lie !  
 O ! when thou see'st some mourner's  
 veil  
 Shroud her thin form and visage  
 pale,  
 Or mark'st the Matron's bursting  
 tears  
 Stream when the stricken drum she  
 hears ;  
 Or see'st how manlier grief, sup-  
 press'd,  
 Is labouring in a father's breast,—  
 With no enquiry vain pursue  
 The cause, but think on Waterloo !

## XXI.

Period of honour as of woes,  
 What bright careers 'twas thine to  
 close !—  
 Mark'd on thy roll of blood what  
 names  
 To Briton's memory, and to Fame's,  
 Laid there their last immortal claims !  
 Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire  
 Redoubted PICTON's soul of fire—  
 Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie  
 All that of PONSONBY could die—  
 DE LANCEY change Love's bridal-  
 wreath,  
 For laurels from the hand of Death—  
 Saw'st gallant MILLER's failing eye  
 Still bent where Albion's banners fly,  
 And CAMERON, in the shock of steel,  
 Die like the offspring of Lochiel ;

And generous GORDON, 'mid the  
 strife,  
 Fall while he watch'd his leader's  
 life,—  
 Ah! though her guardian angel's  
 shield  
 Fenced Britain's hero through the  
 field,  
 Fate not the less her power made  
 known,  
 Through his friends' hearts to pierce  
 his own!

## XXII.

Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect  
 lay:  
 Who may your names, your numbers,  
 say?  
 What high-strung harp, what lofty  
 line,  
 To each the dear-earn'd praise  
 assign,  
 From high-born chiefs of martial  
 fame  
 To the poor soldier's lowlier name?  
 Lightly ye rose that dawning-day,  
 From your cold couch of swamp and  
 clay,  
 To fill, before the sun was low,  
 The bed that morning cannot  
 know.—  
 Oft may the tear the green sod steep,  
 And sacred be the heroes' sleep,  
 Till time shall cease to run;  
 And ne'er beside their noble grave,  
 May Briton pass and fail to crave  
 A blessing on the fallen brave  
 Who fought with Wellington!

## XXIII.

Farewell, sad Field: whose blighted  
 face  
 Wears desolation's withering trace;  
 Long shall my memory retain  
 Thy shatter'd huts and trampled  
 grain,  
 With every mark of martial wrong,  
 That scathe thy towers, fair Houg-  
 mont!

Yet though thy garden's green  
 arcade  
 The marksman's fatal post was  
 made,  
 Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell  
 The blended rage of shot and shell,  
 Though from thy blacken'd portals  
 torn,  
 Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees  
 mourn,  
 Has not such havoc bought a name  
 Immortal in the rolls of fame?  
 Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,  
 And Cressy be an unknown spot,  
 And Blenheim's name be new;  
 But still in story and in song,  
 For many an age remember'd long,  
 Shall live the towers of Hougomont  
 And Field of Waterloo.

## CONCLUSION.

STERN tide of human Time! that  
 know'st not rest,  
 But, sweeping from the cradle to  
 the tomb,  
 Bear'st ever downward on thy  
 dusky breast  
 Successive generations to their  
 doom;  
 While thy capacious stream has  
 equal room  
 For the gay bark where Pleasure's  
 streamers sport,  
 And for the prison-ship of guilt  
 and gloom,  
 The fisher-skiff, and barge that  
 bears a court,  
 Still waiting onward all to one dark  
 silent port;—

Stern tide of Time! through what  
 mysterious change  
 Of hope and fear have our frail  
 barks been driven!  
 For ne'er, before, vicissitude so  
 strange  
 Was to one race of Adam's off-  
 spring given.  
 And sure such varied change of  
 sea and heaven,

Such unexpected bursts of joy and  
 woe,  
 Such fearful strife as that where  
 we have striven,  
 Succeeding ages ne'er again shall  
 know,  
 Until the awful term when Thou  
 shalt cease to flow !

Well hast thou stood, my Country !  
 —the brave fight  
 Hast well maintain'd through good  
 report and ill ;  
 In thy just cause and in thy native  
 might,  
 And in Heaven's grace and justice  
 constant still ;  
 Whether the banded prowess,  
 strength, and skill  
 Of half the world against thee  
 stood array'd,  
 Or when, with better views and  
 freer will,  
 Beside thee Europe's noblest drew  
 the blade,  
 Each emulous in arms the Ocean  
 Queen to aid.

Well art thou now repaid—though  
 slowly rose,  
 And struggled long with mists thy  
 blaze of fame,  
 While like the dawn that in the  
 orient glows  
 On the broad wave its earlier  
 lustre came ;  
 Then eastern Egypt saw the grow-  
 ing flame,  
 And Maida's myrtles glean'd  
 beneath its ray,  
 Where first the soldier, stung with  
 generous shame

Rivall'd the heroes of the wat'ry  
 way,  
 And wash'd in foemen's gore unjust  
 reproach away.

Now, Island Empress, wave thy  
 crest on high,  
 And bid the banner of thy Patron  
 flow,  
 Gallant Saint George, the flower  
 of Chivalry,  
 For thou hast faced, like him, a  
 dragon foe,  
 And rescued innocence from over-  
 throw,  
 And trampled down, like him,  
 tyrannic might,  
 And to the gazing world mayst  
 proudly show  
 The chosen emblem of thy sainted  
 Knight,  
 Who quell'd devouring pride, and  
 vindicated right.

Yet 'mid the confidence of just  
 renown,  
 Renown dear-bought, but dearest  
 thus acquired,  
 Write, Britain, write the moral  
 lesson down :  
 'Tis not alone the heart with valour  
 fired,  
 The discipline so dreaded and  
 admired,  
 In many a field of bloody conquest  
 known ;  
 —Such may by fame be lured, by  
 gold be hired—  
 'Tis constancy in the good cause  
 alone,  
 Best justifies the meed thy valiant  
 sons have won.



# HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS:

## A POEM IN SIX CANTOS.

### INTRODUCTION.

THERE is a mood of mind, we all  
have known  
On drowsy eve, or dark and low'r-  
ing day,  
When the tired spirits lose their  
sprightly tone,  
And nought can chase the lingering  
hours away.  
Dull on our soul falls Fancy's  
dazzling ray,  
And wisdom holds his steadier  
torch in vain,  
Obscured the painting seems, mis-  
tuned the lay,  
Nor dare we of our listless load  
complain,  
For who for sympathy may seek that  
cannot tell of pain?

The jolly sportsman knows such  
drearhood,  
When bursts in deluge the  
autumnal rain,  
Clouding that morn which threatens  
the heath-cock's brood ;  
Of such, in summer's drought, the  
anglers plain,  
Who hope the soft mild southern  
shower in vain ;  
But, more than all, the discontented  
fair,  
Whom father stern, and sterner  
aunt, restrain  
From county-ball, or race occur-  
ring rare,  
While all her friends around their  
vestments gay prepare.

Ennuï !—or, as our mothers call'd  
thee, Spleen !  
To thee we owe full many a rare  
device ;—

Thine is the sheaf of painted cards,  
I ween,  
The rolling billiard-ball, the rattl-  
ing dice,  
The turning-lathe for framing  
gimcrack nice ;  
The amateur's blotch'd pallet thou  
mayst claim,  
Retort, and air-pump, threatening  
frogs and mice,  
(Murders disguised by philosophic  
name,)  
And much of trifling grave, and much  
of buxom game.

Then of the books, to catch thy  
drowsy glance  
Compiled, what bard the catalogue  
may quote !  
Plays, poems, novels, never read  
but once ;—  
But not of such the tale fair Edge-  
worth wrote,  
That bears thy name, and is thine  
antidote ;  
And not of such the strain my  
Thomson sung,  
Dilicious dreams inspiring by his  
note,  
What time to Indolence his harp  
he strung ;—  
Oh ! might my lay be rank'd that  
happier list among !

Each hath his refuge whom thy  
cares assail.  
For me, I love my study-fire to  
trim,  
And con right vacantly some idle  
tale,  
Displaying on the couch each list-  
less limb,

Till on the drowsy page the lights  
grow dim,  
And doubtful slumber half supplies  
the theme ;  
While antique shapes of knight and  
giant grim,  
Damsel and dwarf, in long pro-  
cession gleam,  
And the Romancer's tale becomes the  
Reader's dream.

'Tis thus my malady I well may  
bear,  
Albeit outstretch'd, like Pope's own  
Paridel,  
Upon the rack of a too-easy chair ;  
And find, to cheat the time, a  
powerful spell  
In old romaunts of errantry that tell,  
Or later legends of the Fairy-folk,  
Or Oriental tale of Afrite fell,  
Of Genii, Talisman, and broad-  
wing'd Roc,  
Though taste may blush and frown,  
and sober reason mock.

Oft at such season, too, will  
rhymes unsought  
Arrange themselves in some  
romantic lay ;  
The which, as things unfitting  
graver thought,  
Are burnt or blotted on some wiser  
day.—  
These few survive—and proudly let  
me say,  
Court not the critic's smile, nor  
dread his frown ;  
They well may serve to while an  
hour away,  
Nor does the volume ask for more  
renown,  
Than Ennui's yawning smile, what  
time she drops it down.

### CANTO FIRST.

#### I.

LIST to the valorous deeds that were  
done  
By Harold the Dauntless, Count  
Witikind's son !

Count Witikind came of a regal  
strain,  
And roved with his Norsemen the  
land and the main.  
Woe to the realms which he coasted !  
for there  
Was shedding of blood, and rending  
of hair,  
Rape of maiden, and slaughter of  
priest,  
Gathering of ravens and wolves to  
the feast :  
When he hoisted his standard black,  
Before him was battle, behind him  
wrack,  
And he burn'd the churches, that  
heathen Dane,  
To light his hand to their barks  
again.

#### II.

On Erin's shores was his outrage  
known,  
The winds of France had his banners  
blown ;  
Little was there to plunder, yet still  
His pirates had foray'd on Scottish  
hill :  
But upon merry England's coast  
More frequent he sail'd, for he won  
the most.  
So wide and so far his ravage they  
knew,  
If a sail but gleam'd white 'gainst  
the welkin blue,  
Trumpet and bugle to arms did  
call,  
Burghers hasten'd to man the  
wall,  
Peasants fled inland his fury to  
'scape,  
Beacons were lighted on headland  
and cape,  
Bells were toll'd out, and aye as they  
rung  
Fearful and faintly the gray brothers  
sung,  
" Bless us, St. Mary, from flood and  
from fire,  
From famine and pest, and Count  
Witikind's ire ! "

## III.

He liked the wealth of fair England  
 so well,  
 That he sought in her bosom as  
 native to dwell.  
 He enter'd the Humber in fearful  
 hour,  
 And disembark'd with his Danish  
 power.  
 Three Earls came against him with  
 all their train,—  
 Two hath he taken, and one hath he  
 slain.  
 Count Witikind left the Humber's  
 rich strand,  
 And he wasted and warr'd in  
 Northumberland.  
 But the Saxon King was a sire  
 in age,  
 Weak in battle, in council sage ;  
 Peace of that heathen leader he  
 sought,  
 Gifts he gave, and quiet he bought ;  
 And the Count took upon him the  
 peaceable style  
 Of a vassal and liegeman of Britain's  
 broad isle.

## IV.

Time will rust the sharpest sword,  
 Time will consume the strongest  
 cord ;  
 That which moulders hemp and steel,  
 Mortal arm and nerve must feel.  
 Of the Danish band, whom Count  
 Witikind led,  
 Many wax'd aged, and many were  
 dead :  
 Himself found his armour full  
 weighty to bear,  
 Wrinkled his brows grew, and hoary  
 his hair ;  
 He lean'd on a staff, when his step  
 went abroad,  
 And patient his palfrey, when steed  
 he bestrode.  
 As he grew feebler, his wildness  
 ceased,  
 He made himself peace with prelate  
 and priest,—

Made his peace, and, stooping his  
 head,  
 Patiently listed the counsel they said :  
 Saint Cuthbert's Bishop was holy  
 and grave,  
 Wise and good was the counsel  
 he gave.

## V.

"Thou hast murder'd, robb'd, and  
 spoil'd,  
 Time it is thy poor soul were  
 assoild ;  
 Priests didst thou slay, and churches  
 burn,  
 Time it is now to repentance to turn ;  
 Fiends hast thou worshipp'd, with  
 fiendish rite,  
 Leave now the darkness, and wend  
 into light :  
 O ! while life and space are given,  
 Turn thee yet, and think of Heaven !"  
 That stern old heathen his head he  
 raised,  
 And on the good prelate he stedfastly  
 gazed ;  
 "Give me broad lands on the Wear  
 and the Tyne,  
 My faith I will leave, and I'll cleave  
 unto thine."

## VI.

Broad lands he gave him on Tyne  
 and Wear,  
 To be held of the church by bridle  
 and spear ;  
 Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tyne-  
 dale part,  
 To better his will, and to soften his  
 heart :  
 Count Witikind was a joyful man,  
 Less for the faith than the lands  
 that he wan.  
 The high church of Durham is  
 dress'd for the day,  
 The clergy are rank'd in their solemn  
 array :  
 There came the Count, in a bear-  
 skin warm,  
 Leaning on Hilda his concubine's  
 arm.

He kneel'd before Saint Cuthbert's shrine,  
 With patience unwonted at rites divine ;  
 He abjured the gods of heathen race,  
 And he bent his head at the font of grace.  
 But such was the grisly old proselyte's look,  
 That the priest who baptized him grew pale and shook ;  
 And the old monks mutter'd beneath their hood,  
 "Of a stem so stubborn can never spring good !"

## VII.

Up then arose that grim convertite,  
 Homeward he hied him when ended the rite :  
 The Prelate in honour will with him ride,  
 And feast in his castle on Tyne's fair side.  
 Banners and banderols danced in the wind,  
 Monks rode before them, and spear-men behind ;  
 Onward they pass'd, till fairly did shine  
 Pennon and cross on the bosom of Tyne ;  
 And full in front did that fortress lower,  
 In darksome strength with its buttress and tower :  
 At the castle gate was young Harold there,  
 Count Witikind's only offspring and heir.

## VIII.

Young Harold was fear'd for his hardihood,  
 His strength of frame, and his fury of mood.  
 Rude he was and wild to behold,  
 Wore neither collar nor bracelet of gold,  
 Cap of vair nor rich array,  
 Such as should grace that festal day :

His doublet of bull's hide was all unbraced,  
 Uncover'd his head, and his sandal unlaced :  
 His shaggy black locks on his brow hung low,  
 And his eyes glanced through them a swarthy glow ;  
 A Danish club in his hand he bore,  
 The spikes were clotted with recent gore ;  
 At his back a she-wolf, and her wolf-cubs twain,  
 In the dangerous chase that morning slain.  
 Rude was the greeting his father he made,  
 None to the Bishop,—while thus he said :—

## IX.

"What priest-led hypocrite art thou,  
 With thy humbled look and thy monkish brow,  
 Like a shaveling who studies to cheat his vow ?  
 Can'st thou be Witikind the Waster known,  
 Royal Eric's fearless son,  
 Haughty Gunhilda's haughtier lord,  
 Who won his bride by the axe and sword ;  
 From the shrine of St. Peter the chalice who tore,  
 And melted to bracelets for Freya and Thor ;  
 With one blow of his gauntlet who burst the skull,  
 Before Odin's stone, of the Mountain Bull ?  
 Then ye worshipp'd with rites that to war-gods belong,  
 With the deed of the brave, and the blow of the strong ;  
 And now, in thine age to dotage sunk,  
 Wilt thou patter thy crimes to a shaven monk,—  
 Lay down thy mail-shirt for clothing of hair,—  
 Fasting and scourge, like a slave, wilt thou bear ?

Or, at best, be admitted in slothful  
bower  
To batten with priest and with  
paramour?  
Oh! out upon thine endless shame!  
Each Scald's high harp shalt blast  
thy fame,  
And thy son will refuse thee a  
father's name!"

## X.

Ireful wax'd old Witikind's look,  
His faltering voice with fury shook:—  
"Hear me, Harold of harden'd  
heart!  
Stubborn and wilful ever thou wert.  
Thine outrage insane I command  
thee to cease,  
Fear my wrath and remain at  
peace:—  
Just is the debt of repentance I've  
paid,  
Richly the church has a recompense  
made,  
And the truth of her doctrines I prove  
with my blade,  
But reckoning to none of my actions  
I owe,  
And least to my son such accounting  
will show.  
Why speak I to thee of repentance  
or truth,  
Who ne'er from thy childhood knew  
reason or ruth?  
Hence! to the wolf and the bear in  
her den;  
These are thy mates, and not rational  
men."

## XI.

Grimly smiled Harold, and coldly  
replied,  
"We must honour our sires, if we  
fear when they chide.  
For me, I am yet what thy lessons  
have made,  
I was rock'd in a buckler and fed  
from a blade;  
An infant, was taught to clasp hands  
and to shout  
From the roofs of the tower when the  
flame had broke out;

In the blood of slain foemen my finger  
to dip,  
And tinge with its purple my cheek  
and my lip.—  
'Tis thou know'st not truth, that hast  
barter'd in eld,  
For a price, the brave faith that thine  
ancestors held.  
When this wolf,"—and the carcass  
he flung on the plain,—  
"Shall awake and give food to her  
nurslings again,  
The face of his father will Harold  
review;  
Till then, aged Heathen, young  
Christian, adieu!"

## XII.

Priest, monk, and prelate, stood  
aghast,  
As through the pageant the heathen  
pass'd.  
A cross-bearer out of his saddle he  
flung,  
Laid his hand on the pommel, and  
into it sprung.  
Loud was the shriek, and deep the  
groan,  
When the holy sign on the earth was  
thrown!  
The fierce old Count unsheathed his  
brand,  
But the calmer Prelate stay'd his  
hand.  
"Let him pass free!—Heaven knows  
its hour,—  
But he must own repentance's power,  
Pray and weep, and penance bear,  
Ere he hold land by the Tyne and the  
Wear."  
Thus in scorn and in wrath from his  
father is gone  
Young Harold the Dauntless, Count  
Witikind's son.

## XIII.

High was the feasting in Witikind's  
hall,  
Revell'd priests, soldiers, and pagans,  
and all;

And e'en the good Bishop was fain  
to endure  
The scandal, which time and in-  
struction might cure :  
It were dangerous, he deem'd, at  
the first to restrain,  
In his wine and his wassail, a half-  
christen'd Dane.  
The mead flow'd around, and the  
ale was drain'd dry,  
Wild was the laughter, the song,  
and the cry ;  
With Kyrie Eleison, came clamor-  
ously in  
The war-songs of Danesmen, Nor-  
weyan, and Finn,  
Till man after man the contention  
gave o'er,  
Outstretch'd on the rushes that  
strew'd the hall floor ;  
And the tempest within, having  
ceased its wild rout,  
Gave place to the tempest that  
thunder'd without.

## XIV.

Apart from the wassail, in turret  
alone,  
Lay flaxen-hair'd Gunnar, old  
Ermengarde's son ;  
In the train of Lord Harold that  
Page was the first,  
For Harold in childhood had Ermen-  
garde nursed ;  
And grieved was young Gunnar his  
master should roam,  
Unhoused and unfriended, an exile  
from home.  
He heard the deep thunder, the  
plashing of rain,  
He saw the red lightning through  
shot-hole and pane ;  
"And oh !" said the Page, "on the  
shelterless wold  
Lord Harold is wandering in dark-  
ness and cold !  
What though he was stubborn, and  
wayward, and wild,  
He endured me because I was  
Ermengarde's child,—

And often from dawn till the set of  
the sun,  
In the chase, by his stirrup, unbidden  
I run ;  
I would I were older, and knighthood  
could bear,  
I would soon quit the banks of the  
Tyne and the Wear :  
For my mother's command, with her  
last parting breath,  
Bade me follow her nursling in life  
and to death.

## XV.

"It pours and it thunders, it lightens  
amain,  
As if Lok, the Destroyer, had burst  
from his chain !  
Accurs'd by the Church, and expell'd  
by his sire,  
Nor Christian nor Dane give him  
shelter or fire,  
And this tempest what mortal may  
houseless endure ?  
Unaided, unmantled, he dies on the  
moor !  
Whate'er comes of Gunnar, he carries  
not here."  
He leapt from his couch and he  
grasp'd to his spear ;  
Sought the hall of the feast. Un-  
disturb'd by his tread,  
The wassailers slept fast as the sleep  
of the dead :  
"Ungrateful and bestial !" his anger  
broke forth,  
"To forget 'mid your goblets the  
pride of the North !  
And you, ye cowl'd priests, who have  
plenty in store,  
Must give Gunnar for ransom a  
palfrey and ore."

## XVI.

Then, heeding full little of ban or  
of curse,  
He has seized on the Prior of  
Jorvaux's purse :

Saint Meneholt's Abbot next morning  
 has miss'd  
 His mantle, deep furr'd from the  
 cape to the wrist ;  
 The Seneschal's keys from his belt  
 he has ta'en,  
 (Well drench'd on that eve was old  
 Hildebrand's brain.)  
 To the stable-yard he made his way,  
 And mounted the Bishop's palfrey  
 gay,  
 Castle and hamlet behind him has  
 cast,  
 And right on his way to the moor-  
 land has pass'd.  
 Sore snorted the palfrey, unused to  
 face  
 A weather so wild at so rash a pace ;  
 So long he snorted, so loud he  
 neigh'd,  
 There answer'd a steed that was  
 bound beside,  
 And the red flash of lightning show'd  
 there where lay  
 His master, Lord Harold, out-  
 stretch'd on the clay.

## XVII.

Up he started, and thunder'd out,  
 "Stand!"  
 And raised the club in his deadly  
 hand.  
 The flaxen-hair'd Gunnar his purpose  
 told,  
 Show'd the palfrey and proffer'd the  
 gold.  
 "Back, back, and home, thou  
 simple boy!  
 Thou canst not share my grier or  
 joy:  
 Have I not mark'd thee wail and  
 cry  
 When thou hast seen a sparrow die ?  
 And canst thou, as my follower  
 should,  
 Wade ankle-deep through foeman's  
 blood,  
 Dare mortal and immortal foe,  
 The gods above, the fiends below,  
 And man on earth, more hateful still,  
 The very fountain-head of ill ?

Desperate of life, and careless of  
 death,  
 Lover of bloodshed, and slaughter,  
 and scathe,  
 Such must thou be with me to  
 roam,  
 And such thou canst not be—back,  
 and home!"

## XVIII.

Young Gunnar shook like an aspen  
 bough,  
 As he heard the harsh voice and  
 beheld the dark brow,  
 And half he repented his purpose and  
 vow.  
 But now to draw back were bootless  
 shame,  
 And he loved his master, so urged  
 his claim :  
 "Alas! if my arm and my courage  
 be weak,  
 Bear with me a while for old  
 Ermengarde's sake ;  
 Nor deem so lightly of Gunnar's  
 faith,  
 As to fear he would break it for peril  
 of death.  
 Have I not risk'd it to fetch thee this  
 gold,  
 This surcoat and mantle to fence  
 thee from cold ?  
 And, did I bear a baser mind,  
 What lot remains if I stay behind ?  
 The priests' revenge, thy father's  
 wrath,  
 A dungeon, and a shameful death."

## XIX.

With gentler look Lord Harold eyed  
 The Page, then turned his head  
 aside ;  
 And either a tear did his eyelash  
 stain,  
 Or it caught a drop of the passing  
 rain.  
 "Art thou an outcast, then ?" quoth  
 he ;  
 "The meeter page to follow me."

"Twere bootless to tell what climes  
 they sought,  
 Ventures achieved, and battles  
 fought ;  
 How oft with few, how oft alone,  
 Fierce Harold's arm the field hath  
 won.  
 Men swore his eye, that flash'd so  
 red  
 When each other glance was  
 quench'd with dread,  
 Bore oft a light of deadly flame,  
 That ne'er from mortal courage  
 came.  
 Those limbs so strong, that mood so  
 stern,  
 That loved the couch of heath and  
 fern,  
 Afar from hamlet, tower, and town,  
 More than to rest on driven down ;  
 That stubborn frame, that sullen  
 mood,  
 Men deem'd must come of aught but  
 good ;  
 And they whisper'd, the great Master  
 Fiend was at one  
 With Harold the Dauntless, Count  
 Witikind's son.

## XX.

Years after years had gone and fled,  
 The good old Prelate lies lapp'd in  
 lead ;  
 In the chapel still is shown  
 His sculptured form on a marble  
 stone,  
 With staff and ring and scapulaire,  
 And folded hands in the act of prayer.  
 Saint Cuthbert's mitre is resting  
 now  
 On the haughty Saxon, bold Aldin-  
 gar's brow ;  
 The power of his crozier he loved to  
 extend  
 O'er whatever would break, or what-  
 ever would bend ;  
 And now hath he clothed him in  
 cope and in pall,  
 And the Chapter of Durham has met  
 at his call.

"And hear ye not, brethren," the  
 proud Bishop said,  
 "That our vassal, the Danish Count  
 Witikind's dead ?  
 All his gold and his goods hath he  
 given  
 To holy Church for the love of  
 Heaven,  
 And hath founded a chantry with  
 stipend and dole,  
 That priests and that beadsmen may  
 pray for his soul :  
 Harold his son is wandering abroad,  
 Dreaded by man and abhorr'd by  
 God ;  
 Meet it is not, that such should heir  
 The lands of the Church on the Tyne  
 and the Wear,  
 And at her pleasure, her hallow'd  
 hands  
 May now resume these wealthy  
 lands."

## XXI.

Answer'd good Eustace, a canon old,—  
 "Harold is tameless, and furious,  
 and bold ;  
 Ever Renown blows a note of fame,  
 And a note of fear, when she sounds  
 his name :  
 Much of bloodshed and much of  
 scathe  
 Have been their lot who have waked  
 his wrath.  
 Leave him these lands and lordships  
 still,  
 Heaven in its hour may change his  
 will ;  
 But if rest of gold, and of living bare,  
 An evil counsellor is despair."  
 More had he said, but the Prelate  
 frown'd,  
 And murmur'd his brethren who sate  
 around,  
 And with one consent have they  
 given their doom,  
 That the Church should the lands  
 of Saint Cuthbert resume.  
 So will'd the Prelate ; and canon and  
 dean  
 Gave to his judgment their loud  
 amen.



## CANTO SECOND.

## I.

'Tis merry in greenwood,—thus runs  
the old lay,—  
In the gladsome month of lively May,  
When the wild birds' song on stem  
and spray  
Invites to forest bower ;  
Then rears the ash his airy crest,  
Then shines the birch in silver vest,  
And the beech in glistening leaves  
is drest,  
And dark between shows the oak's  
proud breast,  
Like a chieftain's frowning tower ;  
Though a thousand branches join  
their screen,  
Yet the broken sunbeams glance  
between,  
And tip the leaves with lighter green,  
With brighter tints the flower :  
Dull is the heart that loves not then  
The deep recess of the wildwood glen,  
Where roe and red-deer find shelter-  
ing den,  
When the sun is in his power.

## II.

Less merry, perchance, is the fading  
leaf  
That follows so soon on the gather'd  
sheaf,  
When the greenwood loses the  
name ;  
Silent is then the forest bound,  
Save the redbreast's note, and the  
rustling sound  
Of frost-nipt leaves that are dropping  
round  
Or the deep-mouth'd cry of the  
distant hound  
That opens on his game :  
Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,  
Whether the sun in splendour ride,  
And gild its many-colour'd side ;  
Or whether the soft and silvery haze,  
In vapoury folds, o'er the landscape  
strays,  
And half involves the woodland maze,

Like an early widow's veil,  
Where wimpling tissue from the  
gaze  
The form half hides, and half betrays,  
Of beauty wan and pale.

## III.

Fair Metelill was a woodland maid,  
Her father a rover of greenwood  
shade,  
By forest statutes undismay'd,  
Who lived by bow and quiver ;  
Well known was Wulfstane's  
archery,  
By merry Tyne both on moor and lea,  
Through wooded Weardale's glens  
so free,  
Well beside Stanhope's wildwood  
tree,  
And well on Ganlesse river.  
Yet free though he trespass'd on  
woodland game.  
More known and more fear'd was  
the wizard fame  
Of Jutta of Rookhope, the Outlaw's  
dame,  
Fear'd when she frown'd was her eye  
of flame,  
More fear'd when in wrath she  
laugh'd ;  
For then, 'twas said, more fatal true  
To its dread aim her spell-glance  
flew,  
Than when from Wulfstane's bended  
yew  
Sprung forth the gray-goose shaft.

## IV.

Yet had this fierce and dreaded pair,  
So Heaven decreed, a daughter fair,  
None brighter crown'd the bed,  
In Britain's bounds, of peer or prince,  
Nor hath, perchance, a lovelier since  
In this fair isle been bred.  
And nought of fraud, or ire, or ill,  
Was known to gentle Metelill,—  
A simple maiden she ;  
The spells in dimpled smile that lie,  
And a downcast blush, and the darts  
that fly

With the sidelong glance of a hazel  
eye,

Were her arms and witchery.  
So young, so simple was she yet,  
She scarce could childhood's joys for-  
get,

And still she loved, in secret set  
Beneath the greenwood tree,  
To plait the rushy coronet,  
And braid with flowers her locks of  
jet,

As when in infancy ;—  
Yet could that heart, so simple, prove  
The early dawn of stealing love :

Ah ! gentle maid, beware !  
The power who, now so mild a guest,  
Gives dangerous yet delicious zest  
To the calm pleasures of thy breast,  
Will soon, a tyrant o'er the rest,  
Let none his empire share.

## V.

One morn, in kirtle green array'd,  
Deep in the wood the maiden stray'd,  
And, where a fountain sprung,  
She sate her down, unseen, to thread  
The scarlet berry's mimic braid  
And while the beads she strung,  
Like the blithe lark, whose carol gay  
Gives a good-morrow to the day,  
So lightsomely she sung.

## VI.

## Song.

"Lord William was born in gilded  
bower,  
The heir of Wilton's lofty tower ;  
Yet better loves Lord William now  
To roam beneath wild Rookhope's  
brow ;  
And William has lived where ladies  
fair  
With gawds and jewels deck their  
hair,  
Yet better loves the dewdrops still  
That pearl the locks of Metelill.

"The pious Palmer loves, I wis,  
Saint Cuthbert's hallow'd beads to  
kiss ;

But I, though simple girl I be,  
Might have such homage paid to me ;  
For did Lord William see me suit  
This necklace of the bramble's fruit,  
He fain—but must not have his  
will—  
Would kiss the beads of Metelill.

"My nurse has told me many a tale,  
How vows of love are weak and frail ;  
My mother says that courtly youth  
By rustic maid means seldom sooth.  
What should they mean ? it cannot be,  
That such a warning's meant for me,  
For nought—oh ! nought of fraud or  
ill  
Can William mean to Metelill !"

## VII.

Sudden she stops—and starts to feel  
A weighty hand, a glove of steel,  
Upon her shrinking shoulders laid ;  
Fearful she turn'd, and saw, dis-  
may'd,  
A Knight in plate and mail array'd,  
His crest and bearing worn and  
fray'd,  
His surcoat soil'd and riven,  
Form'd like that giant race of yore,  
Whose long-continued crimes out-  
wore

The sufferance of Heaven.  
Stern accents made his pleasure  
known,  
Though then he used his gentlest  
tone :  
"Maiden," he said, "sing forth thy  
glee.  
Start not—sing on—it pleases me."

## VIII.

Secured within his powerful hold,  
'To bend her knee, her hands to fold,  
Was all the maiden might ;  
And "Oh ! forgive," she faintly said,  
"The terrors of a simple maid,  
If thou art mortal wight !  
But if—of such strange tales are told—  
Unearthly warrior of the wold,  
Thou comest to chide mine accents  
bold,

My mother, Jutta, knows the spell,  
At noon and midnight pleasing well

The disembodied ear,  
Oh! let her powerful charms atone  
For aught my rashness may have  
done,

And cease thy grasp of fear."  
Then laugh'd the Knight — his  
laughter's sound

Half in the hollow helmet drown'd;  
His barred visor then he raised,  
And steady on the maiden gazed.  
He smooth'd his brows, as best he  
might,

To the dread calm of autumn night,  
When sinks the tempest roar;  
Yet still the cautious fishers eye  
The clouds, and fear the gloomy sky,  
And haul their barks on shore.

## IX.

"Damsel," he said, "be wise, and  
learn

Matters of weight and deep concern:  
From distant realms I come,  
And, wanderer long, at length have  
plann'd

In this my native Northern land  
To seek myself a home.  
Not that alone—a mate I seek;  
She must be gentle, soft, and meek,—  
No lordly dame for me;  
Myself am something rough of  
mood,

And feel the fire of royal blood,  
And therefore do not hold it good  
To match in my degree.

Then, since coy maidens say my race  
Is harsh, my form devoid of grace,  
For a fair lineage to provide,  
'Tis meet that my selected bride

In lineaments be fair;  
I love thine well—till now I ne'er  
Look'd patient on a face of fear,  
But now that tremulous sob and tear  
Become thy beauty rare.

One kiss—nay, damsel, coy it not!—  
And now go seek thy parents' cot,  
And say, a bridegroom soon I come,  
To woo my love, and bear her home."

## X.

Home sprung the maid without a  
pause,  
As leveret 'scaped from greyhound's  
jaws;

But still she lock'd, howe'er distress'd,  
The secret in her boding breast;  
Dreading her sire, who oft forbade  
Her steps should stray to distant  
glade.

Night came—to her accustom'd nook  
Her distaff aged Jutta took,  
And by the lamp's imperfect glow,  
Rough Wulfstane trimm'd his shafts  
and bow,

Sudden and clamorous, from the  
ground  
Upstart slumbering brach and  
hound;

Loud knocking next the lodge alarms,  
And Wulfstane snatches at his arms,  
When open flew the yielding door,  
And that grim Warrior press'd the  
floor.

## XI.

"All peace be here—What! none  
replies?

Dismiss your fears and your surprise.  
'Tis I—that Maid hath told my tale,—  
Or, trembler, did thy courage fail?  
It recks not—it is I demand  
Fair Metelill in marriage band;  
Harold the Dauntless I; whose name  
Is brave men's boast and caitiffs'  
shame."

The parents sought each other's eyes,  
With awe, resentment, and surprise:  
Wulfstane, to quarrel prompt, began  
The stranger's size and thewes to  
scan;

But as he scann'd, his courage sunk,  
And from unequal strife he shrunk,  
Then forth, to blight and blemish,  
flies

The harmful curse from Jutta's eyes;  
Yet, fatal howsoe'er, the spell  
On Harold innocently fell!  
And disappointment and amaze  
Were in the witch's wilder'd gaze.

## XII.

But soon the wit of woman woke,  
And to the Warrior mild she spoke :  
" Her child was all too young."—

" A toy,  
The refuge of a maiden coy."—  
Again, " A powerful baron's heir  
Claims in her heart an interest  
fair."—

" A trifle—whisper in his ear,  
That Harold is a suitor here !"—  
Baffled at length she sought delay :  
" Would not the Knight till morning  
stay ?

Late was the hour—he there might  
rest

Till morn, their lodge's honour'd  
guest."

Such were her words,—her craft  
might cast,

Her honour'd guest should sleep his  
last :

" No, not to-night—but soon," he  
swore,

" He would return, nor leave them  
more."

The threshold then his huge stride  
cross,

And soon he was in darkness lost.

## XIII.

Appall'd a while the parents stood,  
Then changed their fear to angry  
mood,

And foremost fell their words of ill  
On unresisting Metelill :

Was she not caution'd and forbid,  
Forewarn'd, implored, accused and  
chid,

And must she still to greenwood  
roam,

To marshal such misfortune home ?

" Hence, minion—to thy chamber  
hence—

There prudence learn, and penitence."

She went—her lonely couch to steep

In tears which absent lovers weep ;

Or if she gain'd a troubled sleep,

Fierce Harold's suit was still the  
theme

And terror of her feverish dream.

## XIV.

Scarce was she gone, her dame and  
sire

Upon each other bent their ire ;

" A woodsman thou, and hast a spear,  
And couldst thou such an insult  
bear ?"

Sullen he said, " A man contends  
With men, a witch with sprites and  
fiends,

Not to mere mortal wight belong  
Yon gloomy brow and frame so  
strong.

But thou—is this thy promise fair,  
That your Lord William, wealthy heir  
To Ulrick, Baron of Witton-le-Wear,  
Should Metelill to altar bear ?

Do all the spells thou boast'st as thine  
Serve but to slay some peasant's kine,  
His grain in autumn's storms to  
steep,

Or thorough fog and fen to sweep,  
And hag-ride some poor rustic's  
sleep ?

Is such mean mischief worth the fame  
Of sorceress and witch's name ?

Fame, which with all men's wish  
conspires,

With thy deserts and my desires,  
To damn thy corpse to penal fires ?

Out on thee, witch ! aroint ! aroint !  
What now shall put thy schemes in  
joint ?

What save this trusty arrow's point,  
From the dark dingle when it flies,  
And he who meets it gasps and  
dies."

## XV.

Stern she replied, " I will not wage  
War with thy folly or thy rage ;

But ere the morrow's sun be low,  
Wulfstane of Rookhope, thou shalt  
know,

If I can venge me on a toe.

Believe the while, that whatsoe'er

I spoke, in ire, of bow and spear,

It is not Harold's destiny

The death of pilfer'd deer to die.

But he, and thou, and yon pale  
moon,

(That shall be yet more pallid soon,

Before she sink behind the dell,)  
 Thou, she, and Harold too, shall  
 tell  
 What Jutta knows of charm or  
 spell."  
 Thus muttering, to the door she  
 bent  
 Her wayward steps, and forth she  
 went,  
 And left alone the moody sire,  
 To cherish or to slake his ire.

## XVI.

Far faster than belong'd to age  
 Has Jutta made her pilgrimage.  
 A priest has met her as she pass'd,  
 And cross'd himself and stood aghast :  
 She traced a hamlet—not a cur  
 His throat would ope, his foot would  
 stir ;  
 By crouch, by trembling, and by  
 groan,  
 They made her hated presence  
 known !  
 But when she trode the sable fell,  
 Were wilder sounds her way to tell,—  
 For far was heard the fox's yell,  
 The black-cock waked and faintly  
 crew,  
 Scream'd o'er the moss the scared  
 curlew ;  
 Where o'er the cataract the oak  
 Lay slant, was heard the raven's  
 croak ;  
 The mountain-cat, which sought his  
 prey,  
 Glared, scream'd, and started from  
 her way.  
 Such music cheer'd her journey lone  
 To the deep dell and rocking stone :  
 There, with unhallow'd hymn of  
 praise,  
 She called a God of heathen days.

## XVII.

## Invocation.

"From thy Pomeranian throne,  
 Hewn in rock of living stone,  
 Where, to thy godhead faithful yet,  
 Bend Esthonian, Finn, and Lett,

And their swords in vengeance  
 whet,  
 That shall make thine altars wet,  
 Wet and red for ages more  
 With the Christian's hated gore,—  
 Hear me ! Sovereign of the Rock,  
 Hear me ! mighty Zerneck !

" Mightiest of the mighty known,  
 Here thy wonders have been shown ;  
 Hundred tribes in various tongue  
 Oft have here thy praises sung ;  
 Down that stone with Runic seam'd,  
 Hundred victims' blood hath  
 stream'd !  
 Now one woman comes alone,  
 And but wets it with her own,  
 The last, the feeblest of thy flock,—  
 Hear—and be present, Zerneck !

" Hark ! he comes ! the night-blast  
 cold  
 Wilder sweeps along the wold ;  
 The cloudless moon grows dark and  
 dim,  
 And bristling hair and quaking limb  
 Proclaim the Master Demon nigh,—  
 Those who view his form shall  
 die !  
 Lo ! I stoop and veil my head ;  
 Thou who ridest the tempest dread,  
 Shaking hill and rending oak—  
 Spare me ! spare me ! Zerneck.

" He comes not yet ! Shall cold delay  
 Thy votaress at her need repay ?  
 Thou—shall I call thee god or  
 fiend ?—  
 Let others on thy mood attend  
 With prayer and ritual—Jutta's arms  
 Are necromantic words and charms ;  
 Mine is the spell, that, utter'd once,  
 Shall wake Thy Master from his  
 trance.  
 Shake his red mansion-house of  
 pain,  
 And burst his seven-times-twisted  
 chain !—  
 So ! com'st thou ere the spell is  
 spoke ?  
 I own thy presence, Zerneck."—

## XVIII.

“Daughter of dust,” the Deep Voice  
 said,  
 —Shook while it spoke the vale for  
 dread,  
 Rock’d on the base that massive  
 stone,  
 The Evil Deity to own,—  
 “Daughter of dust! not mine the  
 power  
 Thou seek’st on Harold’s fatal hour.  
 ’Twixt heaven and hell there is a  
 strife  
 Waged for his soul and for his life,  
 And fain would we the combat win,  
 And snatch him in his hour of sin.  
 There is a star now rising red,  
 That threatens him with an influence  
 dread :  
 Woman, thine arts of malice whet,  
 To use the space before it set.  
 Involve him with the church in strife,  
 Push on adventurous chance his life ;  
 Ourself will in the hour of need,  
 As best we may thy counsels speed.”  
 So ceased the Voice ; for seven  
 leagues round  
 Each hamlet started at the sound ;  
 But slept again, as slowly died  
 Its thunders on the hill’s brown side.

## XIX.

“And is this all,” said Jutta stern,  
 “That thou can’st teach and I can  
 learn ?  
 Hence ! to the land of fog and waste,  
 There fittest is thine influence placed,  
 Thou powerless, sluggish Deity !  
 But ne’er shall Briton bend the knee  
 Again before so poor a god.”  
 She struck the altar with her rod ;  
 Slight was the touch, as when at  
 need  
 A damsel stirs her tardy steed ;  
 But to the blow the stone gave place,  
 And, starting from its balanced base,  
 Roll’d thundering down the moon-  
 light dell,—  
 Re-echo’d moorland, rock, and fell ;

Into the moonlight tarn it dash’d,  
 Their shores the sounding surges  
 lash’d,  
 And there was ripple, rage, and  
 foam ;  
 But on that lake, so dark and lone,  
 Placid and pale the moonbeam shone  
 As Jutta hied her home.

## CANTO THIRD.

## I.

GREY towers of Durham ! there  
 was once a time  
 I view’d your battlements with such  
 vague hope,  
 As brightens life in its first dawn-  
 ing prime ;  
 Not that e’en then came within  
 fancy’s scope  
 A vision vain of mitre, throne, or  
 cope ;  
 Yet, gazing on the venerable hall,  
 Her flattering dreams would in  
 perspective ope  
 Some reverend room, some pre-  
 bendary’s stall,—  
 And thus Hope me deceived as she  
 deceiveth all.

Well yet I love thy mix’d and  
 massive piles,  
 Half church of God, half castle  
 ’gainst the Scot,  
 And long to roam these venerable  
 aisles,  
 With records stored of deeds long  
 since forgot ;  
 There might I share my Surtees’  
 happier lot,  
 Who leaves at will his patrimonial  
 field  
 To ransack every crypt and  
 hallow’d spot,  
 And from oblivion rend the spoils  
 they yield,  
 Restoring priestly chant and clang  
 of knightly shield.

Vain is the wish—since other cares demand  
 Each vacant hour, and in another clime ;  
 But still that northern harp invites my hand,  
 Which tells the wonder of thine earlier time ;  
 And fain its numbers would I now command  
 To paint the beauties of that dawn-ing fair,  
 When Harold, gazing from its lofty stand  
 Upon the western heights of Beau-repaire,  
 Saw Saxon Eadmer's towers begirt by winding Wear.

## II.

Fair on the half-seen streams the sunbeams danced  
 Betraying it beneath the woodland bank,  
 And fair between the Gothic turrets glanced  
 Broad lights, and shadows fell on front and flank,  
 Where tower and buttress rose in martial rank,  
 And girdled in the massive donjon Keep,  
 And from their circuit peal'd o'er bush and bank  
 The matin bell with summons long and deep,  
 And echo answer'd still with long-resounding sweep.

## III.

The morning mists rose from the ground,  
 Each merry bird awaken'd round,  
 As if in revelry ;  
 Afar the bugles' clanging sound  
 Call'd to the chase the lagging hound ;  
 The gale breathed soft and free,

And seem'd to linger on its way  
 To catch fresh odours from the spray,  
 And waved it in its wanton play  
 So light and gamesomely.  
 The scenes which morning beams reveal,  
 Its sounds to hear, its gales to feel  
 In all their fragrance round him steal,  
 It melted Harold's heart of steel,  
 And, hardly wotting why,  
 He doff'd his helmet's gloomy pride,  
 And hung it on a tree beside,  
 Laid mace and falchion by,  
 And on the greensward sate him down,  
 And from his dark habitual frown  
 Relax'd his rugged brow—  
 Whoever hath the doubtful task  
 From that stern Dane a boon to ask,  
 Were wise to ask it now.

## IV.

His place beside young Gunnar took,  
 And mark'd his master's softening look,  
 And in his eye's dark mirror spied  
 The gloom of stormy thoughts subside,  
 And cautious watch'd the fittest tide  
 To speak a warning word.  
 So when the torrent's billows shrink,  
 The timid pilgrim on the brink  
 Waits long to see them wave and sink,  
 Ere he dare brave the ford,  
 And often, after doubtful pause,  
 His step advances or withdraws :  
 Fearful to move the slumbering ire  
 Of his stern lord, thus stood the squire,  
 Till Harold raised his eye,  
 That glanced as when athwart the shroud  
 Of the dispersing tempest-cloud  
 The bursting sunbeams fly.

## V.

"Arouse thee, son of Ermengarde,  
 Offspring of prophetess and bard!  
 Take harp, and greet this lovely prime  
 With some high strain of Runic  
 rhyme,  
 Strong, deep, and powerful! Peal it  
 round

Like that loud bell's sonorous sound,  
 Yet wild by fits, as when the lay  
 Of bird and bugle hail the day.  
 Such was my grandsire Eric's sport,  
 When dawn gleam'd on his martial  
 court.

Heymar the Scald, with harp's high  
 sound,  
 Summon'd the chiefs who slept  
 around;  
 Couch'd on the spoils of wolf and  
 bear,  
 They roused like lions from their  
 lair,

Then rush'd in emulation forth  
 To enhance the glories of the North.—  
 Proud Eric, mightiest of thy race,  
 Where is thy shadowy resting-place?  
 In wild Valhalla hast thou quaff'd  
 From foeman's skull metheglin  
 draught,  
 Or wanderest where thy cairn was  
 piled  
 To frown o'er oceans wide and wild?  
 Or have the milder Christians given  
 Thy refuge in their peaceful heaven?  
 Where'er thou art, to thee are known  
 Our toils endured, our trophies won,  
 Our wars, our wanderings, and our  
 woes."

He ceased, and Gunnar's song arose.

## VI.

## Song.

"Hawk and osprey scream'd for joy  
 O'er the beetling cliffs of Hoy,  
 Crimson foam the beach o'erspread,  
 The heath was dyed with darker red,  
 When o'er Eric, Inguar's son,  
 Dane and Northman piled the stone;  
 Singing wild the war-song stern,  
 'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!'

"Where eddying currents foam and  
 boil  
 By Bersa's burgh and Græmsay's  
 isle,

The seaman sees a martial form  
 Half-mingled with the mist and  
 storm.

In anxious awe he bears away  
 To moor his bark in Stromna's bay,  
 And murmurs from the bounding  
 stern,

'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!'

"What cares disturb the mighty  
 dead?

Each honour'd rite was duly paid;  
 No daring hand thy helm unlaced,  
 Thy sword, thy shield, were near thee  
 placed,—

Thy flinty couch no tear profaned,  
 Without, with hostile blood was  
 stain'd;

Within, 'twas lined with moss and  
 fern,—

Then rest thee, Dweller of the  
 Cairn!—

"He may not rest: from realms  
 afar

Comes voice of battle and of war,  
 Of conquest wrought with bloody  
 hand

On Carmel's cliffs and Jordan's  
 strand,

When Odin's warlike son could daunt  
 The turban'd race of Termagaunt."—

## VII.

"Peace," said the Knight, "the  
 noble Scald

Our warlike fathers' deeds recall'd,  
 But never strove to soothe the son  
 With tales of what himself had done.

At Odin's board the bard sits high  
 Whose harp ne'er stoop'd to flattery;  
 But highest he whose daring lay  
 Hath dared unwelcome truths to say."

With doubtful smile young Gunnar  
 eyed

His master's looks, and nought  
 replied—



But well that smile his master led  
To construe what he left unsaid.  
"Is it to me, thou timid youth,  
Thou fear'st to speak unwelcome  
truth?"

My soul no more thy censure grieves  
Than frosts rob laurels of their leaves.  
Say on—and yet—beware the rude  
And wild distemper of my blood;  
Loth were I that mine ire should  
wrong

The youth that bore my shield so  
long,  
And who, in service constant still,  
Though weak in frame, art strong in  
will."—

"Oh!" quoth the page, "even there  
depends  
My counsel—there my warning  
tends—"

Oft seems as of my master's breast  
Some demon were the sudden guest;  
Then at the first misconstrued word  
His hand is on the mace and sword,  
From her firm seat his wisdom  
driven,

His life to countless dangers given.—  
O! would that Gunnar could suffice  
To be the fiend's last sacrifice,  
So that, when glutted with my gore,  
He fled and tempted thee no more!"

## VIII

Then waved his hand, and shook his  
head  
The impatient Dane, while thus he  
said:

"Profane not, youth—it is not thine  
To judge the spirit of our line—  
The bold Berserker's rage divine,  
Through whose inspiring, deeds are  
wrought  
Past human strength and human  
thought.

When full upon his gloomy soul  
The champion feels the influence roll,  
He swims the lake, he leaps the  
wall—  
Heeds not the depth, nor plumbs the  
fall—

Unshielded, mail-less, on he goes  
Singly against a host of foes;  
Their spears he holds like wither'd  
reeds,  
Their mail like maiden's silken  
weeds;  
One 'gainst a hundred will he strive,  
Take countless wounds, and yet  
survive.

Then rush the eagles to his cry  
Of slaughter and of victory,—  
And blood he quaffs like Odin's bowl,  
Deep drinks his sword,—deep drinks  
his soul;

And all that meet him in his ire  
He gives to ruin, rout, and fire;  
Then, like gorged lion, seeks some  
den,

And couches till he's man agen.—  
Thou know'st the signs of look and  
limb,

When 'gins that rage to overbrim—  
Thou know'st when I am moved,  
and why;

And when thou see'st me roll mine  
eye,

Set my teeth thus, and stamp my  
foot,

Regard thy safety and be mute;  
But else speak boldly out whate'er  
Is fitting that a knight should hear.  
I love thee, youth. Thy lay has  
power

Upon my dark and sullen hour;—  
So Christian monks are wont to say  
Demons of old were charm'd away;  
Then fear not I will rashly deem  
Ill of thy speech, whate'er the theme."

## IX.

As down some strait in doubt and  
dread

The watchful pilot drops the lead,  
And, cautious in the midst to steer,  
The shoaling channel sounds with  
fear;

So, lest on dangerous ground he  
swerved,

The Page his master's brow observed,  
Pausing at intervals to fling  
His hand o'er the melodious string,

And to his moody breast apply  
The soothing charm of harmony,  
While hinted half, and half exprest,  
This warning song convey'd the  
rest.—

## Song.

## 1.

“Ill fares the bark with tackle riven,  
And ill when on the breakers driven,—  
Ill when the storm-sprite shrieks in  
air,  
And the scared mermaid tears her  
hair;  
But worse when on her helm the  
hand  
Of some false traitor holds command.

## 2.

“Ill fares the fainting Palmer, placed  
’Mid Hebron’s rocks or Rana’s  
waste,—  
Ill when the scorching sun is high,  
And the expected font is dry,—  
Worse when his guide o’er sand and  
heath,  
The barbarous Copt, has plann’d his  
death.

## 3.

“Ill fares the Knight with buckler  
cleft,  
And ill when of his helm bereft,—  
Ill when his steed to earth is flung,  
Or from his grasp his falchion  
wrung;  
But worse, if instant ruin token,  
When he lists rede by woman  
spoken.”—

## X.

“How now, fond boy?—Canst thou  
think ill,”  
Said Harold, “of fair Metelill?”—  
“She may be fair,” the Page replied,  
As through the strings he ranged,—  
“She may be fair; but yet,” he  
cried,  
And then the strain he changed,—

## Song.

## 1.

“She may be fair,” he sang, “but  
yet  
Far fairer have I seen  
Than she, for all her locks of jet,  
And eyes so dark and sheen.  
Were I a Danish knight in arms,  
As one day I may be,  
My heart should own no foreign  
charms,—  
A Danish maid for me.

## 2.

“I love my fathers’ northern land,  
Where the dark pine-trees grow,  
And the bold Baltic’s echoing strand  
Looks o’er each grassy oe.  
I love to mark the lingering sun,  
From Denmark loth to go,  
And leaving on the billows bright,  
To cheer the short-lived summer night,  
A path of ruddy glow.

## 3.

“But most the northern maid I  
love,  
With breast like Denmark’s snow,  
And form as fair as Denmark’s pine,  
Who loves with purple heath to twine  
Her locks of sunny glow;  
And sweetly blend that shade of gold  
With the cheek’s rosy hue,  
And Faith might for her mirror hold  
That eye of matchless blue.

## 4.

“’Tis hers the manly sports to love  
That southern maidens fear,  
To bend the bow by stream and  
grove,  
And lift the hunter’s spear.  
She can her chosen champion’s flight  
With eye undazzled see,  
Clasp him victorious from the strife,  
Or on his corpse yield up her life,—  
A Danish maid for me!”

## XI.

Then smiled the Dane—"Thou canst  
so well

The virtues of our maidens tell,  
Half could I wish my choice had been  
Blue eyes, and hair of golden sheen,  
And lofty soul;—yet what of ill  
Hast thou to charge on Metelill?"—  
"Nothing on her," young Gunnar  
said,

"But her base sire's ignoble trade.  
Her mother, too—the general fame  
Hath given to Jutta evil name,  
And in her gray eye is a flame  
Art cannot hide, nor fear can tame.—  
That sordid woodman's peasant cot  
Twice have thine honour'd footsteps  
sought,  
And twice return'd with such ill rede  
As sent thee on some desperate  
deed."—

## XII.

"Thou errest; Jutta wisely said,  
He that comes suitor to a maid,  
Ere link'd in marriage, should provide  
Lands and a dwelling for his bride—  
My father's, by the Tyne and Wear,  
I have reclaim'd."—"O, all too dear,  
And all too dangerous the prize,  
E'en were it won," young Gunnar  
cries;—

"And then this Jutta's fresh device,  
That thou shouldst seek, a heathen  
Dane,  
From Durham's priests a boon to  
gain,  
When thou hast left their vassals  
slain  
In their own halls!"—Flash'd  
Harold's eye,  
Thunder'd his voice—"False Page,  
you lie!  
The castle, hall and tower, is mine,  
Built by old Witikind on Tyne.  
The wild-cat will defend his den,  
Fights for her nest the timid wren;  
And think'st thou I'll forego my  
right  
For dread of monk or monkish  
knight?—

Up and away, that deepening bell  
Doth of the Bishop's conclave tell.  
Thither will I, in manner due,  
As Jutta bade, my claim to sue;  
And, if to right me they are loth,  
Then woe to church and chapter  
both!"

Now shift the scene, and let the  
curtain fall,  
And our next entry be Saint Cuthbert's  
hall.

## CANTO FOURTH.

## I.

FULL many a bard hath sung the  
solemn gloom  
Of the long Gothic aisle and stone-  
ribb'd roof,  
O'er-canopying shrine, and gor-  
geous tomb,  
Carved screen, and altar glimmer-  
ing far aloof,  
And blending with the shade—a  
matchless proof  
Of high devotion, which hath now  
wax'd cold;  
Yet legends say, that Luxury's  
brute hoof  
Intruded off within such sacred fold,  
Like step of Bel's false priest, track'd  
in his fane of old.

Well pleased am I, howe'er, that  
when the route  
Of our rude neighbours whilome  
deign'd to come,  
Uncall'd, and eke unwelcome, to  
sweep out  
And cleanse our chancel from the  
rags of Rome,  
They spoke not on our ancient fane  
the doom  
To which their bigot zeal gave  
o'er their own,  
But spared the martyr'd saint and  
storied tomb,  
Though papal miracles had graced  
the stone,  
And though the aisles still loved the  
organ's swelling tone.

And deem not, though 'tis now my  
part to paint  
A Prelate sway'd by love of power  
and gold,  
That all who wore the mitre of our  
Saint  
Like to ambitious Aldingar I hold ;  
Since both in modern times and  
days of old  
It sate on those whose virtues  
might atone  
Their predecessors' frailties trebly  
told :  
Matthew and Morton we as such  
may own—  
And such (if fame speak truth) the  
honour'd Barrington.

## II.

But now to earlier and to ruder  
times,  
As subject meet, I tune my rugged  
rhymes,  
Telling how fairly the chapter was  
met,  
And rood and books in seemly  
order set ;  
Huge brass-clasp'd volumes, which  
the hand  
Of studious priest but rarely  
scann'd,  
Now on fair carved desk display'd,  
'Twas theirs the solemn scene to  
aid  
O'erhead with many a scutcheon  
graced,  
And quaint devices interlaced,  
A labyrinth of crossing rows,  
The roof in lessening arches shows ;  
Beneath its shade placed proud  
and high,  
With footstool and with canopy,  
Sate Aldingar,—and prelate ne'er  
More haughty graced Saint Cuth-  
bert's chair ;  
Canons and deacons were placed  
below,  
In due degree and lengthen'd row.  
Unmoved and silent each sat there,  
Like image in his oaken chair ;

Nor head, nor hand, nor foot they  
stirr'd,  
Nor lock of hair, nor tress of  
beard ;  
And of their eyes severe alone  
The twinkle show'd they were not  
stone.

## III.

The Prelate was to speech address'd,  
Each head sunk reverent on each  
breast ;  
But ere his voice was heard—  
without  
Arose a wild tumultuous shout,  
Offspring of wonder mix'd with  
fear,  
Such as in crowded streets we hear  
Hailing the flames, that, bursting  
out,  
Attract yet scare the rabble rout.  
Ere it had ceased, a giant hand  
Shook oaken door and iron band,  
Till oak and iron both gave  
way,  
Clash'd the long bolts, the hinges  
bray,  
And, ere upon angel or saint they  
can call,  
Stands Harold the Dauntless in  
midst of the hall.

## IV.

“Now save ye, my masters, both  
rocket and rood,  
From Bishop with mitre to Deacon  
with hood !  
For here stands Count Harold, old  
Witikind's son,  
Come to sue for the lands which his  
ancestors won.”  
The Prelate look'd round him with  
sore troubled eye,  
Unwilling to grant, yet afraid to  
deny ;  
While each Canon and Deacon who  
heard the Dane speak,  
To be safely at home would have  
fasted a week :—

Then Aldingar roused him, and  
 answer'd again,  
 "Thou suest for a boon which thou  
 canst not obtain ;  
 The Church hath no fiefs for an  
 unchristen'd Dane.  
 Thy father was wise, and his treasure  
 hath given,  
 That the priests of a chantry might  
 hymn him to heaven ;  
 And the fiefs which whilome he  
 possess'd as his due,  
 Have lapsed to the Church, and been  
 granted anew  
 To Anthony Conyers and Alberic  
 Vere.  
 For the service Saint Cuthbert's  
 bless'd banner to bear,  
 When the bands of the North come  
 to foray the Wear ;  
 Then disturb not our conclave with  
 wrangling or blame,  
 But in peace and in patience pass  
 hence as ye came."

## V.

Loud laugh'd the stern Pagan,—  
 "They're free from the care  
 Of fief and of service, both Conyers  
 and Vere,—  
 Six feet of your chancel is all they  
 will need,  
 A buckler of stone and a corslet of  
 lead.—  
 Ho, Gunnar!—the tokens";—and,  
 sever'd anew,  
 A head and a hand on the altar he  
 threw.  
 Then shudder'd with terror both  
 Canon and Monk,  
 They knew the glazed eye and the  
 countenance shrunk,  
 And of Anthony Conyers the half-  
 grizzled hair,  
 And the scar on the hand of Sir  
 Alberic Vere.  
 There was not a churchman or priest  
 that was there,  
 But grew pale at the sight, and  
 betook him to prayer.

## VI.

Count Harold laugh'd at their looks  
 of fear ;  
 "Was this the hand should your  
 banner bear  
 Was that the head should wear the  
 casque  
 In battle at the Church's task ?  
 Was it to such you gave the place  
 Of Harold with the heavy mace ?  
 Find me between the Wear and Tyne  
 A knight will wield this club of  
 mine,—  
 Give me my fiefs, and I will say  
 There's wit beneath the cowl of  
 gray."  
 He raised it, rough with many a  
 stain,  
 Caught from crush'd skull and  
 spouting brain ;  
 He wheel'd it that it shrilly sung,  
 And the aisles echo'd as it swung,  
 Then dash'd it down with sheer  
 descent,  
 And split King Osric's monument. —  
 "How like ye this music? How  
 trow ye the hand  
 That can wield such a mace may be  
 rest of its land ?  
 No answer?—I spare ye a space to  
 agree,  
 And Saint Cuthbert inspire you, a  
 saint if he be.  
 Ten strides through your chancel,  
 ten strokes on your bell,  
 And again I am with you—grave  
 fathers, farewell."

## VII.

He turn'd from their presence, he  
 clash'd the oak door,  
 And the clang of his stride died away  
 on the floor ;  
 And his head from his bosom the  
 Prelate uprears  
 With a ghost-seer's look when the  
 ghost disappears.  
 "Ye Priests of Saint Cuthbert, now  
 give me your rede,  
 For never of counsel had Bishop  
 more need !

Were the arch-fiend incarnate in  
flesh and in bone,  
The language, the look, and the  
laugh were his own.  
In the bounds of Saint Cuthbert  
there is not a knight  
Dare confront in our quarrel yon  
goblin in fight ;  
Then rede me aright to his claim to  
reply,  
'Tis unlawful to grant, and 'tis death  
to deny."

## VIII.

On ven'son and malmsie that morn-  
ing had fed  
The Cellarer Vinsauf—'twas thus  
that he said :  
"Delay till to-morrow the Chapter's  
reply ;  
Let the feast be spread fair, and the  
wine be pour'd high :  
If he's mortal he drinks,—if he  
drinks, he is ours—  
His bracelets of iron,—his bed in our  
towers."  
This man had a laughing eye,  
Trust not, friends, when such you  
spy ;  
A beaker's depth he well could drain,  
Revel, sport, and jest amain—  
The haunch of the deer and the  
grape's bright dye  
Never bard loved them better than I ;  
But sooner than Vinsauf filled me  
my wine,  
Pass'd me his jest, and laugh'd at  
mine,  
Though the buck were of Bearpark,  
of Bourdeaux the vine,  
With the dullest hermit I'd rather  
dine  
On an oaten cake and a draught of  
the Tyne.

## IX.

Walwayn the leech spoke next—he  
knew  
Each plant that loves the sun and  
dew,

But special those whose juice can  
gain  
Dominion o'er the blood and brain ;  
The peasant who saw him by pale  
moonbeam  
Gathering such herbs by bank and  
stream,  
Deem'd his thin form and soundless  
tread  
Were those of wanderer from the  
dead.—  
"Vinsauf, thy wine," he said, "hath  
power,  
Our gyves are heavy, strong our  
tower ;  
Yet three drops from this flask of  
mine,  
More strong than dungeons, gyves,  
or wine,  
Shall give him prison under ground  
More dark, more narrow, more  
profound.  
Short rede, good rede, let Harold  
have—  
A dog's death and a heathen's  
grave."  
I have lain on a sick man's bed,  
Watching for hours for the leech's  
tread,  
As if I deem'd that his presence  
alone  
Were of power to bid my pain be-  
gone ;  
I have listed his words of comfort  
given,  
As if to oracles from heaven ;  
I have counted his steps from my  
chamber door,  
And bless'd them when they were  
heard no more ;—  
But sooner than Walwayn my sick  
couch should nigh,  
My choice were, by leech-craft un-  
aided, to die.

## X.

"Such service done in fervent  
zeal  
The Church may pardon and  
conceal,"

The doubtful Prelate said, "but  
ne'er  
The counsel ere the act should  
hear.—  
Anselm of Jarrow, advise us now,  
The stamp of wisdom is on thy  
brow;  
Thy days, thy nights, in cloister  
pent,  
Are still to mystic learning lent;—  
Anselm of Jarrow, in thee is my  
hope,  
Thou well mayst give counsel to  
Prelate or Pope."

## XI.

Answer'd the Prior—" 'Tis wisdom's  
use  
Still to delay what we dare not  
refuse;  
Ere granting the boon he comes  
hither to ask,  
Shape for the giant gigantic task;  
Let us see how a step so sounding  
can tread  
In paths of darkness, danger, and  
dread;  
He may not, he will not, impugn our  
decree,  
That calls but for proof of his  
chivalry;  
And were Guy to return, or Sir Bevis  
the Strong,  
Our wilds have adventure might  
cumber them long—  
The Castle of Seven Shields—"—  
"Kind Anselm, no more!  
The step of the Pagan approaches  
the door."  
The churchmen were hush'd.—In  
his mantle of skin,  
With his mace on his shoulder,  
Count Harold strode in.  
There was foam on his lips, there  
was fire in his eye,  
For, chafed by attendance, his fury  
was nigh.  
"Ho! Bishop," he said, "dost thou  
grant me my claim?  
Or must I assert it by falchion and  
flame?"—

## XII.

"On thy suit, gallant Harold," the  
Bishop replied,  
In accents which trembled, "we may  
not d cide,  
Until proof of your strength and  
your valour we saw—  
'Tis not that we doubt them, but  
such is the law."—  
"And would you, Sir Prelate, have  
Harold make sport  
For the cows and the shavelings  
that herd in thy court?  
Say what shall he do?—From the  
shrine shall he tear  
The lead bier of thy patron, and  
heave it in air,  
And through the long chancel make  
Cuthbert take wing,  
With the speed of a bullet dismiss'd  
from the sling?"—  
"Nay, spare such probation," the  
Cellarer said,  
"From the mouth of our minstrels  
thy task shall be read.  
While the wine sparkles high in the  
goblet of gold,  
And the revel is loudest, thy task  
shall be told;  
And thyself, gallant Haro'd, shall,  
hearing it, tell  
That the Bishop, his cows, and his  
shavelings, meant well."

## XIII.

Loud revell'd the guests, and the  
goblets loud rang,  
But louder the minstrel, Hugh  
Meneville, sang;  
And Harold, the hurry and the pride  
of whose soul,  
E'en when verging to fury, own'd  
music's control,  
Still bent on the harper his broad  
sable eye,  
And often untasted the goblet pass'd  
by;  
Than wine, or than wassail, to him  
was more dear  
The minstrel's high tale of enchant-  
ment to hear;

And the Bishop that day might of  
Vinsauf comp'ain  
That his art had but wasted his  
wine-casks in vain.

## XIV.

## The Castle of the Seven Shields.

## A BALLAD.

THE Druid Urien had daughters  
seven,  
Their skill could call the moon from  
heaven ;  
So fair their forms and so high their  
fame,  
That seven proud kings for their  
suitors came.

King Mador and Rhys came from  
Powis and Wales.  
Unshorn was their hair, and un-  
pruned were their nails ;  
From Strath-Clwyde was Ewain, and  
Ewain was lame,  
And the red-bearded Donald from  
Galloway came.

Lot, King of Lodon, was hunch-  
back'd from youth ;  
Dunmail of Cumbria had never a  
tooth ;  
But Adolf of Bambrough, Nor-  
thumberland's heir,  
Was gay and was gallant, was  
young and was fair.

There was strife 'mongst the sisters,  
for each one would have  
For husband King Adolf, the gallant  
and brave ;  
And envy bred hate, and hate urged  
them to blows,  
When the firm earth was cleft, and  
the Arch-fiend arose !

He swore to the maidens their wish  
to fulfil—  
They swore to the foe they would  
work by his will.

A spindle and distaff to each hath he  
given,  
' Now hearken my spell," said the  
Outcast of heaven.

" Ye shall ply these spindles at mid-  
night hour,  
And for every spindle shall rise a  
tower,  
Where the right shall be feeble, the  
wrong shall have power,  
And there shall ye dwell with your  
paramour."

Beneath the pale moonlight they sate  
on the wold,  
And the rhymes which they chanted  
must never be told ;  
And as the black wool from the  
distaff they sped,  
With blood from their bosom they  
moisten'd the thread.

As light danced the spindles beneath  
the cold gleam,  
The castle arose like the birth of a  
dream—  
The seven towers ascended like mist  
from the ground,  
Seven portals defend them, seven  
ditches surround.

Within that dread castle seven  
monarchs were wed,  
But six of the seven ere the morning  
lay dead ;  
With their eyes all on fire, and their  
daggers all red.  
Seven damsels surround the Nor-  
thumbrian's bed.

" Six kingly bridegrooms to death  
we have done,  
Six gallant kingdoms King Adolf  
hath won,  
Six lovely brides all his pleasure to  
do,  
Or the bed of the seventh shall be  
husbandless too."



Well chanced it that Adolf the night  
 when he wed  
 Had confess'd and had sain'd him ere  
 boune to his bed ;  
 He sprung from the couch and his  
 broadsword he drew,  
 And there the seven daughters of  
 Urien he slew.

The gate of the castle he bolted and  
 seal'd,  
 And hung o'er each arch-stone a  
 crown and a shield ;  
 To the cells of Saint Dunstan then  
 wended his way,  
 And died in his cloister an anchorite  
 gray.

Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle  
 lies stow'd,  
 The foul fiends brood o'er them like  
 raven and toad,  
 Whoever shall guessten these  
 chambers within,  
 From curfew till matins, that treasure  
 shall win.

But manhood grows faint as the  
 world waxes old !  
 There lives not in Britain a champion  
 so bold,  
 So dauntless of heart, and so prudent  
 of brain,  
 As to dare the adventure that treasure  
 to gain.

The waste ridge of Cheviot shall  
 wave with the rye,  
 Before the rude Scots shall Nor-  
 thumberland fly,  
 And the flint cliffs of Bambro' shall  
 melt in the sun,  
 Before that adventure be peril'd and  
 won.

## XV.

"And is this my probation?" wild  
 Harold he said,  
 "Within a lone castle to press a  
 lone bed?—  
 Good even, my Lord Bishop,—Saint  
 Cuthbert to borrow,  
 The Castle of Seven Shields receives  
 me to-morrow."

SC.

## CANTO FIFTH.

## I.

DENMARK'S sage courtier to her  
 princely youth,  
 Granting his cloud an euzel or a  
 whale,  
 Spoke, though unwittingly, a  
 partial truth ;  
 For Fantasy embroiders Nature's  
 veil.  
 The tints of ruddy eve, or dawning  
 pale,  
 Of the swart thunder-cloud, or  
 silver haze,  
 Are but the ground-work of the  
 rich detail,  
 Which Fantasy with pencil wild  
 portrays,  
 Blending what seems and is, in the  
 rapt muser's gaze.

Nor are the stubborn forms of  
 earth and stone  
 Less to the Sorceress's empire  
 given ;  
 For not with unsubstantial hues  
 alone,  
 Caught from the varying surge,  
 or vacant heaven,  
 From bursting sunbeam, or from  
 flashing levin,  
 She limns her pictures : on the  
 earth, as air,  
 Arise her castles, and her car is  
 driven ;  
 And never gazed the eye on scene  
 so fair,  
 But of its boasted charms gave Fancy  
 half the share.

## II.

Up a wild pass went Harold, bent  
 to prove,  
 Hugh Meneville, the adventure of  
 thy lay ;  
 Gunnar pursued his steps in faith  
 and love,  
 Ever companion of his master's  
 way.

Midward their path, a rock of  
granite gray  
From the adjoining cliff had made  
descent,—  
A barren mass—yet with her droop-  
ing spray  
Had a young birch-tree crown'd its  
battlement,  
Twisting her fibrous roots through  
cranny, flaw, and rent.

This rock and tree could Gunnar's  
thought engage  
Till Fancy brought the tear-drop  
to his eye,  
And at his master ask'd the timid  
Page,  
"What is the emblem that a bard  
shou'd spy  
In that rude rock and its green  
canopy?"  
And Harold said, "Like to the  
helmet brave  
Of warrior slain in fight it seems  
to lie,  
And these same drooping boughs  
do o'er it wave  
Not all unlike the plume his lady's  
favour gave."—

"Ah, no!" replied the Page; "the  
hil-starr'd love  
Of some poor maid is in the em-  
blem shown,  
Whose fates are with some hero's  
interwove,  
And rooted on a heart to love un-  
known:  
And as the gentle dews of heaven  
alone  
Nourish those drooping boughs,  
and as the scathe  
Of the red lightning rends both  
tree and stone,  
So fares it with her unrequited  
faith,—  
Her sole relief is tears—her only  
refuge death."—

## III.

"Thou art a fond fantastic boy,"  
Harold replied, "to females coy  
Yet prating still of love;

Even so amid the clash of war  
I know thou lovest to keep afar,  
Though destined by thy evil star  
With one like me to rove,  
Whose business and whose joys are  
found  
Upon the bloody battle-ground.  
Yet, foolish trembler as thou art  
Thou hast a nook of my rude heart,  
And thou and I will never part;—  
Harold would wrap the world in  
flame  
Ere injury on Gunnar came!"

## IV.

The grateful Page made no reply,  
But turn'd to Heaven his gentle  
eye,  
And clasp'd his hands, as one who  
said,  
"My toils—my wanderings are  
o'erpa'd!"  
Then in a gayer, lighter strain,  
Compell'd himself to speech again;  
And, as they flow'd along,  
His words took cadence soft and  
slow,  
And liquid, like dissolving snow.  
They melted into song.

## V.

"What though through fields of  
carnage wide  
I may not follow Harold's stride,  
Yet who with faithful Gunnar's  
pride  
Lord Harold's feats can see?  
And dearer than the couch of pride,  
He loves the bed of gray wolf's  
hide,  
When slumbering by Lord Harold's  
side  
In forest, field, or lea."—

## VI.

"Break off!" said Harold, in a  
tone  
Where hurry and surprise were  
shown,  
With some slight touch of fear,—

"Break off, we are not here alone ;  
A Palmer form comes slowly on !  
By cowl, and staff, and mantle  
known,

My monitor is near.  
Now mark him, Gunnar, heed-  
fully ;

He pauses by the blighted tree—  
Dost see him, youth?—Thou  
couldst not see

When in the vale of Galilee  
I first beheld his form,  
Nor when we met that other while  
In Cephalonia's rocky isle,

Before the fearful storm,—  
Dost see him now?"—The Page,  
distraught,  
With terror, answer'd, "I see  
nought,

And there is nought to see,  
Save that the oak's scathed boughs  
fling down

Upon the path a shadow brown,  
That, like a pilgrim's dusky gown,  
Waves with the waving tree."

## VII.

Count Harold gazed upon the  
oak

As if his eyestrings would have  
broke,

And then resolutely said,—  
"Be what it will yon phantom  
gray—

Nor heaven, nor hell, shall ever  
say

That for their shadows from his  
way

Count Harold turn'd dismay'd :  
I'll speak him, though his accents  
fill

My heart with that unwonted thrill  
Which vulgar minds call fear.

I will subdue it!"—Forth he  
strode,

Paused where the blighted oak-  
tree show'd

Its sable shadow on the road,  
And, folding on his bosom broad

His arms, said, "Speak—I  
hear."

## VIII.

The Deep Voice said, "O wild of  
will,

Furious thy purpose to fulfil—  
Heart-sear'd and unrepentant still,  
How long, O Harold, shall thy tread  
Disturb the slumbers of the dead?

Each step in thy wild way thou  
makest,

The ashes of the dead thou wakest ;  
And shout in triumph o'er thy path  
The fiends of bloodshed and of wrath.  
In this thine hour, yet turn and hear !  
For life is brief and judgment near."

## IX.

Then ceased The Voice.—The Dane  
replied

In tones where awe and inborn pride  
For mastery strove,—"In vain ye  
chide

The wolf for ravaging the flock,  
Or with its hardness taunt the rock,—  
I am as they—ny Danish strain  
Sends streams of fire through every  
vein.

Amid thy realms of goule and ghost,  
Say, is the fame of Eric lost,

Or Witikind's the Waster, known  
Where fame or spoil was to be won ;  
Whose galleys ne'er bore off a shore

They left not black with  
flame?—

He was my sire,—and, sprung of  
him,

That rover merciless and grim,  
Can I be soft and tame?

Part hence, and with my crimes no  
more upbraid me,

I am that Waster's son, and am but  
what he made me."

## X.

The Phantom groan'd ;—the mountain  
shook around,

The fawn and wild-doe started at the  
sound,

The gorse and fern did wildly round  
then wave,

As if some sudden storm the impulse  
gave.

"All thou hast said is truth—Yet on  
 the head  
 Of that bad sire let not the charge  
 be laid,  
 That he, like thee, with unrelenting  
 pace,  
 From grave to cradle ran the evil  
 race :—  
 Relentless in his avarice and ire,  
 Churches and towns he gave to  
 sword and fire ;  
 Shed blood like water, wasted every  
 land,  
 Like the destroying angel's burning  
 brand ;  
 Fulfill'd whate'er of ill might be  
 invented,  
 Yes—all these things he did—he did,  
 but he REPENTED !  
 Perchance it is part of his punish-  
 ment still,  
 That his offspring pursues his  
 example of ill.  
 But thou, when thy tempest of wrath  
 shall next shake thee,  
 Gird thy loins for resistance, my son,  
 and awake thee ;  
 If thou yield'st to thy fury, how  
 tempted soever,  
 The gate of repentance shall ope for  
 thee NEVER !"—

## XI.

"He is gone," said Lord Harold,  
 and gazed as he spoke ;  
 "There is nought on the path but  
 the shade of the oak.  
 He is gone, whose strange presence  
 my feeling oppress'd,  
 Like the night-hag that sits on the  
 slumberer's breast.  
 My heart beats as thick as a fugitive's  
 tread,  
 And cold dews drop from my brow  
 and my head.—  
 Ho ! Gunnar, the flasket yon almoner  
 gave ;  
 He said that three drops would recall  
 from the grave.

For the first time Count Harold owns  
 leech-craft has power,  
 Or, his courage to aid, lacks the  
 juice of a flower !  
 The page gave the flasket, which  
 Walwayn had fill'd  
 With the juice of wild roots that his  
 art had distill'd—  
 So baneful their influence on all that  
 had breath,  
 One drop had been frenzy, and two  
 had been death.  
 Harold took it, but drank not ; for  
 jubilee shrill,  
 And music and clamour were heard  
 on the hill,  
 And down the steep pathway, o'er  
 stock and o'er stone,  
 The train of a bridal came blithe-  
 somely on ;  
 There was song, there was pipe,  
 there was timbrel, and still  
 The burden was, "Joy to the fair  
 Metelill !

## XII.

Harold might see from his high  
 stance,  
 Himself unseen, that train advance  
 With mirth and melody ;—  
 On horse and foot a mingled throng,  
 Measuring their steps to bridal song  
 And bridal minstrelsy ;  
 And ever when the blithesome rout  
 Lent to the song their choral shout,  
 Redoubling echoes roll'd about,  
 While echoing cave and cliff sent  
 out  
 The answering symphony  
 Of all those mimic notes which  
 dwell  
 In hollow rock and sounding dell.

## XIII.

Joy shook his torch above the  
 band,  
 By many a various passion  
 fann'd ;—  
 As elemental sparks can feed  
 On essence pure and coarsest weed,

Gentle, or stormy, or refined,  
 Joy takes the colours of the mind.  
 Lightsome and pure, but unre-  
 pressed,  
 He fired the bridegroom's gallant  
 breast;  
 More feebly strove with maiden  
 fear,  
 Yet still joy glimmer'd through  
 the tear  
 On the bride's blushing cheek,  
 that shows  
 Like dewdrop on the budding  
 rose;  
 While Wulfstane's gloomy smile  
 declared  
 The glee that selfish avarice  
 shared,  
 And pleased revenge and malice  
 high  
 Joy's semblance took in Jutta's eye.  
 On dangerous adventure sped,  
 The witch deem'd Harold with the  
 dead,  
 For thus that morn her Demon  
 said:—  
 "If, ere the set of sun, be tied  
 The knot 'twixt bridegroom and  
 his bride,  
 The Dane shall have no power of  
 ill  
 O'er William and o'er Metelill."  
 And the pleased witch made  
 answer, "Then  
 Must Harold have pass'd from the  
 paths of men!  
 Evil repose may his spirit have,—  
 May hemlock and mandrake find  
 root in his grave,—  
 May his death-sleep be dogged by  
 dreams of dismay,  
 And his waking be worse at the  
 answering day."

## XIV.

Such was their various mood of  
 glee  
 Blent in one shout of ecstasy.  
 But still when Joy is brimming  
 highest,  
 Of Sorrow and Misfortune nighest,

Of terror with her ague cheek,  
 And lurking Danger, sages  
 speak:—  
 These haunt each path, but chief  
 they lay  
 Their snares beside the primrose  
 way.—  
 Thus found that bridal band their  
 path  
 Beset by Harold in his wrath.  
 Trembling beneath his maddening  
 mood,  
 High on a rock the giant stood;  
 His shout was like the doom of  
 death  
 Spoke o'er their heads that pass'd  
 beneath.  
 His destined victims might not  
 spy  
 The reddening terrors of his eye,—  
 The frown of rage that writhed  
 his face,—  
 The lip that foam'd like boar's in  
 chase;—  
 But all could see—and, seeing, all  
 Bore back to shun the threaten'd  
 fall—  
 The fragment which their giant  
 foe  
 Rent from the cliff and heaved to  
 throw.

## XV.

Backward they bore;—yet are  
 there two  
 For battle who prepare:  
 No pause of dread Lord William  
 knew  
 Ere his good blade was bare;  
 And Wulfstane bent his fatal yew,  
 But ere the silken cord he drew,  
 As hurl'd from Hecla's thunder,  
 flew  
 That ruin through the air!  
 Full on the outlaw's front it came,  
 And all that late had human name,  
 And human face, and human frame,  
 That lived, and moved, and had  
 free will  
 To choose the path of good or ill,  
 Is to its reckoning gone;

And nought of Wulfstane rests  
behind,  
Save that beneath that stone,  
Half-buried in the dinted clay,  
A red and shapeless mass there lay  
Of mingled flesh and bone!

## XVI.

As from the bosom of the sky  
The eagle darts amain,  
Three bounds from yonder summit  
high  
Placed Harold on the plain.  
As the scared wild-fowl scream  
and fly,  
So fled the bridal train;  
As 'gainst the eagle's peerless  
might  
The noble falcon dares the fight,  
But dares the fight in vain,  
So fought the bridegroom; from  
his hand  
The Dane's rude mace has struck  
his brand,  
Its glittering fragments strew the  
sand,  
Its lord lies on the plain.  
Now, Heaven! take noble William's  
part,  
And melt that yet unmelted heart,  
Or, ere his bridal hour depart,  
The hapless bridegroom's slain!

## XVII.

Count Harold's frenzied rage is  
high,  
There is a death-fire in his eye,  
Deep furrows on his brow are  
trench'd,  
His teeth are set, his hand is  
clench'd,  
The foam upon his lip is white,  
His deadly arm is up to smite!  
But, as the mace aloft he swung,  
To stop the blow young Gunnar  
sprung,  
Around his master's knees he clung  
And cried, "In mercy spare!

O, think upon the words of fear  
Spoke by that visionary Seer,  
The crisis he foretold is here,—  
Grant mercy,—or despair!"  
This word suspended Harold's  
mood,  
Yet still with arm upraised he  
stood,  
And visage like the headsman's  
rude  
That pauses for the sign.  
"O mark thee with the blessed  
rod,"  
The Page implored; "Speak word  
of good,  
Resist the fiend, or be subdued!"  
He sign'd the cross divine—  
Instant his eye hath human light,  
Less red, less keen, less fiercely  
bright;  
His brow relax'd the obdurate  
frown,  
The fatal mace sinks gently down,  
He turns and strides away;  
Yet oft, like revellers who leave  
Unfinish'd feast, looks back to  
grieve,  
As if repenting the reprieve  
He granted to his prey.  
Yet still of forbearance one sign hath  
he given,  
And fierce Witikind's son made one  
step towards heaven.

## XVIII.

But though his dreaded footsteps  
part,  
Death is behind and shakes his dart;  
Lord William on the plain is lying,  
Beside him Metelill seems dying!  
Bring odours—essences in haste—  
And lo! a flasket richly chased,—  
But Jutta the elixir proves  
Ere pouring it for those she loves—  
Then Walwayn's potion was not  
wasted,  
For when three drops the hag had  
tasted,  
So dismal was her yell,  
Each bird of evil omen woke,  
The raven gave his fatal croak,

And shriek'd the night-crow from the oak ;  
 The screech-owl from the thicket broke,  
 And flutter'd down the dell !  
 So fearful was the sound and stern,  
 The slumbers of the full-gorged erne  
 Were startled, and from furze and fern  
 Of forest and of fell,  
 The fox and famish'd wolf replied  
 (For wolves then prowld the Cheviot side).  
 From mountain head to mountain head  
 The unhallow'd sounds around were sped ;  
 But when their latest echo fled,  
 The sorceress on the ground lay dead.

## XIX.

Such was the scene of blood and woes,  
 With which the bridal morn arose  
 Of William and of Metelil ;  
 But oft, when dawning 'gins to spread,  
 The summer morn peeps dim and red  
 Above the eastern hill,  
 Ere, bright and fair, upon his road  
 The King of Splendour walks abroad ;  
 So, when this cloud had pass'd away,  
 Bright was the noontide of their day,  
 And all serene its setting ray.

## CANTO SIXTH.

## I.

WELL do I hope that this my minstrel tale  
 Will tempt no traveller from southern fields,  
 Whether in tilbury, barouche, or mail,  
 To view the Castle of these Seven Proud Shields,  
 Small confirmation its condition yields  
 To Meneville's high lay,—No towers are seen

On the wild heath, but those that Fancy builds,  
 And, save a fosse that tracks the moor with green,  
 Is nought remains to tell of what may there have been.

And yet grave authors, with the no small waste  
 Of their grave time, have dignified the spot  
 By theories, to prove the fortress placed  
 By Roman bands, to curb the invading Scot.  
 Hutchinson, Horsley, Camden, I might quote,  
 But rather choose the theory less civil  
 Of boors, who, origin of things forgot,  
 Refer still to the origin of evil,  
 And for their master mason choose that master-fiend the Devil.

## II.

Therefore, I say, it was on fiend-built towers  
 That stout Count Harold bent his wondering gaze,  
 When evening dew was on the heather flowers,  
 And the last sunbeams made the mountain blaze,  
 And tinged the battlements of other days  
 With the bright level light ere sinking down.—  
 Illumined thus, the Dauntless Dane surveys  
 The Seven Proud Shields that o'er the portal frown,  
 And on their blazons traced high marks of old renown.

A wolf North Wales had on his armour coat,  
 And Rhys of Powis-land a couchant stag ;

Strath-Clwyde's strange emblem  
 was a stranded boat,  
 Donald of Galloway's a trotting  
 nag ;  
 A corn-sheaf gilt was fertile Lodon's  
 brag ;  
 A dudgeon-dagger was by Dunmail  
 worn ;  
 Northumbrian Adolf gave a sea-  
 beat crag  
 Surmounted by a cross—such signs  
 were borne  
 Upon these antique shields, all  
 wasted now and worn.

## III.

These scann'd, Count Harold  
 sought the castle-door  
 Whose ponderous bolts were rusted  
 to decay ;  
 Yet till that hour adventurous  
 knight forbore  
 The unobstructed passage to essay.  
 More strong than armed warders  
 in array,  
 And obstacle more sure than bolt  
 or bar,  
 Sate in the portal Terror and  
 Dismay,  
 While Superstition, who forbade  
 to war  
 With foes of other mould than  
 mortal clay,  
 Cast spells across the gate, and  
 barr'd the onward way.

Vain now those spells ; for soon  
 with heavy clank  
 The feebly-fasten'd gate was in-  
 ward push'd,  
 And, as it oped, through that em-  
 blazon'd rank  
 Of antique shields, the wind of  
 evening rush'd  
 With sound most like a groan,  
 and then was hush'd.  
 Is none who on such spot such  
 sounds could hear  
 But to his heart the blood had  
 faster rush'd ;

Yet to bold Harold's breast that  
 throb was dear—  
 It spoke of danger nigh, but had no  
 touch of fear.

## IV.

Yet Harold and his Page no signs  
 have traced  
 Within the castle, that of danger  
 show'd ;  
 For still the halls and courts were  
 wild and waste,  
 As through their precincts the  
 adventurers trode.  
 The seven huge towers rose stately,  
 tall, and broad,  
 Each tower presenting to their  
 scrutiny  
 A hall in which a king might make  
 abode,  
 And fast beside, garnish'd both  
 proud and high,  
 Was placed a bower for rest in  
 which a king might lie.

As if a bridal there of late had  
 been,  
 Deck'd stood the table in each  
 gorgeous hall ;  
 And yet it was two hundred years,  
 I ween,  
 Since date of that unhallow'd  
 festival.  
 Flagons, and ewers, and standing  
 cups, were all  
 Of tarnish'd gold, or silver nothing  
 clear,  
 With throne begilt, and canopy of  
 pall,  
 And tapestry clothed the walls  
 with fragments sear—  
 Frail as the spider's mesh did that  
 rich wool appear.

## V.

In every bower, as round a hearse,  
 was hung  
 A dusky crimson curtain o'er the  
 bed,



And on each couch in ghastly wise  
 were flung  
 The wasted relics of a monarch  
 dead ;  
 Barbaric ornaments around were  
 spread,  
 Vests twined with gold, and chains  
 of precious stone,  
 And golden circlets, meet for  
 monarch's head ;  
 While grinn'd, as if in scorn  
 amongst them thrown,  
 The wearer's fleshless skull, alike  
 with dust bestowed.

For these were they who, drunken  
 with delight,  
 On pleasure's opiate pillow laid  
 their head,  
 For whom the bride's shy footstep,  
 slow and light,  
 Was changed ere morning to the  
 murderer's tread.  
 For human bliss and woe in the  
 frail thread  
 Of human life are all so closely  
 twined,  
 That till the shears of Fate the  
 texture shred,  
 The close succession cannot be  
 disjoin'd,  
 Nor dare we, from one hour, judge  
 that which come behind.

## VI.

But where the work of vengeance  
 had been done,  
 In that seventh chamber, was a  
 sterner sight ;  
 There of the witch-brides lay each  
 skeleton,  
 Still in the posture as to death  
 when dight.  
 For this lay prone, by one blow  
 slain outright ;  
 And that, as one who struggled  
 long in dying ;  
 One bony hand held knife, as if to  
 smite ;

One bent on fleshless knees, as  
 mercy crying ;  
 One lay across the door, as kill'd in  
 act of flying.

The stern Dane smiled this charnel-  
 house to see,—  
 For his chafed thought return'd to  
 Metelill ;—  
 And "Well," he said, "hath  
 woman's perfidy,  
 Empty as air, as water volatile,  
 Been here avenged—The origin of  
 ill  
 Through woman rose, the Christian  
 doctrine saith :  
 Nor deem I, Gunnar, that thy  
 minstrel skill  
 Can show example where a  
 woman's breath  
 Hath made a true-love vow, and,  
 tempted, kept her faith."

## VII.

The minstrel-boy half smiled, half  
 sigh'd,  
 And his half-filling eyes he dried,  
 And said, "The theme I should  
 but wrong,  
 Unless it were my dying song  
 (Our Scalds have said, in dying  
 hour  
 The Northern harp has treble  
 power),  
 Else could I tell of woman's faith,  
 Defying danger, scorn, and death.  
 Firm was that faith,—as diamond  
 stone  
 Pure and unflaw'd,—her love un-  
 known,  
 And unrequited ;—firm and pure,  
 Her stainless faith could all en-  
 dure ;  
 From clime to clime,—from place  
 to place,  
 Through want, and danger, and  
 disgrace,  
 A wanderer's wayward steps could  
 trace.—

All this she did, and guerdon none  
 Required, save that her burial-  
 stone  
 Should make at length the secret  
 known,  
 'Thus hath a faithful woman  
 done.'—  
 Not in each breast such truth is laid,  
 But Eivir was a Danish maid."—

## VIII.

"Thou art a wild enthusiast," said  
 Count Harold, "for thy Danish  
 maid ;

And yet, young Gunnar, I will own  
 Hers were a faith to rest upon.  
 But Eivir sleeps beneath her stone,  
 And all resembling her are gone.  
 What maid e'er show'd such con-  
 stancy

In plighted faith, like thine to me ?  
 But couch thee, boy ; the darksome  
 shade

Falls thickly round, nor be dismay'd  
 Because the dead are by.

They were as we ; our little day  
 O'erspent, and we shall be as they.  
 Yet near me, Gunnar, be thou laid,  
 Thy couch upon my mantle made,  
 That thou mayst think, should fear  
 invade,

Thy master slumbers nigh."  
 Thus couch'd they in that dread  
 abode,  
 Until the beams of dawning glow'd.

## IX.

An alter'd man Lord Harold rose,  
 When he beheld that dawn unclose—  
 There's trouble in his eyes,

And traces on his brow and cheek  
 Of mingled awe and wonder speak :

"My page," he said, "arise ;—  
 Leave me this place, my page."—No  
 more

He utter'd till the castle door  
 They cross'd—but there he paused  
 and said,

"My wildness hath awak'd the  
 dead—

Disturb'd the sacred tomb !

Methought this night I stood on  
 high,

Where Hecla roars in middle sky,  
 And in her cavern'd gulfs could spy

The central place of doom ;  
 And there before my mortal eye  
 Souls of the dead came flitting by,  
 Whom fiends, with many a fiendish  
 cry,

Bore to that evil den !  
 My eyes grew dizzy, and my brain  
 Was wilder'd, as the elvish train,  
 With shriek and howl, dragg'd on  
 amain

Those who had late been men.

## X.

"With haggard eyes and streaming  
 hair,

Jutta the Sorceress was there,  
 And there pass'd Wulfstane, lately  
 slain,

All crush'd and foul with bloody  
 stain.—

More had I seen, but that arose  
 A whirlwind wild, and swept the  
 snows ;

And with such sound as when at  
 need

A champion spurs his horse to speed,  
 Three arm'd knights rush on, who  
 lead

Caparison'd a sable steed.  
 Sable their harness, and there came  
 Through their closed visors sparks of  
 flame.

The first proclaim'd, in sounds of  
 fear,

'Harold the Dauntless, welcome  
 here !'

The next cried, 'Jubilee ! we've won  
 Count Witikind the Waster's son !'

And the third rider sternly spoke,  
 'Mount, in the name of Zerneck !—  
 From us, O Harold, were thy  
 powers,—

Thy strength, thy dauntlessness, are  
 ours ;

Nor think, a vassal thou of hell,  
 With hell can strive.' The fiend  
 spoke true !

My inmost soul the summons knew,  
 As captives know the knell  
 That says the headsmen's sword is  
 bare,  
 And, with an accent of despair,  
 Commands them quit their cell.  
 I felt resistance was in vain,  
 My foot had that fell stirrup ta'en,  
 My hand was on the fatal mane,  
 When to my rescue sped  
 That Palmer's visionary form,  
 And—like the passing of a storm—  
 The demons yell'd and fled!

## XI.

"His sable cowl, flung back, reveal'd  
 The features it before conceal'd;  
 And, Gunnar, I could find  
 In him whose counsels strove to stay  
 So oft my course on wilful way,  
 My father Witikind!  
 Doom'd for his sins, and doom'd for  
 mine,  
 A wanderer upon earth to pine  
 Until his son shall turn to grace,  
 And smooth for him a resting-  
 place.—  
 Gunnar, he must not haunt in vain  
 This world of wretchedness and pain:  
 I'll tame my wilful heart to live  
 In peace—to pity and forgive—  
 And thou, for so the Vision said,  
 Must in thy Lord's repentance aid.  
 Thy mother was a prophetess,  
 He said, who by her skill could guess  
 How close the fatal textures join  
 Which knit thy thread of life with  
 mine;  
 Then, dark, he hinted of disguise  
 She framed to cheat too curious eyes,  
 That not a moment might divide  
 Thy fated footsteps from my side.  
 Methought while thus my sire did  
 teach,  
 I caught the meaning of his speech,  
 Yet seems its purport doubtful now."  
 His hand then sought his thought-  
 ful brow,  
 Then first he mark'd, that in the  
 tower  
 His glove was left at waking hour.

## XII.

Trembling at first, and deadly pale,  
 Had Gunnar heard the vision'd tale;  
 But when he learn'd the dubious  
 close,  
 He blush'd like any opening rose,  
 And, glad to hide his tell-tale cheek,  
 Hied back that glove of mail to seek;  
 When soon a shriek of deadly dread  
 Summon'd his master to his aid.

## XIII.

What sees Count Harold in that  
 bower,  
 So late his resting-place?—  
 The semblance of the Evil Power,  
 Adored by all his race!  
 Odin in living form stood there,  
 His cloak the spoils of Polar bear;  
 For plummy crest a meteor shed  
 Its gloomy radiance o'er his head,  
 Yet veil'd its haggard majesty  
 To the wild lightnings of his eye.  
 Such height was his, as when in  
 stone  
 O'er Upsal's giant altar shown:  
 So flow'd his hoary beard;  
 Such was his lance of mountain-pine,  
 So did his sevenfold buckler shine;—  
 But when his voice he rear'd,  
 Deep, without harshness, slow and  
 strong,  
 The powerful accents roll'd along,  
 And, while he spoke, his hand was  
 laid  
 On captive Gunnar's shrinking head.

## XIV.

"Harold," he said, "what rage is  
 thine,  
 To quit the worship of thy line,  
 To leave thy Warrior-God?—  
 With me is glory or disgrace,  
 Mine is the onset and the chase,  
 Embattled hosts before my face  
 Are wither'd by a nod.  
 Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat  
 Deserved by many a dauntless feat,  
 Among the heroes of thy line,  
 Eric and fiery Thorarine?—

Thou wilt not. Only I can give  
The joys for which the valiant live,  
Victory and vengeance—only I  
Can give the joys for which they die,  
The immortal tilt—the banquet full,  
The brimming draught from foeman's  
skull.

Mine art thou, witness this thy glove,  
The faithful pledge of vassal's love."

## XV.

"Tempter," said Harold, firm of  
heart,

"I charge thee, hence! whate'er  
thou art,

I do defy thee—and resist  
The kindling frenzy of my breast,  
Waked by thy words; and of my  
mail,

Nor glove, nor buckler, splent, nor  
nail,

Shall rest with thee—that youth  
release,

And God, or Demon, part in peace."—

"Eivir," the Shape replied, "is mine,  
Mark'd in the birth-hour with my  
sign.

Think'st thou that priest with drops  
of spray

Could wash that blood-red mark  
away?

Or that a borrow'd sex and name  
Can abrogate a Godhead's claim?"

Thrill'd this strange speech through  
Harold's brain,

He clench'd his teeth in high disdain,  
For not his new-born faith subdued

Some tokens of his ancient mood.—  
"Now, by the hope so lately given

Of better trust and purer heaven,  
I will assail thee, fiend!"—Then rose

His mace, and with a storm of blows  
The mortal and the Demon close.

## XVI.

Smoke roll'd above, fire flash'd  
around,

Darken'd the sky and shook the  
ground;

But not the artillery of hell,

The bickering lightning, nor the rock  
Of turrets to the earthquake's shock,

Could Harold's courage quell.

Sternly the Dane his purpose kept,  
And blows on blows resistless heap'd,

Till quail'd that Demon Form,

And—for his power to hurt or kill  
Was bounded by a higher will—

Evanish'd in the storm.

Nor paused the Champion of the  
North,

But raised, and bore his Eivir forth,  
From that wild scene of fiendish  
strife,

To light, to liberty, and life!

## XVII.

He placed her on a bank of moss,

A silver runnel bubbled by,

And new-born thoughts his soul  
engross,

And tremors yet unknown across

His stubborn sinews fly,

The while with timid hand the dew  
Upon her brow and neck he threw,

And mark'd how life with rosy hue

On her pale cheek revived anew,

And glimmer'd in her eye.

Inly he said, "That silken tress,—  
What blindness mine that could not  
guess!

Or how could page's rugged dress

That bosom's pride belie?

O, dull of heart, through wild and  
wave

In search of blood and death to rave,  
With such a partner nigh!"

## XVIII.

Then in the mirror'd pool he peer'd,  
Blamed his rough locks and shaggy

beard,

The stains of recent conflict clear'd,—  
And thus the Champion proved,

That he fears now who never fear'd,  
And loves who never loved.

And Eivir—life is on her cheek,

And yet she will not move or speak,  
Nor will her eyelid fully ope;

Perchance it loves, that half-shut eye,  
Through its long fringe, reserved

and shy,

Affection's opening dawn to spy ;  
 And the deep blush, which bids its  
 dye  
 O'er cheek, and brow, and bosom fly,  
 Speaks shame-facedness and hope.

## XIX.

But vainly seems the Dane to seek  
 For terms his new-born love to  
 speak,—  
 For words, save those of wrath and  
 wrong,  
 Till now were strangers to his  
 tongue ;  
 So, when he raised the blushing  
 maid,  
 In blunt and honest terms he said,  
 ('Twere well that maids, when lovers  
 woo,  
 Heard none more soft, were all as  
 true,)  
 "Eivir ! since thou for many a day  
 Hast follow'd Harold's wayward  
 way,  
 It is but meet that in the line  
 Of after-life I follow thine.  
 To-morrow is Saint Cuthbert's  
 tide,

And we will grace his altar's side,  
 A Christian knight and Christian  
 bride ;  
 And of Witikind's son shall the  
 marvel be said,  
 That on the same morn he was  
 christen'd and wed."

## CONCLUSION.

AND now, Ennui, what ails thee,  
 weary maid ?  
 And why these listless looks of  
 yawning sorrow ?  
 No need to turn the page, as it  
 'twere lead,  
 Or fling aside the volume till to-  
 morrow.—  
 Be cheer'd—'tis ended—and I will  
 not borrow,  
 To try thy patience more, one  
 anecdote  
 From Bartholine, or Perinskiold,  
 or Snorro.  
 Then pardon thou thy minstrel,  
 who hath wrote  
 A Tale six cantos long, yet scorn'd  
 to add a note.

# CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

## IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

### THOMAS THE RHYMER.

IN THREE PARTS.

#### PART FIRST.—ANCIENT.

FEW personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Ercildoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposing to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give anything like a certain history of this remarkable man would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birthplace, of this ancient bard, was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon the subject. In a charter, which is subjoined at length, the son of our poet designed himself "Thomas of Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoun," which seems to imply that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances,

instead of the proper surnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the Border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when surnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr. Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300 (*List of Scottish Poets*), which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltra, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoune, with all claim which he or his predecessors could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead, since we find the son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr. Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness.—*Chartulary of Melrose*.

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and

important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Winton's *Chronicle*—

Of this fycht quilum spak Thomas  
Of Ersyldoune, that sayd in derne,  
There suld meit stalwartly, starke and sterne.  
He sayd it in his prophecy;  
But how he wist it was *ferly*.

Book viii. chap. 32.

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel) in Winton's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington, which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the Prior of Lochleven.

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Faëry. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and

followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still "drees his weird" in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration paid to his dwelling-place even attached itself in some degree to a person who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist, who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

It seemed to the Editor unpardonable to dismiss a person so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer, without some farther notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs. Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the Editor has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of cento, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and hind, to the Land of Faëry. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the Editor has prefixed to the Second Part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

TRUE THOMAS lay on Huntlie bank;  
A ferlie he spied w' his ee;  
And there he saw a ladye bright,  
Come riding down by the Eildon  
Tree

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,  
 Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;  
 At ilka tett of her horse's mane,  
 Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pull'd aff his cap,  
 And louted low down to his knee,  
 "All hail, thou mighty Queen of  
 Heaven!  
 For thy peer on earth I never did  
 see."—

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,  
 "That name does not belang  
 to me;  
 I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,  
 That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;  
 "Harp and carp along wi' me;  
 And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
 Sure of your bodie I will be."—

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
 That weird shall never daunton  
 me."—  
 Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,  
 All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she  
 said;  
 "True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;  
 And ye maun serve me seven years,  
 Thro' weal or woe as may chance  
 to be."

She mounted on her milk-white  
 steed;  
 She's ta'en true Thomas up behind:  
 And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,  
 The steed flew swifter than the  
 wind.

O they rade on, and farther on;  
 The steed gaed swifter than the  
 wind;  
 Until they reach'd a desert wide,  
 And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now,  
 true Thomas,  
 And lean your head upon my knee;

Abide and rest a little space,  
 And I will shew you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,  
 So thick beset with thorns and  
 briers?  
 That is the path of righteousness,  
 Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid braid  
 road,  
 That lies across that lilv leven?  
 That is the path of wickedness,  
 Though some call it the road to  
 heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,  
 That winds about the fernie brae?  
 That is the road to fair Elfland,  
 Where thou and I this night maun  
 gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your  
 tongue,  
 Whatever ye may hear or see;  
 For, if ye speak word in Elflyn land,  
 Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain  
 countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,  
 And they waded through rivers  
 aboon the knee,  
 And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
 But they heard the roaring of the  
 sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there  
 was nae stern light,  
 And they waded through red blude  
 to the knee;  
 For a' the blude that's shed on earth  
 Rins through the springs o' that  
 countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,  
 And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—  
 "Take this for thy wages, true  
 Thomas;  
 It will give thee the tongue that  
 can never lie."—



"My tongue is mine ain," true  
 Thomas said;  
 "A gudely gift ye wad gie to  
 me!  
 I neither dought to buy nor sell,  
 At fair or tryst where I may be.  
 "I dought neither speak to prince or  
 peer,  
 Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—  
 "Now hold thy peace!" the lady  
 said,  
 "For as I say, so must it be."—

He has gotten a coat of the even  
 cloth,  
 And a pair of shoes of velvet green;  
 And till seven years were gane and  
 past,  
 True Thomas on earth was never  
 seen.

#### PART SECOND.—ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

THE prophecies, ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune, have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance "amongst the sons of his people." The author of *Sir Tristrem* would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, "Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventure of *Schir Gawain*," if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the Lazaroni of Naples, had not exalted the bard of Ercildoune to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life. We know, at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Winton, and by Henry the Minstrel, or *Blind Harry*, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer's vaticinations, but merely narrate, historically, his having predicted the events of which they speak. The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr. Pinkerton from a MS. It is supposed to be a

response from Thomas of Ercildoune to a question from the heroic Countess of March, renowned for the defence of the Castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, *Black Agnes* of Dunbar. This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer's supposed prophecies. The verses are as follows:—

*La Countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Essedoune quant la guerre d'Escoce prendreit fyn. E yl l'a repoundy et dyt.*

When man is mad a kyng of a capped man;  
 When man is levere other mones thyng than  
 his owen;  
 When londe thouys forest, ant forest is felde;  
 When hares kendles o' the her'stane;  
 When Wyt and Wille werres togedere;  
 When mon makes stables of kyrkes, and steles  
 castels with stye;  
 When Rokesboroughe nys no burgh ant market  
 is at Forwyleye;  
 When Bambourne is donged with dede men;  
 When men ledes men in ropes to buyen and to  
 sellen;  
 When a quarter of whaty whete is changed for  
 a colt of ten markes;  
 When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd in  
 prison;  
 When a Scot ne me hym hude ase hare in forme  
 that the English ne shall hym fynde;  
 When rycht ant wronge astente the togedere;  
 When laddes weddeth lovedies;  
 When Scottes flen so faste, that, for faute of  
 shep. hy drowneth hemselve;  
 When shal this be?  
 Nouthr in thine tyme ne in mine;  
 Ah comen ant gone  
 Withinne twenty winter ant one.  
 PINKERTON'S *Poems. from MAITLAND'S MSS.*  
*quoting from Harl. Lib. 2253, F. 127.*

WHEN seven years were come and  
 gane,  
 The sun blink'd fair on pool and  
 stream;  
 And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,  
 Like one awaken'd from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,  
 He saw the flash of armour flee,  
 And he beheld a gallant knight  
 Come riding down by the Eildon-  
 tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and  
 strong;  
 Of giant make he 'pear'd to be:

He stirr'd his horse, as he were  
wode,  
Wi' gilded spurs, of faushion free.

Says—"Well met, well met, true  
Thomas!

Some uncouth ferlies show to me."—

Says—"Christ thee save, Cors-  
patrick brave!

Thrice welcome, good Dunbar,  
to me!

"Light down, light down, Cors-  
patrick brave!

And I will show thee curses three,  
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and  
grane,

And change the green to the black  
livery.

"A storm shall roar this very hour,  
From Ross's hills to Solway  
sea."—

"Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!  
For the sun shines sweet on fauld  
and lee."—

He put his hand on the Earlie's head;  
He show'd him a rock beside the  
sea,

Where a king lay stiff beneath his  
steed,  
And steel-dight nobles wiped their  
ee.

"The neist curse lights on Branxton  
hills:

By Flodden's high and heathery  
side,

Shall wave a banner red as blude,  
And chieftains throug wi' meikle  
pride.

"A Scottish King shall come full  
keen,

The ruddy lion beareth he;

A feather'd arrow sharp. I ween,  
Shall make him wink and warre  
to see.

"When he is bloody, and all to  
bledde,

Thus to his men he still shall say—  
'For God's sake, turn ye back again,  
And give yon southern folk a  
fray!

Why should I lose, the right is  
mine?

My doom is not to die this day.'

"Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,  
And woe and wonder ye sall see;  
How forty thousand spearmen stand,  
Where yon rank river meets the  
sea.

"There shall the lion lose the gylte,  
And the libbards bear it clean  
away;

At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be  
spilt

Much gentil bluid that day."—

"Enough, enough, of curse and  
ban;

Some blessings show thou now  
to me,

Or, by the faith o' my bodie," Cors-  
patrick said,

"Ye shall rue the day ye e'er  
saw me!"—

"The first of blessings I shall thee  
show,

Is by a burn, that's call'd of bread;

Where Saxon men shall tine the  
bow,

And find their arrows lack the  
head.

"Beside that brigg, out ower that  
burn,

Where the water bickereth bright  
and sheen,

Shall many a fallen courser spurn,  
And knights shall die in battle  
keen.

"Beside a headless cross of stone,  
The libbards there shall lose the  
gree:

The raven shall come, the erne shall  
go,  
And drink the Saxon bluid sae  
free.

The cross of stone they shall not  
know,  
So thick the corsés there shall  
be.”—

“But tell me now,” said brave  
Dunbar,  
“True Thomas, tell now unto me,  
What man shall rule the isle Britain,  
Even from the north to the south-  
ern sea?”—

“A French Queen shall bear the son,  
Shall rule all Britain to the sea ;  
He of the Bruce’s blood shall come,  
As near as in the ninth degree.

“The waters worship shall his race ;  
Likewise the waves of the farthest  
sea ;  
For they shall ride over ocean wide,  
With hempen bridles, and horse of  
tree.”

## PART THIRD.—MODERN.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

THOMAS THE RHYMER was renowned among his contemporaries, as the author of the celebrated romance of *Sir Tristrem*. Of this once-admired poem only one copy is now known to exist, which is in the Advocates’ Library. The Editor, in 1804, published a small edition of this curious work ; which, if it does not revive the reputation of the bard of Ercildoune, is at least the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in Mr. ELLIS’s *Specimens of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. p. 165, iii. p. 410 ; a work to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged ; the former, for the preservation of the best-selected examples of their poetical taste ; and the latter, for a history of the English

language, which will only cease to be interesting with the existence of our mother-tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention, that so great was the reputation of the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that few were thought capable of reciting it after the manner of the author—a circumstance alluded to by Robert de Brunne, the annalist :—

I see in song, in sedgeyng tale,  
Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale,  
Now thame says as they thame wrought,  
And in thare saying it semes nocht.  
That thou may here in Sir Tristrem,  
Over gestes it has the steme,  
Over all that is or was ;  
If men it said as made Thomas, &c.

It appears, from a very curious MS. of the thirteenth century, *penes* Mr. Douce of London, containing a French metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that the work of our Thomas the Rhymer was known, and referred to, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance where reciters were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Ercildoune :

*Plusurs de nos granter ne volent,  
Co que del naim dire se solent,  
Ki femme Kaherdin dut aimer,  
Li naim redut Tristram narrer,  
E entusché par grant engin,  
Quant il afole Kaherdin ;  
Pur cest plai e pur cest mal,  
Enweiad Tristram Guvernal,  
En Engleterre pur Ysolt :*  
THOMAS ico granter ne volt,  
Et si volt par raisun mostrer,  
Qu’ ico ne put pas ester, &c.

The tale of *Sir Tristrem*, as narrated in the Edinburgh MS., is totally different from the voluminous romance in prose, originally compiled on the same subject by Rusticien de Puise, and analysed by M. de Tressan ; but agrees in every essential particular with the metrical performance just quoted, which is a work of much higher antiquity.

The following attempt to commemorate the Rhymer’s poetical fame, and the traditional account of his marvellous return to Fairy Land, being entirely modern, would have been placed with

greater propriety among the class of Modern Ballads, had it not been for its immediate connection with the first and second parts of the same story.

WHEN seven years more were come  
and gone,  
Was war through Scotland spread,  
And Ruberslaw show'd high Dunyon  
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,  
Pitch'd palliouns took their room,  
And crested helms, and spears a-  
rowe,  
Glanced gaily through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,  
Resounds the ensenzie ;  
They roused the deer from Cadden-  
head,  
To distant Torwoodlee.

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,  
In Learmont's high and ancient  
hall :  
And there were knights of great  
renown,  
And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at  
dine,  
The music nor the tale,  
Nor gob etsy of the blood-red wine  
Nor mantling quaighs of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in  
hand,  
When as the reast was done :  
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,  
The elfin harp he won.)

Hush'd were the throng, both limb  
and tongue,  
And harpers for envy pale ;  
And armed lords lean'd on their  
swords,  
And hearken'd to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale  
The prophet pour'd along ;

No after bard might e'er avail  
Those numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain  
Float down the tide of years,  
As, buoyant on the stormy main,  
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's Table  
Round :  
The Warrior of the Lake ;  
How courteous Gawaine met the  
wound,  
And bled for ladies' sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,  
The notes melodious swell ;  
Was none excell'd in Arthur's days,  
The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's  
right,  
A venom'd wound he bore ;  
When fierce Morholde he slew in  
fight,  
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand ;  
No medicine could be found,  
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand  
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing  
tongue  
She bore the leech's part ;  
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung  
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween ;  
For, doom'd in evil tide,  
The maid must be rude Cornwall's  
queen,  
His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted  
bard  
In fairy tissue wove ;  
Where lords, and knights, and ladies  
bright,  
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,  
 High rear'd its glittering head ;  
 And Avalon's enchanted vale  
 In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segra-  
 more,  
 And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye ;  
 Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,  
 O who could sing but he ?

Through many a maze the winning  
 song  
 In changeful passion led,  
 Till bent at length the listening  
 throng  
 O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars  
 expand,  
 With agony his heart is wrung :  
 O where is Isolde's lilye hand,  
 And where her soothing tongue ?

She comes ! she comes !—like flash  
 of flame  
 Can lovers' footsteps fly :  
 She comes ! she comes !—she only  
 came  
 To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die : her latest sigh  
 Join'd in a kiss his parting breath,  
 The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,  
 United are in death.

There paused the harp : its lingering  
 sound  
 Died slowly on the ear ;  
 The silent guests still bent around,  
 For still they seem'd to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs  
 weak :  
 Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh ;  
 But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek  
 Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's  
 tower,  
 The mists of evening close ;

In camp, in castle, or in bower,  
 Each warrior sought repose,

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,  
 Dream'd o'er the woeful tale ;  
 When footsteps light, across the  
 bent,  
 The warrior's ears assail.

He starts, he wakes ; — “ What,  
 Richard, ho !  
 Arise, my page, arise !  
 What venturous wight, at dead of  
 night,  
 Dare step where Douglas lies ! ” —

Then forth they rush'd : by Leader's  
 tide,  
 A selcouth sight they see—  
 A hart and hind pace side by side,  
 As white as snow on Fairnalie.

Beneath the moon, with gesture  
 proud,  
 They stately move and slow ;  
 Nor scare they at the gathering  
 crowd,  
 Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message  
 sped,  
 As fast as page might run ;  
 And Thomas started from his bed,  
 And soon his clothes did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe  
 red ;  
 Never a word he spake but three ;—  
 “ My sand is run ; my thread is  
 spun ;  
 This sign regardeth me.”

The elfin harp his neck around,  
 In minstrel guise, he hung ;  
 And on the wind, in doleful sound,  
 Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went ; yet turn'd him  
 oft  
 To view his ancient hall :  
 On the gray tower, in lustre soft,  
 The autumn moonbeams fall ;

And Leader's waves, like silver  
sheen,  
Danced shimmering in the ray ;  
In deepening mass, at distance seen,  
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

"Farewell, my fathers' ancient  
tower !  
A long farewell," said he :  
"The scene of pleasure, pomp, or  
power,  
Thou never more shalt be.

"To Learmont's name no foot of  
earth  
Shall here again belong,  
And, on thy hospitable hearth,  
The hare shall leave her young.

"Adieu ! adieu !" again he cried,  
All as he turn'd him roun'—  
"Farewell to Leader's silver tide !  
Farewell to Ercildoune !"

The hart and hind approach'd the  
place,  
As lingering yet he stood ;  
And there, before Lord Douglas'  
face,  
With them he cross'd the flood.

Lord Douglas leap'd on his berry-  
brown steed,  
And spurr'd him the Leader o'er ;  
But, though he rode with lightning  
speed,  
He never saw them more.

Some said to hill, and some to  
glen,  
Their wondrous course had been ;  
But ne'er in haunts of living men  
Again was Thomas seen.

## GLENFINLAS ;

OR,

## LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.

THE simple tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus : While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy* (a hut, built for the purpose of hunting), and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the siren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut : the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the Forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Troshachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the Castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands, from that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

For them the viewless forms of air obey,  
 Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;  
 They know what spirit brews the stormful day,  
 And heartless oft, like moody madness stare.  
 To see the phantom-train their secret work  
 prepare.

COLLINS.

“O HONE a rie’! O hone a rie’!  
 The pride of Albin’s line is o’er,  
 And fall’n Glenartney’s stateliest  
 tree;  
 We ne’er shall see Lord Ronald  
 more!”—

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,  
 The chief that never fear’d a foe,  
 How matchless was thy broad  
 claymore,  
 How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,  
 How, on the Teith’s resounding  
 shore,  
 The boldest Lowland warriors fell,  
 As down from Lenny’s pass you  
 bore.

But o’er his hills, in festal day,  
 How blazed Lord Ronald’s  
 beltane-tree,<sup>435</sup>  
 While youths and maids the light  
 strathspey  
 So nimbly danced with Highland  
 glee!

Cheer’d by the strength of Ronald’s  
 shell,  
 E’en age forgot his tresses hoar;  
 But now the loud lament we swell,  
 O ne’er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came,  
 The joys of Ronald’s halls to  
 find,  
 And chase with him the dark-brown  
 game,  
 That bounds o’er Albin’s hills of  
 wind.

’Twas Moy; whom in Columba’s isle,  
 The seer’s prophetic spirit  
 found,<sup>436</sup>

As, with a minstrel’s fire the while,  
 He waked his harp’s harmonious  
 sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,  
 Which wandering spirits shrink to  
 hear;  
 And many a lay of potent tone,  
 Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, ’tis said, in mystic mood,  
 High converse with the dead they  
 hold,  
 And oft espy the fated shroud,  
 That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,  
 To rouse the red deer from their  
 den,  
 The Chiefs have ta’en their distant  
 way,  
 And scour’d the deep Glenfinlas  
 glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,  
 To watch their safety, deck their  
 board;  
 Their simple dress, the Highland  
 plaid,  
 Their trusty guard, the Highland  
 sword.

Three summer days, through brake,  
 and dell,  
 Their whistling shafts successful  
 flew;  
 And still, when dewy evening fell,  
 The quarry to their hut they drew.

In gray Glenfinlas’ deepest nook  
 The solitary cabin stood,  
 Fast by Moneira’s sullen brook,  
 Which murmurs through that  
 lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,  
 When three successive days had  
 flown;  
 And summer mist in dewy balm  
 Steep’d heathy bank, and mossy  
 stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,  
Afar her dubious radiance shed,  
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,  
And resting on Benedi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,  
Their sylvan fare the Chiefs enjoy ;  
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's  
eyes,  
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

“What lack we here to crown our  
bliss,  
While thus the pulse of joy beats  
high ?

What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,  
Her panting breath and melting  
eye ?

“To chase the deer of yonder shades,  
This morning left their father's pile  
The fairest of our mountain maids,  
The daughters of the proud  
Glengyle.

“Long have I sought poor Mary's  
heart,  
And dropp'd the tear, and heaved  
the sigh :  
But vain the lover's wily art,  
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

“But thou mayst teach that guardian  
fair,  
While far with Mary I am flown,  
Of other hearts to cease her care,  
And find it hard to guard her own.

“Touch but thy harp, thou soon  
shalt see  
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,  
Unmindful of her charge and me,  
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear  
and smile.

“Or, if she choose a melting tale,  
All underneath the greenwood  
bough,  
Will good St. Oran's rule prevail, <sup>437</sup>  
Stern huntsman of the rigid  
brow ?”—

“Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's  
death,  
No more on me shall rapture rise,  
Responsive to the panting breath,  
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

“E'en then, when o'er the heath of  
woe,  
Where sunk my hopes of love and  
fame,  
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,  
On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

“The last dread curse of angry  
heaven,  
With ghastly sights and sounds  
of woe,  
To dash each glimpse of joy was  
given—  
The gift, the future ill to know.

“The bark thou saw'st, yon summer  
morn,  
So gaily part from Oban's bay,  
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,  
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

“Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,  
Thou saw'st, with pride, the  
gallant's power,  
As marching 'gainst the Lord of  
Downe,  
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

“Thou only saw'st their tartans  
wave,  
As down Benvoirlich's side they  
wound,  
Heard'st but the pibroch, answering  
brave  
To many a target clanking round.

“I heard the groans, I mark'd the  
tears,  
I saw the wound his bosom bore,  
When on the serried Saxon spears  
He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

“And thou, who bidst me think of  
bliss,  
And bidst my heart awake to glee,



And court, like thee, the wanton  
kiss—  
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for  
thee!

“I see the death-damps chill thy  
brow ;  
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry ;  
The corpse-lights dance — they're  
gone, and now . . .  
No more is given to gifted eye !” —

“Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,  
Sad prophet of the evil hour !  
Say, should we scorn joy's transient  
beams,  
Because to-morrow's storm may  
lour ?

“Or false, or sooth, thy words of  
woe,  
Clangillian's Chieftain ne'er shall  
fear ;  
His blood shall bound at rapture's  
glow,  
Though doom'd to stain the Saxon  
spear.

“E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,  
My Mary's buskins brush the dew.”  
He spoke, nor bade the Chief  
farewell,  
But called his dogs, and gay with-  
drew.

Within an hour return'd each hound ;  
In rush'd the rousers of the deer ;  
They howl'd in melancholy sound,  
Then closely couch'd beside the  
Seer.

No Ronald yet ; though midnight  
came,  
And sad were Moy's prophetic  
dreams,  
As, bending o'er the dying flame,  
He fed the watch-fire's quivering  
gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,  
And sudden cease their moaning  
howl ;

Close press'd to Moy, they mark  
their fears  
By shivering limbs and stifled  
growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,  
As softly, slowly, oped the door ;  
And shook responsive every string,  
As light a footstep press'd the  
floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering  
light,  
Close by the minstrel's side was  
seen

An huntress maid, in beauty bright,  
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem ;  
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom  
bare,  
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,  
She wrung the moisture from  
her hair.

With maiden blush, she softly said,  
“O gentle huntsman, hast thou  
seen,  
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,  
A lovely maid in vest of green :

“With her a chief in Highland pride ;  
His shoulders bear the hunter's  
bow,  
The mountain dirk adorns his side,  
Far on the wind his tartans  
flow ?” —

“And who art thou ? and who are  
they ?”  
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied :  
“And why, beneath the moon's pale  
ray,  
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas'  
side ?” —

“Where wild Loch Katrine pours  
her tide,  
Blue, dark, and deep, round many  
an isle,  
Our father's towers o'erhang her  
side,  
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

"To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,  
Our woodland course this morn  
we bore,  
And haply met, while wandering  
here,  
The son of great Macgillianore.

"O aid me, then, to seek the pair,  
Whom, loitering in the woods, I  
lost ;

Alone, I dare not venture there,  
Where walks, they say, the shriek-  
ing ghost."—

"Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks  
there ;

Then, first, my own sad vow to  
keep,

Here will I pour my midnight prayer,  
Which still must rise when mortals  
sleep."—

"O first, for pity's gentle sake,  
Guide a lone wanderer on her way !  
For I must cross the haunted brake,  
And reach my father's towers ere  
day."—

"First, three times tell each Ave-  
bead,  
And thrice a Pater-noster say ;  
Then kiss with me the holy rede ;  
So shall we safely wend our  
way."—

"O shame to knighthood, strange  
and foul !

Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,  
And shroud thee in the monkish  
cowl,  
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

"Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,  
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,  
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre  
To wanton Morna's melting eye."

Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of  
flame,

And high his sable locks arose,  
And quick his colour went and came,  
As fear and rage alternate rose.

"And thou I when by the blazing oak  
I lay, to her and love resign'd,  
Say, rode ye on the eddyng smoke,  
Or sail'd ye on the midnight wind ;

"Not thine a race of mortal blood,  
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line ;  
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood—  
Thy sire, the Monarch of the  
Mine."

He muttered thrice St. Oran's rhyme,  
And thrice St. Fillan's powerful  
prayer ;<sup>438</sup>

Then turn'd him to the eastern clime,  
And sternly shook his coal-black  
hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung  
His wildest witch-notes on the  
wind ;

And loud, and high, and strange,  
they rung,  
As many a magic change they  
find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,  
Till to the roof her stature grew ;  
Then, mingling with the rising  
storm,

With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds  
tear :

The slender hut in fragments flew ;  
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair  
Was waved by wind, or wet by  
dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,  
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter  
rise ;

High o'er the minstrel's head they  
sail,  
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,  
As ceased the more than mortal  
yell ;

And, spattering foul, a shower of  
blood  
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropp'd from high a mangled  
arm ;  
The fingers strain'd an half-drawn  
blade :  
And last, the life-blood streaming  
warm,  
Torn from the trunk, a gasping  
head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,  
Stream'd the proud crest of high  
Benmore ;  
That arm the broad claymore could  
wield,  
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon  
gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills !  
Woe to Glenlinlas' dreary glen !  
There never son of Albin's hills  
Shall draw the hunter's shaft  
agen !

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet  
At noon shall shun that sheltering  
den,  
Lest, journeying in their rage, he  
meet  
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we — behind the Chieftain's  
shield,  
No more shall we in safety dwell ;  
None leads the people to the field —  
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie' ! O hone a rie' !  
The pride of Albin's line is o'er !  
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree ;  
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald  
more !

### THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

SMAYLHO'ME, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous.

The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides, by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair ; on the roof are two bartisans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate ; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylholme Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ballad was first printed in Mr. Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*. It is here published, with some additional illustrations, particularly an account of the battle of Ancram Moor ; which seemed proper in a work upon Border antiquities. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition. This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Editor's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale.

THE BARON OF SMAYLHO'ME rose with  
day,  
He spurr'd his courser on,  
Without stop or stay, down the  
rocky way,  
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buc-  
cleuch,  
His banner broad to rear ;  
He went not 'gainst the English  
yew,  
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced, and  
his helmet was laced,  
And his vaunt-brace of proof he  
wore ;

At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel  
sperthe,  
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days'  
space,  
And his looks were sad and sour ;  
And weary was his courser's pace,  
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram  
Moor <sup>439</sup>  
Ran red with English blood ;  
Where the Douglas true, and the  
bold Buccleuch,  
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and  
hew'd,  
His acton pierced and tore,  
His axe and his dagger with blood  
imbrued,—  
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,  
He held him close and still ;  
And he whistled thrice for his little  
foot-page,  
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-  
page,  
Come hither to my knee ;  
Though thou art young, and tender  
of age,  
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast  
seen,  
And look thou tell me true !  
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have  
been,  
What did thy lady do !"—

"My lady, each night, sought the  
lonely light,  
That burns on the wild Watch-  
fold ;  
For, from height to height, the  
beacons bright  
Of the English foemen told.

"The bittern clamour'd from the  
moss,  
The wind blew loud and shrill ;  
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross  
To the airy Beacon Hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent  
came  
Where she sat her on a stone ;—  
No watchman stood by the dreary  
flame,  
It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in  
sight,  
Till to the fire she came,  
And, by Mary's might ! an Armed  
Knight  
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike  
lord  
Did speak to my lady there ;  
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew  
the blast,  
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was  
fair,  
And the mountain-blast was still.  
As again I watch'd the secret pair,  
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

And I heard her name the mid-  
night hour,  
And name this holy eve ;  
And say, 'Come this night to thy  
lady's bower ;  
Ask no bold Baron's leave.

"He lifts his spear with the bold  
Buccleuch ;  
His lady is all alone ;  
The door she'll undo, to her knight  
so true,  
On the eve of good St. John.'—

"I cannot come ; I must not come ;  
I dare not come to thee ;  
On the eve of St. John I must wander  
alone :  
In thy bower I may not be.'—

“Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight !

Thou shouldst not say me nay ;  
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,  
Is worth the whole summer's day.

“And I'll chain the blood-hound,  
and the warder shall not sound,  
And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair ;

So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John,  
I conjure thee, my love, to be there !—

“Though the blood-hound be mute,  
and the rush beneath my foot,  
And the warder his bugle should not blow,

Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,  
And my footstep he would know.'—

“O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east !

For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en ;  
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,  
For the soul of a knight that is slaine.'—

“He turn'd him around, and grimly he frown'd ;

Then he laugh'd right scornfully—  
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight,  
May as well say mass for me :

“At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,  
In thy chamber will I be.'—

With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,  
And no more did I see.”

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,  
From the dark to the blood-red high ;

“Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,  
For, by Mary, he shall die !”—

“His arms shone full bright, in the beacon's red light :  
His plume it was scarlet and blue ;  
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,  
And his crest was a branch of the yew.”—

“Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,  
Loud dost thou lie to me !  
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,  
All under the Eildon-tree.”—

“Yet hear but my word, my noble lord !

For I heard her name his name ;  
And that lady bright, she called the knight  
Sir Richard of Coldinghame.”—

The bold Baron's brow then changed,  
I trow,

From high blood-red to pale—  
“The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff and stark—  
So I may not trust thy tale.

“Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,

And Eildon slopes to the plain,  
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,  
That gay gallant was slain.

“The varying light deceived thy sight,

And the wild winds drown'd the name ;  
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,  
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame !”

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the tower-gate,  
And he mounted the narrow stair,

To the bartizan-seat, where, with  
 maids that on her wait,  
 He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood ;  
 Look'd over hill and vale ;  
 Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mer-  
 toun's wood,  
 And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady  
 bright!"—

"Now hail, thou Baron true!  
 What news, what news, from Ancram  
 fight?"

What news from the bold Buc-  
 cleuch?"—

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,  
 For many a southron fell ;  
 And Buccleuch has charged us, ever-  
 more,  
 To watch our beacons well."—

The lady blush'd red, but nothing  
 she said :

Nor added the Baron a word :  
 Then she stepp'd down the stair to  
 her chamber fair,  
 And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the  
 Baron tossed and turn'd,  
 And oft to himself he said,—

"The worms around him creep, and  
 his bloody grave is deep . . .  
 It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matin-  
 bell,

The night was wellnigh done,  
 When a heavy sleep on that Baron  
 fell,  
 On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look'd through the chamber  
 fair,

By the light of a dying flame ;  
 And she was aware of a knight stood  
 there—

Sir Richard of Coldinghame !

"Alas ! away, away !" she cried,  
 "For the holy Virgin's sake!"—

"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy  
 side ;

But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights  
 three,

In bloody grave have I lain ;  
 The mass and the death-prayer are  
 said for me,

But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's  
 fair strand,

Most foully slain, I fell :  
 And my restless sprite on the beacon's  
 height,

For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain  
 space,

I must wander to and fro ;  
 But I had not had power to come to  
 thy bower

Had'st thou not conjured me so."—

Love master'd fear—her brow she  
 cross'd ;

"How, Richard, hast thou sped ?  
 And art thou saved, or art thou  
 lost?"—

The vision shook his head !

"Who spillet life, shall forfeit life ;  
 So bid thy lord believe :

That lawless love is guilt above,  
 This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken  
 beam ;

His right upon her hand ;  
 The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,  
 For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,  
 Remains on that board impress'd ;

And for evermore that lady wore  
 A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,  
 Ne'er looks upon the sun ;

There is a monk in Melrose tower,  
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the  
day,<sup>410</sup>

That monk, who speaks to none—  
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay  
That monk the bold Baron.

## CADYOW CASTLE.

ADDRESSED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

THE ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the Civil Wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference; and the state of decay in which they now appear, shows that they have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that

peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.

In detailing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr. Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

“Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already related, and owed his life to the Regent's clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the Regent's favourites, who seized his house, and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved at last to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery, which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the

street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house whence the blow had come; but they found the door strongly barricaded, and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse, which stood ready for him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The Regent died the same night of his wound."—*History of Scotland*, book v.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify the deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous Admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man.—*Thuanus*, cap. 46.

The Regent's death happened 23rd January, 1569. It is applauded or stigmatised, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him whose sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan

church of St. Andrews of its covering;" but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—*JEBB*, vol. ii. p. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, "that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or reward; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a llytle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, according to the vyle trayterous dysposysion of the hoole natyon of the Scottes."—*MURDIN'S State Papers*, vol. i. p. 197.

WHEN princely Hamilton's abode  
 Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,  
 The song went round, the goblet  
 flow'd,  
 And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay  
 sound,  
 So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,  
 And echoed light the dancer's bound,  
 As mirth and music cheer'd the  
 hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,  
 And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,  
 Thrill to the music of the shade,  
 Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,  
 You bid me tell a minstrel tale,  
 And tune my harp, of Border fame,  
 On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly  
 pride,  
 From pleasure's lighter scenes,  
 canst turn,  
 To draw oblivion's pall aside,  
 And mark the long-forgotten urn.



Then, noble maid ! at thy command,  
 Again the crumbled halls shall  
 rise ;  
 Lo ! as on Evan's banks we stand,  
 The past returns — the present  
 flies.

Where, with the rock's wood-cover'd  
 side,  
 Were blended late the ruins green,  
 Rise turrets in fantastic pride,  
 And feudal banners flaunt between :

Where the rude torrent's brawling  
 course  
 Was shagg'd with thorn and  
 tangling sloe,  
 The ashler buttress braves its force,  
 And ramparts frown in battled  
 row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and  
 spire  
 Obscurely dance on Evan's stream ;  
 And on the wave the warder's fire  
 Is chequering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light ; the east  
 is gray ;  
 The weary warder leaves his  
 tower ;  
 Steeds snort ; uncoupled stag-hounds  
 bay,  
 And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls — they hurry  
 out—  
 Clatters each plank and swinging  
 chain,  
 As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout  
 Urge the shy steed, and slack the  
 rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode  
 on ;  
 His shouting merry-men throng  
 behind ;  
 The steed of princely Hamilton  
 Was fleetier than the mountain  
 wind.  
 SC.

From the thick copse the roebucks  
 bound,  
 The startled red-deer scuds the  
 plain,  
 For the hoarse bugle's warrior-sound  
 Has roused their mountain haunts  
 again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,  
 Whose limbs a thousand years  
 have worn,  
 What sullen roar comes down the  
 gale,  
 And drowns the hunter's pealing  
 horn ?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,  
 That roam in woody Caledon,  
 Crashing the forest in his race,  
 The Mountain Bull comes thunder  
 ing on.

Fierce, on the hunter's quiver'd band,  
 He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,  
 Spurns, with black hoof and horn,  
 the sand,  
 And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance  
 has flown ;  
 Struggling in blood the savage  
 lies ;  
 His roar is sunk in hollow groan—  
 Sound, merry huntsmen ! sound  
 the *pryse* !<sup>441</sup>

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak  
 The hunters rest the idle spear ;  
 Curls through the trees the slender  
 smoke,  
 Where yeomen dight the woodland  
 cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain mark'd his  
 clan,  
 On greenwood lap all careless  
 thrown,  
 Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man  
 That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his  
place,  
Still wont our weal and woe to  
share?"

Why comes he not our sport to  
grace?

Why shares he not our hunter's  
fare?"—

Stern Claud replied, with darkening  
face,<sup>442</sup>

(Gray Pasley's haughty lord was  
he,)

"At merry feast, or buxom chase,  
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

"Few suns have set since Wood-  
houselee<sup>443</sup>

Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright  
goblets foam,

When to his hearths, in social glee,  
The war-worn soldier turn'd him  
home.

"There, wan from her maternal  
throes,

His Margaret, beautiful and mild,  
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,

And peaceful nursed her new-born  
child.

"O change accursed! past are those  
days;

False Murray's ruthless spoilers  
came,

And, for the hearth's domestic  
blaze,

Ascends destruction's volumed  
flame.

"What sheeted phantom wanders  
wild,

Where mountain Eske through  
woodland flows,

Her arms enfold a shadowy child—  
Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?

"The wilder'd traveller sees her  
glide,

And hears her feeble voice with  
awe—

'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's  
pride!

And woe for injured Bothwell-  
haugh!'"

He ceased—and cries of rage and  
grief

Burst mingling from the kindred  
band,

And half arose the kindling Chief,  
And half unsheathed his Arran  
brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and  
rock,

Rides headlong, with resistless  
speed,

Whose bloody poniard's frantic  
stroke

Drives to the leap his jaded  
steed;<sup>444</sup>

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs  
glare,

As one some vision'd sight that  
saw,

Whose hands are bloody, loose his  
hair?—

'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwell-  
haugh.

From gory selle, and reeling steed,  
Sprung the fierce horseman with  
a bound,

And, reeking from the recent deed,  
He dash'd his carbine on the  
ground.

Sternly he spoke—" 'Tis sweet to  
hear

In good greenwood the bugle  
blown,

But sweeter to Revenge's ear,  
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughter'd quarry proudly  
trode,

At dawning morn, o'er dale and  
down,

But prouder base-born Murray rode  
Through old Linlithgow's crowded  
town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side,<sup>445</sup>

In haughty triumph marched he,  
While Knox relax'd his bigot pride,  
And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

"But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,  
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,  
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,  
Or change the purpose of Despair ?

"With hackbut bent, my secret stand,<sup>446</sup>  
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,  
And mark'd, where, mingling in his band,  
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

"Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,  
Murder's foul minion, led the van ;  
And clash'd their broadswords in the rear  
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.<sup>447</sup>

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,<sup>448</sup>  
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,  
And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,  
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.<sup>449</sup>

"Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,  
Proud Murray's plumage floated high ;  
Scarce could his trampling charger move,  
So close the minions crowded nigh.<sup>450</sup>

"From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,  
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,  
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,  
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

"But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd  
A passing shade of doubt and awe ;  
Some fiend was whispering in his breast ;  
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh !'

"The death-shot parts—the charger springs—  
Wild rises tumult's startling roar !  
And Murray's plummy helmet rings—  
—Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

"What joy the raptured youth can feel,  
To hear her love the loved one tell—  
Or he, who broaches on his steel  
The wolf, by whom his infant fell !

"But dearer to my injured eye  
To see in dust proud Murray roll ;  
And mine was ten times trebled joy,  
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's spectre glided near ;  
With pride her bleeding victim saw ;  
And shriek'd in his death-deafen'd ear,  
'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh !'

"Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault !  
Spread to the wind thy banner'd tree !  
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow !—  
Murray is fall'n, and Scotland free !"

Vaults every warrior to his steed ;  
Loud bugles join their wild  
acclaim—

“Murray is fall'n, and Scotland  
freed !

Couch, Arran ! couch thy spear  
of flame !”

But, see ! the minstrel vision fails—  
The glimmering spears are seen  
no more ;

The shouts of war die on the gales,  
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,  
The blackbird whistles down the  
vale,

And sunk in ivied ruins lie  
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For Chiefs, intent on bloody  
deed,

And Vengeance shouting o'er the  
slain,

Lo ! high-born Beauty rules the  
steed,

Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure  
own

The maids who list the minstrel's  
tale ;

Nor e'er a ruder guest be known  
On the fair banks of Evandale !

## THE GRAY BROTHER.

### A FRAGMENT.

THE imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the Editor's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biassed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, he has preferred inserting these verses as

a fragment, to his intention or entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbattle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.

The scene with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the Life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts ; for the wild scenes which they frequented, and the constant dangers which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

“About the same time he [Peden] came to Andrew Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered ; when he lifted up his

head, he said, "They are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto"; he halted a little again, saying, "This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work!" Then there was a woman went out, ill-looking upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, what John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon the Scripture read, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the door, at the back of the *hallan*: immediately he halted and said, "There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth!" This person went out, and he insisted, yet he saw him neither come in nor go out."—*The Life and Prophecies of Mr. Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Galloway, in Galloway, part ii. § 26.*

A friendly correspondent remarks, "that the incapacity of proceeding in the performance of a religious duty, when a contaminated person is present, is of much higher antiquity than the era of the Reverend Mr. Alexander Peden."—*Vide Hygini Fabulas, cap. 26.* "*Medea Corintho exul, Athenas, ad Ægeum Pandionis filium devenit in hospitium, eique nupsit.*

—"Postea sacerdos Dianæ Medeam exagitare cœpit, regique negabat sacra caste facere posse, eo quod in ea civitate esset mulier venefica et scelerata; tunc exulatur."

The Pope he was saying the high,  
high mass,  
All on Saint Peter's day,  
With the power to him given, by the  
saints in heaven,  
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed  
mass,  
And the people kneel'd around,  
And from each man's soul his sins  
did pass,  
As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,  
Was still, both limb and tongue,  
While, through vaulted roof and  
aisles aloof,  
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quiver'd for  
fear,  
And falter'd in the sound—  
And, when he would the chalice rear  
He dropp'd it to the ground.

"The breath of one of evil deed  
Pollutes our sacred day;  
He has no portion in our creed,  
No part in what I say.

"A being, whom no blessed word  
To ghostly peace can bring;  
A wretch, at whose approach abhorr'd,  
Recoils each holy thing.

"Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise!  
My adjuration fear!  
I charge thee not to stop my voice,  
Nor longer tarry here!"—

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd,  
In gown of sackcloth gray;  
Far journeying from his native field,  
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear,  
I ween he had not spoke,  
And, save with bread and water clear,  
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,  
Seem'd none more bent to pray;  
But, when the Holy Father spoke,  
He rose and went his way.

Again unto his native land  
His weary course he drew,  
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,  
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,  
'Mid Eske's fair woods, regain;  
Thro' woods more fair no stream  
more sweet  
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the pilgrim came,  
 And vassals bent the knee;  
 For all 'mid Scotland's chiefs of  
 fame,  
 Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country, still,  
 In battle he had stood,  
 Ay, even when on the banks of Till  
 Her noblest pour'd their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing  
 sweet!  
 By Eske's fair streams that run,  
 O'er airy steep, through copsewood  
 deep,  
 Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,  
 And yield the muse the day;  
 There Beauty, led by timid Love,  
 May shun the tell-tale ray;

From that fair dome, where suit is  
 paid,  
 By blast of bugle free,<sup>461</sup>  
 To Auchendinny's hazel glade,  
 And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy  
 grove,  
 And Roslin's rocky glen,  
 Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,  
 And classic Hawthornden?<sup>462 583</sup>

Yet never a path, from day to day,  
 The pilgrim's footsteps range,  
 Save but the solitary way  
 To Burndale's ruin'd grange.

A woful place was that, I ween,  
 As sorrow could desire;  
 For nodding to the fall was each  
 crumbling wall,  
 And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,  
 While, on Carnethy's head,  
 The last faint gleams of the sun's  
 low beams  
 Had streak'd the gray with red;

And the convent bell did vespers tell,  
 Newbattle's oaks among,  
 And mingled with the solemn knell  
 Our Lady's evening song:

The heavy knell, the choir's faint  
 swell,  
 Came slowly down the wind,  
 And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,  
 As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he  
 was,  
 Nor ever raised his eye,  
 Until he came to that dreary place,  
 Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed  
 with fire,  
 With many a bitter groan—  
 And there was aware of a Gray  
 Friar,  
 Resting him on a stone.

"Now, Christ thee save!" said the  
 Gray Brother;  
 "Some pilgrim thou seemest  
 to be."

But in sore amaze did Lord Albert  
 gaze,  
 Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye  
 from west,  
 Or bring reliques from over the  
 sea;  
 Or come ye from the shrine of  
 St. James the divine,  
 Or St. John of Beverley?"—

"I come not from the shrine of  
 St. James the divine,  
 Nor bring reliques from over the  
 sea;  
 I bring but a curse from our father,  
 the Pope,  
 Which for ever will cling to  
 me."—

"Now, woful pilgrim, say not so!  
 But kneel thee down to me,

And shrive thee so clean of thy  
deadly sin,  
That absolved thou mayst be.”—

“And who art thou, thou Gray  
Brother,  
That I should shrive to thee,  
When He, to whom are given the  
keys of earth and heaven,  
Has no power to pardon me?”—

“O I am sent from a distant clime,  
Five thousand miles away,  
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,  
Done *here* 'twixt night and day.”

The pilgrim kneel'd him on the  
sand,  
And thus began his saye—  
When on his neck an ice-cold  
hand  
Did that Gray Brother laye.

### WAR-SONG OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

*Nennius.* Is not peace the end of arms?  
*Caratach.* Not where the cause implies a  
general conquest.  
Had we a difference with some petty isle,  
Or with our neighbours, Britons, for our land-  
marks,  
The taking in of some rebellious lord,  
Or making head against a slight commotion,  
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;  
But where we grapple for the land we live on,  
The liberty we hold more dear than life,  
The gods we worship, and, next these, our  
honours,  
And, with those, swords that know no end of  
battle—  
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,  
Those minds, that, where the day is, claim inheri-  
tance,  
And, where the sun makes ripe the fruit, their  
harvest,  
And, where they march but measure out more  
ground  
To add to Rome—  
It must not be—No! as they are our foes,  
Let's use the peace of honour—that's fair dealing;  
But in our hands our swords. The hardy Roman,  
That thinks to graft himself into my stock,  
Must first begin his kindred under ground,  
And be allied in ashes.”—

*Bouduca,*

THE following War-Song was written during the apprehension of an invasion. The corps of volunteers to which it was addressed, was raised in 1797, consisting of gentlemen, mounted and armed at their own expense. It still subsists, as the Right Troop of the Royal Mid-Lothian Light Cavalry, commanded by the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas. The noble and constitutional measure of arming freemen in defence of their own rights, was nowhere more successful than in Edinburgh, which furnished a force of 3000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a regiment of cavalry, from the city and county, and two corps of artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns. To such a force, above all others, might, in similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient Galgacus: “*Proinde ituri in aciem, et majores vestros et posteros cogitate.*” 1812.

To horse! to horse! the standard  
flies,

The bugles sound the call;  
The Gallic navy stems the seas,  
The voice of battle's on the breeze,  
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we  
come,  
A band of brothers true;  
Our casques the leopard's spoils  
surround,  
With Scotland's hardy thistle  
crown'd;  
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's  
frown  
Dull Holland's tardy train;  
Their ravish'd toys though Romans  
mourn;  
Though gallant Switzers vainly  
spurn,  
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

Oh! had they mark'd the avenging  
call  
Their brethren's murder gave,

Disunion ne'er their ranks had  
mown,  
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,  
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn  
head,  
In Freedom's temple born,  
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,  
To hail a master in our isle,  
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the  
land  
Come pouring as a flood,  
The sun, that sees our falling day,  
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,  
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,  
Or plunder's bloody gain;  
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we  
draw,

To guard our king, to fence our  
law,  
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale  
Shall fan the tri-color,  
Or footstep of invader rude,  
With rapine foul, and red with blood,  
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell  
friends!  
Adieu each tender tie!  
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,  
Where charging squadrons furious  
ride,  
To conquer or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres  
gleam;  
High sounds our bugle-call;  
Combined by honour's sacred tie,  
Our word is *Law and Liberty!*  
March forward one and all?

WAR-SONG OF THE ROYAL  
EDINBURGH LIGHT  
DRAGOONS

The bugles sound the call  
The Gallie navy steers the seas  
The voice of battle's on the breeze  
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dundee's towers we  
come  
A band of brothers true;  
Our eagles the leopard's spots  
surround.

With Scotland's hardy thistle  
crown'd,  
We boast the red and blue  
of our  
Though timely crouch to Gallia's  
frown  
Dull Holland's lady train;  
Their rivin'd rose through Rhodans  
modern;  
Through Kallant, Swissers vainly  
squirt  
And loaming, gnaw the chain;  
Oh! had they mark'd the avenging  
call  
Their brethren's murder gave

is not power the end of arms?  
Co. rather—Not where the crown settles a  
great conquest.

Had we a difference with some petty lord  
Of his own neighbourhood, without our lord-  
maker.

The taking in of some rebellious lord  
Or taking head against a slight constabulary  
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;  
But when we gather for the land we live on  
The gods we worship, and our swords, their own  
And with those swords, that know no end of  
Crown that, hadst thou allow'd an neighbour,  
In his mind, that, when the day is done, in-  
ward, when the sun makes the last light, their  
And when they march, but measure out more  
I should most surely a bad guide I  
I'd add to Rome—  
must not be—No! as they are our  
I'd give the best of horses—that's the saying;  
I but in our hands our swords—That's the saying,  
I but think in great honour, and my stock,  
I'd not have been his lord, under ground,  
I'd be the first to see, and I'd be the first to  
I'd be the first to see, and I'd be the first to



# BALLADS,

## TRANSLATED, OR IMITATED, FROM THE GERMAN, ETC.

### WILLIAM AND HELEN.

[1796.]

IMITATED FROM THE "LENORE" OF  
BURGER.

#### I.

FROM heavy dreams fair Helen rose,  
And eyed the dawning red :  
"Alas, my love, thou tarriest long !  
O art thou false or dead ?"—

#### II.

With gallant Fred'rick's princely  
power  
He sought the bold Crusade ;  
But not a word from Judah's wars  
Told Helen how he sped.

#### III.

With Paynim and with Saracen  
At length a truce was made,  
And every knight return'd to dry  
The tears his love had shed.

#### IV.

Our gallant host was homeward  
bound  
With many a song of joy ;  
Green waved the laurel in each  
plume,  
The badge of victory.

#### V.

And old and young, and sire and  
son,  
To meet them crowd the way,  
With shouts, and mirth, and melody,  
The debt of love to pay.

#### VI.

Full many a maid her true-love met,  
And sobb'd in his embrace,  
And flutt'ring joy in tears and smiles  
Array'd full many a face.

#### VII.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad ;  
She sought the host in vain ;  
For none could tell her William's  
fate,  
If faithless, or if slain.

#### VIII.

The martial band is past and gone ;  
She rends her raven hair,  
And in distraction's bitter mood  
She weeps with wild despair.

#### IX.

"O rise, my child," her mother said,  
"Nor sorrow thus in vain ;  
A perjured lover's fleeting heart  
No tears recall again."—

#### X.

"O mother, what is gone, is gone,  
What's lost for ever lorn :  
Death, death alone can comfort me ;  
O had I ne'er been born !

#### XI.

"O break, my heart,—O break at  
once !  
Drink my life-blood, Despair !  
No joy remains on earth for me,  
For me in heaven no share."—

#### XII.

"O enter not in judgment, Lord '  
The pious mother prays ;

“Impute not guilt to thy frail child ! She knows not what her tongue has  
She knows not what she says. spoke ;

Impute it not, I pray !

## XIII.

“O say thy pater noster, child !  
O turn to God and grace !  
His will, that turn'd thy bliss to  
bale,  
Can change thy bale to bliss.”

## XIV.

“O mother, mother, what is bliss ?  
O mother, what is bale ?  
My William's love was heaven on  
earth,  
Without it earth is hell.

## XV.

“Why should I pray to ruthless  
Heaven,  
Since my loved William's slain ?  
I only pray'd for William's sake,  
And all my prayers were vain.”—

## XVI.

“O take the sacrament, my child,  
And check these tears that flow ;  
By resignation's humble prayer,  
O hallow'd be thy woe !”—

## XVII.

“No sacrament can quench this  
fire,  
Or slake this scorching pain ;  
No sacrament can bid the dead  
Arise and live again.

## XVIII.

“O break, my heart,—O break at  
once !  
Be thou my god, Despair !  
Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on  
me,  
And vain each fruitless prayer.”—

## XIX.

O enter not in judgment, Lord,  
Vith thy frail child of clay !

## XX.

“Forbear, my child, this desperate  
woe,  
And turn to God and grace ;  
Well can devotion's heavenly glow  
Convert thy bale to bliss. —

## XXI.

“O mother, mother, what is bliss ?  
O mother, what is bale ?  
Without my William what were  
heaven,  
Or with him what were hell ?”—

## XXII.

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,  
Upbraids each sacred power,  
Till, spent, she sought her silent  
room,  
All in the lonely tower.

## XXIII.

She beat her breast, she wrung her  
hands,  
Till sun and day were o'er,  
And through the glimmering lattice  
shone  
The twinkling of the star.

## XXIV.

Then, crash ! the heavy drawbridge  
fell  
That o'er the moat was hung ;  
And, clatter ! clatter ! on its boards  
The hoof of courser rung.

## XXV.

The clank of echoing steel was  
heard  
As off the rider bounded ;  
And slowly on the winding stair  
A heavy footstep sounded.

## XXVI.

And hark! and hark! a knock—  
 Tap! tap!  
 A rustling stifled noise;—  
 Door-latch and tinkling staples  
 ring;—  
 At length a whispering voice.

## XXVII.

Awake, awake, arise, my love!  
 How, Helen, dost thou fare?  
 Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st  
 thou, or weep'st?  
 Hast thought on me, my fair?"—

## XXVIII.

"My love! my love!—so late by  
 night!—  
 I waked, I wept for thee:  
 Much have I borne since dawn of  
 morn;  
 Where, William, couldst thou  
 be?"—

## XXIX.

"We saddle late—from Hungary  
 I rode since darkness fell;  
 And to its bourne we both return  
 Before the matin-bell."—

## XXX.

"O rest this night within my arms,  
 And warm thee in their fold!  
 Chill howls through hawthorn bush  
 the wind:—  
 My love is deadly cold."—

## XXXI.

"Let the wind howl through haw-  
 thorn bush!  
 This night we must away;  
 The steed is wight, the spur is bright;  
 I cannot stay till day.

## XXXII.

"Busk, busk, and boune! Thou  
 mount'st behind  
 Upon my black barb steed:

O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,  
 We haste to bridal bed."—

## XXXIII.

"To-night — to-night a hundred  
 miles!—  
 O dearest William, stay!  
 The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal  
 hour!  
 O wait, my love, till day!"—

## XXXIV.

"Look here, look here—the moon  
 shines clear—  
 Full fast I ween we ride;  
 Mount and away! for ere the day  
 We reach our bridal bed.

## XXXV.

"The black barb snorts, the bridle  
 rings;  
 Haste, busk, and boune, and seat  
 thee!  
 The feast is made, the chamber  
 spread,  
 The bridal guests await thee."—

## XXXVI.

Strong love prevail'd: She busks  
 she bounes,  
 She mounts the barb behind,  
 And round her darling William's  
 waist  
 Her lily arms she twined.

## XXXVII.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode,  
 As fast as fast might be;  
 Spurn'd from the courser's thunder-  
 ing heels  
 The flashing peebles flee.

## XXXVIII.

And on the right, and on the left,  
 Ere they could snatch a view,  
 Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and  
 plain,  
 And cot, and castle, flew.

## XXXIX.

"Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon  
shines clear—  
Fleet goes my barb—keep hold!  
Fear'st thou?"—"O no!" she faintly  
said;  
"But why so stern and cold?"

## XL.

"What yonder rings? what yonder  
sings?  
Why shrieks the owlet gray?"—  
"'Tis death-bells' clang, 'tis funeral  
song,  
The body to the clay."

## XLI.

"With song and clang, at morrow's  
dawn,  
Ye may inter the dead:  
To-night I ride, with my young  
bride,  
To deck our bridal bed."

## XLII.

"Come with thy choir, thou coffin'd  
guest,  
To swell our nuptial song!  
Come, priest, to bless our marriage  
feast!  
Come all, come all along!"—

## XLIII.

Ceased clang and song; down sunk  
the bier;  
The shrouded corpse arose:  
And, hurry! hurry! all the train  
The thundering steed pursues.

## XLIV.

And, forward! forward! on they go;  
High snorts the straining steed;  
Thick pants the rider's labouring  
breath,  
As headlong on they speed.

## XLV.

"O William, why this savage haste?  
And where thy bridal bed?"—  
"'Tis distant far, low, damp, and  
chill,  
And narrow, trustless maid."

## XLVI.

"No room for me?"—"Enough for  
both;—  
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!"  
O'er thundering bridge, through boil-  
ing surge  
He drove the furious horse.

## XLVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they  
rode,  
Splash! splash! along the sea;  
The scourge is wight, the spur is  
bright,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

## XLVIII.

Fled past on right and left how fast  
Each forest, grove, and bower!  
On right and left fled past how fast  
Each city, town, and tower!

## XLIX.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon  
shines clear,  
Dost fear to ride with me?—  
Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can  
ride!"—  
"O William, let them be!"—

## L.

"See there, see there! What  
yonder swings  
And creaks 'mid whistling rain?"—  
"Gibbet and steel, th' accursed  
wheel;  
A murderer in his chain.—"

## LI.

"Hollo! thou felon, follow here:  
To bridal bed we ride;

And thou shalt prance a fetter dance  
Before me and my bride."—

## LII.

And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash,  
clash!

The wasted form descends;  
And fleet as wind through hazel bush  
The wild career attends.

## LIII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they  
rode,  
Splash! splash! along the sea;  
The scourge is red, the spur drops  
blood,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

## LIV.

How fled what moonshine faintly  
show'd!  
How fled what darkness hid!  
How fled the earth beneath their feet,  
The heaven above their head!

## LV.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon  
shines clear,  
And well the dead can ride;  
Does faithful Helen fear for them?"—  
"O leave in peace the dead!"—

## LVI.

"Barb! Barb! methinks I hear the  
cock;  
The sand will soon be run:  
Barb! Barb! I smell the morning  
air;  
The race is wellnigh done."—

## LVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they  
rode;  
Splash! splash! along the sea;  
The scourge is red, the spur drops  
blood,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

## LVIII.

"Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the  
dead;  
The bride, the bride is come;  
And soon we reach the bridal bed,  
For, Helen, here's my home."—

## LIX.

Reluctant on its rusty hinge  
Revolved an iron door,  
And by the pale moon's setting beam  
Were seen a church and tower.

## LX.

With many a shriek and cry whiz  
round  
The birds of midnight, scared;  
And rustling like autumnal leaves  
Unhallow'd ghosts were heard.

## LXI.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone  
pale  
He spurr'd the fiery horse,  
Till sudden at an open grave  
He check'd the wondrous course.

## LXII.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,  
Down drops the casque of steel,  
The cuirass leaves his shrinking  
side,  
The spur his gory heel.

## LXIII.

The eyes desert the naked skull,  
The mould'ring flesh the bone,  
Till Helen's lily arms entwine  
A ghastly skeleton.

## LXIV.

The furious barb snorts fire and  
foam,  
And, with a fearful bound,  
Dissolves at once in empty air,  
And leaves her on the ground.

## LXV.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,  
Pale spectres flit along,  
Wheel round the maid in dismal  
dance,  
And howl the funeral song ;

## LXVI.

“ E'en when the heart's with anguish  
cleft,  
Revere the doom of Heaven,  
Her soul is from her body reft ;  
Her spirit be forgiven ! ”

## THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

[1794.]

THIS is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the *Wilde Jäger* of the German poet Bürger. The tradition upon which it is founded bears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Faulkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants, who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died, the people adopted a superstition, founded probably on the many various uncouth sounds heard in the depth of a German forest, during the silence of the night. They conceived they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds; and the well-known cheer of the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horses' feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game, the pack, and the sportsmen, are also distinctly discriminated; but the phantoms are rarely, if ever, visible. Once, as a benighted *Chasseur* heard this infernal chase pass by him, at the sound of the halloo, with which the Spectre Huntsman cheered his hounds, he could not refrain from crying, “ *Glück zu Falkenburgh!* ” [Good sport to ye,

Falkenburgh!] “ Dost thou wish me good sport ? ” answered a hoarse voice ; “ thou shalt share the game ” ; and there was thrown at him what seemed to be a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring *Chasseur* lost two of his best horses soon after, and never perfectly recovered the personal effects of this ghostly greeting. This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany.

The French had a similar tradition concerning an aerial hunter, who infested the forest of Fountainbleau. He was sometimes visible ; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall grisly figure. Some account of him may be found in “ Sully's Memoirs,” who says he was called *Le Grand Veneur*. At one time he chose to hunt so near the palace, that the attendants, and, if I mistake not, Sully himself, came out into the court, supposing it was the sound of the king returning from the chase. This phantom is elsewhere called Saint Hubert.

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle-  
horn,

To horse, to horse ! halloo, halloo !  
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,  
And thronging serfs their lord  
pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,  
Dash through the bush, the brier,  
the brake ;  
While answering hound, and horn,  
and steed,  
The mountain echoes startling  
wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd  
day  
Had painted yonder spire with  
gold,  
And, calling sinful man to pray,  
Loud, long, and deep the bell had  
toll'd :

But still the Wildgrave onward rides,  
Halloo, halloo ! and, hark again !

When, spurring from opposing sides,  
Two Stranger Horsemen join the  
train.

Who was each Stranger, left and  
right,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell ;  
The right-hand steed was silver  
white,  
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand Horseman, young  
and fair,  
His smile was like the morn of  
May ;  
The left, from eye of tawny glare,  
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on  
high,  
Cried, " Welcome, welcome, noble  
lord !

What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,  
To match the princely chase,  
afford !"—

" Cease thy loud bugle's changing  
knell,"  
Cried the fair youth, with silver  
voice ;

" And for devotion's choral swell,  
Exchange the rude unhallow'd  
noise.

" To-day the ill-omen'd chase forbear,  
Yon bell yet summons to the fane ;  
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,  
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in  
vain."—

" Away, and sweep the glades  
along !"  
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies ;  
" To muttering monks leave matin-  
song,  
And bells, and books, and  
mysterics."

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent  
steed,  
And, launching forward with a  
bound,

" Who, for thy drowsy priestlike  
rede,  
Would leave the jovial horn and  
hound ?

" Hence, if our manly sport offend !  
With pious fools go chant and  
pray :—  
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-  
brow'd friend ;  
Halloo, halloo ! and, hark away !"

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser  
light,  
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and  
hill ;  
And on the left and on the right,  
Each Stranger Horseman follow'd  
still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled  
thorn,  
A stag more white than mountain  
snow ;  
And louder rung the Wildgrave's  
horn,  
" Hark forward, forward ! holla,  
ho !"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the  
way ;  
He gasps the thundering hoofs  
below ;—

But, live who can, or die who may,  
Still, " Forward, forward !" on  
they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,  
A field with Autumn's blessings  
crown'd ;  
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's  
feet,  
A husbandman with toil em-  
brown'd :

" O mercy, mercy, noble lord !  
Spare the poor's pittance," was his  
cry,  
" Earn'd by the sweat these brows  
have pour'd,  
In scorching hour of fierce July."—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger  
pleads,  
The left still cheering to the prey ;  
The impetuous Earl no warning  
heeds,  
But furious holds the onward way.

“Away, thou hound ! so basely born,  
Or dread the scourge’s echoing  
blow !”—

Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,  
“Hark forward, forward, holla,  
ho !”

So said, so done :—A single bound  
Clears the poor labourer’s humble  
pale ;  
Wild follows man, and horse, and  
hound,  
Like dark December’s stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and  
horn,  
Destructive sweep the field along ;  
While, joying o’er the wasted corn,  
Fell Famine marks the maddening  
throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey  
Scours moss and moor, and holt  
and hill ;  
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,  
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear’d ;  
He seeks the shelter of the crowd ;  
Amid the flock’s domestic herd  
His harmless head he hopes to  
shroud.

O’er moss and moor, and holt and  
hill,  
His track the steady blood-hounds  
trace ;  
O’er moss and moor, unwearied still,  
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall ;—  
“O spare, thou noble Baron, spare  
These herds, a widow’s little all ;  
These flocks, an orphan’s fleecy  
care !”—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger  
pleads,  
The left still cheering to the prey ;  
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,  
But furious keeps the onward  
way.

“Unmanner’d dog ! To stop my  
sport  
Vain were thy cant and beggar  
whine,  
Though human spirits, of thy sort,  
Were tenants of these carrion  
kine !”—

Again he winds his bugle-horn,  
“Hark forward, forward, holla,  
ho !”  
And through the herd, in ruthless  
scorn,  
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall ;  
Down sinks their mangled herds-  
man near ;  
The murderous cries the stag  
appal,—  
Again he starts, new-nerved by  
fear.

With blood besmear’d, and white  
with foam,  
While big the tears of anguish  
pour,  
He seeks, amid the forest’s gloom,  
The humble hermit’s hallow’d  
bower.

But man and horse, and horn and  
hound,  
Fast rattling on his traces go ;  
The sacred chapel rung around  
With, “Hark away ! and, holla,  
ho !”

All mild, amid the rout profane,  
The holy hermit pour’d his prayer ;  
“Forbear with blood God’s house to  
stain ;  
Revere his altar, and forbear !



"The meanest brute has rights to plead,  
Which, wrong'd by cruelty, or pride,  
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head :—  
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside."

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads ;  
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey :—  
Alas ! the Earl no warning heeds,  
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,  
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn ;  
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,  
Not God himself, shall make me turn !"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,  
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho !"—  
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,  
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,  
And clamour of the chase, was gone ;  
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle-sound,  
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around ;  
He strove in vain to wake his horn,  
In vain to call : for not a sound  
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds ;  
No distant baying reach'd his ears :  
His courser, rooted to the ground,  
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,  
Dark as the darkness of the grave ;  
And not a sound the still invades,  
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head  
At length the solemn silence broke ;  
And, from a cloud of swarthy red,  
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

"Oppressor of creation fair !  
Apostate Spirits' harden'd tool !  
Scorner of God ! Scourge of the poor !  
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased for ever through the wood ;  
For ever roam the affrighted wild ;  
And let thy fate instruct the proud,  
God's meanest creature is his child."

'Twas hush'd :— One flash, of sombre glare,  
With yellow tinged the forests brown ;  
Uprose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,  
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill ;  
A rising wind began to sing ;  
And louder, louder, louder still,  
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call ;—her entrails rend ;  
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,  
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend  
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell ;  
His eye like midnight lightning glows,  
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,  
 With many a shriek of helpless woe ;  
 Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,  
 And, "Hark away, and holla, ho !"

With wild despair's reverted eye,  
 Close, close behind, he marks the throng,  
 With bloody fangs and eager cry ;  
 In frantic fear he scours along.—

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,  
 Till time itself shall have an end ;  
 By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space,  
 At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,  
 That oft the lated peasant hears ;  
 Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross,  
 When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear  
 For human pride, for human woe,  
 When, at his midnight mass, he hears  
 The infernal cry of, "Holla, ho !"

### THE FIRE-KING.

"The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him."

*Eastern Tale.*

[1801.]

THIS ballad was written at the request of Mr. Lewis, to be inserted in his *Tales of Wonder*. It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight-Templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he

was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

BOLD knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,  
 Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear ;  
 And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,  
 At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

O see you that castle, so strong and so high ?  
 And see you that lady, the tear in her eye ?  
 And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,  
 The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand ?—

"Now palmer, gray palmer, O tell unto me,  
 What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie ?  
 And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand ?  
 And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land ?"—

"O well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,  
 For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have ;  
 And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,  
 For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians have won."

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung ;  
 O'er the palmer's gray locks the fair chain has she flung :  
 "O palmer, gray palmer, this chain be thy fee,  
 For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countrie.

"And, palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,  
 O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave ?

When the Crescent went back, and  
the Red-cross rush'd on,  
O saw ye him foremost on Mount  
Lebanon ?"—

"O lady, fair lady, the tree green  
it grows ;  
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure  
it flows ;  
Your castle stands strong, and your  
hopes soar on high ;  
But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms  
to die.

"The green boughs they wither,  
the thunderbolt falls,  
It leaves of your castle but levin-  
scorch'd walls ;  
The pure stream runs muddy ; the  
gay hope is gone ;  
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount  
Lebanon."

O she's ta'en a horse, should be  
fleet at her speed ;  
And she's ta'en a sword, should be  
sharp at her need ;  
And she has ta'en shipping for  
Palestine's land,  
To ransom Count Albert from  
Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on  
fair Rosalie,  
Small thought on his faith, or his  
kighthood, had he :  
A heathenish damsel his light heart  
had won,  
The Soldan's fair daughter of  
Mount Lebanon.

"O Christian, brave Christian, my  
love wouldst thou be,  
Three things must thou do ere I  
hearken to thee :  
Our laws and our worship on thee  
shalt thou take ;  
And this thou shalt first do for  
Zulema's sake.

"And, next, in the cavern, where  
burns evermore  
The mystical flame which the  
Curdmans adore,

Alone, and in silence, three nights  
shalt thou wake ;  
And this thou shalt next do for  
Zulema's sake.

"And, last, thou shalt aid us with  
counsel and hand,  
To drive the Frank robber from  
Palestine's land ;  
For my lord and my love then  
Count Albert I'll take,  
When all this is accomplish'd for  
Zulema's sake."

He has thrown by his helmet, and  
cross-handled sword,  
Renouncing his kighthood, denying  
his Lord ;  
He has ta'en the green caftan, and  
turban put on,  
For the love of the maiden of fair  
Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep deep  
under ground,  
Which fifty steel gates and steel  
portals surround,  
He has watch'd until daybreak, but  
sight saw he none,  
Save the flame burning bright on its  
altar of stone.

Amazed was the Princess, the Soldan  
amazed,  
Sore murmur'd the priests as on  
Albert they gazed ;  
They search'd all his garments, and,  
under his weeds,  
They found, and took from him, his  
rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep  
under ground,  
He watch'd the lone night, while the  
winds whistled round ;  
Far off was their murmur, it came  
not more nigh,  
The flame burn'd unmoved, and  
nought else did he spy.

Loud murmur'd the priests, and  
 amazed was the King,  
 While many dark spells of their  
 witchcraft they sing ;  
 They search'd Albert's body, and, lo !  
 on his breast  
 Was the sign of the Cross, by his  
 father impress'd.

The priests they erase it with care  
 and with pain ;  
 And the recreant return'd to the  
 cavern again ;  
 But, as he descended, a whisper  
 there fell :  
 It was his good angel, who bade  
 him farewell !

High bristled his hair, his heart  
 flutter'd and beat,  
 And he turn'd him five steps, half  
 resolved to retreat ;  
 But his heart it was harden'd, his  
 purpose was gone,  
 When he thought of the Maiden of  
 fair Lebanon.

Scarce pass'd he the archway, the  
 threshold scarce trode,  
 When the winds from the four  
 points of heaven were abroad,  
 They made each steel portal to rattle  
 and ring,  
 And, borne on the blast, came the  
 dread Fire-King.

Full sore rock'd the cavern whene'er  
 he drew nigh,  
 The fire on the altar blazed bickering  
 and high ;  
 In volcanic explosions the mountains  
 proclaim  
 The dreadful approach of the  
 Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistin-  
 guish'd in form,  
 His breath it was lightning, his  
 voice it was storm ;  
 I ween the stout heart of Count  
 Albert was tame,  
 When he saw in his terrors the  
 Monarch of Flame.

In his hand a broad falchion blue-  
 glimmer'd through smoke,  
 And Mount Lebanon shook as the  
 monarch he spoke :  
 " With this brand shalt thou conquer,  
 thus long, and no more,  
 Till thou bend to the Cross, and  
 the Virgin adore."

The cloud-shrouded Arm gives the  
 weapon ; and see !  
 The recreant receives the charm'd  
 gift on his knee :  
 The thunders growl distant, and  
 faint glean the fires,  
 As, borne on the whirlwind, the  
 phantom retires.

Count Albert has arm'd him the  
 Paynim among,  
 Though his heart it was false, yet  
 his arm it was strong ;  
 And the Red-cross wax'd faint, and  
 the Crescent came on,  
 From the day he commanded on  
 Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forests to Galilee's  
 wave,  
 The sands of Samaar drank the  
 blood of the brave ;  
 Till the Knights of the Temple, and  
 Knights of Saint John,  
 With Salem's King Baldwin, against  
 him came on.

The war-cymbals clatter'd, the  
 trumpets replied,  
 The lances were couch'd, and they  
 closed on each side ;  
 And horsemen and horses Count  
 Albert o'erthrew,  
 Till he pierced the thick tumult  
 King Baldwin unto.

Against the charm'd blade which  
 Count Albert did wield,  
 The fence had been vain of the  
 King's Red-cross shield ;  
 But a Page thrust him forward the  
 monarch before,  
 And cleft the proud turban the  
 renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count  
 Albert stoop'd low  
 Before the cross'd shield, to his  
 steel saddlebow ;  
 And scarce had he bent to the Red-  
 cross his head,—  
 “*Bonne Grace, Notre Dame!*” he  
 unwittingly said.

Sore sigh'd the charm'd sword, for  
 its virtue was o'er,  
 It sprung from his grasp, and was  
 never seen more ;  
 But true men have said, that the  
 lightning's red wing  
 Did waft back the brand to the  
 dread Fire-King.

He clench'd his set teeth, and his  
 gauntleted hand ;  
 He stretch'd, with one buffet, that  
 Page on the strand.  
 As back from the stripling the  
 broken casque roll'd,  
 You might see the blue eyes, and  
 the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in  
 horror to stare  
 On those death-swimming eyeballs,  
 and blood-clotted hair ;  
 For down came the Templars, like  
 Cedron in flood,  
 And dyed their long lances in  
 Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and  
 Ishmaelites yield  
 To the scallop, the saltier, and  
 crossleted shield ;  
 And the eagles were gorged with  
 the infidel dead,  
 From Bethsaida's fountains to  
 Naphthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's  
 plain.—  
 Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretch'd  
 'mid the slain ?  
 And who is yon Page lying cold at  
 his knee ?—  
 Oh, who but Count Albert and fair  
 Rosalie !

The Lady was buried in Salem's  
 bless'd bound,  
 The Count he was left to the vulture  
 and hound :  
 Her soul to high mercy Our Lady  
 did bring ;  
 His went on the blast to the dread  
 Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping,  
 can tell,  
 How the Red-cross it conquer'd, the  
 Crescent it fell :  
 And lords and gay ladies have sigh'd,  
 'mid their glee  
 At the tale of Count Albert and  
 fair Rosalie.

### FREDERICK AND ALICE.

[1801.]

THIS tale is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced in Goethe's *Claudina von Villa Bella*, where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr. Lewis, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state ; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his *Tales of Wonder*.

FREDERICK leaves the land of France,  
 Homeward hastes his steps to  
 measure,  
 Careless casts the parting glance  
 On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,  
 Keen to prove his untried blade,  
 Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead  
 Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,  
 Lovely Alice wept alone ;  
 Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract  
 torn,  
 Hope, and peace, and honour  
 flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs !  
 See, the tear of anguish flows !—  
 Mingling soon with bursting sobs,  
 Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she pray'd ;  
 Seven long days and nights are  
 o'er ;

Death in pity brought his aid,  
 As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,  
 Faithless Frederick onward rides ;  
 Marking, blithe, the morning's  
 glance  
 Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,  
 As the tongue of yonder tower,  
 Slowly, to the hills around,  
 Told the fourth, the fated hour ?

Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,  
 Yet no cause of dread appears ;  
 Bristles high the rider's hair,  
 Struck with strange mysterious  
 fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise,  
 In the steed the spur he hides ;  
 From himself in vain he flies ;  
 Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long  
 nights,  
 Wild he wander'd, woe the while !  
 Ceaseless care, and causeless fright,  
 Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends ;  
 Rivers swell, and rain-streams  
 pour ;  
 While the deafening thunder lends  
 All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,  
 Where his head shall Frederick  
 hide ?

Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,  
 By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,  
 Fast his steed the wanderer bound :  
 Down a ruin'd staircase slow,  
 Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie !  
 Glimmering lights are seen to  
 glide !—

“Blessed Mary, hear my cry !  
 Deign a sinner's steps to guide !”

Often lost their quivering beam,  
 Still the lights move slow before,  
 Till they rest their ghastly gleam  
 Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,  
 Mix'd with peals of laughter,  
 rose ;  
 As they fell, a solemn strain  
 Lent its wild and wondrous close !

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear  
 Voice of friends, by death re-  
 moved ;—  
 Well he knew that solemn air,  
 'Twas the lay that Alice loved.—

Hark ! for now a solemn knell  
 Four times on the still night  
 broke ;  
 Four times, at its deaden'd swell,  
 Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangours die,  
 Slowly opes the iron door !  
 Straight a banquet met his eye,  
 But a funeral's form it wore !

Coffins for the seats extend ;  
 All with black the board was  
 spread ;  
 Girt by parent, brother, friend,  
 Long since number'd with the  
 dead !

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,  
 Ghastly smiling, points a seat ;  
 All arose, with thundering sound ;  
 All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,  
Wild their notes of welcome  
swell ;—

“ Welcome, traitor, to the grave !  
Perjured, bid the light farewell ! ”

## THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

[1818.]

THESE verses are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the battle of Sempach, fought 9th July, 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss cantons established their independence ; the author, Albert Tchudi, denominated the Souter, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, esteemed highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a *Meister-Singer*, or minstrel, and his courage as a soldier ; so that he might share the praise conferred by Collins on Æschylus, that—

—Not alone he nursed the poet's flame,  
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot steel.

The circumstance of their being written by a poet returning from the well-fought field he describes, and in which his country's fortune was secured, may confer on Tchudi's verses an interest which they are not entitled to claim from their poetical merit. But ballad poetry, the more literally it is translated, the more it loses its simplicity, without acquiring either grace or strength ; and, therefore, some of the faults of the verses must be imputed to the translator's feeling it a duty to keep as closely as possible to his original. The various puns, rude attempts at pleasantry, and disproportioned episodes, must be set down to Tchudi's account, or to the taste of his age.

The military antiquary will derive some amusement from the minute particulars which the martial poet has recorded. The mode in which the Austrian men-at-arms received the charge of the Swiss, was by forming a phalanx, which they defended with their long lances. The gallant Winkel-

reid, who sacrificed his own life by rushing among the spears, claspings in his arms as many as he could grasp, and thus opening a gap in those iron battalions, is celebrated in Swiss history. When fairly mingled together, the unwieldy length of their weapons, and cumbrous weight of their defensive armour, rendered the Austrian men-at-arms a very unequal match for the light armed mountaineers. The victories obtained by the Swiss over the German chivalry, hitherto deemed as formidable on foot as on horseback, led to important changes in the art of war. The poet describes the Austrian knights and squires as cutting the peaks from their boots ere they could act upon foot, in allusion to an inconvenient piece of foppery, often mentioned in the middle ages. Leopold III., Archduke of Austria, called “ The handsome man-at-arms,” was slain in the Battle of Sempach, with the flower of his chivalry.

'Twas when among our linden-trees  
The bees had housed in swarms  
(And gray-hair'd peasants say that  
these  
Betoken foreign arms),

Then look'd we down to Willisow,  
The land was all in flame ;  
We knew the Archduke Leopold  
With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow,  
So hot their heart and bold,  
“ On Switzer carles we'll trample  
now,  
And slay both young and old.”

With clarion loud, and banner proud,  
From Zurich on the lake,  
In martial pomp and fair array,  
Their onward march they make.

“ Now list, ye lowland nobles all—  
Ye seek the mountain strand,  
Nor wot ye what shall be your lot  
In such a dangerous land.

"I rede ye, shrive ye of your sins,  
Before ye farther go ;  
A skirmish in Helvetian hills  
May send your souls to woe." —

"But where now shall we find a  
priest  
Our shrift that he may hear ?"—  
"The Switzer priest has ta'en the  
field,  
He deals a penance drear.

"Right heavily upon your head  
He'll lay his hand of steel ;  
And with his trusty partisan  
Your absolution deal." —

'Twas on a Monday morning then,  
The corn was steep'd in dew,  
And merry maids had sickles ta'en,  
When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne  
Together have they join'd ;  
The pith and core of manhood stern,  
Was none cast looks behind.

It was the Lord of Hare-castle,  
And to the Duke he said,  
"Yon little band of brethren true  
Will meet us undismay'd." —

"O Hare-castle, thou heart of  
hare !"  
Fierce Oxenstern replied. —  
"Shalt see then how the game will  
fare,"  
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then ot helmets  
bright,  
And closing ranks amain ;  
The peaks they hew'd from their  
boot-points  
Might wellnigh load a wain.

And thus they to each other said,  
"Yon handful down to hew  
Will be no boastful tale to tell,  
The peasants are so few." —

The gallant Swiss Confederates there  
They pray'd to God aloud,  
And he display'd his rainbow fair  
Against a swarthy cloud.

Then heart and pulse throbb'd more  
and more  
With courage firm and high,  
And down the good Confederates  
bore  
On the Austrian chivalry.

The Austrian Lion 'gan to growl,  
And toss his main and tail ;  
And ball, and shaft, and crossbow  
bolt,  
Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halbert, mingled  
there,  
The game was nothing sweet ;  
The boughs of many a stately tree  
Lay shiver'd at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood  
fast,  
So close their spears they laid ;  
It chafed the gallant Winkelreid,  
Who to his comrades said—

"I have a virtuous wife at home,  
A wife and infant son ;  
I leave them to my country's care,—  
This field shall soon be won.

"These nobles lay their spears right  
thick,  
And keep full firm array,  
Yet shall my charge their order  
break,  
And make my brethren way.

He rush'd against the Austrian band,  
In desperate career,  
And with his body, breast, and hand,  
Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splinter'd on his crest,  
Six shiver'd in his side ;  
Still on the serried files he press'd—  
He broke their ranks, and died.



This patriot's self-devoted deed  
First tamed the Lion's mood,  
And the four forest cantons freed  
From thralldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a  
lane,  
His valiant comrades burst,  
With sword, and axe, and partisan,  
And hack, and stab, and thrust.

The daunted Lion 'gan to whine,  
And granted ground amain,  
The Mountain Bull he bent his  
brows,  
And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and  
shield,  
At Sempach in the flight,  
The cloister vaults at Konig's-field  
Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold,  
So lordly would he ride,  
But he came against the Switzer  
churls,  
And they slew him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull,  
"And shall I not complain?  
There came a foreign nobleman  
To milk me on the plain.

"One thrust of thine outrageous horn  
Has gall'd the knight so sore,  
That to the churchyard he is borne  
To range our glens no more."

An Austrian noble left the stour,  
And fast the flight 'gan take;  
And he arrived in luckless hour  
At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher call'd  
(His name was Hans Von Rot),  
"For love, or meed, or charity,  
Receive us in thy boat!"

Their anxious call the fisher heard,  
And, glad the meed to win,  
His shallop to the shore he steer'd,  
And took the flyers in.

And while against the tide and wind  
Hans stoutly row'd his way,  
The noble to his follower sign'd  
He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turn'd,  
The squire his dagger drew,  
Hans saw his shadow in the lake,  
The boat he overthrew.

He 'whelm'd the boat, and as they  
strove,  
He stunn'd them with his oar,  
"Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,  
You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

"Two gilded fishes in the lake  
This morning have I caught,  
Their silver scales may much avail,  
Their carrion flesh is nought."

It was a messenger of woe  
Has sought the Austrian land:  
"Ah! gracious lady, evil news!  
My lord lies on the strand.

"At Sempach, on the battle-field,  
His bloody corpse lies there."—  
"Ah, gracious God!" the lady cried,  
"What tidings of despair!"

Now would you know the minstrel  
wight  
Who sings of strife so stern,  
Albert the Souter is he hight,  
A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,  
The night he made the lay,  
Returning from the bloody spot,  
Where God had judged the day.

## THE NOBLE MORINGER.

## AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

[1819.]

THE original of these verses occurs in a collection of German popular songs, entitled, *Sammlung Deutschen Volkslieder*, Berlin, 1807, published by Messrs. Busching and Von der Hagen, both, and more especially the last, distinguished for their acquaintance with the ancient popular poetry and legendary history of Germany.

In the German Editor's notice of the ballad, it is stated to have been extracted from a manuscript Chronicle of Nicolaus Thomann, chaplain to Saint Leonard in Weisenhorn, which bears the date 1533; and the song is stated by the author to have been generally sung in the neighbourhood at that early period. Thomann, as quoted by the German Editor, seems faithfully to have believed the event he narrates. He quotes tombstones and obituaries to prove the existence of the personages of the ballad, and discovers that there actually died, on the 11th May, 1349, a Lady Von Neuffen, Countess of Marstetten, who was, by birth, of the house of Moringer. This lady he supposes to have been Moringer's daughter, mentioned in the ballad. He quotes the same authority for the death of Berckhold Von Neuffen, in the same year. The editors, on the whole, seem to embrace the opinion of Professor Smith of Ulm, who, from the language of the ballad, ascribes its date to the 15th century.

The legend itself turns on an incident not peculiar to Germany, and which, perhaps, was not unlikely to happen in more instances than one, when crusaders abode long in the Holy Land, and their disconsolate dames received no tidings of their fate. A story, very similar in circumstances, but without the miraculous machinery of Saint Thomas, is told of one of the ancient Lords of Haigh-hall in Lancashire, the patri-

monial inheritance of the late Countess of Balcarras; and the particulars are represented on stained glass upon a window in that ancient manor-house.

## I.

O, WILL you hear a knightly tale of  
old Bohemian day,  
It was the noble Moringer in wedlock  
bed he lay;  
He halsed and kiss'd his dearest  
dame, that was as sweet as May,  
And said, "Now, lady of my heart,  
attend the words I say.

## II.

"'Tis I have vow'd a pilgrimage  
unto a distant shrine,  
And I must seek Saint Thomas-land,  
and leave the land that's mine;  
Here shalt thou dwell the while in  
state, so thou wilt pledge thy fay,  
That thou for my return wilt wait  
seven twelvemonths and a day."

## III.

Then out and spoke that Lady bright,  
sore troubled in her cheer,  
"Now tell me true, thou noble knight,  
what order takest thou here;  
And who shall lead thy vassal band,  
and hold thy lordly sway,  
And be thy lady's guardian true when  
thou art far away?"

## IV.

Out spoke the noble Moringer, "Of  
that have thou no care,  
There's many a valiant gentleman of  
me holds living fair;  
The trustiest shall rule my land, my  
vassals and my state,  
And be a guardian tried and true to  
thee, my lovely mate.

## V.

"As Christian-man, I needs must  
keep the vow which I have plight,  
When I am far in foreign land,  
remember thy true knight;

And cease, my dearest dame, to  
grieve, for vain were sorrow now,  
But grant thy Moringer his leave,  
since God hath heard his vow."

## VI.

It was the noble Moringer from bed  
he made him boune,  
And met him there his Chamberlain,  
with ewer and with gown :  
He flung the mantle on his back,  
'twas furr'd with miniver,  
He dipp'd his hand in water cold,  
and bathed his forehead fair.

## VII.

"Now hear," he said, "Sir Chamber-  
lain, true vassal art thou mine,  
And such the trust that I repose in  
that proved worth of thine,  
For seven years shalt thou rule my  
towers, and lead my vassal train,  
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith  
till I return again."

## VIII.

The Chamberlain was blunt and true,  
and sturdily said he,  
"Abide, my lord, and rule your own,  
and take this rede from me ;  
That woman's faith's a brittle trust—  
Seven twelvemonths didst thou say ?  
I'll pledge me for no lady's truth  
beyond the seventh fair day."

## IX.

The noble Baron turn'd him round,  
his heart was full of care,  
His gallant Esquire stood him nigh,  
he was Marstetten's heir,  
To whom he spoke right anxiously,  
"Thou trusty squire to me,  
Wilt thou receive this weighty trust  
when I am o'er the sea ?

## X.

"To watch and ward my castle  
strong, and to protect my land,  
And to the hunting or the host to  
lead my vassal band ;

And pledge thee for my Lady's faith  
till seven long years are gone,  
And guard her as Our Lady dear was  
guarded by Saint John."

## XI.

Marstetten's heir was kind and true,  
but fiery, hot, and young,  
And readily he answer made with too  
presumptuous tongue ;  
"My noble lord, cast care away, and  
on your journey wend,  
And trust this charge to me until  
your pilgrimage have end.

## XII.

"Rely upon my plighted faith, which  
shall be truly tried,  
To guard your lands, and ward your  
towers, and with your vassals ride ;  
And for your lovely Lady's faith, so  
virtuous and so dear,  
I'll gage my head it knows no  
change, be absent thirty year."

## XIII.

The noble Moringer took cheer when  
thus he heard him speak,  
And doubt forsook his troubled brow,  
and sorrow left his cheek ;  
A long adieu he bids to all—hoists  
topsails, and away,  
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land  
seven twelvemonths and a day.

## XIV.

It was the noble Moringer within an  
orchard slept,  
When on the Baron's slumbering  
sense a boding vision crept ;  
And whisper'd in his ear a voice,  
" 'Tis time, Sir Knight, to wake,  
Thy lady and thy heritage another  
master take.

## XV.

"Thy tower another banner knows,  
thy steeds another rein,  
And stoop them to another's will thy  
gallant vassal train ;

And she, the Lady of thy love, so  
faithful once and fair,  
This night within thy fathers' hall  
she weds Marstetten's heir."

## XVI.

It is the noble Moringer starts up  
and tears his beard,  
"Oh would that I had ne'er been  
born ! what tidings have I heard !  
To lose my lordship and my lands  
the less would be my care,  
But, God ! that e'er a squire untrue  
should wed my Lady fair.

## XVII.

"O good Saint Thomas, hear," he  
pray'd, "my patron Saint art thou,  
A traitor robs me of my land even  
while I pay my vow !  
My wife he brings to infamy that  
was so pure of name,  
And I am far in foreign land, and  
must endure the shame."

## XVIII.

It was the good Saint Thomas, then,  
who heard his pilgrim's prayer,  
And sent a sleep so deep and dead  
that it o'erpower'd his care ;  
He waked in fair Bohemian land  
outstretch'd beside a rill,  
High on the right a castle stood, low  
on the left a mill.

## XIX.

The Moringer he started up as one  
from spell unbound,  
And dizzy with surprise and joy  
gazed wildly all around ;  
"I know my fathers' ancient towers,  
the mill, the stream I know,  
Now blessed be my patron Saint who  
cheer'd his pilgrim's woe !"

## XX.

He leant upon his pilgrim staff, and  
to the mill he drew,  
So alter'd was his goodly form that  
none their master knew ;

The Baron to the miller said, "Good  
friend, for charity,  
Tell a poor palmer in your land what  
tidings may there be ?"

## XXI.

The miller answered him again,  
"He knew of little news,  
Save that the Lady of the land did a  
new bridegroom choose ;  
Her husband died in distant land,  
such is the constant word,  
His death sits heavy on our souls, he  
was a worthy Lord.

## XXII.

"Of him I held the little mill which  
wins me living free,  
God rest the Baron in his grave, he  
still was kind to me !  
And when Saint Martin's tide comes  
round, and millers take their toll,  
The priest that prays for Moringer  
shall have both cope and stole."

## XXIII.

It was the noble Moringer to climb  
the hill began,  
And stood before the bolted gate a  
woe and weary man ;  
"Now help me, every saint in heaven  
that can compassion take,  
To gain the entrance of my hall this  
woful match to break."

## XXIV.

His very knock it sounded sad, his  
call was sad and slow,  
For heart and head, and voice and  
hand, were heavy all with woe ;  
And to the warder thus he spoke ;  
"Friend, to thy Lady say,  
A pilgrim from Saint Thomas-land  
craves harbour for a day.

## XXV.

"I've wander'd many a weary step,  
my strength is wellnigh done,  
And if she turn me from her gate I'll  
see no morrow's sun ;

I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake,  
 a pilgrim's bed and dole,  
 And for the sake of Moringer's, her  
 once-loved husband's soul."

## XXVI.

It was the stalwart warder then he  
 came his dame before,  
 "A pilgrim, worn and travel-toil'd,  
 stands at the castle-door ;  
 And prays, for sweet Saint Thomas'  
 sake, for harbour and for dole,  
 And for the sake of Moringer, thy  
 noble husband's soul."

## XXVII.

The Lady's gentle heart was moved,  
 "Do up the gate," she said,  
 "And bid the wanderer welcome be  
 to banquet and to bed ;  
 And since he names my husband's  
 name, so that he lists to stay,  
 These towers shall be his harbourage  
 a twelvemonth and a day."

## XXVIII.

It was the stalwart warder then  
 undid the portal broad,  
 It was the noble Moringer that o'er  
 the threshold strode ;  
 "And have thou thanks, kind  
 heaven," he said, "though from  
 a man of sin,  
 That the true lord stands here once  
 more his castle-gate within."

## XXIX.

Then up the halls paced Moringer,  
 his step was sad and slow ;  
 It sat full heavy on his heart, none  
 seem'd their Lord to know ;  
 He sat him on a lowly bench,  
 oppress'd with woe and wrong,  
 Short space he sat, but ne'er to him  
 seem'd little space so long.

## XXX.

Now spent was day, and feasting o'er,  
 and come was evening hour,  
 The time was nigh when new-made  
 brides retire to nuptial bower ;

"Our castle's wont," a brides-man  
 said, "hath been both firm and long,  
 No guest to harbour in our halls till  
 he shall chant a song."

## XXXI.

Then spoke the youthful bridegroom  
 there as he sat by the bride,  
 "My merry minstrel folk," quoth he,  
 "lay shalm and harp aside ;  
 Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay,  
 the castle's rule to hold,  
 And well his guerdon will I pay with  
 garment and with gold."—

## XXXII.

"Chill flows the lay of frozen age,"  
 'twas thus the pilgrim sung,  
 "Nor golden meed nor garment gay,  
 unlocks his heavy tongue ;  
 Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay,  
 at board as rich as thine,  
 And by my side as fair a bride with  
 all her charms was mine.

## XXXIII.

"But time traced furrows on my  
 face, and I grew silver-hair'd,  
 For locks of brown, and cheeks of  
 youth, she left this brow and beard ;  
 Once rich, but now a palmer poor,  
 I tread life's latest stage,  
 And mingle with your bridal mirth  
 the lay of frozen age."

## XXXIV.

It was the noble Lady there this  
 woful lay that hears,  
 And for the aged pilgrim's grief her  
 eye was dimm'd with tears ;  
 She bade her gallant cupbearer a  
 golden beaker take,  
 And bear it to the palmer poor to  
 quaff it for her sake.

## XXXV.

It was the noble Moringer that  
 dropp'd amid the wine  
 A bridal ring of burning gold so  
 costly and so fine :

Now listen, gentles, to my song, it  
tells you but the sooth,  
'Twas with that very ring of gold  
he pledged his bridal truth.

## XXXVI.

Then to the cupbearer he said, "Do  
me one kindly deed,  
And should my better days return,  
full rich shall be thy meed ;  
Bear back the golden cup again to  
yonder bride so gay,  
And crave her of her courtesy to  
pledge the palmer gray."

## XXXVII.

The cupbearer was courtly bred, nor  
was the boon denied,  
The golden cup he took again, and  
bore it to the bride ;  
"Lady," he said, "your reverend  
guest sends this, and bids me pray,  
That, in thy noble courtesy, thou  
pledge the palmer gray."

## XXXVIII.

The ring hath caught the Lady's  
eye, she views it close and near,  
Then might you hear her shriek  
aloud, "The Moringer is here !"  
Then might you see her start from  
seat, while tears in torrents fell,  
But whether 'twas for joy or woe,  
the ladies best can tell.

## XXXIX.

But loud she utter'd thanks to  
Heaven, and every saintly power,  
That had return'd the Moringer  
before the midnight hour ;  
And loud she utter'd vow on vow,  
that never was there bride,  
That had like her preserved her  
troth, or been so sorely tried.

## XL.

"Yes, here I claim the praise," she  
said, "to constant matrons due,  
Who keep the troth that they have  
plight, so stedfastly and true ;

For count the term howe'er you will,  
so that you count aright,  
Seven twelve-months and a day are  
out when bells toll twelve to-night."

## XLI.

It was Marstetten then rose up, his  
falchion there he drew,  
He kneel'd before the Moringer, and  
down his weapon threw ;  
"My oath and knightly faith are  
broke," these were the words he  
said,  
"Then take, my liege, thy vassal's  
sword, and take thy vassal's head."

## XLII.

The noble Moringer he smiled, and  
then aloud did say,  
"He gathers wisdom that hath  
room'd seven twelve-months and  
a day ;  
My daughter now hath fifteen years,  
fame speaks her sweet and fair,  
I give her for the bride you lose,  
and name her for my heir.

## XLIII.

"The young bridegroom hath youthful  
bride, the old bridegroom the old,  
Whose faith was kept till term and  
tide so punctually were told ;  
But blessings on the warder kind  
that oped my castle gate,  
For had I come at morrow tide, I  
came a day too late."

## THE ERL-KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

(The Erl-King is a goblin that haunts  
the Black Forest in Thuringia.—To be  
read by a candle particularly long in  
the snuff.)

O, who rides by night thro' the  
woodland so wild ?  
It is the fond father embracing his  
child ;

And close the boy nestles within his  
loved arm,  
To hold himself fast, and to keep  
himself warm.

"O father, see yonder! see yonder!"  
he says;

"My boy, upon what doest thou  
fearfully gaze?"—

"O, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown  
and his shroud."

"No, my son, it is but a dark  
wreath of the cloud."

*(The Erl-King speaks.)*

"O come and go with me, thou  
loveliest child;

By many a gay sport shall thy time  
be beguiled;

My mother keeps for thee full many  
a fair toy,

And many a fine flower shall she  
pluck for my boy."

"O, father, my father, and did you  
not hear

The Erl-King whisper so low in  
my ear?"—

"Be still, my heart's darling—my  
child, be at ease;

It was but the wild blast as it sung  
thro' the trees."

*Erl-King.*

"O wilt thou go with me, thou  
loveliest boy?

My daughter shall tend thee with  
care and with joy;  
She shall bear thee so lightly thro'  
wet and thro' wild,  
And press thee, and kiss thee, and  
sing to my child."

"O father, my father, and saw you  
not plain,  
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide  
past thro' the rain?"—

"O yes, my loved treasure, I knew  
it full soon;

It was the gray willow that danced  
to the moon."

*Erl-King.*

"O come and go with me, no longer  
delay,

Or else, silly child, I will drag thee  
away."—

"O father! O father! now, now  
keep your hold,

The Erl-King has seized me—his  
grasp is so cold."

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd  
thro' the wild,

Clasping close to his bosom his  
shuddering child;

He reaches his dwelling in doubt  
and in dread,

But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant  
was dead!"

# SONGS AND VERSES

## FROM THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

### FROM WAVERLEY.

#### BRIDAL SONG.

AND did ye not hear of a mirth befel  
The morrow after a wedding day,  
And carrying a bride at home to dwell?  
And away to Tewin, away, away?

The quintain was set, and the garlands were made,  
'Tis pity old customs should ever decay;  
And woe be to him that was horsed on a jade,  
For he carried no credit away, away.

We met a concert of fiddle-de-dees;  
We set them a cockhorse, and made them play  
The winning of Bullen, and Upsey-frees,  
And away to Tewin, away away!

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish  
That would go to the plough that day;  
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,  
And away to Tewin, away, away!

The butler was quick, and the ale he did tap,  
The maidens did make the chamber full gay;  
The servants did give me a fuddling cup,  
And I did carry't away, away.

The smith of the town his liquor so took,  
That he was persuaded that the ground look'd blue;

And I dare boldly be sworn on a book,  
Such smiths as he there's but a few.

A posset was made, and the women did sip,  
And simpering said, they could eat no more;

Full many a maiden was laid on the lip,—  
I'll say no more, but give o'er, (give o'er).

#### APPENDIX TO GENERAL PREFACE.

#### BY CAPTAIN WAVERLEY.

#### ON RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION IN COLONEL GARDINER'S REGIMENT.

LATE, when the autumn evening fell  
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,  
The lake return'd, in chasten'd gleam,  
The purple cloud, the golden beam:  
Reflected in the crystal pool,  
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;  
The weather-tinted rock and tower,  
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,

So true, so soft, the mirror gave,  
As if there lay beneath the wave,  
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,  
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,  
And roused the Genius of the Lake!  
He heard the groaning of the oak,  
And donn'd at once his sable cloak,  
As warrior, at the battle cry,  
Invests him with his panoply:  
Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd,

He 'gan to shake his foamy crest  
O'er furrow'd brow and blackened cheek,  
And bade his surge in thunder speak.



In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,  
Flitted that fond ideal world ;  
And, to the shore in tumult tost,  
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and  
strange,  
I saw the spirit-stirring change.  
As warr'd the wind with wave and  
wood,  
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,  
And felt my heart more strongly  
bound,  
Responsive to the lofty sound,  
While, joying in the mighty roar,  
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no  
more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth  
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of  
truth,  
Bids each fair vision pass away,  
Like landscape on the lake that lay,  
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,  
As that which fled the autumn gale—  
For ever dead to fancy's eye  
Be each gay form that glided by,  
While dreams of love and lady's  
charms  
Give place to honour and to arms !  
Chap. v.

#### DAVIE GELLATLEY'S SONG.

FALSE love, and hast thou play'd  
me this  
In summer among the flowers ?  
I will repay thee back again  
In winter among the showers.  
Unless again, again, my love,  
Unless you turn again ;  
As you with other maidens rove,  
I'll smile on other men.

THE Knight's to the mountain  
His bugle to wind ;  
The Lady's to greenwood  
Her garland to bind.  
The bower of Burd Ellen  
Has moss on the floor,  
That the step of Lord William  
Be silent and sure.  
Chap. ix.  
sc.

#### IN LUCKIE MACLEARY'S TAVERN.

BARON BRADWARDINE *sings* :—

MON cœur volage, dit-elle,  
N'est pas pour vous, garçon ;  
Mais pour un homme de guerre,  
Qui a barbe au menton.  
Lon, Lon, Laridon.

Qui porte chapeau à plume,  
Soulier à rouge talon,  
Qui joue de la flûte,  
Aussi du violon.  
Lon, Lon, Laridon.

BALMAWHAPPLE *sings* :—

It's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,  
And o'er the bent of Killiebraid,  
And mony a weary cast I made,  
To cuittle the moor-fowl's tail.

If up a bonny black-cock should  
spring,  
To whistle him down wi' a slug in  
his wing,  
And strap him on to my lunzie  
string,  
Right seldom would I fail.  
Chap. xi.

#### DAVIE GELLATLEY'S SONG.

HIE AWAY.

HIE away, hie away,  
Over bank and over brae,  
Where the copsewood is the greenest,  
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,  
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,  
Where the morning dew lies longest,  
Where the black-cock sweetest sips  
it,  
Where the fairy latest trips it :  
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,  
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,  
Over bank and over brae,  
Hie away, hie away.  
Chap. xii.

## ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR.

ON Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune  
ye to rest,  
Ever beware that your couch be  
bless'd ;  
Sign it with cross, and sain it with  
bead,  
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-  
Hag will ride,  
And all her nine-fold sweeping on by  
her side,  
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud  
Sailing through moonshine or  
swath'd in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in Saint Swithin's  
Chair,  
The dew of the night has damp'd  
her hair :  
Her cheek was pale—but resolved  
and high  
Was the word of her lip and the  
glance of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of Swithin  
bold,  
When his naked foot traced the  
midnight wold,  
When he stopp'd the Hag as she  
rode the night,  
And bade her descend, and her  
promise plight.

He that dare sit on Saint Swithin's  
Chair,  
When the Night-Hag wings the  
troubled air,  
Questions three, when he speaks the  
spell,  
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King  
Robert his liege,  
These three long years, in battle  
and siege ;  
News are there none of his weal or  
his woe,  
And fain the Lady his fate would  
know.

She shudders and stops as the charm  
she speaks ;—  
Is it the moody owl that shrieks ?  
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter  
and scream,  
The voice of the Demon who haunts  
the stream ?

The moan of the wind sunk silent  
and low,  
And the roaring torrent had ceased  
to flow ;  
The calm was more dreadful than  
raging storm,  
When the cold gray mist brought  
the ghastly form !

Chap. xiii.

## DAVIE GELLATLEY'S SONG.

YOUNG men will love thee more fair  
and more fast ;  
*Heard ye so merry the little bird  
sing ?*  
Old men's love the longest will last,  
*And the throstle-cock's head is under  
his wing.*

The young man's wrath is like light  
straw on fire ;  
*Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?*  
But like red-hot steel is the old man's  
ire,  
*And the throstle-cock's head is under  
his wing.*

The young man will brawl at the  
evening board ;  
*Heard ye so merry the little bird  
sing ?*  
But the old man will draw at the  
dawning the sword,  
*And the throstle-cock's head is under  
his wing.*

Chap. xiv.

## FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and  
night on the vale,  
But more dark is the sleep of the  
sons of the Gael.

A stranger commanded—it sunk on  
the land,  
It has frozen each heart, and be-  
numb'd every hand !

The dirk and the target lie sordid  
with dust,  
The bloodless claymore is but  
redden'd with rust ;  
On the hill or the glen if a gun  
should appear,  
It is only to war with the heath-  
cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards  
should rehearse,  
Let a blush or a blow be the meed  
of their verse !  
Be mute every string, and be hush'd  
every tone,  
That shall bid us remember the  
fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of  
slumber are past,  
The morn on our mountains is  
dawning at last ;  
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with  
the rays,  
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap  
bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray !—the exiled—  
the dear !—  
In the blush of the dawning the  
STANDARD uprear !  
Wide, wide on the winds of the north  
let it fly,  
Like the sun's latest flash when the  
tempest is nigh !

Ye sons of the strong, when that  
dawning shall break,  
Need the harp of the aged remind  
you to wake ?  
That dawn never beam'd on your  
forefathers' eye,  
But it roused each high chieftain to  
vanquish or die.

O, sprung from the kings who in  
Islay kept state,  
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glen-  
garry, and Sleat !  
Combine like three streams from  
one mountain of snow,  
And resistless in union rush down  
on the foe.

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted  
Lochiel,  
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and  
burnish thy steel !  
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy  
bugle's bold swell,  
Till far Coryarrick resound to the  
knell !

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high  
chief of Kintail,  
Let the stag in thy standard bound  
wild in the gale !  
May the race of Clan-Gillean, the  
fearless and free,  
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and  
Dundee !

Let the clan of gray Fingon, whose  
offspring has given  
Such heroes to earth, and such  
martyrs to heaven,  
Unite with the race of renown'd  
Rorri More,  
To launch the long galley, and  
stretch to the oar !

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their  
chief shall display  
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses  
of gray !  
How the race of wrong'd Alpine and  
murder'd Glencoe  
Shall shout for revenge when they  
pour on the foe !

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who  
slew the wild boar,  
Resume the pure faith of the great  
Callum-More !

Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy  
of the Lake,  
For honour, for freedom, for  
vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands  
awake,

Brave sons of the mountain, the  
frith, and the lake!

'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase  
is the call;

'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—  
but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for  
conquest or death,

When the banners are blazing on  
mountain and heath;

They call to the dirk, the claymore,  
and the targe,

To the march and the muster, the  
line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like  
Fin's in his ire!

May the blood through his veins  
flow like currents of fire!

Burst the base foreign yoke as your  
sires did of yore!

Or die, like your sires, and endure  
it no more!

Chap. xxii.

FERGUS *sings* :—

O LADY of the desert, hail!  
That lovest the harping of the Gael,  
Through fair and fertile regions  
borne,

Where never yet grew grass or corn.

FERGUS again :—

O VOUS, qui buvez à tasse pleine,

A cette heureuse fontaine,

Où on ne voit sur le rivage

Que quelques vilains troupeaux,

Suivis de nymphes de village,

Qui les escortent sans sabots—

Chap. xxiii.

TO AN OAK TREE,

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF —, IN THE  
HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, SAID TO  
MARK THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN  
WOGAN, KILLED IN 1649.

EMBLEM of England's ancient faith,  
Full proudly may thy branches  
wave,

Where loyalty lies low in death,  
And valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb!

Repine not if our clime deny,  
Above thine honour'd sod to bloom,  
The flowrets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;

Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,  
Before the winter storm decay—  
And can their worth be type of  
thine?

No! for, 'mid storms of Fate opposing,  
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless  
heart,

And, while Despair the scene was  
closing,

Commenced thy brief but brilliant  
part.

'Twas then thou sought'st on Albyn's  
hill

(When England's sons the strife  
resign'd)

A rugged race, resisting still,  
And unsubdued, though unrefined,

Thy death's hour heard no kindred  
wail,

No holy knell thy requiem rung;  
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,  
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch  
sung.

Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine  
To waste life's longest term away,

Would change that glorious dawn of  
thine,

Though darken'd ere its noontide  
day?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless  
boughs  
Brave summer's drought and  
winter's gloom!

Rome bound with oak her patriots'  
brows,  
As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb.  
Chap. xxix.

GELLATLEY *sings* :—

THEY came upon us in the night,  
And brake my bower and slew my  
knight;

My servants a' for life did flee  
And left us in extremitie.

They slew my knight to me sae dear;  
They slew my knight, and drave his  
gear;

The moon may set, the sun may rise,  
But a deadly sleep has closed his  
eyes.

. . . . .

But follow, follow me,  
While glow-worms light the lea,  
I'll show ye where the dead should  
be—

Each in his shroud,  
While winds pipe loud,  
And the red moon peeps dim  
through the cloud.

Follow, follow me;  
Brave should he be  
That treads by night the dead man's  
lea.

Chap. lxiii.

## FROM GUY MANNERING.

### NATIVITY OF HARRY BERTRAM.

MEG MERRILIES *sings* :—

CANNY moment, lucky fit;  
Is the lady lighter yet?  
Be it lad, or be it lass,  
Sing wi' cross, and sain wi' mass.

Trefoil, vervain, John's-wort, dill,  
Hinders witches of their will;  
Weel is them, that weel may  
Fast upon Saint Andrew's day.

Saint Bride and her brat,  
Saint Colme and her cat,  
Saint Michael and his spear,  
Keep the house frae reif and wear,  
Chap. iii.

## TWIST YE, TWINE YE.

MEG MERRILIES *sings* :—

Twist ye, twine ye! even so  
Mingle shades of joy and woe,  
Hope, and fear, and peace, and  
strife,  
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,  
And the infant's life beginning,  
Dimly seen through twilight bend-  
ing,  
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and follies vain,  
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;  
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,  
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,  
Whirling with the whirling spindle.  
Twist ye, twine ye! even so  
Mingle human bliss and woe.  
Chap. iv.

## THE DYING GIPSY SMUGGLER.

MEG MERRILIES *sings* :—

WASTED, weary, wherefore stay,  
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?  
From the body pass away;—  
Hark! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,  
Mary Mother be thy speed,

Saints to help thee at thy need ;—  
Hark ! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snowdrift driving fast,  
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast ;  
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,  
And the sleep be on thee cast  
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,  
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—  
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,  
Day is near the breaking.

Open locks, end strife,  
Come death, and pass life.  
Chap. xxvii.

### GLOSSIN'S SONG.

GIN by pailfuls, wine in rivers,  
Dash the window-glass to shivers,  
For three wild lads were we, brave  
boys,  
And three wild lads were we ;  
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,  
And Jack on the gallows-tree !  
Chap. xxxiv.

### THE PROPHECY.

MEG MERRILIES *sings* :—

THE dark shall be light,  
And the wrong made right,  
When Bertram's right and Bertram's  
might  
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.  
Chap. xli.

### FROM THE ANTIQUARY.

#### TIME.

“WHY sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,  
Thou aged carle so stern and gray?  
Dost thou its former pride recall,  
Or ponder how it pass'd away?”—

“Know'st thou not me?” the Deep  
Voice cried ;  
“So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—  
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,  
Desired, neglected, and accused !

“Before my breath, like blazing flax,  
Man and his marvels pass away !  
And changing empires wane and wax,  
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

“Redeem mine hours—the space is  
brief—  
While in my glass the sand-grains  
shiver,  
And measureless thy joy or grief  
When TIME and thou shall part  
for ever !”  
Chap. x.

### EPITAPH ON JOHN O' YE GIRNELL.

HEIR Iyeth John o' ye Girnell ;  
Erth has ye nit and heuen ye kirnell.  
In hys tyme ilk wyfe's hennis clokit,  
Ilk gud mannis herth wi' bairnis was  
stokit.  
He deled a boll o' bear in firlottis  
fyve,  
Four for ye halie kirke and ane for  
pure mennis wyvis.  
Chap. xi.

### ELSPETH'S BALLAD.

“THE herring loves the merry moon-  
light,  
The mackerel loves the wind,  
But the oyster loves the dredging  
sang,  
For they come of a gentle kind.”

Now haud your tongue, baith wife  
and carle,  
And listen, great and sma',  
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl  
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,  
And down the Don and a',  
And hieland and lawland may  
mournfu' be  
For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white  
steeds,  
They hae bridled a hundred black,  
With a chafron of steel on each  
horse's head,  
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,  
A mile, but barely ten,  
When Donald came branking down  
the brae  
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,  
Their glaives were glancing clear,  
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,  
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,  
That Highland host to see ;  
Now here a knight that's stout and  
good  
May prove a jeopardie :

"What would'st thou do, my squire  
so gay,  
That rides beside my reyne,  
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,  
And I were Roland Cheyne ?

"To turn the rein were sin and  
shame,  
To fight were wond'rous peril ;  
What would ye do now, Roland  
Cheyne,  
Were ye Glenallan's Earl ?"

"Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,  
And ye were Roland Cheyne,  
The spur should be in my horse's side,  
And the bridle upon his mane.

"If they hae twenty thousand blades,  
And we twice ten times ten,  
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,  
And we are mail-clad men,

"My horse shall ride through ranks  
sae rude,  
As through the moorland fern,—  
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman  
blude  
Grow cauld for Highland kerne."

He turn'd him right and round  
again,  
Said—"Scorn na at my mither ;  
Light loves I may get mony a ane,  
But minnie ne'er anither."  
Chap. xl.

## MOTTOES.

I KNEW Anselmo. He was shrewd  
and prudent,  
Wisdom and cunning had their  
shares of him ;  
But he was shrewish as a wayward  
child,  
And pleased again by toys which  
childhood please ;  
As—book of fables graced with print  
of wood,  
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,  
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,  
That first was sung to please King  
Pepin's cradle.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

"Be brave," she cried, "you yet  
may be our guest.  
Our haunted room was ever held  
the best :  
If, then, your valour can the fight  
sustain  
Of rustling curtains, and the clinking  
chain ;  
If your courageous tongue have  
powers to talk  
When round your bed the horrid  
ghost shall walk ;  
If you dare ask it why it leaves its  
tomb,  
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and  
show the room."

*True Story.*

Chap. ix.

HERE has been such a stormy encounter  
Betwixt my cousin Captain, and this  
soldier,  
About I know not what!—nothing,  
indeed;  
Competitions, degrees, and comparatives  
Of soldiership!

*A Faire Quarrel.*

Chap. xix.

IF you fail honour here,  
Never presume to serve her any  
more;  
Bid farewell to the integrity of arms,  
And the honourable name of soldier  
Fall from you, like a shiver'd wreath  
of laurel  
By thunder struck from a desertlesse  
forehead.

*A Faire Quarrel.*

Chap. xx.

THE Lord Abbot had a soul  
Subtile and quick, and searching as  
the fire:  
By magic stairs he went as deep as  
hell,  
And if in devils' possession gold be  
kept,  
He brought some sure from thence—  
'tis hid in caves,  
Known, save to me, to none.  
*The Wonder of a Kingdome.*

Chap. xxi.

WHO is he?—One that for the lack  
of land  
Shall fight upon the water—he hath  
challenged  
Formerly the grand whale; and by  
his titles  
Of Leviathan, Behemoth, and so  
forth.  
He tilted with a sword-fish—Marry,  
sir,  
Th' aquatic had the best—the argu-  
ment  
Still galls our champion's breech.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxx.

TELL me not of it, friend—when the  
young weep,  
Their tears are lukewarm brine;—  
from our old eyes  
Sorrow falls down like hail-drops  
of the North,  
Chilling the furrows of our wither'd  
cheeks,  
Cold as our hopes, and harden'd as  
our feeling:  
Theirs, as they fall, sink sightless—  
ours recoil,  
Heap the fair plain, and bleaken all  
before us.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxi.

REMORSE—she ne'er forsakes us!—  
A bloodhound stanch—she tracks  
our rapid step  
Through the wild labyrinth of youth-  
ful frenzy,  
Unheard, perchance, until old age  
hath tamed us;  
Then in our lair, when Time hath  
chill'd our joints,  
And maim'd our hope of combat, or  
of flight,  
We hear her deep-mouth'd bay,  
announcing all,  
Of wrath, and woe, and punishment,  
that bides us.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxiii.

STILL in his dead hand clenched  
remain the strings  
That thrill his father's heart—e'en  
as the limb,  
Lopp'd off and laid in grave, retains,  
they tell us,  
Strange commerce with the  
mutilated stump,  
Whose nerves are twingeing still in  
main'd existence.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxiv.

LIFE, with you,  
Glows in the brain and dances in  
the arteries;



'Tis like the wine some joyous guest  
 hath quaff'd,  
 That glads the heart and elevates  
 the fancy :  
 Mine is the poor residuum of the  
 cup,  
 Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only  
 soiling  
 With its base dregs the vessel that  
 contains it.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxv.

YES! I love Justice well—as well  
 as you do—  
 But, since the good dame's blind, she  
 shall excuse me  
 If, time and reason fitting, I prove  
 dumb ;—  
 The breath I utter now shall be no  
 means  
 To take away from me my breath  
 in future.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxvii.

WELL, well, at worst, 'tis neither  
 theft nor coinage,  
 Granting I knew all that you charge  
 me with.  
 What tho' the tomb hath born a  
 second birth,  
 And given the wealth to one that  
 knew not on't,  
 Yet fair exchange was never robbery,  
 Far less pure bounty.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxviii.

LIFE ebbs from such old age,  
 unmark'd and silent,  
 As the slow neap-tide leaves yon  
 stranded galley.  
 Late she rock'd merrily at the least  
 impulse  
 That wind or wave could give ; but  
 now her keel  
 Is settling on the sand, her mast  
 has ta'en  
 An angle with the sky, from which  
 it shifts not.

Each wave receding shakes her less  
 and less,  
 Till, bedded on the strand, she shall  
 remain  
 Useless as motionless.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xl.

So, while the Goose, of whom the  
 fable told,  
 Incumbent, brooded o'er her eggs  
 of gold,  
 With hand outstretch'd, impatient to  
 destroy,  
 Stole on her secret nest the cruel  
 Boy,  
 Whose gripe rapacious changed her  
 splendid dream,  
 For wings vain fluttering, and for  
 dying scream.

*The Loves of the Sea-Weeds.*

Chap. xli.

LET those go see who will—I like  
 it not—  
 For, say he was a slave to rank  
 and pomp,  
 And all the nothings he is now  
 divorced from  
 By the hard doom of stern necessity ;  
 Yet it is sad to mark his alter'd  
 brow,  
 Where Vanity adjusts her flimsy  
 veil  
 O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant  
 anguish.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xlii.

FORTUNE, you say, flies from us ; she  
 but circles  
 Like the fleet sea-bird round the  
 fowler's skiff,—  
 Lost in the mist one moment, and  
 the next  
 Brushing the white sail with her  
 whiter wing,  
 As if to court the aim.—Experience  
 watches,  
 And has her on the wheel.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xliii.

NAV, if she love me not, I care not  
for her :

Shall I look pale because the maiden  
blooms ?

Or sigh because she smiles—and  
smiles on others ?

Not I, by Heaven !—I hold my peace  
too dear,

To let it, like the plume upon her  
cap,

Shake at each nod that her caprice  
shall dictate.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xliv.

### FROM THE BLACK DWARF.

WHEN the devil was sick, the devil  
a monk would be,

When the devil was well, the devil  
a monk was he.

Chap. vi.

### MOTTOES.

So spak the knight ; the geaunt sed—  
“ Lead forth with thé sely maid,

And mak me quite of thé and sche ;  
For glaunsing ee, or brow so brent,

Or cheek with rose and lilye blent,  
Me-lists not fecht with thé.”

Chap. ix.

I LEFT my ladye's bower last night,  
It was clad in wreaths of snaw ;

I'll seek it when the sun is bright  
And sweet the roses blaw.

*Old Ballad.*

Chap. x.

'Twas time and griefs

That franed him thus: Time, with  
his fairer hand,

Offering the fortunes of his former  
days,

The former man may make him :  
bring us to him,

And chance it as it may.

Chap. xvi.

*Old Play.*

### FROM OLD MORTALITY.

#### MAJOR BELLENDEN'S SONG.

AND what though winter will pinch  
severe

Through locks of gray and a cloak  
that's old,

Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,  
For a cup of sack shall fence the  
cold.

For time will rust the brightest blade,  
And years will break the strongest  
bow ;

Was never wight so starkly made,  
But time and years would over-  
throw.

Chap. xix.

### VERSES FOUND IN BOTH- WELL'S POCKET-BOOK.

THY hue, dear pledge, is pure and  
bright,

As in that well-remember'd night  
When first thy mystic braid was  
wove,

And first my Agnes whisper'd love.

Since then how often hast thou  
press'd

The torrid zone of this wild breast,  
Whose wrath and hate have sworn  
to dwell

With the first sin which peopled hell,  
A breast whose blood's a troubled  
ocean,

Each thro' the earthquake's wild  
commotion !—

O, if such clime thou canst endure,  
Yet keep thy hue unstain'd and pure,  
What conquest o'er each erring  
thought

Of that fierce realm had Agnes  
wrought !

I had not wander'd wild and wide,  
With such an angel for my guide ;  
Nor heaven nor earth could then  
reprove me,

If she had lived, and lived to love me.

Not then this world's wild joys had  
 been  
 To me one savage hunting scene,  
 My sole delight the headlong race,  
 And frantic hurry of the chase ;  
 To start, pursue, and bring to bay,  
 Rush in, drag down, and rend my  
 prey,  
 Then—from the carcass turn away !  
 Mine ireful mood had sweetness  
 tamed,  
 And soothed each wound which pride  
 inflamed !  
 Yes, God and man might now ap-  
 prove me,  
 If thou hadst lived, and lived to  
 love me.  
 Chap. xxiii.

#### EPITAPH ON BALFOUR OF BURLEY.

HERE lyes ane saint to prelates surly,  
 Being John Balfour, sometime of  
 Burley,  
 Who, stirred up to vengeance take,  
 For Solemn League and Cov'nant's  
 sake  
 Upon the Magus Moor in Fife  
 Did tak James Sharpe the apostate's  
 life ;  
 By Dutchman's hands was hacked  
 and shot,  
 And drowned in Clyde near this saam  
 spot.  
 Chap. xliv.

#### MOTTOES.

AROUSE thee, youth!—it is no common  
 call,—  
 God's Church is leaguer'd—haste to  
 man the wall ;  
 Haste where the Red-cross banners  
 wave on high,  
 Signals of honour'd death or victory.  
*James Duff.*  
 Chap. v.

My hounds may a' rin masterless,  
 My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,

My Lord may grip my vassal lands,  
 For there again maun I never be !  
*Old Ballad.*

Chap. xiv.

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife !  
 To all the sensual world proclaim,  
 One crowded hour of glorious life  
 Is worth an age without a name.  
*Anonymous.*

Chap. xxxiv.

#### FROM ROB ROY.

#### FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE'S LINES TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

O FOR the voice of that wild horn,  
 On Fontarabian echoes borne,  
 The dying hero's call,  
 That told imperial Charlemagne  
 How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain  
 Had wrought his champion's fall.

Sad over earth and ocean sounding,  
 And England's distant cliffs astound-  
 ing,  
 Such are the notes should say  
 How Britain's hope, and France's  
 fear,  
 Victor of Cressy and Poitier,  
 In Bordeaux dying lay.

“Raise my faint head, my squires,”  
 he said,  
 “And let the casement be display'd,  
 That I may see once more  
 The splendour of the setting sun  
 Gleam on thy mirror'd wave, Gar-  
 onne,  
 And Blay's empurpled shore.

“Like me, he sinks to Glory's sleep,  
 His fall the dews of evening steep,  
 As if in sorrow shed.  
 So soft shall fall the trickling tear,  
 When England's maids and matrons  
 hear  
 Of their Black Edward dead.

"And though my sun of glory set,  
Nor France nor England shall forget  
The terror of my name ;  
And oft shall Britain's heroes rise,  
New planets in these southern skies,  
Through clouds of blood and  
flame."  
Chap. ii.

TRANSLATION FROM  
ARIOSTO.

LADIES, and knights, and arms, and  
love's fair flame,  
Deeds of emprise and courtesy, I  
sing ;  
What time the Moors from sultry  
Africk came,  
Led on by Agramant, their youth-  
ful king—  
Him whom revenge and hasty ire did  
bring  
O'er the broad wave, in France to  
waste and war ;  
Such ills from old Trojano's death  
did spring,  
Which to avenge he came from  
realms afar,  
And menaced Christian Charles, the  
Roman Emperor.  
Of dauntless Roland, too, my strain  
shall sound,  
In import never known in prose or  
rhyme,  
How he, the chief of judgment  
deem'd profound,  
For luckless love was crazed upon  
a time—  
Chap. xvi.

MOTTOES.

In the wide pile, by others heeded not,  
Hers was one sacred solitary spot,  
Whose gloomy aisles and bending  
shelves contain,  
For moral hunger food, and cures  
for moral pain.

Chap. x.

*Anonymous.*

DIRE was his thought, who first in  
poison steep'd  
The weapon form'd for slaughter—  
direr his,  
And worthier of damnation, who  
instill'd  
The mortal venom in the social cup,  
To fill the veins with death instead  
of life.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xiii.

YON lamp its line of quivering light  
Shoots from my lady's bower ;  
But why should Beauty's lamp be  
bright  
At midnight's lonely hour ?

*Old Ballad.*

Chap. xiv.

LOOK round thee, young Astolpho :  
Here's the place  
Which men (for being poor) are sent  
to starve in,—  
Rude remedy, I trow, for sore  
disease.  
Within these walls, stifled by damp  
and stench,  
Doth Hope's fair torch expire ; and  
at the snuff,  
Ere yet 'tis quite extinct, rude, wild,  
and wayward,  
The desperate revelries of wild  
despair,  
Kindling their hell-born cressets,  
light to deeds  
That the poor captive would have  
died ere practised,  
Till bondage sunk his soul to his  
condition.

*The Prison, Act i. Sc. iii.*

Chap. xxii.

FAR as the eye could reach no tree  
was seen,  
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the  
lively green ;  
No birds, except as birds of passage,  
flew ;  
No bee was heard to hum, no dove  
to coo ;

No streams, as amber smooth, as  
 amber clear,  
 Were seen to glide, or heard to  
 warble here.

*Prophecy of Famine.*

Chap. xxvii.

"WOE to the vanquish'd!" was  
 stern Brenno's word,  
 When sunk proud Rome beneath the  
 Gallic sword—

"Woe to the vanquish'd!" when his  
 massive blade

Bore down the scale against her  
 ransom weigh'd,  
 And on the field of foughten battle  
 still,

Who knows no limit save the victor's  
 will.

*The Gaulliad.*

Chap. xxxi.

AND be he safe restored ere evening  
 set,

Or, if there's vengeance in an injured  
 heart,

And power to wreck it in an armed  
 hand,

Your land shall ache for't.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxii.

FAREWELL to the land where the  
 clouds love to rest,

Like the shroud of the dead on the  
 mountain's cold breast;

To the cataract's roar where the  
 eagles reply,

And the lake her lone bosom expands  
 to the sky.

Chap. xxxvi.

## FROM THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

### MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONGS.

WHEN the glede's in the blue cloud,  
 The lavrock lies still;

When the hound's in the greenwood  
 The hind keeps the hill.

O SLEEP ye sound, Sir James, she  
 said,

When ye suld rise and ride!

There's twenty men, wi' bow and  
 blade,

Are seeking where ye hide.

I GLANCE like the wildfire through  
 country and town;

I'm seen on the causeway—I'm seen  
 on the down;

The lightning that flashes so bright  
 and so free,

Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as  
 me.

WHAT did ye wi' the bridal ring,  
 bridal ring, bridal ring?

What did ye wi' your wedding ring,  
 ye little cutty quean, O?

I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a  
 sodger,

I gied it till a sodger, an auld true  
 love o' mine, O.

GOOD even, good fair moon, good  
 even to thee;

I prithee, dear moon, now show to  
 me

The form and the features, the  
 speech and degree,

Of the man that true lover of mine  
 shall be.

IT is the bonny butcher lad

That wears the sleeves of blue,

He sells the flesh on Saturday,

On Friday that he slew.

THERE'S a bloodhound ranging  
 Tinwald Wood,

There's harness glancing sheen;

There's a maiden sits on Tinwald  
 brae,

And she sings loud between.

IN the bonnie cells of Bedlam,

Ere I was ane and twenty,

I had hempen bracelets strong,

And merry whips, ding-dong,

And prayer and fasting plenty.

My banes are buried in yon kirk-yard  
 Sae far ayont the sea,  
 And it is but my blithesome ghaist  
 That's speaking now to thee.

I'M Madge of the country, I'm Madge  
 of the town,  
 And I'm Madge of the lad I am  
 blithest to own—  
 The Lady of Beever in diamonds  
 may shine,  
 But has not a heart half so lightsome  
 as mine.

I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm  
 Lady of May,  
 And I lead the blithe ring round the  
 May-pole to-day ;  
 The wildfire that flashes so fair and  
 so free  
 Was never so bright, or so bonnie as  
 me.

OUR work is over—over now,  
 The goodman wipes his weary brow,  
 The last long wain wends slow  
 away,  
 And we are free to sport and play.

The night comes on when sets the  
 sun,  
 And labour ends when day is done.  
 When Autumn's gone, and Winter's  
 come,  
 We hold our jovial harvest-home.

WHEN the fight of grace is fought,  
 When the marriage vest is wrought,  
 When Faith has chased cold Doubt  
 away,  
 And Hope but sickens at delay,  
 When Charity, imprisoned here,  
 Longs for a more expanded sphere,—  
 Doff thy robes of sin and clay,  
 Christian, rise, and come away.

CAULD is my bed, Lord Archibald,  
 And sad my sleep of sorrow :  
 But thine sall be as sad and cauld,  
 My fause true-love ! to-morrow.

And weep ye not, my maidens free,  
 Though death your mistress  
 borrow ;  
 For he for whom I die to-day,  
 Shall die for me to-morrow.

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,  
 Walking so early ;  
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
 Singing so rarely.

“Tell, me, thou bonny bird,  
 When shall I marry me ?”  
 “When six braw gentlemen  
 Kirkward shall carry ye.”

“Who makes the bridal bed,  
 Birdie, say truly ?”  
 “The gray-headed sexton  
 That delves the grave duly.

“The glow-worm o'er grave and  
 stone  
 Shall light thee steady.  
 The owl from the steeple sing,  
 ‘Welcome, proud lady.’”  
 Chaps. xv.-xl.

### MOTTOES.

LAW, take thy victim !—May she find  
 the mercy  
 In yon mild heaven which this hard  
 world denies her !  
 Chap. xxiv.

AND Need and Misery, Vice and  
 Danger, bind  
 In sad alliance, each degraded mind.  
 Chap. xxix.

I BESEECH you,  
 These tears beseech you, and these  
 chaste hands woo you,  
 That never yet were heaved but to  
 things holy—  
 Things like yourself. You are a God  
 above us ;  
 Be as a God, then, full of saving  
 mercy !

*The Bloody Brother.*  
 Chap. xxxvii.

FROM THE BRIDE OF  
LAMMERMOOR.

LUCY ASHTON'S SONG.

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming,  
Sit thou still when kings are arming,  
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,  
Speak not when the people listens,  
Stop thine ear against the singer,  
From the red gold keep thy finger ;  
Vacant heart and hand and eye,  
Easy live and quiet die.

Chap. iii.

NORMAN THE FORESTER'S  
SONG.

THE monk must arise when the  
matins ring,  
The abbot may sleep to their  
chime ;  
But the yeoman must start when the  
bugles sing,  
'Tis time, my hearts, 'tis time.

There's bucks and raes on Billhope  
braes,  
There's a herd on Shortwood  
Shaw ;  
But a lily-white doe in the garden  
goes,  
She's fairly worth them a'.  
Chap. iii.

THE PROPHECY.

WHEN the last Laird of Ravenswood  
to Ravenswood shall ride,  
And woo a dead maiden to be his  
bride,  
He shall stable his steed in the  
Kelpie's flow,  
And his name shall be lost for  
evermoe !  
Chap. xviii.

MOTTOES.

AY, and when huntsmen wind the  
merry horn,  
And from its covert starts the fearful  
prey,  
Who, warm'd with youth's blood in  
his swelling veins,  
Would, like a lifeless clod, out-  
stretchèd lie,  
Shut out from all the fair creation  
offers ?

*Ethwald, Act i. Sc. i.*

Chap. ix.

LET them have meat enough, woman  
—half a hen !  
There be old rotten pilchards—put  
them off too !  
'Tis but a little new anointing of  
them,  
And a strong onion that confounds  
the savour.

*Love's Pilgrimage.*

Chap. xi.

SHOULD I take aught of you ? 'tis true  
I begg'd now ;  
And, what is worse than that, I stole  
a kindness ;  
And, what is worst of all, I lost my  
way in't.

*Wit without Money.*

Chap. xiii.

AS, to the Autumn breeze's bugle-  
sound,  
Various and vague the dry leaves  
dance their round ;  
Or, from the garner-door, on ether  
borne,  
The chaff flies devious from the  
winnow'd corn ;  
So vague, so devious, at the breath  
of heaven,  
From their fix'd aim are mortal  
counsels driven.

Chap. xiv. *Anonymous.*

HERE is a father now  
Will truck his daughter for a foreign  
venture,

Make her the stop-gap to some  
 canker'd feud,  
 Or fling her o'er, like Jonah, to the  
 fishes,  
 To appease the sea at highest.  
 Chap. xvii. *Anonymous.*

SIR, stay at home and take an old  
 man's counsel :  
 Seek not to bask you by a stranger's  
 hearth ;  
 Our own blue smoke is warmer than  
 their fire.  
 Domestic food is wholesome, though  
 'tis homely,  
 And foreign dainties poisonous,  
 though tasteful.

*The French Courtesan.*

Chap. xviii.

I do too ill in this,  
 And must not think but that a  
 parent's plaint  
 Will move the heavens to pour forth  
 misery  
 Upon the head of disobedieney.  
 Yet reason tells us parents are  
 o'erseen  
 When with too strict a rein they do  
 hold in  
 Their child's affection, and control  
 that love  
 Which the High Powers Divine  
 inspire them with.

*The Hog hath lost his Pearl.*

Chap. xix.

AND soon they spied the merry-men  
 green,  
 And eke the coach-and-four.

*Duke upon Duke.*

Chap. xxii.

WHY, now I have Dame Fortune by  
 the forelock,  
 And if she 'scapes my grasp, the fault  
 is mine ;  
 He that hath buffeted with stern  
 adversity  
 Best knows to shape his course to  
 favouring breezes.

Chap. xxvii.

*Old Play.*

## FROM THE LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

### ANCIENT GAELIC MELODY.

ANNOT LYLE *sings* :—

BIRDS of omen dark and foul,  
 Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,  
 Leave the sick man to his dream—  
 All night long he heard your scream.  
 Haste to cave and ruin'd tower,  
 Ivy tod, or dinged-bower,  
 There to wink and mope, for, hark !  
 In the mild air sings the lark.

Hie to moorish gills and rocks,  
 Prowling wolf and wily fox ;  
 Hie ye fast, nor turn your view,  
 Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.  
 Couch your trains, and speed your  
 flight,  
 Safety parts with parting night ;  
 And on distant echo borne,  
 Comes the hunter's early horn.

The moon's wan crescent scarcely  
 gleams,  
 Ghost-like she fades in morning  
 beams :

Hie hence, each peevish imp and fay  
 That scare the pilgrim on his way.  
 Quench, kelpie ! quench, in bog and  
 fen,

Thy torch, that cheats benighted  
 men ;

Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,  
 For Ben-y-glow hath seen the sun.

Wild thoughts that, sinful, dark,  
 and deep,

O'erpower the passive mind in sleep,  
 Pass from the slumberer's soul away,  
 Like night-mists from the brow of  
 day :

Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim  
 Smothers the pulse, unnerves the  
 limb,

Spur thy dark palfrey, and begone !  
 Thou dar'st not face the godlike sun.

Chap. vi.



## THE ORPHAN MAID.

ANNOT LYLE *sings* :—

NOVEMBER's hail-cloud drifts away,  
November's sunbeam wan  
Looks coldly on the castle gray,  
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,  
Her arms, her feet, were bare ;  
The hail-drops had not melted yet,  
Amid her raven hair.

"And, dame," she said, "by all the  
ties  
That child and mother know,  
Aid one who never knew these joys,  
Relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said, "An orphan's state  
Is hard and sad to bear ;  
Yet worse the widow'd mother's  
fate,  
Who mourns both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has  
sped,  
Since, when from vengeance wild  
Of fierce Strathallan's Chief I fled,  
Forth's eddies whelm'd my child."

"Twelve times the year its course  
has borne,"  
The wandering maid replied ;  
"Since fishers on Saint Bridget's  
morn  
Drew nets on Campsie side.

"Saint Bridget sent no scaly spoil ;  
An infant, wellnigh dead,  
They saved, and rear'd in want and  
toil,  
To beg from you her bread."

That orphan maid the lady kiss'd,—  
"My husband's looks you bear ;  
Saint Bridget and her morn be  
bless'd !  
You are his widow's heir."

They've robed that maid, so poor  
and pale,  
In silk and sandals rare ;  
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail,  
Are glistening in her hair.  
Chap. ix.

## MOTTOES.

DARK on their journey lour'd the  
gloomy day,  
Wild were the hills, and doubtful  
grew the way ;  
More dark, more gloomy, and more  
doubtful, show'd  
The mansion which received them  
from the road.

*The Travellers, a Romance.*

Chap. x.

Is this thy castle, Baldwin ?  
Melancholy  
Displays her sable banner from the  
donjon,  
Dark'ning the foam of the whole  
surge beneath.  
Were I a habitant, to see this gloom  
Pollute the face of nature, and to  
hear  
The ceaseless sound of wave and sea-  
bird's scream,  
I'd wish me in the hut that poorest  
peasant  
E'er framed to give him temporary  
shelter.

*Brown.*

Chap. xi.

THIS was the entry, then, these  
stairs—but whither after ?  
Yet he that's sure to perish on the  
land  
May quit the nicety of card and  
compass,  
And trust the open sea without a  
pilot.

*Tragedy of Brennovalt.*

Chap. xiv.

## FROM IVANHOE.

## THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

High deeds achieved of knightly fame,  
From Palestine the champion came ;  
The cross upon his shoulders borne,  
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.

Each dint upon his batter'd shield  
Was token of a foughten field ;  
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,  
He sung, as fell the twilight hour :

"Joy to the fair!—thy knight behold,  
Return'd from yonder land of gold ;  
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,  
Save his good arms and battle-steed ;  
His spurs to dash against a foe,  
His lance and sword to lay him low ;  
Such all the trophies of his toil,  
Such—and the hope of Tekla's smile !

"Joy to the fair! whose constant knight  
Her favour fired to feats of might !  
Unnoted shall she not remain  
Where meet the bright and noble train ;  
Minstrel shall sing, and herald tell—  
'Mark yonder maid of beauty well,  
'Tis she for whose bright eyes was won  
The listed field of Ascalon !

"Note well her smile!—it edged the blade  
Which fifty wives to widows made,  
When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell,  
Iconium's turban'd Soldan fell.  
See'st thou her locks, whose sunny glow  
Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow ?  
Twines not of them one golden thread,  
But for its sake a Paynim bled.'

"Joy to the fair!—my name unknown,  
Each deed, and all its praise, thine own ;  
Then, oh ! unbar this churlish gate,  
The night-dew falls, the hour is late.  
Inured to Syria's glowing breath,  
I feel the north breeze chill as death ;  
Let grateful love quell maiden shame,  
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame!"

Chap. xvii.

## THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

I'LL give thee, good fellow, a twelve-month or twain,  
To search Europe through from Byzantium to Spain ;  
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,  
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,  
And is brought home at even-song prick'd through with a spear ;  
I confess him in haste—for his lady desires  
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

Your monarch?—Pshaw ! many a prince has been known  
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown ;  
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire  
To exchange for a crown the gray hood of a Friar ?

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone,  
The land and its fatness is mark'd for his own ;  
He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,  
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

He's expected at noon, and no wight,  
till he comes,  
May profane the great chair, or the  
porridge of plums ;  
For the best of the cheer, and the  
seat by the fire,  
Is the undenied right of the Bare-  
footed Friar.

He's expected at night, and the  
pasty's made hot,  
They broach the brown ale, and they  
fill the black pot ;  
And the goodwife would wish the  
goodman in the mire,  
Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Bare-  
footed Friar.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord,  
and the cope,  
The dread of the devil and trust of  
the Pope !  
For to gather life's roses, unscathed  
by the brier,  
Is granted alone to the Bare-footed  
Friar.

Chap. xvii.

### NORMAN.

NORMAN saw on English oak,  
On English neck a Norman yoke,  
Norman spoon in English dish,  
And England ruled as Normans  
wish ;  
Blithe world in England never will  
be more,  
Till England's rid of all the four.  
Chap. xxvii.

### ULRICA'S WAR-SONG.

WHET the bright steel,  
Sons of the White Dragon !  
Kindle the torch,  
Daughter of Hengist !  
The steel glimmers not for the  
carving of the banquet,  
It is hard, broad, and sharply  
pointed ;

The torch goeth not to the bridal  
chamber,  
It steams and glitters blue with  
sulphur.

Whet the steel, the raven croaks !  
Light the torch, Zernebock is yelling !  
Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon !  
Kindle the torch, daughter of  
Hengist !

The black clouds are low over the  
thane's castle :

The eagle screams—he rides on their  
bosom.

Stream not, gray rider of the sable  
cloud,

Thy banquet is prepared !  
The maidens of Valhalla look forth,  
The race of Hengist will send them  
guests.

Shake your black tresses, maidens of  
Valhalla !

And strike your loud timbrels for joy !  
Many a haughty step bends to your  
halls,

Many a helmed head.

Dark sits the evening upon the  
thane's castle,

The black clouds gather round ;  
Soon shall they be red as the blood  
of the valiant !

The destroyer of forests shall shake  
his red crest against them ;

He, the bright consumer of palaces,  
Broad waves be his blazing banner,  
Red, wide, and dusky,

Over the strife of the valiant ;  
His joy is in the clashing swords and  
broken bucklers ;

He loves to lick the hissing blood as  
it bursts warm from the wound !

All must perish !

The sword cleaveth the helmet ;  
The strong armour is pierced by the  
lance :

Fire devoureth the dwelling of  
princes,

Engines break down the fences of  
the battle.

All must perish !

The race of Hengist is gone—  
The name of Horsa is no more !  
Shrink not then from your doom,  
    sons of the sword !

Let your blades drink blood like  
    wine ;

Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter,  
By the light of the blazing halls !  
Strong be your swords while your  
    blood is warm,

And spare neither for pity nor fear,  
For vengeance hath but an hour ;  
Strong hate itself shall expire !  
I also must perish.

Chap. xxxi.

### REBECCA'S HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
    Out from the land of bondage  
    came,

Her fathers' God before her moved,  
    An awful guide in smoke and  
    flame.

By day, along the astonish'd lands  
    The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands  
    Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
    And trump and timbrel answer'd  
    keen,

And Zion's daughters pour'd their  
    lays,  
    With priest's and warrior's voice  
    between

No portents now our foes amaze,  
    Forsaken Israel wanders lone :  
Our fathers would not know Thy  
    ways,

And Thou hast left them to their  
    own.

But present still, though now unseen !  
    When brightly shines the prosper-  
    ous day,

Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
    To temper the deceitful ray.

And oh, when stoops on Judah's path  
    In shade and storm the frequent  
    night,

Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to  
    wrath,  
    A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's  
    streams,

    The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's  
    scorn ;

No censer round our altar beams,  
    And mute are timbrel, harp, and  
    horn.

But Thou hast said, The blood of  
    goat,

    The flesh of rams I will not prize ;  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
    Are mine accepted sacrifice.

Chap. xxxix.

### THE BLACK KNIGHT'S SONG.

ANNA-MARIE, love, up is the sun,  
Anna-Marie, love, morn is begun,  
Mists are dispersing, love, birds  
    singing free,

Up in the morning, love, Anna-  
    Marie.

Anna-Marie, love, up in the morn,  
The hunter is winding blithe sounds  
    on his horn,

The echo rings merry from rock and  
    from tree,

'Tis time to arouse thee, love, Anna-  
    Marie.

WAMBA :—

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me  
    not yet,

Around my soft pillow while softer  
    dreams flit ;

For what are the joys that in waking  
    we prove,

Compared with these visions, O  
    Tybalt ! my love ?

Let the birds to the rise of the mist  
    carol shrill,

Let the hunter blow out his loud  
    horn on the hill,

Softer sounds, softer pleasures, in  
    slumber I prove,

But think not I dream'd of thee,  
    Tybalt, my love.

Chap. xl.

## KNIGHT AND WAMBA :—

THERE came three merry men from  
south, west, and north,  
Ever more sing the roundelay ;  
To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,  
And where was the widow might  
say them nay?

The first was a knight, and from  
Tynedale he came,  
Ever more sing the roundelay ;  
And his fathers, God save us, were  
men of great fame,  
And where was the widow might  
say him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle  
the squire,  
He boasted in rhyme and in  
roundelay ;  
She bade him go bask by his sea-  
coal fire,  
For she was the widow would say  
him nay.

## WAMBA :—

The next that came forth, swore by  
blood and by nails,  
Merrily sing the roundelay ;  
Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and  
hur's lineage was of Wales,  
And where was the widow might  
say him nay?

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap  
Hugh  
Ap Tudor ap Rhice, quoth his  
roundelay ;  
She said that one widow for so many  
was too few,  
And she bade the Welshman wend  
his way.

But then next came a yeoman, a  
yeoman of Kent,  
Jollily singing his roundelay ;  
He spoke to the widow of living  
and rent,  
And where was the widow could  
say him nay?

## BOTH :—

So the knight and the squire were  
both left in the mire,  
There for to sing their roundelay ;  
For a yeoman of Kent, with his  
yearly rent,  
There ne'er was a widow could  
say him nay.  
Chap. xl.

## DIRGE FOR ATHELSTANE.

DUST into dust,  
To this all must ;  
The tenant hath resign'd  
The faded form  
To waste and worm—  
Corruption claims her kind.

Through paths unknown  
Thy soul hath flown,  
To seek the realms of woe,  
Where fiery pain  
Shall purge the stain  
Of actions done below.

In that sad place  
By Mary's grace,  
Brief may thy dwelling be !  
Till prayers and alms,  
And holy psalms,  
Shall set the captive free.  
Chap. xlii.

## MOTTOES.

AWAY ! our journey lies through dell  
and dingle,  
Where the blithe fawn trips by its  
timid mother,  
Where the broad oak, with intercept-  
ing boughs,  
Chequers the sunbeam in the green-  
sward alley—  
Up and away !—for lovely paths are  
these  
To tread, when the glad sun is on  
his throne ;  
Less pleasant, and less safe, when  
Cynthia's lamp  
With doubtful glimmer lights the  
dreary forest.  
Chap. xviii. *Ettrick Forest.*

A TRAIN of armèd men, some noble  
dame  
Escorting (so their scatter'd words  
discover'd,  
As unperceiv'd I hung upon their  
rear),  
Are close at hand, and mean to pass  
the night  
Within the castle.

*Orra, a Tragedy.*

Chap. xix.

WHEN autumn nights were long and  
dear,  
And forest walks were dark and  
dim,  
How sweetly on the pilgrim's ear  
Was wont to steal the hermit's  
hymn!

Devotion borrows Music's tone,  
And Music took Devotion's wing,  
And, like the bird that hails the sun,  
They soar to heaven, and soaring  
sing.

*The Hermit of St. Clement's Well.*

Chap. xx.

ALAS! how many hours and years  
have pass'd  
Since human forms have round this  
table sate,  
Or lamp or taper on its surface  
gleam'd!  
Methinks I hear the sound of time  
long past  
Still murmuring o'er us in the lofty  
void  
Of these dark arches, like the  
ling'ring voices  
Of those who long within their  
graves have slept.

*Orra, a Tragedy.*

Chap. xxi.

THE hottest horse will oft be cool,  
The dullest will show fire ;  
The friar will often play the fool,  
The fool will play the friar.

*Old Song.*

Chap. xxvi.

THIS wandering race, sever'd from  
other men,  
Boast yet their intercourse with  
human arts ;  
The seas, the woods, the deserts  
which they haunt,  
Find them acquainted with their  
secret treasures ;  
And unregarded herbs, and flowers,  
and blossoms,  
Display undream'd-of powers when  
gather'd by them.

Chap. xxviii.

*The Jew.*

APPROACH the chamber, look upon  
his bed.  
His is the passing of no peaceful  
ghost,  
Which, as the lark arises to the sky,  
'Mid morning's sweetest breeze and  
softest dew,  
Is wing'd to heaven by good men's  
sighs and tears !  
Anselm parts otherwise.

Chap. xxx.

*Old Play.*

TRUST me, each state must have its  
policies :  
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have  
their charters ;  
Even the wild outlaw, in his forest-  
walk,  
Keeps yet some touch of civil dis-  
cipline.  
For not since Adam wore his verdant  
apron  
Hath man with man in social union  
dwelt,  
But laws were made to draw that  
union closer.

Chap. xxxii.

*Old Play.*

AROUSE the tiger of Hyrcanian  
deserts,  
Strive with the half-starved lion for  
his prey ;  
Lesser the risk, than rouse the  
slumbering fire  
Of wild Fanaticism.

Chap. xxxv.

*Anonymous.*

SAY not my art is fraud—all live by  
seeming.

The beggar begs with it, and the gay  
courtier

Gains land and title, rank and rule,  
by seeming :

The clergy scorn it not, and the bold  
soldier

Will eke with it his service. All  
admit it,

All practise it ; and he who is content  
With showing what he is, shall have  
small credit

In church, or camp, or state. So  
wags the world.

Chap. xxxvi. *Old Play.*

STERN was the law which bade its  
vot'ries leave

At human woes with human hearts  
to grieve ;

Stern was the law, which at the  
winning wile

Of frank and harmless mirth forbade  
to smile ;

But sterner still, when high the iron  
rod

Of tyrant power she shook, and call'd  
that power of God.

Chap. xxxvii. *The Middle Ages.*

## FROM THE MONASTERY.

*Ne sit ancillae, etc.*

TAKE thou no scorn

Of fiction born,

Fair fiction's muse to woo ;

Old Homer's theme

Was but a dream,

Himself a fiction too.

*Answer to the Introductory Epistle.*

## SONGS OF THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.

MERRILY swim we, the moon shines  
bright,

Both current and ripple are dancing  
in light :

We have roused the night raven, I  
heard him croak

As we plashed along beneath the oak  
That flings its broad branches so far  
and so wide,

Their shadows are dancing in midst  
of the tide.

"Who wakens my nestlings?" the  
raven he said,

"My beak shall ere morn in his  
blood be red !

For a blue swollen corpse is a dainty  
meal,

And I'll have my share with the pike  
and the eel."

MERRILY swim we, the moon shines  
bright,

There's a golden gleam on the distant  
height :

There's a silver shower on the alders  
dank,

And the drooping willows that wave  
on the bank.

I see the Abbey, both turret and  
tower,

It is all astir for the vesper hour ;

The monks for the chapel are leaving  
each cell,

But where's Father Philip should toll  
the bell ?

MERRILY swim we, the moon shines  
bright,

Downward we drift through shadow  
and light ;

Under yon rock the eddies sleep,

Calm and silent, dark and deep.

The Kelpy has risen from the fathom-  
less pool,

He has lighted his candle of death  
and of dool :

Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh  
to see

How he gapes and glares with his  
eyes on thee !

GOOD luck to your fishing, whom  
watch ye to-night ?

A man of mean or a man of might ?

Is it layman or priest that must float  
 in your cove,  
 Or lover who crosses to visit his  
 love?  
 Hark! heard ye the Kelpy reply as  
 we pass'd,—  
 "God's blessing on the warder, he  
 lock'd the bridge fast!  
 All that come to my cove are sunk,  
 Priest or layman, lover or monk."

Landed — landed! the black book  
 hath won,  
 Else had you seen Berwick with  
 morning sun!  
 Sain ye, and save ye, and blithe mot  
 ye be,  
 For seldom they land that go swim-  
 ming with me.  
 Chap. v.

### TO THE SUB-PRIOR.

THE WHITE LADY *sings* :—

GOOD evening, Sir Priest, and so  
 late as you ride,  
 With your mule so fair, and your  
 mantle so wide;  
 But ride you through valley, or ride  
 you o'er hill,  
 There is one that has warrant to  
 wait on you still.  
 Back, back,  
 The volume black!  
 I have a warrant to carry it back.

What, ho! Sub-Prior, and came you  
 but here  
 To conjure a book from a dead  
 woman's bier?  
 Sain you, and save you, be wary and  
 wise,  
 Ride back with the book, or you'll  
 pay for your prize.  
 Back, back,  
 There's death in the track!  
 In the name of my master, I bid thee  
 bear back.

That which is neither ill nor well,  
 That which belongs not to heaven  
 nor to hell,  
 A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the  
 stream,  
 'Twi'x a waking thought and a  
 sleeping dream;  
 A form that men spy  
 With the half-shut eye  
 In the beams of the setting sun,  
 am I.

Vainly, Sir Prior, wouldst thou bar  
 me my right!  
 Like the star when it shoots, I can  
 dart through the night;  
 I can dance on the torrent, and ride  
 on the air,  
 And travel the world with the bonny  
 night-mare.  
 Again, again,  
 At the crook of the glen,  
 Where bickers the burnie, I'll meet  
 thee again.

Men of good are bold as sackless,<sup>1</sup>  
 Men of rude are wild and reckless.  
 Lie thou still  
 In the nook of the hill,  
 For those be before thee that wish  
 thee ill.  
 Chap. ix.

THE WHITE LADY *sings* :—

THANK the holly-bush  
 That nods on thy brow;  
 Or with this slender rush  
 I had strangled thee now.  
 Chap. x.

### TO THE WHITE LADY.

HALBERT *sings* :—

THRICE to the holly brake,  
 Thrice to the well—  
 I bid thee awake,  
 White Maid of Avenel!

<sup>1</sup> *Sackless*—Innocent.



Noon gleams on the lake,  
 Noon glows on the fell,—  
 Wake thee, O wake,  
 White Maid of Avenel.  
 Chap. xi.

## TO HALBERT.

THE WHITE LADY *sings or speaks* :—

YOUTH of the dark eye, wherefore  
 didst thou call me?  
 Wherefore art thou here, if terrors  
 can appal thee?  
 He that seeks to deal with us must  
 know no fear nor failing;  
 To coward and churl our speech is  
 dark, our gifts are unavailing.  
 The breeze that brought me hither  
 now must sweep Egyptian ground,  
 The fleecy cloud on which I ride for  
 Araby is bound;  
 The fleecy cloud is drifting by, the  
 breeze sighs for my stay,  
 For I must sail a thousand miles  
 before the close of day.

WHAT I am I must not show—  
 What I am thou couldst not know—  
 Something betwixt heaven and hell—  
 Something that neither stood nor  
 fell—

Something that through thy wit or  
 will

May work thee good—may work  
 thee ill.

Neither substance quite, nor shadow,  
 Haunting lonely moor and meadow,  
 Dancing by the haunted spring,  
 Riding on the whirlwind's wing;  
 Aping in fantastic fashion  
 Every change of human passion,  
 While o'er our frozen minds they  
 pass  
 Like shadows from the mirror'd  
 glass.

Wayward, fickle, is our mood,  
 Hovering betwixt bad and good,  
 Happier than brief-dated man,  
 Living twenty times his span;  
 Far less happy, for we have  
 Help nor hope beyond the grave!

Man awakes to joy or sorrow;  
 Ours the sleep that knows no  
 morrow.  
 This is all that I can show—  
 This is all that thou may'st know.

AY! and I taught thee the word and  
 the spell,  
 To waken me here by the Fairies'  
 Well:  
 But thou hast loved the heron and  
 hawk,  
 More than to seek my haunted walk;  
 And thou hast loved the lance and  
 the sword,  
 More than good text and holy word;  
 And thou hast loved the deer to  
 track,  
 More than the lines and the letters  
 black;  
 And thou art a ranger of moss and  
 of wood,  
 And scornest the nurture of gentle  
 blood.

THY craven fear my truth accused;  
 Thine idleness my trust abused;  
 He that draws to harbour late,  
 Must sleep without, or burst the  
 gate.

There is a star for thee which burn'd,  
 Its influence wanes, its course is  
 turn'd;

Valour and constancy alone  
 Can bring thee back the chance  
 that's flown.

WITHIN that awful volume lies  
 The mystery of mysteries!  
 Happiest they of human race,  
 To whom God has granted grace  
 To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
 To lift the latch, and force the way;  
 And better had they ne'er been born,  
 Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

MANY a fathom dark and deep  
 I have laid the book to sleep;  
 Ethereal fires around it glowing—  
 Ethereal music ever flowing—

The sacred pledge of Heav'n  
 All things revere,  
 Each in his sphere,  
 Save man for whom 'twas giv'n :  
 Lend thy hand, and thou shalt spy  
 Things ne'er seen by mortal eye.

FEAREST thou to go with me ?  
 Still it is free to thee  
 A peasant to dwell ;  
 Thou may'st drive the dull steer,  
 And chase the king's deer,  
 But never more come near  
 This haunted well.

HERE lies the volume thou boldly  
 hast sought ;  
 Touch it, and take it,—'twill dearly  
 be bought.

RASH thy deed,  
 Mortal weed  
 To immortal flames applying ;  
 Rasher trust  
 Has thing of dust,  
 On his own weak worth relying :  
 Strip thee of such fences vain,  
 Strip, and prove thy luck again.

MORTAL warp and mortal woof  
 Cannot brook this charmed roof ;  
 All that mortal art hath wrought  
 In our cell returns to nought.  
 The molten gold returns to clay,  
 The polish'd diamond melts away ;  
 All is altered, all is flown,  
 Nought stands fast but truth alone.  
 Not for that thy quest give o'er :  
 Courage ! prove thy chance once  
 more.

ALAS ! alas !  
 Not ours the grace  
 These holy characters to trace :  
 Idle forms of painted air,  
 Not to us is given to share  
 The boon bestow'd on Adam's race.  
 With patience bide,  
 Heaven will provide  
 The fitting time, the fitting guide.  
 Chap. xii.

THIS is the day when the fairy kind  
 Sit weeping alone for their hope-  
 less lot,  
 And the wood-maiden sighs to the  
 sighing wind,  
 And the mermaid weeps in her  
 crystal grot ;  
 For this is a day that the deed was  
 wrought,  
 In which we have neither part nor  
 share,  
 For the children of clay was salvation  
 bought,  
 But not for the forms of sea or air !  
 And ever the mortal is most forlorn,  
 Who meeteth our race on the Friday  
 morn.

DARING youth ! for thee it is well,  
 Here calling me in haunted dell,  
 That thy heart has not quail'd,  
 Nor thy courage fail'd,  
 And that thou couldst brook  
 The angry look  
 Of Her of Avenel.  
 Did one limb shiver,  
 Or an eyelid quiver,  
 Thou wert lost for ever.  
 Though I am form'd from the ether  
 blue,  
 And my blood is of the unfallen dew,  
 And thou art framed of mud and  
 dust,  
 'Tis thine to speak, reply I must.

A MIGHTIER wizard far than I  
 Wields o'er the universe his power ;  
 Him owns the eagle in the sky,  
 The turtle in the bower.  
 Changeful in shape, yet mightiest  
 still,  
 He wields the heart of man at will,  
 From ill to good, from good to ill,  
 In cot and castle-tower.

ASK thy heart, whose secret cell  
 Is fill'd with Mary Avenel !  
 Ask thy pride, why scornful look  
 In Mary's view it will not brook ?  
 Ask it, why thou seek'st to rise  
 Among the mighty and the wise ?

Why thou spurn'st thy lowly lot?  
 Why thy pastimes are forgot?  
 Why thou wouldst in bloody strife  
 Mend thy luck or lose thy life?  
 Ask thy heart, and it shall tell,  
 Sighing from its secret cell,  
 'Tis for Mary Avenel.

Do not ask me;  
 On doubts like these thou canst not  
 task me.

We only see the passing show  
 Of human passion's ebb and flow;  
 And view the pageant's idle glance  
 As mortals eye the northern dance,  
 When thousand streamers, flashing  
 bright,  
 Career it o'er the brow of night,  
 And gazers mark their changeful  
 gleams,  
 But feel no influence from their  
 beams.

By ties mysterious link'd, our fated  
 race  
 Holds strange connexion with the  
 sons of men.  
 The star that rose upon the House of  
 Avenel,  
 When Norman Ulric first assumed  
 the name,  
 That star, when culminating in its  
 orbit,  
 Shot from its sphere a drop of  
 diamond dew,  
 And this bright font received it—and  
 a Spirit  
 Rose from the fountain, and her date  
 of life  
 Hath co-existence with the House of  
 Avenel,  
 And with the star that rules it.

Look on my girdle—on this thread  
 of gold—  
 'Tis fine as web of lightest gossamer,  
 And, but there is a spell on't, would  
 not bind,  
 Light as they are, the folds of my  
 thin robe.  
 But when 'twas donn'd, it was a  
 massive chain,

Such as might bind the champion of  
 the Jews,  
 Even when his locks were longest:  
 it hath dwindled  
 Hath 'minish'd in its substance and  
 its strength,  
 As sunk the greatness of the House  
 of Avenel.  
 When this frail thread gives way, I to  
 the elements  
 Resign the principles of life they lent  
 me.  
 Ask me no more of this!—the stars  
 forbid it.

DIM burns the once bright star of  
 Avenel,  
 Dim as the beacon when the morn is  
 nigh,  
 And the o'er-wearied warder leaves  
 the light-house;  
 There is an influence sorrowful and  
 fearful,  
 That dogs its downward course.  
 Disastrous passion,  
 Fierce hate and rivalry, are in the  
 aspect  
 That lowers upon its fortunes.

COMPLAIN not on me, child of clay,  
 If to thy harm I yield the way.  
 We, who soar thy sphere above,  
 Know not aught of hate or love;  
 As will or wisdom rules thy mood,  
 My gifts to evil turn or good.

WHEN Piercie Shafton boasteth high,  
 Let this token meet his eye.  
 The sun is westering from the dell,  
 Thy wish is granted—fare thee well!  
 Chap. xvii.

SIR PIERCIE SHAFTON *sings* :—

WHAT tongue can her perfections  
 tell,  
 On whose each part all pens may  
 dwell.

Of whose high praise and praiseful  
 bliss,  
 Goodness the pen, Heaven paper is;

The ink immortal fame doth send :  
As I began so I must end.

THE WHITE LADY *chants* :—

HE whose heart for vengeance sued  
Must not shrink from shedding  
blood ;

The knot that thou hast tied with  
word,

Thou must loose by edge of sword.

YOU have summon'd me once, you  
have summon'd me twice,  
And without e'er a summons I come  
to you thrice ;

Unask'd for, unsued for, you come to  
my glen ;

Unsued and unask'd, I am with you  
agen.

Chap. xx.

BORDER MARCH.

MARCH, march, Ettrick, and Teviot-  
dale,

Why the deil dinna ye march  
forward in order ?

March, march, Eskdale and Liddes-  
dale,

All the Blue Bonnets are bound for  
the Border.

Many a banner spread,  
Flutters above your head,

Many a crest that is famous in  
story.

Mount and make ready then,  
Sons of the mountain glen,

Fight for the Queen and our old  
Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your  
hirsels are grazing,

Come from the glen of the buck  
and the roe ;

Come to the crag where the beacon  
is blazing,

Come with the buckler, the lance,  
and the bow.

Trumpets are sounding,  
War-steeds are bounding,

Stand to your arms, and march in  
good order ;

England shall many a day

Tell of the bloody fray,

When the Blue Bonnets came over  
the Border.

Chap. xxv.

THE WHITE LADY TO MARY  
AVENEL.

MAIDEN, whose sorrows wail the  
living dead,

Whose eyes shall commune with  
the dead alive,

Maiden, attend ! Beneath my foot  
lies hid

The word, the law, the path which  
thou dost strive

To find, and canst not find. Could  
Spirits shed

Tears for their lot, it were my lot  
to weep,

Showing the road which I shall  
never tread,

Though my foot points it. Sleep,  
eternal sleep,

Dark, long, and cold forgetfulness  
my lot !

But do not thou at human ills  
repine ;

Secure there lies full guerdon in  
this spot

For all the woes that wait frail  
Adam's line ;

Stoop then and make it yours—I  
may not make it mine !

Chap. xxx.

THE WHITE LADY TO  
EDWARD.

THOU who seek'st my fountain lone,  
With thoughts and hopes thou dar'st  
not own ;

Whose heart within leap'd wildly  
glad,

When most his brow seem'd dark  
and sad ;

Hie thee back, thou find'st not here  
Corpse or coffin, grave or bier ;  
The dead alive is gone and fled—  
Go thou, and join the living dead !

The living dead, whose sober brow  
Oft shrouds such thoughts as thou  
hast now,

Whose hearts within are seldom  
cured

Of passions by their vows abjured ;  
Where, under sad and solemn show,  
Vain hopes are nursed, wild wishes  
glow.

Seek the convent's vaulted room,  
Prayer and vigil be thy doom ;  
Doff the green, and don the gray ;  
To the cloister hence away !

Chap. xxvii.

### THE WHITE LADY'S FARE- WELL.

FARE thee well, thou Holly green !  
Thou shalt seldom now be seen,  
With all thy glittering garlands  
bending,

As to greet my slow descending,  
Startling the bewilder'd hind,  
Who sees thee wave without a wind.

Farewell, Fountain ! now not long  
Shalt thou murmur to my song,  
While thy crystal bubbles glancing,  
Keep the time in mystic dancing,  
Rise and swell, are burst and lost,  
Like mortal schemes by fortune  
cross'd.

The knot of fate at length is tied,  
The Churl is Lord, the Maid is  
Bride !

Vainly did my magic sleight  
Send the lover from her sight ;  
Wither bush, and perish well,  
Fall'n is lofty Avenel !

Chap. xxxvii.

### MOTTOES.

O AY ! the Monks, the Monks, they  
did the mischief !

Theirs all the grossness, all the  
superstition

Of a most gross and superstitious  
age.

May He be praised that sent the  
healthful tempest,

And scatter'd all these pestilential  
vapours ;

But that we owed them *all* to yonder  
Harlot

Throned on the seven hills with her  
cup of gold,

I will as soon believe, with kind Sir  
Roger,

That old Moll White took wing with  
cat and broomstick,

And raised the last night's thunder.

Chap. i. *Old Play.*

IN yon lone vale his early youth was  
bred,

Not solitary then—the bugle-horn  
Of fell Alecto often waked its wind-  
ings,

From where the brook joins the  
majestic river,

To the wild northern bog, the  
curlew's haunt,

Where oozes forth its first and feeble  
streamlet.

Chap. ii. *Old Play.*

A PRIEST, ye cry, a priest !—lame  
shepherds they,

How shall they gather in the strag-  
gling flock ?

Dumb dogs which bark not, how  
shall they compel

The loitering vagrants to the  
Master's fold ?

Fitter to bask before the blazing fire,  
And snuff the mess neat-handed

Phillis dresses,  
Than on the snow-wreath battle with  
the wolf.

Chap. v. *The Reformation.*

Now let us sit in conclave. That  
 these weeds  
 Be rooted from the vineyard of the  
 Church,  
 That these foul tares be sever'd from  
 the wheat,  
 We are, I trust, agreed. Yet how  
 to do this,  
 Nor hurt the wholesome crop and  
 tender vine-plants,  
 Craves good advisement.  
 Chap. vi. *The Reformation.*

NAY, dally not with time, the wise  
 man's treasure,  
 Though fools are lavish on't; the  
 fatal Fisher  
 Hooks souls, while we waste  
 moments.  
 Chap. viii. *Old Play.*

You call this education, do you not?  
 Why, 'tis the forced march of a herd  
 of bullocks  
 Before a shouting drover. The glad  
 van  
 Move on at ease, and pause a while  
 to snatch  
 A passing morsel from the dewy  
 greensward,  
 While all the blows, the oaths, the  
 indignation,  
 Fall on the croupe of the ill-fated  
 laggard  
 That cripples in the rear.  
 Chap. xi. *Old Play.*

THERE'S something in that ancient  
 superstition,  
 Which, erring as it is, our fancy  
 loves.  
 The spring that, with its thousand  
 crystal bubbles,  
 Bursts from the bosom of some  
 desert rock  
 In secret solitude, may well be  
 deem'd  
 The haunt of something purer, more  
 refined,  
 And mightier than ourselves.  
 Chap. xii. *Old Play.*

NAY, let me have the friends who eat  
 my victuals  
 As various as my dishes. The feast's  
 naught,  
 Where one huge plate predominates.  
 John Plaintext,  
 He shall be mighty beef, our English  
 staple;  
 The worthy Alderman, a butter'd  
 dumpling;  
 Yon pair of whisker'd Cornets, ruffs  
 and rees;  
 Their friend the Dandy, a green  
 goose in sippets.  
 And so the board is spread at once  
 and fill'd  
 On the same principle—Variety.  
*New Play.*  
 Chap. xiv.

HE strikes no coin, 'tis true, but  
 coins new phrases,  
 And vends them forth as knaves vend  
 gilded counters,  
 Which wise men scorn, and fools  
 accept in payment.  
*Old Play.*  
 Chap. xv.

Now choose thee, gallant, betwixt  
 wealth and honour;  
 There lies the pelf, in sum to bear  
 thee through  
 The dance of youth, and the turmoil  
 of manhood,  
 Yet leave enough for age's chimney-  
 corner;  
 But an thou grasp to it, farewell  
 Ambition!  
 Farewell each hope of bettering thy  
 condition,  
 And raising thy low rank above the  
 churls  
 That till the earth for bread!  
*Old Play.*

Chap. xix.

I HOPE you'll give me cause to think  
 you noble,  
 And do me right with your sword,  
 sir, as becomes

One gentleman of honour to another ;  
All this is fair, sir—let us make no  
days on't,  
I'll lead your way.

*Love's Pilgrimage.*

Chap. xx.

INDIFFERENT, but indifferent—pshaw !  
he doth it not

Like one who is his craft's master—  
ne'ertheless

I have seen a clown confer a bloody  
coxcomb

On one who was a master of defence.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxi.

YES, life hath left him ; every busy  
thought,

Each fiery passion, every strong  
affection,

The sense of outward ill and inward  
sorrow,

Are fled at once from the pale trunk  
before me ;

And I have given that which spoke  
and moved,

Thought, acted, suffer'd, as a living  
man,

To be a ghastly form of bloody clay,  
Soon the foul food for reptiles.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxii.

'Tis when the wound is stiffening  
with the cold,

The warrior first feels pain ; 'tis  
when the heat

And fiery fever of his soul is past,  
The sinner feels remorse.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxiii.

I'LL walk on tiptoe ; arm my eye  
with caution,

My heart with courage, and my  
hand with weapon

Like him who ventures on a lion's  
den.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxiv.

Now, by Our Lady, Sheriff, 'tis hard  
reckoning,

That I, with every odds of birth and  
barony,

Should be detain'd here for the  
casual death

Of a wild forester, whose utmost  
having

Is but the brazen buckle of the belt  
In which he sticks his hedge-knife.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxvii.

You call it an ill angel—it may be so ;  
But sure I am, among the ranks

which fell,

'Tis the first fiend ere counsell'd man  
to rise,

And win the bliss the sprite himself  
had forfeited.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxx.

At school I knew him—a sharp-  
witted youth,

Grave, thoughtful, and reserved  
amongst his mates,

Turning the hours of sport and food  
to labour,

Starving his body to inform his  
mind.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxi.

THEN in my gown of sober gray,  
Along the mountain-path I'll

wander,

And wind my solitary way

To the sad shrine that courts me  
yonder.

There in the calm monastic shade,  
All injuries may be forgiven ;

And there for thee, obdurate maid,  
My orisons shall rise to heaven.

*The Cruel Lady of the Mountains.*

Chap. xxxii.

Now on my faith this gear is all  
entangled,

Like to the yarn-clew of the drowsy  
knitter,

Dragg'd by the frolic kitten through  
the cabin,  
While the good dame sits nodding  
o'er the fire.  
Masters, attend; 'twill crave some  
skill to clear it.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxiii.

It is not texts will do it: Church  
artillery  
Are silenced soon by real ordnance,  
And canons are but vain opposed to  
cannon.  
Go, coin your crosier, melt your  
church plate down,  
Bid the starved soldier banquet in  
your halls,  
And quaff your long-saved hogs-  
heads; turn them out  
Thus primed with your good cheer,  
to guard your wall,  
And they will venture for't.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxiv.

## FROM THE ABBOT.

### THE PARDONER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

LISTNETH, gode people, everiche one,  
For in the londe of Babylone,  
Far eastward I wot it lyeth,  
And is the first londe the sonne spieth,  
Ther, as he cometh fro out the sé;  
In this ilk londe, as thinketh me,  
Right as holie legendes tell,  
Snottreth from a roke a well,  
And falleth into ane bath of ston,  
Wher chast Susanne in times long  
gon,  
Was wont to wash her bodie and  
lim—  
Mickle vertue hath that streme,  
As ye shall se er that ye pas,  
Ensample by this little glas—  
Through nightés cold and dayés hote,  
Hiderward I have it brought;  
Hath a wife made slip or slide,

Or a maiden stepp'd aside;  
Putteth this water under her nese,  
Wold she nold she, she shall snese.  
Chap. xxvii.

## MOTTOES.

IN the wild storm,  
The seaman hews his mast down,  
and the merchant  
Heaves to the billows wares he once  
deem'd precious:  
So prince and peer, 'mid popular  
contentions,  
Cast off their favourites.

*Old Play.*

Chap. v.

THOU hast each secret of the house-  
hold, Francis.  
I dare be sworn thou hast been in  
the buttery  
Steeping thy curious humour in fat  
ale,  
And in the butler's tattle—ay, or  
chatting  
With the glib waiting-woman o'er  
her comfits:  
These bear the key to each domestic  
mystery.

*Old Play.*

Chap. vi.

THE sacred tapers' lights are gone,  
Gray moss has clad the altar stone,  
The holy image is o'erthrown,  
The bell has ceased to toll.

The long ribb'd aisles are burst and  
shrunk,  
The holy shrines to ruin sunk,  
Departed is the pious monk,—  
God's blessing on his soul!

*Rediviva.*

Chap. viii.

KNEEL with me, swear it! 'Tis not  
in words I trust,  
Save when they're fenced with an  
appeal to Heaven.

*Old Play.*

Chap. ix.



LIFE hath its May, and all is mirthful then :  
The woods are vocal, and the flowers  
all odour ;  
Its very blast has mirth in't,—and  
the maidens,  
The while they don their cloaks to  
screen their kirtles,  
Laugh at the rain that wets them.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xi.

NAV, hear me, brother ; I am elder,  
wiser,  
And holier than thou ; and age, and  
wisdom,  
And holiness, have peremptory  
claims,  
And will be listen'd to.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xii.

WHAT ! Dagon up again ? I thought  
we had hurled him  
Down on the threshold never more  
to rise.  
Bring wedge and axe ; and, neigh-  
bours, lend your hands,  
And rive the idol into winter fagots !  
*Athelstane, or the Converted Dane.*  
Chap. xiii.

NOT the wild billow, when it breaks  
its barrier—  
Not the wild wind, escaping from its  
cavern—  
Not the wild fiend, that mingles both  
together,  
And pours their rage upon the ripen-  
ing harvest,  
Can match the wild freaks of this  
mirthful meeting—  
Comic, yet fearful, droll, and yet  
destructive.

*The Conspiracy.*

Chap. xiv.

YOUTH ! thou wear'st to manhood  
now  
Darker lip and darker brow,  
Statelier step, more pensive mien,  
In thy face and gait are seen :  
SC.

Thou must now brook midnight  
watches,  
Take thy food and sport by snatches !  
For the gambol and the jest,  
Thou wert wont to love the best,  
Graver follies must thou follow,  
But as senseless, false, and hollow.

*Life, a Poem.*

Chap. xvi.

THE sky is clouded, Gaspard,  
And the vexed ocean sleeps a troubled  
sleep  
Beneath a lurid gleam of parting  
sunshine.  
Such slumber hangs o'er dis-  
contented lands,  
While factions doubt, as yet, if they  
have strength  
To front the open battle.

*Albion, a Poem.*

Chap. xviii.

IT is and is not ; 'tis the thing I  
sought for,  
Have kneel'd for, pray'd for, risk'd  
my life and fame for ;  
And yet it is not—no more than the  
shadow  
Upon the hard, cold, flat, and  
polish'd mirror,  
Is the warm, graceful, rounded,  
living substance  
Which it presents in form and line-  
ament.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xix.

Now have you reft me from my staff,  
my guide,  
Who taught my youth, as men teach  
untamed falcons,  
To use my strength discreetly : I am  
reft  
Of comrade and of counsel.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xx.

GIVE me a morsel on the greensward  
rather,  
Coarse as you will the cooking ; let  
the fresh spring

Bubble beside my napkin, and the  
tree birds,  
Twittering and chirping, hop from  
bough to bough,  
To claim the crumbs I leave for  
perquisites :  
Your prison-feasts I like not.

*The Woodsman, a Drama.*

Chap. xxiii.

'Tis a weary life this—  
Vaults overhead, and grates and bars  
around me,  
And my sad hours spent with as sad  
companions,  
Whose thoughts are brooding o'er  
their own mischances,  
Far, far too deeply to take part in  
mine.

*The Woodsman.*

Chap. xxiv.

AND when Love's torch hath set the  
heart in flame,  
Comes Signor Reason, with his saws  
and cautions,  
Giving such aid as the old gray-beard  
Sexton,  
Who from the church-vault drags his  
crazy engine,  
To ply its dribbling ineffectual  
streamlet  
Against a conflagration.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxv.

YES, it is she whose eyes look'd on  
thy childhood,  
And watch'd with trembling hope  
thy dawn of youth,  
That now, with these same eye-balls,  
dimm'd with age,  
And dimmer yet with tears, sees thy  
dishonour.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxviii.

IN some breasts passion lies conceal'd  
and silent,  
Like war's swart powder in a castle  
vault,

Until occasion, like the linstock,  
lights it ;  
Then comes at once the lightning  
and the thunder,  
And distant echoes tell that all is rent  
asunder.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxx.

DEATH distant?—No, alas ! he's ever  
with us,  
And shakes the dart at us in all our  
actings :  
He lurks within our cup while we're  
in health ;  
Sits by our sick-bed, mocks our  
medicines ;  
We cannot walk, or sit, or ride, or  
travel,  
But Death is by to seize us when he  
lists.

*The Spanish Father.*

Chap. xxxiii.

AY, Pedro? Come you here with  
mask and lantern,  
Ladder of ropes, and other moon-  
shine tools?  
Why, youngster, thou may'st cheat  
the old Duenna,  
Flatter the waiting-woman, bribe the  
valet ;  
But know, that I her father play the  
Gryphon,  
Tameless and sleepless, proof to fraud  
or bribe,  
And guard the hidden treasure of her  
beauty.

*The Spanish Father.*

Chap. xxxiv.

It is a time of danger, not of revel,  
When churchmen turn to masquers.

*The Spanish Father.*

Chap. xxxv.

AY, sir—our ancient crown, in these  
wild times,  
Oft stood upon a cast ; the gamester's  
ducat,

So often staked, and lost, and then  
regain'd,  
Scarce knew so many hazards.

*The Spanish Father.*

Chap. xxxvii.

### FROM KENILWORTH.

#### GOLDTHRED'S SONG.

OF all the birds on bush or tree,  
Commend me to the owl,  
Since he may best ensample be  
To those the cup that trowl.  
For when the sun hath left the west,  
He chooses the tree that he loves the  
best,  
And he whoops out his song, and  
he laughs at his jest.  
Then, though hours be late, and  
weather foul,  
We'll drink to the health of the  
bonny, bonny owl.

The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,  
He sleeps in his nest till morn ;  
But my blessing upon the jolly owl,  
That all night blows his horn.  
Then up with your cup till you  
stagger in speech,  
And match me this catch, till you  
swagger and screech,  
And drink till you wink, my merry  
men each ;  
For, though hours be late, and  
weather be foul,  
We'll drink to the health of the  
bonny, bonny owl.  
Chap. ii.

#### THE WARDER'S WELCOME TO KENILWORTH.

WHAT stir, what turmoil, have we  
for the nones ?  
Stand back, my masters, or beware  
your bones !  
Sirs, I'm a warder, and no man of  
straw !  
My voice keeps order, and my club  
gives law,

Yet soft ! nay stay—what vision have  
we here ?

What dainty darling's this ? what  
peerless peer ?

What loveliest face, that lovely ranks  
enfold,

Like brightest diamond chased in  
purest gold ?

Dazzled and blind, mine office I  
forsake,

My club, my key, my knee, my  
homage take.

Bright paragon, pass on in joy and  
bliss ;

Beshrew the gate that opes not wide  
at such a sight as this !

Chap. xxx.

#### MOTTOES.

NAV, I'll hold touch ; the game shall  
be play'd out ;  
It ne'er shall stop for me, this merry  
wager :  
That which I say when gamesome,  
I'll avouch  
In my most sober mood—ne'er trust  
me else.  
Chap. iii. *The Hazard-Table.*

NOT serve two masters?—Here's a  
youth will try it,  
Would fain serve God, yet give the  
devil his due ;  
Says grace before he doth a deed of  
villany,  
And returns his thanks devoutly  
when 'tis acted.  
Chap. iv. *Old Play.*

HE was a man  
Versed in the world as pilot in his  
compass.  
The needle pointed ever to that  
interest  
Which was his loadstar, and he  
spread his sails  
With vantage to the gale of others'  
passion.

*The Deceiver, a Tragedy.*

Chap. v.

THIS is He  
 Who rides on the court-gale; con-  
 trols its tides;  
 Knows all their secret shoals and  
 fatal eddies;  
 Whose frown abases, and whose  
 smile exalts.  
 He shines like any rainbow—and,  
 perchance,  
 His colours are as transient.  
 Chap. vii. *Old Play.*

THIS is rare news thou tell'st me, my  
 good fellow;  
 There are two bulls fierce battling on  
 the green  
 For one fair heifer—if the one goes  
 down,  
 The dale will be more peaceful, and  
 the herd,  
 Which have small interest in their  
 brulziement,  
 May pasture there in peace.  
 Chap. xiv. *Old Play.*

WELL, then, our course is chosen:  
 spread the sail,—  
 Heave oft the lead, and mark the  
 soundings well;  
 Look to the helm, good master;  
 many a shoal  
 Marks this stern coast, and rocks  
 where sits the siren,  
 Who, like ambition, lures men to  
 their ruin.  
 Chap. xvii. *The Shipwreck.*

Now God  
 Be good to me in this wild pil-  
 grimage!  
 All hope in human aid I cast behind  
 me.  
 Oh, who would be a woman? who  
 that fool,  
 A weeping, pining, faithful, loving  
 woman?  
 She hath hard measure still where  
 she hopes kindest,  
 And all her bounties only make her  
 ingrates.  
 Chap. xxiii. *Love's Pilgrimage.*

HARK! the bells summon, and the  
 bugle calls,  
 But she the fairest answers not; the  
 tide  
 Of nobles and of ladies throngs the  
 halls,  
 But she the loveliest must in secret  
 hide.  
 What eyes were thine, proud Prince,  
 which in the gleam  
 Of yon gay meteors lost that better  
 sense,  
 That o'er the glow-worm doth the  
 star esteem,  
 And merit's modest blush o'er courtly  
 insolence?  
 Chap. xxv. *The Glass Slipper.*

WHAT, man! ne'er lack a draught  
 when the full can  
 Stands at thine elbow, and craves  
 emptying!—  
 Nay, fear not me, for I have no  
 delight  
 To watch men's vices, since I have  
 myself  
 Of virtue nought to boast of. I'm a  
 striker,  
 Would have the world strike with  
 me, pell-mell all.  
 Chap. xxviii. *Pandaemonium.*

Now fare thee well, my master! if  
 true service  
 Be guerdon'd with hard looks, e'en  
 cut the tow-line,  
 And let our barks across the pathless  
 flood  
 Hold different courses.  
 Chap. xxix. *Shipwreck.*

Now bid the steeple rock—she comes,  
 she comes!  
 Speak for us, bells! speak for us,  
 shrill-tongued tuckets!  
 Stand to the linstock, gunner; let  
 thy cannon  
 Play such a peal, as if a Paynim foe  
 Came stretch'd in turban'd ranks to  
 storm the ramparts.

We will have pageants too ; but that  
craves wit,  
And I'm a rough-hewn soldier.  
*The Virgin Queen, a Tragi-Comedy.*  
Chap. xxx.

THE wisest sovereigns err like private  
men,  
And royal hand has sometimes laid  
the sword  
Of chivalry upon a worthless  
shoulder,  
Which better had been branded by  
the hangman.  
What then? Kings do their best,—  
and they and we  
Must answer for the intent, and not  
the event.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxii.

HERE stands the victim—there the  
proud betrayer,  
E'en as the hind pull'd down by  
strangling dogs  
Lies at the hunter's feet, who  
courteous proffers  
To some high dame, the Dian of the  
chase,  
To whom he looks for guerdon, his  
sharp blade,  
To gash the sobbing throat.

*The Woodsman.*

Chap. xxxiii.

HIGH o'er the eastern steep the sun  
is beaming,  
And darkness flies with her deceitful  
shadows ;  
So truth prevails o'er falsehood.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xl.

## FROM THE PIRATE.

### THE SONG OF THE TEMPEST.

STERN eagle of the far north-west,  
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the  
thunderbolt,  
Thou whose rushing pinions stir  
ocean to madness,

Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the  
scatterer of navies,  
Amidst the scream of thy rage,  
Amidst the rushing of thy onward  
wings,  
Though thy scream be loud as the  
cry of a perishing nation,  
Though the rushing of thy wings be  
like the roar of ten thousand  
waves,  
Yet hear, in thine ire and thy haste,  
Hear thou the voice of the Reim-  
kennar.

Thou hast met the pine-trees of  
Drontheim,  
Their dark-green heads lie prostrate  
beside their up-rooted stems ;  
Thou hast met the rider of the ocean,  
The tall, the strong bark of the  
fearless rover,  
And she has struck to thee the  
topsail  
That she had not veil'd to a royal  
armada.  
Thou hast met the tower that bears  
its crest among the clouds,  
The battled massive tower of the  
Jarl of former days,  
And the cope-stone of the turret  
Is lying upon its hospitable hearth ;  
But thou too shalt stoop, proud  
compeller of clouds,  
When thou hearest the voice of the  
Reim-kennar.

There are verses that can stop the  
stag in the forest,  
Ay, and when the dark-colour'd dog  
is opening on his track ;  
There are verses can make the wild  
hawk pause on the wing,  
Like the falcon that wears the hood  
and the jesses,  
And who knows the shrill whistle of  
the fowler.  
Thou who canst mock at the scream of  
the drowning mariner,  
And the crash of the ravaged forest,  
And the groan of the overwhelmed  
crowds,  
When the church hath fallen in the  
moment of prayer ;

There are sounds which thou also  
must list,  
When they are chanted by the voice  
of the Reim-kennar.

Enough of woe hast thou wrought  
on the ocean.

The widows wring their hands on  
the beach ;

Enough of woe hast thou wrought  
on the land,

The husbandman folds his arms in  
despair ;

Cease thou the waving of thy  
pinions,

Let the ocean repose in her dark  
strength ;

Cease thou the flashing of thine eye,  
Let the thunderbolt sleep in the  
armoury of Odin ;

Be thou still at my bidding, view-  
less racer of the north-western  
heaven,—

Sleep thou at the voice of Norna the  
Reim-kennar.

Eagle of the far north-western  
waters,

Thou hast heard the voice of the  
Reim-kennar,

Thou hast closed thy wide sails at  
her bidding,

And folded them in peace by thy side.  
My blessing be on thy retiring path ;

When thou stoopest from thy place  
on high,

Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns  
of the unknown ocean,

Rest till destiny shall again awaken  
thee ;

Eagle of the north-west, thou hast  
heard the voice of the Reim-  
kennar.

Chap. vi.

### CLAUD HALCRO'S SONG.

MARY.

FAREWELL to Northmaven,  
Gray Hillswicke, farewell !

To the calms of thy haven,  
The storms on thy fell,

To each breeze that can vary  
The mood of thy main,  
And to thee, bonny Mary !  
We meet not again !

Farewell the wild ferry,  
Which Hacon could brave,  
When the peaks of the Skerry  
Were white in the wave.

There's a maid may look over  
These wild waves in vain,—  
For the skiff of her lover—  
He comes not again !

The vows thou hast broke,  
On the wild currents fling them ;  
On the quicksand and rock  
Let the mermaidens sing them ;  
New sweetness they'll give her  
Bewildering strain ;  
But there's one who will never  
Believe them again.

O were there an island,  
Though ever so wild,  
Where woman could smile, and  
No man be beguiled—  
Too tempting a snare  
To poor mortals were given ;  
And the hope would fix there,  
That should anchor in heaven.

Chap. xii.

### THE SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER.

THE sun is rising dimly red,  
The wind is wailing low and dread ;  
From his cliff the eagle sallies,  
Leaves the wolf his darksome  
valleys,

In the mist the ravens hover,  
Peep the wild dogs from the cover,  
Screaming, croaking, baying, yell-  
ing,

Each in his wild accents telling,  
“ Soon we feast on dead and dying,  
Fair-hair'd Harold's flag is flying.”

Many a crest on air is streaming,  
Many a helmet darkly gleaming,

Many an arm the axe uprears,  
 Doom'd to hew the wood of spears.  
 All along the crowded ranks  
 Horses neigh and armour clanks ;  
 Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,  
 Louder still the bard is singing,  
 " Gather footmen, gather horsemen,  
 To the field, ye valiant Norsemen !

" Halt ye not for food or slumber,  
 View not vantage, count not number :  
 Jolly reapers, forward still ;  
 Grow the crop on vale or hill,  
 Thick or scatter'd, stiff or lithe,  
 It shall down before the scythe.  
 Forward with your sickles bright,  
 Reap the harvest of the fight ;  
 Onward footmen, onward horsemen,  
 To the charge ye gallant Norsemen !

" Fatal Choosers of the Slaughter,  
 O'er you hovers Odin's daughter ;  
 Hear the choice she spreads before  
 ye,—

Victory, and wealth, and glory ;  
 Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,  
 Her ever-circling mead and ale,  
 Where for eternity unite  
 The joys of wassail and of fight.  
 Headlong forward, foot and horse-  
 men,  
 Charge and fight, and die like  
 Norsemen !"

Chap. xv.

### SONG OF THE MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

#### MERMAID.

FATHOMS deep beneath the wave,  
 Stringing beads of glistening pearl,  
 Singing the achievements brave  
 Of many an old Norwegian earl ;  
 Dwelling where the tempest's raving,  
 Falls as light upon our ear,  
 As the sigh of lover, craving  
 Pity from his lady dear,  
 Children of wild Thule, we,  
 From the deep caves of the sea,  
 As the lark springs from the lea,  
 Hither come, to share your glee.

#### MERMAN.

From reining of the water-horse,  
 That bounded till the waves were  
 foaming,  
 Watching the infant tempest's course,  
 Chasing the sea-snake in his  
 roaming ;  
 From winding charge-notes on the  
 shell,  
 When the huge whale and sword-  
 fish duel,  
 Or tolling shroudless seamen's knell,  
 When the winds and waves are  
 cruel ;  
 Children of wild Thule, we  
 Have plough'd such furrows on the  
 sea,  
 As the steer draws on the lea,  
 And hither we come to share your  
 glee.

#### MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

We heard you in our twilight caves,  
 A hundred fathom deep below,  
 For notes of joy can pierce the waves,  
 That drown each sound of war and  
 woe.

Those who dwell beneath the sea  
 Love the sons of Thule well ;  
 Thus, to aid your mirth, bring we  
 Dance, and song, and sounding  
 shell.

Children of dark Thule, know,  
 Those who dwell by haaf and voe,  
 Where your daring shallows row,  
 Come to share the festal show.

Chap. xvi.

#### NORNA'S SONG.

FOR leagues along the watery way,  
 Through gulf and stream my  
 course has been ;  
 The billows know my Runic lay,  
 And smooth their crests to silent  
 green.

The billows know my Runic lay,—  
 The gulf grows smooth, the stream  
 is still ;

But human hearts, more wild than  
they,  
Know but the rule of wayward will.

One hour is mine, in all the year,  
To tell my woes,—and one alone ;  
When gleams this magic lamp, 'tis  
here,—  
When dies the mystic light, 'tis  
gone.

Daughters of northern Magnus, hail !  
The lamp is lit, the flame is  
clear,—  
To you I come to tell my tale,  
Awake, arise, my tale to hear !

#### NORNA'S INVOCATION.

DWELLERS of the mountain, rise,  
Trolld the powerful, Haims the  
wise !

Ye who taught weak woman's tongue  
Words that sway the wise and strong ;  
Ye who taught weak woman's hand  
How to wield the magic wand,  
And wake the gales on Foulah's  
steep

Or lull wild Sumburgh's waves to  
sleep !

Still live ye yet? Not yours the  
pow'r

Ye knew in Odin's mightier hour.  
What are ye now but empty names,  
Powerful Trolld, sagacious Haims,  
That, lightly spoken, lightly heard,  
Float on the air like thistle's beard?

#### TROLLD'S REPLY.

A THOUSAND winters dark have flown  
Since o'er the threshold of my Stone  
A votaress pass'd, my power to  
own.

Visitor bold  
Of the mansion of Trolld,  
Maiden, haughty of heart,  
Who hast hither presum'd,—  
Ungifted, undoom'd,  
Thou shalt not depart !

The power thou dost covet  
O'er tempest and wave,  
Shall be thine, thou proud  
maiden !

By beach and by cave,  
By stack and by skerry, by noup and  
by voe,  
By air and by wick, and by helyer  
and gio,  
And by every wild shore which the  
northern winds know  
And the northern tides lave.  
But tho' this shall be given thee, thou  
desperately brave,  
I doom thee that never the gift thou  
shalt have  
Till thou reave thy life's giver of the  
gift which he gave.

#### NORNA'S ANSWER.

DARK are thy words, and severe,  
Thou Dweller in the Stone ;  
But trembling and fear  
To her are unknown  
Who hath sought thee here,  
In thy dwelling lone.

Come what comes soever,  
The worst I can endure :  
Life is but a short fever,  
And Death's the cure.  
Chap. xix.

#### CLAUD HALCRO AND NORNA.

##### CLAUD HALCRO.

MOTHER darksome, Mother dread,  
Dweller on the Fitful-head,  
Thou canst see what deeds are done  
Under the never-setting sun.  
Look through sleet, and look through  
frost,  
Look to Greenland's caves and  
coast,—  
By the ice-berg is a sail  
Chasing of the swarthy whale ;  
Mother doubtful, Mother dread,  
Tell us, has the good ship sped ?



## NORNA.

The thought of the aged is ever on  
 gear,  
 On his fishing, his furrow, his flock,  
 and his steer ;  
 But thrive may his fishing, flock,  
 furrow, and herd,  
 While the aged for anguish shall tear  
 his gray beard.  
 The ship, well-laden as bark need be,  
 Lies deep in the furrow of the Iceland  
 sea ;  
 The breeze for Zetland blows fair and  
 soft,  
 And gaily the garland is fluttering  
 aloft :  
 Seven good fishes have spouted their  
 last,  
 And their jaw-bones are hanging to  
 yard and mast ;  
 Two are for Lerwick, and two for  
 Kirkwall,  
 Three for Burgh Westra, the choicest  
 of all.

## CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,  
 Dweller of the Fitful-head,  
 Thou hast conn'd full many a rhyme,  
 That lives upon the surge of time :  
 Tell me, shall my lays be sung,  
 Like Hacon's of the golden tongue,  
 Long after Halcro's dead and gone ?  
 Or, shall Hialtland's minstrel own  
 One note to rival glorious John ?

## NORNA.

The infant loves the rattle's noise ;  
 Age, double childhood, hath its toys ;  
 But different far the descant rings,  
 As strikes a different hand the strings.  
 The eagle mounts the polar sky—  
 The Imber-geese, unskill'd to fly,  
 Must be content to glide along,  
 Where seal and sea-dog list his song.

## CLAUD HALCRO.

Be mine the Imber-geese to play,  
 And haunt lone cave and silent bay ;

The archer's aim so shall I shun—  
 So shall I 'scape the level'd gun—  
 Content my verses' tuneless jingle,  
 With Thule'sssounding tides to mingle,  
 While, to the ear of wondering wight,  
 Upon the distant headland's height,  
 Soften'd by murmur of the sea,  
 The rude sounds seem like harmony !

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,  
 Dweller of the Fitful-head,  
 A gallant bark from far abroad,  
 Saint Magnus hath her in his road,  
 With guns and firelocks not a few—  
 A silken and a scarlet crew,  
 Deep stored with precious merchan-  
 dise,  
 Of gold, and goods of rare device—  
 What interest hath our comrade bold  
 In bark and crew, in goods and  
 gold ?

## NORNA.

Gold is ruddy, fair, and free,  
 Blood is crimson, and dark to see ;  
 I look'd out on Saint Magnus Bay,  
 And I saw a falcon that struck her  
 prey,—  
 A gobbet of flesh in her beak she  
 bore,  
 And talons and singles are dripping  
 with gore ;  
 Let him that asks after them look on  
 his hand,  
 And if there is blood on't, he's one of  
 their band.

## CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,  
 Dweller of the Fitful-head,  
 Well thou know'st it is thy task  
 To tell what Beauty will not ask ;  
 Then steep thy words in wine and  
 milk,  
 And weave a doom of gold and  
 silk,—  
 For we would know, shall Brenda  
 prove  
 In love, and happy in her love ?

## NORNA.

Untouch'd by love, the maiden's  
breast  
Is like the snow on Rona's crest,  
High seated in the middle sky,  
In bright and barren purity ;  
But by the sunbeam gently kiss'd,  
Scarce by the gazing eye 'tis miss'd,  
Ere, down the lonely valley stealing,  
Fresh grass and growth its course  
revealing,  
It cheers the flock, revives the flower,  
And decks some happy shepherd's  
bower.

## MAGNUS TROIL.

Mother speak, and do not tarry,  
Here's a maiden fain would marry.  
Shall she marry, ay or not ?  
If she marry, what's her lot ?

## NORNA.

Untouch'd by love, the maiden's  
breast  
Is like the snow on Rona's crest ;  
So pure, so free from earthy dye,  
It seems, whilst leaning on the sky,  
Part of the heaven to which 'tis  
nigh ;  
But passion, like the wild March rain,  
May soil the wreath with many a  
stain.  
We gaze—the lovely vision's gone—  
A torrent fills the bed of stone,  
That hurrying to destruction's shock,  
Leaps headlong from the lofty rock.  
Chap. xxi.

SONG OF THE ZETLAND  
FISHERMAN.

FAREWELL, merry maidens, to song,  
and to laugh,  
For the brave lads of Westra are  
bound to the Haaf ;  
And we must have labour, and  
hunger, and pain,  
Ere we dance with the maids of  
Dunrossness again.

For now, in our trim boats of  
Norway deal,  
We must dance on the waves, with  
the porpoise and seal ;  
The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe  
not too high,  
And the gull be our songstress  
whene'er she flits by.

Sing on, my brave bird, while we  
follow, like thee,  
By bank, shoal, and quicksand, the  
swarms of the sea ;  
And when twenty-score fishes are  
straining our line,  
Sing louder, brave bird, for their  
spoils shall be thine.

We'll sing while we bait, and we'll  
sing while we haul  
For the deeps of the Haaf have  
enough for us all :  
There is torsk for the gentle, and  
skate for the carle,  
And there's wealth for bold Magnus,  
the son of the earl.

Huzza ! my brave comrades, give  
way for the Haaf,  
We shall sooner come back to the  
dance and the laugh ;  
For light without mirth is a lamp  
without oil ;  
Then, mirth and long life to the bold  
Magnus Troil !  
Chap. xxii.

## CLEVELAND'S SONGS.

LOVE wakes and weeps  
While Beauty sleeps !  
O for music's softest numbers,  
To prompt a theme,  
For Beauty's dream,  
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers !

Through groves of palm  
Sigh gales of balm,  
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling ;

While through the gloom  
Comes soft perfume,  
The distant beds of flowers revealing

O wake and live !  
No dream can give  
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling ;  
No longer sleep,  
From lattice peep,  
And list the tale that Love is telling.

FAREWELL ! Farewell ! the voice you  
hear  
Has left its last soft tone with you ;  
Its next must join the seaward cheer,  
And shout among the shouting  
crew.

The accents which I scarce could  
form  
Beneath your frown's controlling  
check,  
Must give the word, above the  
storm,  
To cut the mast, and clear the  
wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,  
The hand, that shook when press'd  
to thine,  
Must point the guns upon the  
chase—  
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,  
Honour, or own, a long adieu !  
To all that life has soft and dear,  
Farewell ! save memory of you !

#### CLAUD HALCRO'S VERSES.

AND you shall deal the funeral dole ;  
Ay, deal it, mother mine,  
To weary body, and to heavy soul,  
The white bread and the wine.

And you shall deal my horses of pride ;  
Ay, deal them, mother mine ;  
And you shall deal my lands so wide,  
And deal my castles nine.

But deal not vengeance for the deed,  
And deal not for the crime ;  
The body to its place, and the soul to  
Heaven's grace,  
And the rest in God's own time.

SAINT MAGNUS control thee, that  
martyr of treason ;  
Saint Ronan rebuke thee, with rhyme  
and with reason ;

By the mass of Saint Martin, the  
might of Saint Mary,  
Be thou gone, or thy weird shall be  
worse if thou tarry !

If of good, go hence and hallow  
thee ;—

If of ill, let the earth swallow  
thee ;—

If thou'rt of air, let the gray mist fold  
thee ;—

If of earth, let the swart mine hold  
thee ;—

If a Pixie, seek thy ring ;—

If a Nixie, seek thy spring ;—

If on middle earth thou'st been  
Slave of sorrow, shame, and sin,  
Hast eat the bread of toil and  
strife,

And dree'd the lot which men  
call life ;

Begone to thy stone ! for thy coffin is  
scant of thee,

The worm, thy play-fellow, wails for  
the want of thee :

Hence, houseless ghost ! let the earth  
hide thee,

Till Michael shall blow the blast, see  
that there thou bide thee !—

Phantom, fly hence ! take the Cross  
for a token,

Hence pass till Hallowmass !—my  
spell is spoken.

WHERE corpse-light  
Dances bright,  
Be it by day or night,  
Be it by light or dark,  
There shall corpse lie stiff and stark.

MENSEFUL maiden ne'er should rise,  
Till the first beam tinge the skies ;

Silk-fringed eyelids still should close,  
Till the sun has kiss'd the rose ;  
Maiden's foot we should not view,  
Mark'd with tiny print on dew,  
Till the opening flowerets spread  
Carpet meet for beauty's tread.

Chap. xxiii.

### NORNA'S INCANTATIONS.

CHAMPION, famed for warlike toil,  
Art thou silent, Ribolt Troil ?  
Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones,  
Are leaving bare thy giant bones.  
Who dared touch the wild bear's skin  
Ye slumber'd on, while life was in ?  
A woman now, or babe, may come  
And cast the covering from thy tomb.

Yet be not wrathful, Chief, nor blight  
Mine eyes or ears with sound or  
sight !

I come not, with unhallow'd tread,  
To wake the slumbers of the dead,  
Or lay thy giant reliques bare ;  
But what I seek thou well canst  
spare.

Be it to my hand allow'd  
To shear a merk's weight from thy  
shroud ;  
Yet leave thee sheeted lead enough  
To shield thy bones from weather  
rough.

See, I draw my magic knife :  
Never, while thou wert in life,  
Lay'st thou still for sloth or fear,  
When point and edge were glittering  
near ;

See, the cerements now I sever—  
Waken now, or sleep for ever !  
Thou wilt not wake—the deed is  
done !

The prize I sought is fairly won.

Thanks, Ribolt, thanks ; for this the  
sea

Shall smooth its ruffled crest for thee,  
And while afar its billows foam,  
Subside to peace near Ribolt's tomb.

Thanks, Ribolt, thanks ; for this the  
might  
Of wild winds raging at their height,  
When to thy place of slumber nigh,  
Shall soften to a lullaby.

She, the dame of doubt and dread,  
Norna of the Fitful-head,  
Mighty in her own despite,  
Miserable in her might,  
In despair and frenzy great,  
In her greatness desolate,  
Wisest, wickedest who lives,—  
Well can keep the word she gives.

Chap. xxv.

### AT INTERVIEW WITH MINNA.

THOU, so needful, yet so dread,  
With cloudy crest, and wing of red ;  
Thou, without whose genial breath  
The North would sleep the sleep of  
death ;

Who deign'st to warm the cottage  
hearth,

Yet hurls proud palaces to earth,—  
Brightest, keenest of the Powers,  
Which form and rule this world of  
ours,

With my rhyme of Runic, I  
Thank thee for thy agency.

Old Reimkennar, to thy art  
Mother Hertha sends her part ;  
She, whose gracious bounty gives  
Needful food for all that lives.  
From the deep mine of the North  
Came the mystic metal forth,  
Doom'd amidst disjointed stones,  
Long to cere a champion's bones,  
Disinhumed my charms to aid—  
Mother Earth, my thanks are paid.

Girdle of our islands dear,  
Element of Water, hear !  
Thou whose power can overwhelm  
Broken mounds and ruin'd realm  
On the lowly Belgian strand ;  
All thy fiercest rage can never  
Of our soil a furlong sever  
From our rock-defended land ;

Play then gently thou thy part,  
To assist old Norna's art.

Elements, each other greeting,  
Gifts and power attend your meeting.

Thou, that over billows dark  
Safely send'st the fisher's bark,  
Giving him a path and motion  
Through the wilderness of ocean ;  
Thou, that when the billows brave ye,  
O'er the shelves canst drive the  
navy,—

Didst thou chafe as one neglected,  
While thy brethren were respected ?  
To appease thee, see, I tear  
This full grasp of grizzled hair ;  
Oft thy breath hath through it sung,  
Softening to my magic tongue ;  
Now, 'tis thine to bid it fly  
Through the wide expanse of sky,  
'Mid the countless swarms to sail  
Of wild-fowl wheeling on thy gale ;  
Take thy portion and rejoice,—  
Spirit, thou hast heard my voice !

She who sits by haunted well,  
Is subject to the Nixie's spell ;  
She who walks on lonely beach,  
To the Mermaid's charmèd speech ;  
She who walks round ring of green,  
Offends the peevish Fairy Queen ;  
And she who takes rest in the  
Dwarfie's cave,  
A weary weird of woe shall have.

By ring, by spring, by cave, by shore,  
Minna Troil has braved all this and  
more ;  
And yet hath the root of her sorrow  
and ill,  
A source that's more deep and more  
mystical still.

Thou art within a demon's hold,  
More wise than Heims, more strong  
than Trolld ;  
No siren sings so sweet as he,  
No fay springs lighter on the lea ;  
No elfin power hath half the art  
To soothe, to move, to wring the  
heart,—

Life-blood from the cheek to drain,  
Drench the eye, and dry the vein.  
Maiden, ere we farther go,  
Dost thou note me, ay or no !

## MINNA.

I mark thee, my mother, both word,  
look, and sign ;  
Speak on with thy riddle—to read it  
be mine.

## NORNA.

Mark me ! for the word I speak  
Shall bring the colour to thy cheek.  
This leaden heart, so light of cost,  
The symbol of a treasure lost,  
Thou shalt wear in hope and in peace,  
That the cause of thy sickness and  
sorrow may cease,  
When crimson foot meets crimson  
hand  
In the Martyr's Aisle, and in Orkney  
land.  
Be patient, be patient ; for Patience  
hath power  
To ward us in danger, like mantle in  
shower ;  
A fairy gift you best may hold  
In a chain of fairy gold ;  
The chain and the gift are each a  
true token,  
That not without warrant old Norna  
hath spoken ;  
But thy nearest and dearest must  
never behold them,  
Till time shall accomplish the truths  
I have told them.  
Chap. xxviii.

BRYCE SNAILSFOOT'S  
ADVERTISEMENT.

POOR sinners whom the snake  
deceives,  
Are fain to cover them with leaves.  
Zetland hath no leaves, 'tis true,  
Because that trees are none, or few,  
But we have flax and taits of woo',  
For linen cloth and wadmaal blue ;

And we have many foreign knacks  
Of finer waft, than woo' or flax.  
Ye gallant Lambmas lads appear,  
And bring your Lambmas sisters  
here,  
Bryce Snailsfoot spares not cost or  
care,  
To pleasure every gentle pair.  
Chap. xxxii.

## MOTTOES.

'Tis not alone the scene; the man,  
Anselmo,  
The man finds sympathies in these  
wild wastes,  
And roughly tumbling seas, which  
fairer views  
And smoother waves deny him.  
*Ancient Drama.*  
Chap. ii.

THIS is no pilgrim's morning: yon  
gray mist  
Lies upon hill and dale, and field and  
forest,  
Like the dun wimple of a new-made  
widow.  
And, by my faith, although my heart  
be soft,  
I'd rather hear that widow weep and  
sigh,  
And tell the virtues of the dear  
departed,  
Than, when the tempest sends his  
voice abroad,  
Be subject to its fury.  
*The Double Nuptials.*  
Chap. iv.

SHE does no work by halves, yon  
raving ocean;  
Engulphing those she strangles, her  
wild womb  
Affords the mariners whom she hath  
dealt on,  
Their death at once, and sepulchre.  
*Old Play.*  
Chap. vii

THIS is a gentle trader, and a prudent.  
He's no Au olycus, to blear your eye,  
With quips of worldly gauds and  
gamesomeness;  
But seasons all his glittering mer-  
chandise  
With wholesome doctrine suited to  
the use,  
As men sauce goose with sage and  
rosemary.

*Old Play.*

## Chap. ix.

ALL your ancient customs,  
And long-descended usages, I'll  
change.  
Ye shall not eat, nor drink, nor  
speak, nor move,  
Think, look, or walk, as ye were  
wont to do;  
Even your marriage-beds shall know  
mutation;  
The bride shall have the stock, the  
groom the wall;  
For all old practice will I turn and  
change,  
And call it reformation — marry,  
will I!

*'Tis Even that we're at Odds.*

## Chap. xi.

WE'LL keep our customs—what is  
law itself,  
But old establish'd custom! What  
religion,  
(I mean, with one-half of the men that  
use it,)  
Save the good use and wont that  
carries them  
To worship how and where their  
fathers worshipp'd?  
All things resolve in custom—we'll  
keep ours.

*Old Play.*

## Chap. xiv.

SEE yonder woman, whom our swains  
revere,  
And dread in secret, while they take  
her counsel  
When sweetheart shall be kind, or  
when cross dame shall die;

Where lurks the thief who stole the  
silver tankard,  
And how the pestilent murrain may  
be cured ;—  
This sage adviser's mad, stark mad,  
my friend ;  
Yet, in her madness, hath the art  
and cunning  
To wring fools' secrets from their  
inmost bosoms,  
And pay inquirers with the coin they  
gave her.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxix.

WHAT ho, my jovial mates ! come  
on ! we'll frolic it  
Like fairies frisking in the merry  
moonshine,  
Seen by the curtal friar, who, from  
some christening,  
Or some blithe bridal, hies belated  
cell-ward ;—  
He starts, and changes his bold  
bottle swagger  
To churchman's pace professional,  
and, ransacking  
His treacherous memory for some  
holy hymn,  
Finds but the roundel of the midnight  
catch.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxx.

I STRIVE like to the vessel in the tide-  
way,  
Which, lacking favouring breeze,  
hath not the power  
To stem the powerful current.  
Even so,  
Resolving daily to forsake my vices,  
Habit, strong circumstance, renew'd  
temptation,  
Sweep me to sea again. O heavenly  
breath,  
Fill thou my sails, and aid the feeble  
vessel,  
Which ne'er can reach the blessed  
port without thee !

*'Tis Odds when Evens meet.*

Chap. xxxii.

PARENTAL love, my friend, has  
power o'er wisdom,  
And is the charm, which, like the  
falconer's lure,  
Can bring from heaven the highest  
soaring spirits.  
So, when famed Prosper doff'd his  
magic robe,  
It was Miranda pluck'd it from his  
shoulders.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxiii.

HARK to the insult loud, the bitter  
sneer,  
The fierce threat answering to the  
brutal jeer ;  
Oaths fly like pistol-shots, and venge-  
ful words  
Clash with each other like conflicting  
swords.  
The robber's quarrel by such sounds  
is shown,  
And true men have some chance to  
gain their own.

*Captivity, a Poem.*

Chap. xxxiv.

## FROM THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

### MOTTOES.

Now Scot and English are agreed,  
And Saunders hastes to cross the  
Tweed,  
Where, such the splendours that  
attend him,  
His very mother scarce had ken'd him,  
His metamorphosis behold,  
From Glasgow frieze to cloth of gold ;  
His back-sword, with the iron hilt,  
To rapier, fairly hatch'd and gilt ;  
Was ever seen a gallant braver !  
His very bonnet's grown a beaver.

*The Reformation.*

Chap. i.

THIS, sir, is one among the Seignory,  
Has wealth at will, and will to use  
his wealth,

And wit to increase it. Marry, his  
 worst folly  
 Lies in a thriftless sort of charity,  
 That goes a-gadding sometimes after  
 objects,  
 Which wise men will not see when  
 thrust upon them.

*The Old Couple.*

Chap. ii.

Ay, sir, the clouted shoe hath oftentimes  
 craft in't,  
 As says the rustic proverb; and your  
 citizen,  
 In's grogram suit, gold chain, and  
 well-black'd shoes,  
 Bears under his flat cap oftentimes a  
 brain  
 Wiser than burns beneath the cap  
 and feather,  
 Or seethes within the statesman's  
 velvet nightcap.

*Read me my Riddle.*

Chap. iv.

WHEREFORE come ye not to court?  
 Certain 'tis the rarest sport;  
 There are silks and jewels glistening,  
 Prattling fools and wise men listening,  
 Bullies among brave men justling,  
 Beggars amongst nobles bustling;  
 Low-breath'd talkers, minion lispers,  
 Cutting honest throats by whispers;  
 Wherefore come ye not to court?  
 Skelton swears 'tis glorious sport.

*Skelton Skeltonizeth.*

Chap. v.

O, I do know him; 'tis the mouldy  
 lemon  
 Which our court wits will wet their  
 lips withal,  
 When they would sauce their honied  
 conversation  
 With somewhat sharper flavour.  
 Marry, sir,  
 That virtue's wellnigh left him; all  
 the juice  
 That was so sharp and poignant, is  
 squeezed out;  
 While the poor rind, although as  
 sour as ever,

Must season soon the draff we give  
 our grunTERS,  
 For two-legg'd things are weary on't.  
*The Chamberlain—A Comedy.*  
 Chap. vi.

THINGS needful we have thought on;  
 but the thing  
 Of all most needful—that which  
 Scripture terms,  
 As if alone it merited regard,  
 The ONE thing needful—that's yet  
 unconsider'd.

*The Chamberlain.*

Chap. vii.

AH! mark the matron well—and  
 laugh not, Harry,  
 At her old steeple-hat and velvet  
 guard—  
 I've call'd her like the ear of  
 Dionysius;  
 I mean that ear-form'd vault, built  
 o'er the dungeon,  
 To catch the groans and discontented  
 murmurs  
 Of his poor bondsmen. Even so doth  
 Martha  
 Drink up, for her own purpose, all  
 that passes,  
 Or is supposed to pass, in this wide  
 city;  
 She can retail it too, if that her profit  
 Shall call on her to do so; and retail it  
 For your advantage, so that you can  
 make  
 Your profit jump with hers.

*The Conspiracy.*

Chap. viii.

BID not thy fortune troll upon the  
 whirls  
 Of yonder dancing cubes of mottled  
 bone;  
 And drown it not, like Egypt's royal  
 harlot,  
 Dissolving her rich pearl in the  
 brimm'd wine-cup.  
 These are the arts, Lothario, which  
 shrink acres  
 Into brief yards—bring sterling  
 pounds to farthings,



Credit to infamy ; and the poor gull,  
Who might have lived an honour'd,  
easy life,  
To ruin, and an unregarded grave.

*The Changes.*

Chap. x.

THIS is the very barn-yard,  
Where muster daily the prime cocks  
o' the game,  
Ruffle their pinions, crow till they  
are hoarse,  
And spar about a barleycorn. Here,  
too, chickens,  
The callow, unfledged brood of  
forward folly,  
Learn first to rear the crest, and aim  
the spur,  
And tune their note like full-plumed  
Chanticleer.

*The Bear Garden.*

Chap. xii.

LET the proud salmon gorge the  
feather'd hook,  
Then strike, and then you have him.  
He will wince ;  
Spin out your line that it shall whistle  
from you  
Some twenty yards or so, yet you  
shall have him.  
Marry ! you must have patience ; the  
stout rock  
Which is his trust, hath edges some-  
thing sharp ;  
And the deep pool hath ooze and  
sludge enough  
To mar your fishing—'less you are  
more careful.

*Albion or the Double Kings.*

Chap. xiii.

GIVE way ! give way ! I must and  
will have justice ;  
And tell me not of privilege and place ;  
Where I am injured, there I'll sue  
redress.  
Look to it, every one who bars my  
access ;  
I have a heart to feel the injury,

A hand to right myself, and, by my  
honour,  
That hand shall grasp what gray-  
beard Law denies me.

*The Chamberlain.*

Chap. xvi.

COME hither, young one. Mark me !  
Thou art now  
'Mongst men o' the sword, that live  
by reputation  
More than by constant income.  
Single-suited  
They are, I grant you ; yet each  
single suit  
Maintains, on the rough guess, a  
thousand followers ;  
And they be men, who, hazarding  
their all,  
Needful apparel, necessary income,  
And human body, and immortal soul,  
Do in the very deed but hazard  
nothing—  
So strictly is that ALL bound in  
reversion ;  
Clothes to the broker, income to the  
usurer,  
And body to disease, and soul to the  
foul fiend ;  
Who laughs to see Soldadoes and  
fooladoes,  
Play better than himself his game on  
earth.

*The Mohocks.*

Chap. xvii.

*Mother.* What ! dazzled by a flash  
of Cupid's mirror  
With which the boy, as mortal  
urchins wont,  
Flings back the sunbeam in the eye  
of passengers,  
Then laughs to see them stumble !  
*Daughter.* Mother ! no ;  
It was a lightning-flash which  
dazzled me,  
And never shall these eyes see true  
again.

*Beef and Pudding,  
An Old English Comedy.*

Chap. xviii.

By this good light, a wench of match-  
less mettle!

This were a leaguer-lass to love a  
soldier,

To bind his wounds, and kiss his  
bloody brow,

And sing a roundel as she help'd to  
arm him,

Though the rough foeman's drums  
were beat so nigh,

They seem'd to bear the burden.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xix.

CREDIT me, friend, it hath been ever  
thus,

Since the ark rested on Mount Ararat.

False man hath sworn, and woman  
hath believed—

Repented and reproach'd, and then  
believed once more.

*The New World.*

Chap. xx.

ROVE not from pole to pole—the man  
lives here

Whose razor's only equall'd by his  
beer;

And where, in either sense, the  
cockney-put

May, if he pleases, get confounded *cut.*

*For the Sign of an Alehouse*

*kept by a Barber.*

Chap. xxi.

CHANCE will not do the work, Chance  
sends the breeze;

But if the pilot slumber at the helm,  
The very wind that wafts us towards

the port  
May dash us on the shelves. The

steersman's part is vigilance,

Blow it or rough or smooth.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxii.

THIS is the time: Heaven's maiden-  
sentinel

Hath quitted her high watch; the  
lesser spangles

Are paling one by one; give me the  
ladder

And the short lever; bid Antony  
Keep with his carbine the wicket-

gate;

And do thou bare thy knife and follow  
me,

For we will in and do it. Darkness  
like this

Is dawning of our fortunes.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxiv.

DEATH finds us 'mid our playthings  
—snatches us,

As a cross nurse might do a wayward  
child,

From all our toys and baubles. His  
rough call

Unlooses all our favourite ties on  
earth;

And well if they are such as may be  
answer'd

In yonder world, where all is judged  
of truly.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxv.

GIVE us good voyage, gentle stream;  
we stun not

Thy sober ear with sounds of  
revelry,

Wake not the slumbering echoes of  
thy banks

With voice of flute and horn; we do  
but seek

On the broad pathway of thy swelling  
bosom

To glide in silent safety.

*The Double Bridal.*

Chap. xxvi.

THIS way lie safety and a sure  
retreat;

Yonder lie danger, shame, and  
punishment.

Most welcome danger then—nay, let  
me say,

Though spoke with swelling heart—  
welcome e'en shame;

And welcome punishment—for, call  
me guilty,  
I do but pay the tax that's due to  
justice;  
And call me guiltless, then that  
punishment  
Is shame to those alone who do  
inflict it.

*The Tribunal.*

Chap. xxvii.

How fares the man on whom good  
men would look  
With eyes where scorn and censure  
combated,  
But that kind Christian love hath  
taught the lesson—  
That they who merit most contempt  
and hate,  
Do most deserve our pity.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxix.

MARRY, come up, sir, with your gentle  
blood!  
Here's a red stream beneath this  
coarse blue doublet,  
That warms the heart as kindly as if  
drawn  
From the far source of old Assyrian  
kings,  
Who first made mankind subject to  
their sway.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxi.

WE are not worse at once : the course  
of evil  
Begins so slowly, and from such  
slight source,  
An infant's hand might stem its  
breach with clay;  
But let the stream get deeper, and  
philosophy—  
Ay, and religion too,—shall strive in  
vain  
To turn the headlong torrent.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxv.

## FROM PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

### MOTTOES.

WHY then, we will have bellowing  
of beeves,  
Broaching of barrels, brandishing of  
spigots;  
Blood shall flow freely, but it shall  
be gore  
Of herds and flocks, and venison and  
poultry,  
Join'd to the brave heart's-blood of  
John-a-Barleycorn!

*Old Play.*

Chap. ii.

HERE'S neither want of appetites nor  
mouths;  
Pray Heaven we be not scant of  
meat or mirth!

*Old Play.*

Chap. iii.

NO, sir, I will not pledge : I'm one  
of those  
Who think good wine needs neither  
bush nor preface  
To make it welcome. If you doubt  
my word,  
Fill the quart-cup, and see if I will  
choke on't.

*Old Play.*

Chap. iv.

*Ascasto.* Can she not speak?  
*Oswald.* If speech be only in ac-  
cented sounds,  
Framed by the tongue and lips, the  
maiden's dumb;  
But if by quick and apprehensive  
look,  
By motion, sign, and glance, to give  
each meaning,  
Express as clothed in language, be  
term'd speech,  
She hath that wondrous faculty; for  
her eyes,

Like the bright stars of heaven, can  
hold discourse,  
Though it be mute and soundless.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xvi.

THIS is a love meeting! See the  
maiden mourns,  
And the sad suitor bends his looks  
on earth.

There's more hath pass'd between  
them than belongs  
To Love's sweet sorrows.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xvii.

Now, hoist the anchor, mates; and  
let the sails  
Give their broad bosom to the buxom  
wind,  
Like lass that woos a lover.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xix.

HE was a fellow in a peasant's garb;  
Yet one could censure you a wood-  
cock's carving,  
Like any courtier at the ordinary.

*The Ordinary.*

Chap. xxii.

WE meet, as men see phantoms in a  
dream,  
Which glide and sigh, and sign, and  
move their lips,  
But make no sound; or, if they utter  
voice,  
'Tis but a low and undistinguish'd  
moaning,  
Which has nor word nor sense of  
utter'd sound.

*The Chieftain.*

Chap. xxiv.

THE course of human life is change-  
ful still  
As is the fickle wind and wandering  
rill;  
Or, like the light dance which the  
wild breeze weaves  
Amidst the faded race of tallen  
leaves;

Which now its breath bears down,  
now tosses high,  
Beats to the earth, or wafts to middle  
sky.

Such, and so varied, the precarious  
play  
Of fate with man, frail tenant of a  
day!

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xxv.

NECESSITY, thou best of peacemakers,  
As well as surest prompter of in-  
vention—  
Help us to composition!

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xxvi.

THIS is some creature of the elements  
Most like your sea-gull. He can  
wheel and whistle

His screaming song, e'en when the  
storm is loudest;  
Take for his sheeted couch the rest-  
less foam

Of the wild wave-crest; slumber in  
the calm,  
And dally with the storm. Yet 'tis  
a gull,

An arrant gull, with all this.

*The Chieftain.*

Chap. xxvii.

I FEAR the devil worst when gown  
and cassock,  
Or, in the lack of them, old Calvin's  
cloak,  
Conceals his cloven hoof.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xxxi.

'Tis the black ban-dog of our jail.  
Pray look on him,  
But at a wary distance; rouse him  
not—

He bays not till he worries.

*The Black Dog of Newgate.*

Chap. xxxiii.

"SPEAK not of niceness, when  
there's chance of wreck,"

The captain said, as ladies writhed  
their neck

To see the dying dolphin flap the  
deck :

"If we go down, on us these gentry  
sup ;

We dine upon them, if we haul them  
up.

Wise men applaud us when we eat  
the eaters,

As the devil laughs when keen folks  
cheat the cheaters."

*The Sea Voyage.*

Chap. xxxviii.

CONTENTIONS fierce,  
Ardent, and dire, spring from no  
petty cause.

*Albion.*

Chap. xl.

HE came amongst them like a new-  
raised spirit,

To speak of dreadful judgments that  
impend,

And of the wrath to come.

*The Reformer.*

Chap. xliii.

AND some for safety took the dread-  
ful leap ;

Some for the voice of Heaven seem'd  
calling them ;

Some for advancement, or for lucre's  
sake—

I leap'd in frolic.

*The Dream.*

Chap. xliv.

HIGH feasting was there there ; the  
gilded roofs

Rung to the wassail-health ; the  
dancer's step

Sprung to the chord responsive ; the  
gay gamester

To fate's disposal flung his heap of  
gold,

And laughed alike when it increased  
or lessen'd :

Such virtue hath court-air to teach  
us patience

Which schoolmen preach in vain.

*Why come ye not to Court ?*

Chap. xlv.

HERE stand I tight and trim,

Quick of eye, though little of limb ;

He who denieth the word I have  
spoken,

Betwixt him and me shall lances be  
broken.

*Lay of the Little John de Saintré.*

Chap. xlvi.

## FROM QUENTIN DURWARD.

### COUNTY GUY.

AH ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,

'The sun has left the lea,

The orange flower perfumes the  
bower,

The breeze is on the sea.

The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,

Sits hush'd his partner nigh ;

Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the  
hour,

But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the  
shade,

Her shepherd's suit to hear ;

To beauty shy, by lattice high,

Sings high-born Cavalier.

The star of Love, all stars above,

Now reigns o'er earth and sky ;

And high and low the influence  
know,

But where is County Guy ?

Chap. iv.

## MOTTOES.

FULL in the midst a mighty pile  
arose

Where iron-grated gates their  
strength oppose

To each invading step ; and strong  
and steep  
The 'battled walls rose up, the fosse  
sunk deep.

Slow round the fortress rolled the  
sluggish stream,  
And high in middle air the warder's  
turrets gleam.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. iii.

PAINTERS show Cupid blind. Hath  
Hymen eyes ?

Or is his sight warp'd by those spec-  
tacles

Which parents, guardians, and ad-  
visers lend him,

That he may look through them on  
lands and mansions,

On jewels, gold, and all such rich  
donations,

And see their value ten times  
magnified ?—

Methinks 'twill brook a question.

*The Miseris of Enforced Marriage.*

Chap. xi.

THIS is a lecturer so skill'd in policy,  
That (no disparagement to Satan's  
cunning)

He well might read a lesson to the  
devil,

And teach the old seducer new  
temptations.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xii.

TALK not of kings—I scorn the poor  
comparison :

I am a sage, and can command the  
elements ;

At least men think I can ; and on  
that thought

I found unbounded empire.

*Albumazar.*

Chap. xiii.

I SEE thee yet, fair France—thou  
favour'd land

Of art and nature—thou art still  
before me ;

Thy sons, to whom their labour is a  
sport,

So well thy grateful soil returns its  
tribute ;

Thy sun-burnt daughters, with their  
laughing eyes

And glossy raven-locks, But,  
favour'd France,

Thou hast had many a tale of woe  
to tell,

In ancient times as now.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xiv.

HE was a son of Egypt, as he told  
me,

And one descended from those dread  
magicians,

Who waged rash war, when Israel  
dwelt in Goshen,

With Israel and her Prophet—match-  
ing rod

With his the sons of Levi's—and  
encountering

Jehovah's miracles with incanta-  
tions,

Till upon Egypt came the avenging  
Angel,

And those proud sages wept for their  
first-born,

As wept the unletter'd peasant.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xv.

RESCUE or none, Sir Knight, I am  
your captive ;

Deal with me what your nobleness  
suggests—

Thinking the chance of war may one  
day place you

Where I must now be reckon'd—i' the  
roll

Of melancholy prisoners.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xxiv.

No human quality is so well wove

In warp and woof, but there's some  
flaw in it ;

I've known a brave man fly a shep-  
herd's cur,

A wise man so demean him, drivelling  
 idiocy  
 Had wellnigh been ashamed on't.  
 For your crafty,  
 Your worldly-wise man, he, above  
 the rest,  
 Weaves his own snares so fine, he's  
 often caught in them.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxv.

WHEN princes meet, astrologers may  
 mark it  
 An ominous conjunction, full of  
 boding,  
 Like that of Mars with Saturn.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxvi.

THY time is not yet out—the devil  
 thou servest  
 Has not as yet deserted thee. He aids  
 The friends who drudge for him, as  
 the blind man  
 Was aided by the guide, who lent his  
 shoulder  
 O'er rough and smooth, until he  
 reach'd the brink  
 Of the fell precipice—then hurl'd him  
 downward.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxix.

OUR counsels waver like the unsteady  
 bark,  
 That reels amid the strife of meeting  
 currents.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxx.

HOLD fast thy truth, young soldier.—  
 Gentle maiden,  
 Keep you your promise plight—leave  
 age its subtleties,  
 And gray-hair'd policy its maze of  
 falsehood ;  
 But be you candid as the morning  
 sky,  
 Ere the high sun sucks vapours up to  
 stain it.

*The Trial.*

Chap. xxxi.

'Tis brave for Beauty when the best  
 blade wins her.

*The Count Palatine.*

Chap. xxxv.

## FROM ST. RONAN'S WELL.

### MOTTOES.

*Quis novus hic hospes ?*

CH'M-MAID!—The Gemman in the  
 front parlour!

*BOOTS's free Translation  
 of the Aeneid.*

Chap. ii.

THERE must

Be government in all society ;  
 Bees have their Queen, and stag-  
 herds have their leader ;  
 Rome had her Consuls, Athens had  
 her Archons,  
 And we, sir, have our Managing  
 Committee.

*The Album of St. Ronan's.*

Chap. iii.

COME, let me have thy counsel, for  
 I need it ;  
 Thou art of those, who better help  
 their friends  
 With sage advice, than usurers with  
 gold,  
 Or brawlers with their swords. I'll  
 trust to thee,  
 For I ask only from thee words, not  
 deeds.

*The Devil hath met his Match.*

Chap. x.

NEAREST of blood should still be next  
 in love ;  
 And when I see these happy children  
 playing,  
 While William gathers flowers for  
 Ellen's ringlets,  
 And Ellen dresses flies for William's  
 angle,  
 I scarce can think, that in advancing  
 life,

Coldness, unkindness, interest, or  
suspicion,  
Will e'er divide that unity so sacred  
Which Nature bound at birth.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xi.

OH! you would be a vestal maid, I  
warrant,  
The bride of Heaven? Come! we  
may shake your purpose :  
For here I bring in hand a jolly  
suitor  
Hath ta'en degrees in the seven  
sciences  
That ladies love best—he is young  
and noble,  
Handsome and valiant, gay and rich,  
and liberal.

*The Nun.*

Chap. xxiii.

THOU bear'st a precious burden,  
gentle post,—  
Nitre and sulphur ; see that it explode  
not.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxvii.

It comes—it wrings me in my parting  
hour,  
The long-hid crime, the well-dis-  
guised guilt.  
Bring me some holy priest to lay the  
spectre !

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxii.

ON the lee-beam lies the land, boys,  
See all clear to reef each course ;  
Let the fore-sheet go—don't mind,  
boys,  
Tho' the weather should be worse,

*The Storm.*

Chap. xxxiii.

*Sedet post equitem atra cura.*

STILL though the headlong cavalier,  
O'er rough and smooth, in wild  
career,  
Seems racing with the wind,

His sad companion, ghastly pale,  
And darksome as a widow's veil,  
CARE—keeps her seat behind.

*Horace.*

Chap. xxxv.

WHAT sheeted ghost is wandering  
through the storm?  
For never did a maid of middle earth  
Choose such a time or spot to vent  
her sorrows.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxviii.

HERE come we to our close,—for that  
which follows  
Is but the tale of dull, unvaried misery.  
Steep crags and headlong linns may  
court the pencil,  
Like sudden haps, dark plots, and  
strange adventures ;  
But who would paint the dull and  
fog-wrapt moor,  
In its long tract of sterile desolation?

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxix.

## FROM REDGAUNTLET.

### HOPE.

As lords their labourers' hire delay,  
Fate quits our toil with hopes to  
come,  
Which, if far short of present pay,  
Still owns a debt and names a sum.

Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer,  
then,  
Although a distant date be given ;  
Despair is treason towards men,  
And blasphemy to Heaven.  
Chap. x.

## FROM THE BETROTHED.

### SOLDIER WAKE.

SOLDIER, wake! the day is peeping ;  
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping,  
Never when the sunbeams still  
Lay unreflected on the hill :



'Tis when they are glinted back  
From axe and armour, spear and jack,  
That they promise future story,  
Many a page of deathless glory.  
Shields that are the foeman's terror,  
Ever are the morning's mirror.

Arm and up! the morning beam  
Hath call'd the rustic to his team,  
Hath call'd the falc'ner to the lake,  
Hath call'd the huntsman to the  
brake ;  
The early student ponders o'er  
His dusty tomes of ancient lore.  
Soldier, wake ! thy harvest, fame ;  
Thy study, conquest ; war, thy game.  
Shield, that would be foeman's terror,  
Still should gleam the morning's  
mirror.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain ;  
More paltry still the sportsman's  
gain ;  
Vainest of all, the student's theme  
Ends in some metaphysic dream :  
Yet each is up, and each has toil'd  
Since first the peep of dawn has  
smiled ;  
And each is eagerer in his aim  
Than he who barter's life for fame.  
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror !  
Be thy bright shield the morning's  
mirror.

Chap. xix.

### THE TRUTH OF WOMAN.

WOMAN's faith, and woman's trust—  
Write the characters in dust ;  
Stamp them on the running stream,  
Print them on the moon's pale beam,  
And each evanescent letter  
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,  
And more permanent, I ween,  
Than the thing those letters mean.

I have strain'd the spider's thread  
'Gainst the promise of a maid ;  
I have weigh'd a grain of sand  
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand ;

I told my true love of the token,  
How her faith proved light, and her  
word was broken :  
Again her word and truth she plight,  
And I believed them again ere night.  
Chap. xx.

### I ASKED OF MY HARP.

I ASK'D of my harp, "Who hath  
injured thy chords?"  
And she replied, "The crooked finger,  
which I mocked in my tune."  
A blade of silver may be bended—a  
blade of steel abideth :  
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance  
endureth.

The sweet taste of mead passeth from  
the lips,  
But they are long corroded by the  
juice of wormwood ;  
The lamb is brought to the shambles,  
but the wolf rangeth the mountain ;  
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance  
endureth.

I asked the red-hot iron, when it  
glimmer'd on the anvil,  
"Wherefore glowest thou longer  
than the firebrand?"  
"I was born in the dark mine, and  
the brand in the pleasant green-  
wood."  
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance  
endureth.

I ask'd the green oak of the assembly  
wherefore its boughs were dry and  
sear'd like the horns of the stag :  
And it show'd me that a small worm  
had gnaw'd its roots.  
The boy who remembered the scourge  
undid the wicket of the castle at  
midnight.  
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance  
endureth.

Lightning destroyeth temples,  
though their spires pierce the  
clouds ;  
Storms destroy armadas, though  
their sails intercept the gale.

He that is in his glory falleth, and  
that by a contemptible enemy.  
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance  
endureth.  
Chap. xxxi.

## MOTTOES.

IN Madoc's tent the clarion sounds,  
With rapid clangour hurried far ;  
Each hill and dale the note rebounds,  
But when return the sons of war ?  
Thou, born of stern Necessity,  
Dull Peace ! the valley yields to thee,  
And owns thy melancholy sway.  
*Welsh Poem.*

Chap. ii.

O, SADLY shines the morning sun  
On leaguer'd castle wall,  
When bastion, tower, and battlement,  
Seem nodding to their fall.  
*Old Ballad.*

Chap. vii.

Now all ye ladies of fair Scotland,  
And ladies of England that happy  
would prove,  
Marry never for houses, nor marry  
for land,  
Nor marry for nothing but only love.  
*Family Quarrels.*

Chap. xii.

Too much rest is rust,  
There's ever cheer in changing ;  
We tyne by too much trust,  
So we'll be up and ranging.  
*Old Song.*

Chap. xiii.

RING out the merry bells, the bride  
approaches,  
The blush upon her cheek has shamed  
the morning,  
For that is dawning palely. Grant,  
good saints,  
These clouds betoken nought of evil  
omen !

*Old Play.*

Chap. xvii.

*Julia.* GENTLE sir,  
You are our captive,—but we'll use  
you so,  
That you shall think your prison joys  
may match  
Whate'er your liberty hath known of  
pleasure.

*Roderick.* No, fairest, we have  
trifled here too long ;  
And, lingering to see your roses  
blossom,  
I've let my laurels wither.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxvii.

## FROM THE TALISMAN.

## AHRIMAN.

DARK Ahriman, whom Irak still  
Holds origin of woe and ill !  
When, bending at thy shrine,  
We view the world with troubled eye  
Where see we 'neath the extended  
sky,  
An empire matching thine ?

If the Benigner Power can yield  
A fountain in the desert field,  
Where weary pilgrims drink ;  
Thine are the waves that lash the  
rock,  
Thine the tornado's deadly shock,  
Where countless navies sink !

Or if He bid the soil dispense  
Balsams to cheer the sinking sense,  
How few can they deliver  
From lingering pains, or pang in-  
tense,  
Red Fever, spotted Pestilence,  
The arrows of thy quiver !

Chief in Man's bosom sits thy sway,  
And frequent, while in words we pray  
Before another throne,  
Whate'er of specious form be there,  
The secret meaning of the prayer  
Is, Ahriman, thine own.

Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,  
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,

As Eastern Magi say ;  
With sentient soul of hate and wrath,  
And wings to sweep thy deadly path,  
And fangs to tear thy prey ?

Or art thou mix'd in Nature's source,  
An ever-operating force,  
Converting good to ill ;  
An evil principle innate,  
Contending with our better fate,  
And oh ! victorious still ?

Howe'er it be, dispute is vain,  
On all without thou hold'st thy reign,  
Nor less on all within ;  
Each mortal passion's fierce career,  
Love, hate, ambition, joy, and fear,  
Thou goadest into sin.

Whene'er a sunny gleam appears,  
To brighten up our vale of tears,  
Thou art not distant far ;  
'Mid such brief solace of our lives,  
Thou whett'st our very banquet-  
knives,  
To tools of death and war.

Thus, from the moment of our birth,  
Long as we linger on the earth,  
Thou rul'st the fate of men ;  
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,  
And—who dare answer?—is thy  
power,

Dark Spirit ! ended THEN ?  
Chap. iii.

### A MINSTREL'S SONG.

WHAT brave chief shall head the forces  
Where the red-cross legions gather ?  
Best of horsemen, best of horses,  
Highest head and fairest feather.

Ask not Austria, why 'mid princes  
Still her banner rises highest ;  
Ask as well the strong-wing'd eagle  
Why to heaven he soars the nighest.  
Chap. xi.

### THE BLOODY VEST.

BLONDEL *sings* :—

FYTTÉ FIRST.

'Twas near the fair city of Benevent,  
When the sun was setting on bough  
and bent,  
And knights were preparing in bower  
and tent,  
On the eve of the Baptist's tourna-  
ment ;  
When in Lincoln green a stripling  
gent,  
Well seeming a page by a princess  
sent,  
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he  
went,  
Enquired for the Englishman,  
Thomas a Kent.

Far hath he fared, and farther must  
fare,  
Till he finds his pavilion nor stately  
nor rare,—  
Little save iron and steel was there ;  
And, as lacking the coin to pay  
armourer's care,  
With his sinewy arms to the shoulders  
bare,  
The good knight with hammer and  
file did repair  
The mail that to-morrow must see  
him wear,  
For the honour of Saint John and  
his lady fair.

“ Thus speaks my lady,” the page  
said he,  
And the knight bent lowly both head  
and knee,  
“ She is Benevent's Princess so high  
in degree,  
And thou art as lowly as knight may  
well be—  
He that would climb so lofty a tree,  
Or spring such a gulf as divides her  
from thee,  
Must dare some high deed, by which  
all men may see  
His ambition is back'd by his high  
chivalrie.

"Therefore thus speaks my lady,"  
 the fair page he said,  
 And the knight lowly louted with  
 hand and with head,  
 "Fling aside the good armour in  
 which thou art clad,  
 And don thou this weed of her night-  
 gear instead,  
 For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of  
 thread :  
 And charge, thus attired, in the  
 tournament dread,  
 And fight as thy wont is where most  
 blood is shed,  
 And bring honour away, or remain  
 with the dead."

Untroubled in his look, and un-  
 troubled in his breast,  
 The knight the weed hath taken,  
 and reverently hath kiss'd :  
 "Now bless'd be the moment, the  
 messenger be blest !  
 Much honour'd do I hold me in my  
 lady's high behest ;  
 And say unto my lady, in this dear  
 night-weed dress'd,  
 To the best arm'd champion I will  
 not veil my crest ;  
 But if I live and bear me well 'tis  
 her turn to take the test."  
 Here, gentles, ends the foremost fyfte  
 of the Lay of the Bloody Vest.

## FYTTE SECOND.

THE Baptist's fair morrow beheld  
 gallant feats—  
 There was winning of honour, and  
 losing of seats—  
 There was hewing with falchions,  
 and splintering of staves,  
 The victors won glory, the vanquish'd  
 won graves.  
 O, many a knight there fought  
 bravely and well,  
 Yet one was accounted his peers to  
 excel,  
 And 'twas he whose sole armour on  
 body and breast,  
 Seem'd the weed of a damsel when  
 bouné for her rest.

There were some dealt him wounds  
 that were bloody and sore,  
 But others respected his plight, and  
 forebore.  
 "It is some oath of honour," they  
 said, "and I trow  
 'Twere unknighly to slay him  
 achieving his vow."  
 Then the Prince, for his sake, bade  
 the tournament cease,  
 He flung down his warder, the  
 trumpets sung peace ;  
 And the judges declare, and com-  
 petitors yield,  
 That the Knight of the Night-gear,  
 was first in the field.

The feast it was nigh, and the mass  
 it was nigher,  
 When before the fair Princess low  
 louted a squire,  
 And deliver'd a garment unseemly to  
 view,  
 With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all  
 hack'd and pierc'd through ;  
 All rent and all tatter'd, all clotted  
 with blood,  
 With foam of the horses, with dust,  
 and with mud.  
 Not the point of that lady's small  
 finger, I ween,  
 Could have rested on spot was un-  
 sullied and clean.

"This token my master, Sir Thomas  
 a Kent,  
 Restores to the Princess of fair  
 Benevent ;  
 He that climbs the tall tree has won  
 right to the fruit,  
 He that leaps the wide gulf should  
 prevail in his suit ;  
 Through life's utmost peril the prize  
 I have won,  
 And now must the faith of my  
 mistress be shown :  
 For she who prompts knights on  
 such danger to run,  
 Must avouch his true service in front  
 of the sun.

“‘I restore,’ says my master, ‘the  
 garment I’ve worn,  
 And I claim of the Princess to don it  
 in turn ;  
 For its stains and its rents she should  
 prize it the more,  
 Since by shame ’tis unsullied, though  
 crimson’d with gore, ’”  
 Then deep blush’d the Princess—yet  
 kiss’d she and press’d  
 The blood-spotted robes to her lips  
 and her breast.  
 “Go tell my true knight, church and  
 chamber shall show,  
 If I value the blood on this garment  
 or no.”

And when it was time for the nobles  
 to pass,  
 In solemn procession to minster and  
 mass,  
 The first walk’d the Princess in  
 purple and pall,  
 But the blood-besmeared night-robe  
 she wore over all ;  
 And eke, in the hall, where they all  
 sat at dine,  
 When she knelt to her father and  
 proffer’d the wine,  
 Over all her rich robes and state  
 jewels, she wore  
 That wimple unseemly bedabbled  
 with gore.

Then lords whisper’d ladies, as well  
 you may think,  
 And ladies replied, with nod, titter,  
 and wink ;  
 And the Prince who in anger and  
 shame had look’d down,  
 Turn’d at length to his daughter,  
 and spoke with a frown :  
 “Now since thou hast publish’d thy  
 folly and guilt,  
 E’en atone with thy hand for the  
 blood thou hast spilt ;  
 Yet sore for your boldness you both  
 will repent,  
 When you wander as exiles from  
 fair Benevent.”

Then out spoke stout Thomas, in  
 hall where he stood,  
 Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless  
 of mood :  
 “The blood that I lost for this  
 daughter of thine,  
 I pour’d forth as freely as flask gives  
 its wine ;  
 And if for my sake she brooks  
 penance and blame,  
 Do not doubt I will save her from  
 suffering and shame ;  
 And light will she reckon of thy prince-  
 dom and rent,  
 When I hail her, in England, the  
 Countess of Kent.”  
 Chap. xxvi.

## MOTTOES.

Now change the scene—and let the  
 trumpets sound,  
 For we must rouse the lion in his  
 lair.

*Old Play.*

Chap. vi.

THIS is the Prince of Leeches ; fever,  
 plague,  
 Cold rheum, and hot podagra do but  
 look on him,  
 And quit their grasp upon the  
 tortured sinews.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. ix.

ONE thing is certain in our Northern  
 land :  
 Allow that birth, or valour, wealth,  
 or wit,  
 Give each precedence to their pos-  
 sessor,  
 Envy, that follows on such eminence,  
 As comes the lyme-hound on the roe-  
 buck’s trace,  
 Shall pull them down each one.

*Sir David Lindsay.*

Chap. xi.

You talk of Gaiety and Innocence !  
 The moment when the fatal fruit was  
 eaten,  
 They parted ne'er to meet again ;  
 and Malice  
 Has ever since been playmate to  
 light Gaiety,  
 From the first moment when the  
 smiling infant  
 Destroys the flower or butterfly he  
 toys with,  
 To the last chuckle of the dying  
 miser,  
 Who on his deathbed laughs his last  
 to hear  
 His wealthy neighbour has become a  
 bankrupt.  
 Chap. xiii.

*Old Play.*

'TIS not her sense—for sure, in that  
 There's nothing more than common ;  
 And all her wit is only chat,  
 Like any other woman.  
 Chap. xvi.

*Song.*

WERE every hair upon his head a  
 life,  
 And every life were to be supplicated  
 By numbers equal to those hairs  
 quadrupled,  
 Life after life should out like waning  
 stars  
 Before the daybreak—or as festive  
 lamps,  
 Which have lent lustre to the mid-  
 night revel,  
 Each after each are quench'd when  
 guests depart !  
 Chap. xvii.

*Old Play.*

THIS work desires a planet'ry in-  
 tell'gence  
 Of Jupiter and Sol ; and those great  
 spirits  
 Are proud, fantastical. It asks great  
 charges  
 To entice them from the guiding of  
 their spheres  
 To wait on mortals.  
 Chap. xviii.

*Albumazar.*

MUST we then sheathe our still  
 victorious sword ;  
 Turn back our forward step, which  
 ever trode  
 O'er foemen's necks the onward path  
 of glory ;  
 Unclasp the mail, which with a  
 solemn vow,  
 In God's own house we hung upon  
 our shoulders ;  
 That vow, as unaccomplish'd as the  
 promise  
 Which village nurses make to still  
 their children,  
 And after think no more of ?  
*The Crusade, a Tragedy.*  
 Chap. xix.

WHEN beauty leads the lion in her  
 toils,  
 Such are her charms, he dare not  
 raise his mane,  
 Far less expand the terror of his fangs,  
 So great Alcides made his club a  
 distaff,  
 And spun to please fair Omphale.  
*Anonymous.*  
 Chap. xx.

'MID these wild scenes Enchantment  
 waves her wand,  
 To change the face of the mysterious  
 land ;  
 Till the bewildering scenes around us  
 seem  
 The vain productions of a feverish  
 dream.  
*Astolpho, a Romance.*  
 Chap. xxiii.

A GRAIN of dust  
 Soiling our cup, will make our sense  
 reject  
 Fastidiously the draught which we  
 did thirst for ;  
 A rusted nail, placed near the faith-  
 ful compass,  
 Will sway it from the truth, and  
 wreck the argosy.  
 Even this small cause of anger and  
 disgust

Will break the bonds of amity 'mongst  
princes,  
And wreck their noblest purposes.  
*The Crusade.*

Chap. xxiv.

THE tears I shed must ever fall !  
I weep not for an absent swain,  
For time may happier hours recall,  
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead,  
Their pains are past, their sorrows  
o'er,  
And those that loved their steps must  
tread,  
When death shall join to part no  
more.

But worse than absence, worse than  
death,  
She wept her lover's sullied fame,  
And, fired with all the pride of birth,  
She wept a soldier's injured name.<sup>1</sup>

*Ballad.*

Chap. xxvi.

WE heard the tecbir,—so the Arabs  
call  
Their shout of onset, when with loud  
acclaim  
They challenge Heaven to give them  
victory.

*Siege of Damascus.*

Chap. xxvii.

## FROM WOODSTOCK.

### AN HOUR WITH THEE.

AN hour with thee ! When earliest  
day  
Dapples with gold the eastern gray,  
Oh, what can frame my mind to bear  
The toil and turmoil, cark and care,  
New griefs, which coming hours un-  
fold,  
And sad remembrance of the old ?  
One hour with thee.

<sup>1</sup> Only the last stanza is Scott's.

One hour with thee ! When burning  
June  
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon ;  
What shall repay the faithful swain,  
His labour on the sultry plain ;  
And, more than cave or sheltering  
bough,  
Cool feverish blood and throbbing  
brow ?

One hour with thee.

One hour with thee ! When sun is  
set,  
Oh, what can teach me to forget  
The thankless labours of the day ;  
The hopes, the wishes, flung away ;  
The increasing wants, and lessening  
gains,  
The master's pride, who scorns my  
pains ?

One hour with thee.

Chap. xxvi.

## MOTTOES.

COME forth, old man ! Thy daughter's  
side  
Is now the fitting place for thee :  
When Time hath quell'd the oak's  
bold pride,  
The youthful tendril yet may hide  
The ruins of the parent tree.  
Chap. ii.

Now, ye wild blades, that make loose  
inns your stage,  
To vapour forth the acts of this sad  
age,  
Stout Edgehill fight, the Newberys  
and the West,  
And northern clashes, where you still  
fought best :  
Your strange escapes, your dangers  
void of fear,  
When bullets flew between the head  
and ear,  
Whether you fought by Damme or the  
Spirit,  
Of you I speak.

*Legend of Captain Jones.*

Chap. iii.

YON path of greensward  
 Winds round by sparry grot and gay  
 pavilion ;  
 There is no flint to gall thy tender foot,  
 There's ready shelter from each  
 breeze, or shower.  
 But Duty guides not that way : see  
 her stand,  
 With wand entwined with amaranth,  
 near yon cliffs.  
 Oft where she leads thy blood must  
 mark thy footsteps,  
 Oft where she leads thy head must  
 bear the storm,  
 And thy shrunk form endure heat,  
 cold, and hunger ;  
 But she will guide thee up to noble  
 heights,  
 Which he who gains seems native of  
 the sky ;  
 While earthly things lie stretch'd  
 beneath his feet,  
 Diminish'd, shrunk, and valueless.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. iv.

MY tongue pads slowly under this  
 new language,  
 And starts and stumbles at these  
 uncouth phrases.  
 They may be great in worth and  
 weight, but hang  
 Upon the native glibness of my  
 language  
 Like Saul's plate-armour on the  
 shepherd boy,  
 Encumbering and not arming him.

*J. B.*

Chap. v.

HERE we have one head  
 Upon two bodies : your two-headed  
 bullock  
 Is but an ass to such a prodigy.  
 These two have but one meaning,  
 thought, and counsel ;  
 And when the single noddle has spoke  
 out,  
 The four legs scrape assent to it.

*Old Play.*

Chap. x.

DEEDS are done on earth,  
 Which have their punishment ere the  
 earth closes  
 Upon the perpetrators. Be it the  
 working  
 Of the remorse-stirr'd fancy, or the  
 vision,  
 Distinct and real, of unearthly being,  
 All ages witness that beside the couch  
 Of the fell homicide oft stalks the  
 ghost  
 Of him he slew, and shows the  
 shadowy wound.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xiv.

WE do that in our zeal,  
 Our calmer moments are afraid to  
 answer.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xvii.

THE deadliest snakes are those which,  
 twined 'mongst flowers,  
 Blend their bright colouring with the  
 varied blossoms,  
 Their fierce eyes glittering like the  
 spangled dew-drop ;  
 In all so like what nature has most  
 harmless,  
 That sportive innocence, which dreads  
 no danger,  
 Is poison'd unawares.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxiv.

## FROM CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

### MOTTOES.

(*From THE TWO DROVERS.*)

WERE ever such two loving friends!—  
 How could they disagree ?  
 O thus it was he loved him dear,  
 And thought how to requite him,  
 And having no friend left but he,  
 He did resolve to fight him.

*Duke upon Duke.*

Chap. ii.



(From MY AUNT MARGARET'S  
MIRROR.)

THERE are times  
When Fancy plays her gambols, in  
despite  
Even of our watchful senses, when  
in sooth  
Substance seems shadow, shadow  
substance seems,  
When the broad, palpable, and marked  
partition,  
'Twixt that which is and is not, seems  
dissolved,  
As if the mental eye gain'd power to  
gaze  
Beyond the limits of the existing  
world.  
Such hours of shadowy dreams I  
better love  
Than all the gross realities of life.

*Anonymous.*

### FROM THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

#### THE LAY OF POOR LOUISE.

Ah, poor Louise! the livelong day  
She roams from cot to castle gay;  
And still her voice and viol say,  
Ah, maids, beware the woodland way,  
Think on Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The sun was high,  
It smirch'd her cheek, it dimm'd her  
eye,  
The woodland walk was cool and  
nigh,  
Where birds with chiming streamlets  
vie

To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The savage bear  
Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair;  
The wolves molest not paths so fair—  
But better far had such been there  
For poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! In woody wold  
She met a huntsman fair and bold;  
sc.

His baldric was of silk and gold,  
And many a witching tale he told  
To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine  
Hadst thou for treasures of the mine;  
For peace of mind that gift divine,  
And spotless innocence, were thine,  
Ah, poor Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's reft!  
I know not if by force or theft,  
Or part by violence, part by gift;  
But misery is all that's left  
To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succour have!  
She will not long your bounty crave,  
Or tire the gay with warning stave—  
For Heaven has grace, and earth a  
grave

For poor Louise.

Chap. x.

### DEATH CHANT.

VIEWLESS Essence, thin and bare,  
Wellnigh melted into air;  
Still with fondness hovering near  
The earthly form thou once didst  
wear;

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,  
Be thy course to left or right;  
Be thou doom'd to soar or sink,  
Pause upon the awful brink.

To avenge the deed expelling  
Thee untimely from thy dwelling,  
Mystic force thou shalt retain  
O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

When the form thou shalt espy  
That darken'd on thy closing eye;  
When the footstep thou shalt hear,  
That thrill'd upon thy dying ear;

Then strange sympathies shall wake,  
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall  
quake;  
The wounds renew their clotted flood,  
And every drop cry blood for blood.

Chap. xxii.

## SONG OF THE GLEE-MAIDEN.

YES, thou mayst sigh,  
 And look once more at all around,  
 At stream and bank, and sky and  
 ground.  
 Thy life its final course has roun'd,  
 And thou must die.

Yes, lay thee down,  
 And while thy struggling pulses  
 flutter,  
 Bid the gray monk his soul-mass  
 mutter,  
 And the deep bell its death-tone  
 utter—  
 Thy life is gone.

Be not afraid.  
 'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,  
 A fever fit, and then a chill ;  
 And then an end of human ill,  
 For thou art dead.  
 Chap. xxx.

## BOLD AND TRUE.

OH, bold and true,  
 In bonnet blue,  
 That fear or falsehood never knew ;  
 Whose heart was loyal to his  
 word,  
 Whose hand was faithful to his  
 sword :  
 Seek Europe wide from sea to sea,  
 But bonnie Blue-cap still for me !

I've seen Almayn's proud champions  
 prance ;  
 I've seen the gallant knights of  
 France,  
 Unrivalled with the sword and  
 lance ;  
 I've seen the sons of England true  
 Wield the brown bill and bend the  
 yew ;  
 Search France the fair and England  
 free—  
 But bonnie Blue-cap still for me !  
 Chap xxxii.

## MOTTOES.

THE ashes here of murder'd Kings  
 Beneath my footsteps sleep ;  
 And yonder lies the scene of death,  
 Where Mary learn'd to weep.  
*Captain Marioribanks.*

## INTRODUCTORY.

"BEHOLD the Tiber!" the vain  
 Roman cried,  
 Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's  
 side ;  
 But where's the Scot that would the  
 vaunt repay,  
 And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?  
*Anonymous.*

## Chap. i.

FAIR is the damsel, passing fair,  
 Sunny at distance gleams her  
 smile !  
 Approach—the cloud of woeful care  
 Hangs trembling in her eye the  
 while.

*Lucinda, a Ballad.*

## Chap. xi.

THEN up and spak the auld gudewife,  
 And, wow ! but she was grim,—  
 "Had e'er your father done the like,  
 It had been ill for him."

*Lucky Trumbull.*

## Chap xii.

O FOR a draught of power to steep  
 The soul of agony in sleep !

*Bertha.*

## Chap. xv.

A WOMAN wails for justice at the  
 gate,  
 A widow'd woman, wan and desolate.

*Bertha.*

## Chap xx.

LO ! where he lies embalm'd in gore,  
 His wound to Heaven cries ;  
 The floodgates of his blood implore  
 For vengeance from the skies.

*Uranus and Psyche.*

## Chap. xxiii.

THE hour is nigh ; now hearts beat  
high ;  
Each sword is sharpen'd well ;  
And who dares die, who stoops to fly,  
To-morrow's light shall tell.

*Sir Edwald.*

Chap. xxxiii.

### FROM ANNE OF GEJERSTEIN.

#### THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

"MEASURERS of good and evil,  
Bring the square, the line, the level,—  
Rear the altar, dig the trench,  
Blood both stone and ditch shall  
drench ;

Cubits six, from end to end,  
Must the fatal bench extend,  
Cubits six, from side to side,  
Judge and culprit must divide.  
On the east the Court assembles,  
On the west the Accused trembles :  
Answer, brethren, all and one,  
Is the ritual rightly done ?"

"On life and soul, on blood and bone,  
One for all, and all for one,  
We warrant this is rightly done."

"How wears the night? Doth  
morning shine,  
In early radiance on the Rhine?  
What music floats upon his tide?  
Do birds the tardy morning chide?  
Brethren, look out from hill and  
height,  
And answer true, how wears the  
night ?"

"The night is old ; on Rhine's broad  
breast  
Glance drowsy stars which long to  
rest,  
No beams are twinkling in the east.  
There is a voice upon the flood,  
The stern still call of blood for blood ;  
'Tis time we listen the behest."

"Up, then, up ! When day's at rest,  
'Tis time that such as we are  
watchers ;

Rise to judgment, brethren, rise !  
Vengeance knows not sleepy eyes,  
He and night are matchers."

Chap. xx.

### MOTTOES.

CURSED be the gold and silver, which  
persuade  
Weak men to follow far fatiguing  
trade,  
The lily, peace, outshines the silver  
store,  
And life is dearer than the golden ore.  
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert  
brown,  
To every distant mart and wealthy  
town.

*Hassan, or the Camel-driver.*

Chap. iii.

I WAS one  
Who loved the greenwood bank and  
lowing herd,  
The russet guise, the lowly peasant's  
life,  
Season'd with sweet content, more  
than the halls  
Where revellers feast to fever-height.  
Believe me,  
There ne'er was poison mix'd in  
maple bowl.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. v.

WHEN we two meet, we meet like  
rushing torrents ;  
Like warring winds, like flames from  
various points,  
That mate each other's fury. There  
is nought  
Of elemental strife, were fiends to  
guide it,  
Can match the wrath of man.

*Frenaud.*

Chap. vi.

THEY saw that city, welcoming the  
Rhine,  
As from his mountain heritage he  
bursts,  
As purposed proud Orgetorix of yore,  
Leaving the desert region of the hills  
To lord it o'er the fertile plains of  
Gaul.

*Helvetia.*

Chap. viii.

WE know not when we sleep nor  
when we wake.  
Visions distinct and perfect cross our  
eye,  
Which to the slumberer seem  
realities;  
And while they waked, some men  
have seen such sights  
As set at nought the evidence of  
sense,  
And left them well persuaded they  
were dreaming.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. x.

THESE be the adept's doctrines—every  
element  
Is peopled with its separate race of  
spirits:  
The airy Sylphs on the blue ether  
float:  
Deep in the earthy cavern skulks the  
Gnome;  
The sea-green Naiad skims the ocean-  
billow;  
And the fierce fire is yet a friendly  
home  
To its peculiar sprite, the Sala-  
mander.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xi.

TELL me not of it: I could ne'er abide  
The mummery of all that forced  
civility.  
"Pray, seat yourself, my lord,"—with  
cringeing hams  
The speech is spoken; and with  
bended knee,  
Heard by the smiling courtier.—  
"Before you, sir?"

It must be on the earth then." Hang  
it all!  
The pride which cloaks itself in such  
poor fashion  
Is scarcely fit to swell a beggar's  
bosom.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxii.

A MIRTHFUL man he was; the snows  
of age  
Fell, but they did not chill him.  
Gaiety,  
Even in life's closing, touch'd his  
teeming brain  
With such wild visions as the setting  
sun  
Raises in front of some hoar glacier,  
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand  
hues.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxix.

AY, this is he who wears the wreath  
of bays  
Wove by Apollo and the Sisters Nine,  
Which Jove's dread lightning scathes  
not. He hath doft  
The cumbrous helm of steel, and  
flung aside  
The yet more galling diadem of gold;  
And, with a leafy circlet round his  
brows,  
He reigns the King of lovers and of  
poets.

Chap. xxx.

WANT you a man  
Experienced in the world and its  
affairs?  
Here he is for your purpose. He's  
a monk:  
He hath forsworn the world and all  
its work,  
The rather that he knows it passing  
well,—  
'Special the worst of it, for he's a  
monk.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxi.

TOLL, toll the bell !  
 Greatness is o'er ;  
 The heart has broke,  
 To ache no more ;  
 An unsubstantial pageant all—  
 Drop o'er the scene the funeral pall.  
*Old Poem.*

Chap. xxxii.

HERE'S a weapon now,  
 Shall shake a conquering general in  
 his tent,  
 A monarch on his throne, or reach a  
 prelate,  
 However holy be his offices,  
 E'en while he serves the altar.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xxxv.

## FROM COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.

### MOTTOES.

*Othus.* THIS superb successor  
 Of the earth's mistress, as thou  
 vainly speakest,  
 Stands 'midst these ages as, on the  
 wide ocean,  
 The last spared fragment of a spacious  
 land  
 That in some grand and awful  
 ministration  
 Of mighty nature has engulfed been,  
 Doth lift aloft its dark and rocky cliffs  
 O'er the wild waste around, and  
 sadly frowns  
 In lonely majesty.

*Constantine Paleologus, Scene I.*

Chap. ii.

HERE, youth, thy foot unbrace,  
 Here, youth, thy brow unbraided ;  
 Each tribute that may grace  
 The threshold here be paid.  
 Walk with the stealthy pace  
 Which Nature teaches deer,  
 When, echoing in the chase,  
 The hunter's horn they hear.

*The Court.*

Chap. iii.

THE storm increases : 'tis no sunny  
 shower,  
 Foster'd in the moist breast of March  
 or April,  
 Or such as parched Summer cools  
 his lip with ;  
 Heaven's windows are flung wide ;  
 the inmost deeps  
 Call in hoarse greeting one upon  
 another ;  
 On comes the flood in all its roaming  
 horrors,  
 And where's the dike shall stop it !

*The Deluge, a Poem.*

Chap. v.

VAIN man ! thou mayst esteem thy  
 love as fair  
 As fond hyperboles suffice to raise.  
 She may be all that's matchless in  
 her person,  
 And all-divine in soul to match her  
 body ;  
 But take this from me—thou shalt  
 never call her  
 Superior to her sex while *one* sur-  
 vives,  
 And I am her true votary.

*Old Play.*

Chap. vi.

BETWEEN the foaming jaws of the  
 white torrent  
 The skilful artist draws a sudden  
 mound ;  
 By level long he subdivides their  
 strength,  
 Stealing the waters from their rocky  
 bed,  
 First to diminish what he means to  
 conquer ;  
 Then, for the residue he forms a road,  
 Easy to keep, and painful to desert,  
 And guiding to the end the planner  
 aim'd at.

*The Engineer.*

Chap. ix.

THOSE were wild times—the anti-  
 podes of ours :  
 Ladies were then who oftener saw  
 themselves

In the broad lustre of a foeman's  
shield  
Than in a mirror, and who rather  
sought  
To match themselves in battle, than  
in dalliance  
To meet a lover's onset. But though  
Nature  
Was outraged thus she was not over-  
come.

*Feudal Times.*

Chap. x.

WITHOUT—a ruin, broken, tangled,  
cumbrous ;  
Wit. in—it was a little paradise,  
Where Taste had made her dwelling ;  
Statuary,  
First-born of human art, moulded  
her images,  
And bade men mark and worship.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xi.

THE parties met. The wily, wordy  
Greek,  
Weighing each word, and canvassing  
each syllable,  
Evading, arguing, equivocating.  
And the stern Frank came with two-  
handed sword,  
Watching to see which way the  
balance sway'd,  
That he might throw it in, and turn  
the scales.

*Palestine.*

Chap. xii.

STRANGE ape of man ! who loathes  
thee while he scorns thee ;  
Half a reproach to us and half a jest,  
What fancies can be ours ere we  
have pleasure  
In viewing our own form, our pride  
and passions,  
Reflected in a shape grotesque as  
thine !

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xvi.

'Tis strange that, in the dark sul-  
phureous mine,  
Where wild ambition piles its ripen-  
ing stores  
Of slumbering thunder, Love will  
interpose  
His tiny torch, and cause the stern  
explosion  
To burst, when the deviser's least  
aware.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xvii.

ALL is prepared—the chambers of  
the mine  
Are cramm'd with the combustible,  
which, harmless  
While yet unkindled as the sable  
sand,  
Needs but a spark to change its  
nature so  
That he who wakes it from its  
slumbrous mood,  
Dreads scarce the explosion less than  
he who knows  
That 'tis his towers which meet its  
fury.

*Anonymous.*

Chap. xxiv.

HEAVEN knows its time ; the bullet  
has its billet,  
Arrow and javelin each its destined  
purpose ;  
The fated beasts of Nature's lower  
strain  
Have each their separate task.

Chap. xxv.

*Old Play.*

FROM CASTLE DANGEROUS.

MOTTOES.

A TALE of sorrow, for your eyes may  
weep ;  
A tale of horror, for your flesh may  
tingle ;  
A tale of wonder, for the eyebrows  
arch  
And the blood curdles if you read it  
rightly.

Chap. v.

*Old Play.*

WHERE is he? Has the deep earth  
swallow'd him?

Or hath he melted like some airy  
phantom

That shuns the approach of morn and  
the young sun?

Or hath he wrapt him in Cimmerian  
darkness,

And pass'd beyond the circuit of the  
sight

With things of the night's shadows?  
*Anonymous.*

Chap. xi.

THE way is long, my children, long  
and rough,

The moors are dreary, and the woods  
are dark;

But he that creeps from cradle on to  
grave,

Unskill'd save in the velvet course of  
fortune,

Hath miss'd the discipline or noble  
hearts.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xiv.

His talk was of another world; his  
bodements

Strange, doubtful, and mysterious:  
those who heard him

Listen'd as to a man in feverish  
dreams,

Who speaks of other objects than the  
present,

And mutters like to him who sees a  
vision.

*Old Play.*

Chap. xviii.

CRY the wild war-note, let the  
champions pass;

Do bravely each, and God defend the  
right.

Upon Saint Andrew thrice can they  
thus cry,

And thrice they shout on height,

And then match'd them on the  
Englishmen,

As I have told you right.

Saint George the bright, our ladies'  
knight,

To name they were full fain;

Our Englishmen they cried on height,  
And thrice they shout again.

*Old Ballad.*

Chap. xx.

# LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

ARRANGED IN THE ORDER OF THEIR COMPOSITION.

## JUVENILE LINES.

FROM VIRGIL.

[1782.—ÆTAT. 11.]

IN awful ruins Ætna thunders nigh,  
And sends in pitchy whirlwinds to the sky  
Black clouds of smoke, which, still as they aspire,  
From their dark sides there bursts the glowing fire ;  
At other times huge balls of fire are toss'd,  
That lick the stars, and in the smoke are lost :  
Sometimes the mount, with vast convulsions torn,  
Emits huge rocks, which instantly are borne  
With loud explosions to the starry skies,  
The stones made liquid as the huge mass flies,  
Then back again with greater weight recoils,  
While Ætna thundering from the bottom boils.

## ON A THUNDERSTORM.

[1783.—ÆT. 12.]

LOUD o'er my head though awful thunders roll,  
And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,  
Yet 'tis thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,  
Thy arm directs those lightnings through the sky.  
Then let the good thy mighty name revere,  
And harden'd sinners thy just vengeance fear.

## ON THE SETTING SUN.

[1783.]

THOSE evening clouds, that setting ray,  
And beautiful tints, serve to display  
Their great Creator's praise ;  
Then let the short-lived thing call'd man,  
Whose life's comprised within a span,  
To him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,  
And tints so gay and bold,  
But seldom think upon our God,  
Who tinged these clouds with gold!

## THE VIOLET.

[1797.]

THE violet in her green-wood bower,  
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,  
May boast itself the fairest flower  
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,  
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining ;  
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,  
More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,  
Ere yet the day be past its morrow ;  
Nor linger in my false love's eye  
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.



TO A LADY.

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

[1797.]

TAKE these flowers which, purple waving,

On the ruin'd rampart grew,  
Where, the sons of freedom braving,  
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger  
Pluck no longer laurels there ;  
They but yield the passing stranger  
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

A FRAGMENT.

[1799.]

WHEN fruitful Clydesdale's apple-bowers

Are mellowing in the noon ;  
When sighs round Pembroke's ruin'd towers  
The sultry breath of June ;

When Clyde, despite his sheltering wood,  
Must leave his channel dry ;  
And vainly o'er the limpid flood  
The angler guides his fly ;

If chance by Bothwell's lovely braes  
A wanderer thou hast been,  
Or hid thee from the summer's blaze  
In Blantyre's bowers of green,

Full where the copsewood opens wild  
Thy pilgrim step hath staid,  
Where Bothwell's towers, in ruin piled,  
O'erlook the verdant glade ;

And many a tale of love and fear  
Hath mingled with the scene—

Of Bothwell's banks that bloom'd so dear,  
And Bothwell's bonny Jean.

O, if with rugged minstrel lays  
Unsated be thy ear,  
And thou of deeds of other days  
Another tale wilt hear.—

Then all beneath the spreading beech,  
Flung careless on the lea,  
The Gothic muse the tale shall teach  
Of Bothwell's sisters three.

Wight Wallace stood on Deckmont head,  
He blew his bugle round,  
Till the wild bull in Cadyow wood  
Has started at the sound.

St. George's cross, o'er Bothwell hung,  
Was waving far and wide,  
And from the lofty turret flung  
Its crimson blaze on Clyde ;

And rising at the bugle blast  
That marked the Scottish foe,  
Old England's yeomen muster'd fast,  
And bent the Norman bow.

Tall in the midst Sir Aylmer rose,  
Proud Pembroke's Earl was he  
While——”

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE.

[1799.]

AND ne'er but once, my son, he says,  
Was yon sad cavern trod,  
In persecution's iron days,  
When the land was left by God.

From Bewlie bog, with slaughter red,  
A wanderer hither drew,  
And oft he stopt and turn'd his head,  
As by fits the night wind blew ;

For trampling round by Cheviot edge  
 Were heard the troopers keen,  
 And frequent from the Whitelaw  
 ridge  
 The death-shot flash'd between.

The moonbeams through the misty  
 shower  
 On yon dark cavern fell ;  
 Through the cloudy night the snow  
 gleam'd white,  
 Which sunbeam ne'er could quell.

"Yon cavern dark is rough and rude,  
 And cold its jaws of snow ;  
 But more rough and rude are the  
 men of blood,  
 That hunt my life below !

"Yon spell-bound den, as the aged  
 tell,  
 Was hewn by demon's hands ;  
 But I had loud melle with the fiends  
 of hell,  
 Than with Clavers and his band."

He heard the deep-mouth'd blood-  
 hound bark,  
 He heard the horses neigh,  
 He plunged him in the cavern dark,  
 And downward sped his way.

Now faintly down the winding path  
 Came the cry of the faulting  
 hound,  
 And the mutter'd oath of baulked  
 wrath  
 Was lost in hollow sound.

He threw him on the flinted floor,  
 And held his breath for fear ;  
 He rose and bitter cursed his foes,  
 As the sounds died on his ear.

"O bare thine arm, thou battling  
 Lord,  
 For Scotland's wandering band ;  
 Dash from the oppressor's grasp the  
 sword,  
 And sweep him from the land !

"Forget not thou thy people's  
 groans  
 From dark Dunnotter's tower,  
 Mix'd with the seafowl's shrilly  
 moans,  
 And ocean's bursting roar !

"O, in fell Clavers' hour of pride,  
 Even in his mightiest day,  
 As bold he strides through conquest's  
 tide,  
 O stretch him on the clay !

"His widow and his little ones,  
 O may their tower of trust  
 Remove its strong foundation stones,  
 And crush them in the dust !"—

"Sweet prayers to me," a voice  
 replied.  
 "Thrice welcome, guest of mine !"  
 And glimmering on the cavern side,  
 A light was seen to shine.

An aged man, in amice brown,  
 Stood by the wanderer's side,  
 By powerful charm, a dead man's  
 arm  
 The torch's light supplied.

From each stiff finger, stretch'd  
 upright,  
 Arose a ghastly flame,  
 That waned not in the blast of night  
 Which through the cavern came.

O, deadly blue was that taper's hue,  
 That flamed the cavern o'er,  
 But more deadly blue was the  
 ghastly hue  
 Of his eyes who the taper bore.

He laid on his head a hand like lead,  
 As heavy, pale, and cold—  
 "Vengeance be thine, thou guest of  
 mine,  
 If thy heart be firm and bold.

"But if faint thy heart, and caitiff  
 fear  
 Thy recreant sinews know,

The mountain erne thy heart shall  
tear,  
Thy nerves the hooded crow."

The wanderer raised him undis-  
may'd :

"My soul, by dangers steel'd,  
Is stubborn as my border blade,  
Which never knew to yield.

"And if thy power can speed the  
hour  
Of vengeance on my foes,  
Theirs be the fate, from bridge and  
gate,  
To feed the hooded crows."

The Brownie look'd him in the face,  
And his colour fled with speed—

"I fear me," quoth he, "uneath it  
will be  
To match thy word and deed.

"In ancient days when English bands  
Sore ravaged Scotland fair,  
The sword and shield of Scottish land  
Was valiant Halbert Kerr.

"A warlock loved the warrior well,  
Sir Michael Scott by name,  
And he sought for his sake a spell to  
make,  
Should the Southern foemen tame.

"'Look thou,' he said, 'from Cess-  
ford head,  
As the July sun sinks low,  
And when glimmering white on  
Cheviot's height

Thou shalt spy a wreath of snow,  
The spell is complete which shall  
bring to thy feet  
The haughty Saxon foe.

"For many a year wrought the  
wizard here,  
In Cheviot's bosom low,  
Till the spell was complete, and in  
July's heat  
Appear'd December's snow ;  
But Cessford's Halbert never came  
The wondrous cause to know.

"For years before in Bowden aisle  
The warrior's bones had lain,  
And after short while, by female  
guile,  
Sir Michael Scott was slain.

"But me and my brethren in this cell  
His mighty charms retain,—  
And he that can quell the powerful  
spell  
Shall o'er broad Scotland reign."

He led him through an iron door  
And up a winding stair,  
And in wild amaze did the wanderer  
gaze  
On the sight which open'd there.

Through the gloomy night flash'd  
ruddy light,—  
A thousand torches glow ;  
The cave rose high, like the vaulted  
sky,  
O'er stalls in double row.

In every stall of that endless hall  
Stood a steed in barbing bright ;  
At the foot of each steed, all arm'd  
save the head,  
Lay stretch'd a stalwart knight.

In each mail'd hand was a naked  
brand ;  
As they lay on the black bull's  
hide,  
Each visage stern did upwards turn,  
With eyeballs fix'd and wide.

A launcegay strong, full twelve ells  
long,  
By every warrior hung ;  
At each pommel there, for battle  
yare,  
A Jedwood axe was slung.

The casque hung near each cavalier ;  
The plumes waved mournfully  
At every tread which the wanderer  
made  
Through the hall of gramarye.

The ruddy beam of the torches'  
gleam  
That glared the warriors on,  
Reflected light from armour bright,  
In noontide splendour shone.

And onward seen in lustre sheen,  
Still lengthening on the sight,  
Through the boundless hall stood  
steeds in stall,  
And by each lay a sable knight.

Still as the dead lay each horseman  
dread,  
And moved nor limb nor tongue ;  
Each steed stood stiff as an earthfast  
cliff,  
Nor hoof nor bridle rung.

No sounds through all the spacious  
hall  
The deadly still divide,  
Save where echoes aloof from the  
vaulted roof  
To the wanderer's step replied.

At length before his wondering eyes,  
On an iron column borne,  
Of antique shape, and giant size,  
Appear'd a sword and horn.

"Now choose thee here," quoth his  
leader,  
"Thy venturous fortune try ;  
Thy woe and weal, thy boot and bale,  
In yon brand and bugle lie."

To the fatal brand he mounted his  
hand,  
But his soul did quiver and quail ;  
The life-blood did start to his  
shuddering heart,  
And left him wan and pale.

The brand he forsook, and the horn  
he took  
To 'say a gentle sound ;  
But so wild a blast from the bugle  
brast,  
That the Cheviot rock'd around.

From Forth to Tees, from seas to  
seas,  
The awful bugle rung ;  
On Carlisle wall, and Berwick withal,  
To arms the warders sprung.

With clank and clang the cavern  
rang,  
The steeds did stamp and neigh ;  
And loud was the yell as each warrior  
fell  
Sterte up with hoop and cry.

"Woe, woe," they cried, "thou  
caitiff coward,  
That ever thou wert born !  
Why drew ye not the knightly sword  
Before ye blew the horn?"

The morning on the mountain shone,  
And on the bloody ground  
Hurl'd from the cave with shiver'd  
bone,  
The mangled wretch was found.

And still beneath the cavern dread,  
Among the glidders gray,  
A shapeless stone with lichens spread  
Marks where the wanderer lay.

## CHEVIOT.

A FRAGMENT.

[1799.]

Go sit old Cheviot's crest below,  
And pensive mark the lingering snow  
In all his scaurs abide,  
And slow dissolving from the hill  
In many a sightless, soundless rill,  
Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide.

Fair shines the stream by bank and  
lea,  
As wimpling to the eastern sea  
She seeks Till's sullen bed,

Indenting deep the fatal plain,  
Where Scotland's noblest, brave in  
vain,  
Around their monarch bled.

And westward hills on hills you see,  
Even as old Ocean's mightiest sea  
Heaves high her waves of foam,  
Dark and snow-ridged from Cuts-  
feld's wold  
To the proud foot of Cheviot roll'd,  
Earth's mountain billows come.

### JOY TO THE VICTORS!

FROM "THE HOUSE OF ASPEN."

[ABOUT 1800.]

Joy to the victors! the sons of old  
Aspen!  
Joy to the race of the battle and  
scar!  
Glorious proud garland triumphantly  
grasping;  
Generous in peace, and victorious  
in war.

Honour acquiring,  
Valour inspiring,

Bursting, resistless, through foe-  
men they go:

War-axes wielding,

Broken ranks yielding,

Till from the battle proud Roderic  
retiring,

Yields in wild rout the fair palm to  
his foe.

Joy to each warrior, true follower of  
Aspen!

Joy to the heroes that gain'd the  
bold day!

Health to our wounded, in agony  
gasping;

Peace to our brethren that fell in  
the fray!

Boldly this morning,  
Roderic's power scorning,

Well for their chieftain their blades  
did they wield:

Joy blest them dying,  
As Maltingen flying,

Low laid his banners, our conquest  
adorning,  
Their death-clouded eyeballs descried  
on the field!

Now to our home, the proud mansion  
of Aspen,

Bend we, gay victors, triumphant  
away;

There each fond damsel, her gallant  
youth clasping,  
Shall wipe from his forehead the  
stains of the fray.

Listening the prancing  
Of horses advancing;

E'en now on the turrets our  
maidens appear.

Love our hearts warming,  
Songs the night charming,

Round goes the grape in the goblet  
gay dancing;

Love, wine, and song, our blithe  
evening shall cheer!

### RHEIN-WEIN LIED.

FROM "THE HOUSE OF ASPEN."

[ABOUT 1800.]

WHAT makes the troopers' frozen  
courage muster?

The grapes of juice divine.

Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they  
cluster:

Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

Let fringe and furs, and many a  
rabbit-skin, sirs,

Bedeck your Saracen:

He'll freeze without warm's our  
hearts within, sirs,

When the night-frost crusts the  
fen.

But on the Rhine, but on the Rhine  
 they cluster,  
 The grapes of juice divine  
 That make our troopers' frozen  
 courage muster :  
 Oh, blessed be the Rhine !

### THE REIVER'S WEDDING.

[1802.]

O WILL ye hear a mirthful bourd ?  
 Or will ye hear of courtesie ?  
 Or will hear how a gallant lord  
 Was wedded to a gay ladye ?

“Ca' out the kye,” quo' the village  
 herd,  
 As he stood on the knowe,  
 “Ca' this ane's nine and that ane's  
 ten,  
 And bauld Lord William's cow.”—

“Ah ! by my sooth,” quoth William  
 then,  
 “And stands it that way now,  
 When knave and churl have nine and  
 ten,  
 That the Lord has but his cow ?

“I swear by the light of the Michael-  
 mas moon,  
 And the might of Mary high,  
 And by the edge of my braidsword  
 brown,  
 They shall soon say Harden's kye.”

He took a bugle frae his side,  
 With names carved o'er and o'er—  
 Full many a chief of meikle pride  
 That Border bugle bore—

He blew a note baith sharp and hie,  
 Till rock and water rang around—  
 Three score of moss-troopers and  
 three  
 Have mounted at that bugle sound.

The Michaelmas moon had enter'd  
 then,  
 And ere she wan the full,

Ye might see by her light in Harden  
 glen  
 A bow o' kye and a bassen'd bull.

And loud and loud in Harden tower  
 The quaigh gaed round wi' meikle  
 glee ;  
 For the English beef was brought in  
 bower  
 And the English ale flow'd merrilie.

And mony a guest from Teviotside  
 And Yarrow's Braes was there ;  
 Was never a lord in Scotland wide  
 That made more dainty fare.

They ate, they laugh'd, they sang  
 and quaff'd,  
 Till nought on board was seen,  
 When knight and squire were boune  
 to dine,  
 But a spur of silver sheen.

Lord William has ta'en his berry  
 brown steed—  
 A sore shent man was he ;  
 “Wait ye, my guests, a little speed—  
 Weel feasted ye shall be.”

He rode him down by Falsehope  
 burn,  
 His cousin dear to see,  
 With him to take a riding turn—  
 Wat-draw-the-sword was he.

And when he came to Falsehope  
 glen,  
 Beneath the trysting-tree,  
 On the smooth green was carved  
 plain,  
 “To Lochwood bound are we.”

“O if they be gane to dark Loch-  
 wood  
 To drive the Warden's gear,  
 Betwixt our names, I ween, there's  
 feud ;  
 I'll go and have my share :

“For little reck I for Johnstone's  
 feud,  
 The Warden though he be.”

So Lord William is away to dark  
Lochwood,  
With riders barely three.

The Warden's daughters in Loch-  
wood sate,  
Were all both fair and gay,  
All save the Lady Margaret,  
And she was wan and wae.

The sister, Jean, had a full fair skin,  
And Grace was bauld and brow ;  
But the leal-fast heart her breast  
within  
It weel was worth them a'.

Her father's pranked her sisters twa  
With meikle joy and pride ;  
But Margaret maun seek Dundren-  
nan's wa'—  
She ne'er can be a bride.

On spear and casque by gallants  
gent  
Her sisters' scarfs were borne,  
But never at tilt or tournament  
Were Margaret's colours worn.

Her sisters rode to Thirlstane bower,  
But she was left at hame  
To wander round the gloomy tower,  
And sigh young Harden's name.

"Of all the knights, the knight most  
fair,  
From Yarrow to the Tyne,"  
Soft sigh'd the maid, "is Harden's  
heir,  
But ne'er can he be mine ;

"Of all the maids, the foulest maid  
From Teviot to the Dee,  
Ah !" sighing sad, that lady said,  
"Can ne'er young Harden's be."—

She looked up the briery glen,  
And up the mossy brae,  
And she saw a score of her father's  
men  
Yclad in the Johnstone gray.

O fast and fast they downwards sped  
The moss and briers among,  
And in the midst the troopers led  
A shackled knight along.

## THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF  
INVASION IN THE AUTUMN OF 1804.

THE forest of Glenmore is drear,  
It is all of black pine and the dark  
oak-tree ;  
And the midnight wind, to the moun-  
tain deer,  
Is whistling the forest lullaby :  
The moon looks through the drifting  
storm,  
But the troubled lake reflects not her  
form,  
For the waves roll whitening to the  
land,  
And dash against the shelvy strand.  
There is a voice among the trees,  
That mingles with the groaning  
oak—  
That mingles with the stormy breeze,  
And the lake - waves dashing  
against the rock ;—  
There is a voice within the wood,  
The voice of the bard in fitful  
mood ;  
His song was louder than the blast,  
As the bard of Glenmore through the  
forest past.

"Wake ye from your sleep of death,  
Minstrels and bards of other days !  
For the midnight wind is on the  
heath,  
And the midnight meteors dimly  
blaze :  
The Spectre with his Bloody Hand,  
Is wandering through the wild wood-  
land ;  
The owl and the raven are mute for  
dread,  
And the time is meet to awake the  
dead !

“Souls of the mighty, wake and say,  
 To what high strain your harps  
 were strung,  
 When Lochlin plow'd her billowy  
 way,  
 And on your shores her Norsemen  
 flung?  
 Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and  
 blood,  
 Skill'd to prepare the Raven's food,  
 All, by your harpings, doom'd to die  
 On bloody Largs and Loncarty.

“Mute are ye all? No murmurs  
 strange  
 Upon the midnight breeze sail by;  
 Nor through the pines, with whistling  
 change  
 Mimic the harp's wild harmony!  
 Mute are ye now?—Ye ne'er were  
 mute,  
 When Murder with his bloody foot,  
 And Rapine with his iron hand,  
 Were hovering near yon mountain  
 strand.

“O yet awake the strain to tell,  
 By every deed in song enroll'd,  
 By every chief who fought or fell,  
 For Albion's weal in battle bold :—  
 From Coilgach, first who roll'd his  
 car  
 Through the deep ranks of Roman  
 war,  
 To him, of veteran memory dear,  
 Who victor died on Aboukir.

“By all their swords, by all their  
 scars,  
 By all their names, a mighty spell!  
 By all their wounds, by all their wars,  
 Arise, the mighty strain to tell!  
 For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,  
 More impious than the heathen Dane,  
 More grasping than all-grasping  
 Rome,  
 Gaul's ravening legions hither  
 come!”  
 The wind is hush'd, and still the  
 lake—  
 Strange murmurs fill my tinkling  
 ears,

Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,  
 At the dread voice of other years—  
 “When targets clash'd, and bugles  
 rung,  
 And blades round warriors' heads  
 were flung,  
 The foremost of the band were  
 we,  
 And hymn'd the joys of Liberty!”

## HELLVELLYN.

[1805.]

*In the spring of 1805, a young gentle-  
 man of talents, and of a most amiable  
 disposition, perished by losing his way  
 on the mountain Hellvellyn. His  
 remains were not discovered till three  
 months afterwards, when they were  
 found guarded by a faithful terrier-  
 bitch, his constant attendant during  
 frequent solitary rambles through the  
 wilds of Cumberland and West-  
 moreland.*

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty  
 Hellvellyn,  
 Lakes and mountains beneath me  
 gleam'd misty and wide;  
 All was still, save by fits, when the  
 eagle was yelling,  
 And starting around me the echoes  
 replied.  
 On the right, Striden-edge round the  
 Red-tarn was bending,  
 And Catchedicam its left verge was  
 defending,  
 One huge nameless rock in the front  
 was ascending,  
 When I mark'd the sad spot where  
 the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the  
 brown mountain-heather,  
 Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay  
 stretch'd in decay,  
 Like the corpse of an outcast  
 abandon'd to weather,  
 Till the mountain winds wasted  
 the tenantless clay.



Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely  
 extended,  
 For, faithful in death, his mute  
 favourite attended,  
 The much-loved remains of her  
 master defended,  
 And chased the hill-fox and the  
 raven away.

How long didst thou think that his  
 silence was slumber ?

When the wind waved his garment,  
 how oft didst thou start ?

How many long days and long weeks  
 didst thou number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend  
 of thy heart ?

And, oh, was it meet, that—no re-  
 quiem read o'er him—

No mother to weep, and no friend to  
 deplore him,

And thou, little guardian, alone  
 stretch'd before him—

Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life  
 should depart ?

When a Prince to the fate of the  
 Peasant has yielded,

The tapestry waves dark round the  
 dim-lighted hall ;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin  
 is shielded,

And pages stand mute by the  
 canopied pall :

Through the courts, at deep mid-  
 night, the torches are gleaming ;

In the proudly-arch'd chapel the  
 banners are beaming,

Far adown the long aisle sacred  
 music is streaming,

Lamenting a Chief of the people  
 should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of  
 nature,

To lay down thy head like the  
 meek mountain lamb,

When, wilder'd, he drops from some  
 cliff huge in stature,

And draws his last sob by the side  
 of his dam.

And more stately thy couch by this  
 desert lake lying,

Thy obsequies sung by the gray  
 plover flying,

With one faithful friend but to  
 witness thy dying,

In the arms of Hellvellyn and  
 Catchedicam.

## THE DYING BARD.

[1806.]

*The Welsh tradition bears, that a Bard,  
 on his death-bed, demanded his harp,  
 and played the air to which these  
 verses are adapted; requesting that it  
 might be performed at his funeral.*

### I.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the  
 moment is nigh,

When mute in the woodlands thine  
 echoes shall die :

No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon  
 shall rave,

And mix his wild notes with the  
 wild dashing wave.

### II.

In spring and in autumn thy  
 glories of shade

Unhonour'd shall flourish, un-  
 honour'd shall fade ;

For soon shall be lifeless the eye  
 and the tongue,

That view'd them with rapture,  
 with rapture that sung.

### III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may  
 march in their pride,

And chase the proud Saxon from  
 Prestatyn's side ;

But where is the harp shall give  
 life to their name ?

And where is the bard shall give  
 heroes their fame ?

## IV.

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy  
daughters so fair,  
Who heave the white bosom, and  
wave the dark hair;  
What tuneful enthusiast shall  
worship their eye,  
When half of their charms with  
Cadwallon shall die?

## V.

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit  
thy loved scene,  
To join the dim choir of the bards  
who have been;  
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and  
Merlin the Old,  
And sage Taliessin, high harping  
to hold.

## VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still  
green be thy shades,  
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and  
matchless thy maids!  
And thou, whose faint warblings  
my weakness can tell,  
Farewell, my loved Harp! my last  
treasure, farewell!

### THE NORMAN HORSE- SHOE.

[1806.]

*The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of CLARE, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of NEVILLE, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan: Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.*

## I.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's  
bounds,  
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,  
And armourers, with iron toil,  
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.  
Foul fall the hand which bends the  
steel  
Around the courser's thundering heel,  
That e'er shall dint a sable wound  
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

## II.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn  
of morn,  
Was heard afar the bugle-horn;  
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,  
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.  
They swore, their banners broad  
should gleam,  
In crimson light, on Rymny's stream;  
They vow'd, Caerphili's sod should  
feel  
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

## III.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose,  
And Rymny's wave with crimson  
glows;  
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,  
Roll'd down the stream to Severn's  
tide!  
And sooth they vow'd—the trampled  
green  
Show'd where hot Neville's charge  
had been:  
In every sable hoof-tramp stood  
A Norman horseman's scurdling blood!

## IV.

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the  
toil,  
That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian  
broil;  
Their orphans long the art may rue,  
For Neville's war-horse forged the  
shoe.  
No more the stamp of armed steed  
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;  
Nor trace be there, in early spring,  
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

## THE MAID OF TORO.

[1806.]

O, low shone the sun on the fair  
lake of Toro,  
And weak were the whispers that  
waved the dark wood,  
All as a fair maiden, bewilder'd in  
sorrow,  
Sorely sigh'd to the breezes, and  
wept to the flood.

“O saints! from the mansions of  
bliss lowly bending;  
Sweet Virgin! who hearest the  
suppliant's cry,  
Now grant my petition, in anguish  
ascending,  
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor  
die!”

All distant and faint were the sounds  
of the battle,

With the breezes they rise, with  
the breezes they fail,  
Till the shout, and the groan, and  
the conflict's dread rattle,  
And the chase's wild clamour, came  
loading the gale.

Breathless she gazed on the wood-  
lands so dreary;  
Slowly approaching a warrior was  
seen;

Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps  
so weary,  
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was  
his mien.

“O save thee, fair maid, for our  
armies are flying!

O save thee, fair maid, for thy  
guardian is low!

Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave  
Henry is lying,  
And fast through the woodland  
approaches the foe.”

Scarce could he falter the tidings of  
sorrow,

And scarce could she hear them,  
benumb'd with despair:

And when the sun sank on the sweet  
lake of Toro,

For ever he set to the Brave and  
the Fair.

## THE PALMER.

[1806.]

“O OPEN the door, some pity to  
show,  
Keen blows the northern wind!  
The glen is white with the drifted  
snow,  
And the path is hard to find.

“No outlaw seeks your castle gate,  
From chasing the King's deer,  
Though even an outlaw's wretched  
state  
Might claim compassion here.

“A weary Palmer, worn and weak,  
I wander for my sin;  
O open, for Our Lady's sake!  
A pilgrim's blessing win!

“I'll give you pardons from the Pope,  
And reliques from o'er the sea;  
Or if for these you will not ope,  
Yet open for charity.

“The hare is crouching in her form,  
The hart beside the hind;  
An aged man, amid the storm,  
No shelter can I find.

“You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,  
Dark, deep, and strong is he,  
And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,  
Unless you pity me.

“The iron gate is bolted hard,  
At which I knock in vain;  
The owner's heart is closer barr'd,  
Who hears me thus complain.

“Farewell, farewell! and Mary  
grant,  
When old and frail you be,  
You never may the shelter want,  
That's now denied to me.”

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,  
And heard him plead in vain;  
But oft amid December's storm,  
He'll hear that voice again:

For lo, when through the vapours dank,  
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,  
A corpse amid the alders rank,  
The Palmer welter'd there.

### THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

[1806.]

*There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognising her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock; and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's "Fleur d'Epine."*

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,  
And lovers' ears in hearing;  
And love, in life's extremity,  
Can lend an hour of cheering.  
Disease had been in Mary's bower,  
And slow decay from mourning,  
Though now she sits on Neidpath's  
tower,  
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,  
Her form decay'd by pining,  
Till through her wasted hand, at  
night,  
You saw the taper shining;  
By fits, a sultry hectic hue  
Across her cheek was flying;  
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,  
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,  
Seem'd in her frame residing;  
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,  
She heard her lover's riding;  
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,  
She knew, and waded to greet  
him;  
And o'er the battlement did bend,  
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless  
gaze,  
As o'er some stranger glancing;  
Her welcome, spoke in faltering  
phrase,  
Lost in his courser's prancing—  
The castle arch, whose hollow tone  
Returns each whisper spoken,  
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,  
Which told her heart was broken.

### WANDERING WILLIE.

[1806.]

ALL joy was bereft me the day that  
you left me,  
And climb'd the tall vessel to sail  
yon wide sea;  
O weary betide it! I wander'd  
beside it,  
And bann'd it for parting my Willie  
and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd  
thy fortune,  
Oft fought the squadrons of France  
and of Spain;  
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at  
parting,  
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the  
winds they were wailing,  
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in  
my ee,  
And thought o' the bark where my  
Willie was sailing,  
And wish'd that the tempest could  
a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at  
her mooring,  
Now that my wanderer's in safety  
at hame,  
Music to me were the wildest winds'  
roaring,  
That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the  
dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and  
the guns they did rattle,  
And blithe was each heart for the  
great victory,  
In secret I wept for the dangers of  
battle,  
And thy glory itself was scarce  
comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I  
eagerly listen,  
Of each bold adventure, and every  
brave scar ;  
And trust me, I'll smile, though my  
een they may glisten ;  
For sweet after danger's the tale  
of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's  
distance 'tween lovers,  
When there's naething to speak to  
the heart thro' the ee ;  
How often the kindest and warmest  
prove rovers,  
And the love of the faithfulest ebbs  
like the sea.

Till, at times—could I help it?—I  
pined and I ponder'd,  
If love could change notes like the  
bird on the tree—

Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may  
hae wander'd,  
Enough, thy leal heart has been  
constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and  
through channel,  
Hardships and danger despising  
for fame,  
Furnishing story for glory's bright  
annal,  
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie  
and hame !

Enough, now thy story in annals of  
glory  
Has humbled the pride of France,  
Holland, and Spain ;  
No more shalt thou grieve me, no  
more shalt thou leave me,  
I never will part with my Willie  
again.

### HEALTH TO LORD MELVILLE.

[1806.]

“The impeachment of Lord Melville was among the first measures of the new (Whig) Government ; and personal affection and gratitude graced as well as heightened the zeal with which Scott watched the issue of this, in his eyes, vindictive proceeding ; but, though the ex-minister's ultimate acquittal was, as to all the charges involving his personal honour, complete, it must now be allowed that the investigation brought out many circumstances by no means creditable to his discretion ; and the rejoicings of his friends ought not, therefore, to have been scornfully jubilant. Such they were, however— at least in Edinburgh ; and Scott took his share in them by inditing a song, which was sung by James Ballantyne, and received with clamorous applauses, at a public dinner given in honour of the event, on the 27th of June 1806.”  
—Lockhart's *Life*, vol. ii. p. 322.

SINCE here we are set in array round  
the table,  
Five hundred good fellows well  
met in a hall,

Come listen, brave boys, and I'll sing  
as I'm able  
How innocence triumph'd and pride  
got a fall.

But push round the claret—  
Come, stewards, don't spare  
it—

With rapture you'll drink to the toast  
that I give :

Here, boys,  
Off with it merrily—

MELVILLE for ever, and long may he  
live !

What were the Whigs doing, when  
boldly pursuing,

PITT banish'd Rebellion, gave  
Treason a string ?

Why, they swore on their honour, for  
ARTHUR O'CONNOR,

And fought hard for DESPARD  
against country and king.

Well, then, we knew, boys,  
PITT and MELVILLE were true  
boys,

And the tempest was raised by the  
friends of Reform.

Ah, woe !  
Weep to his memory ;

Low lies the pilot that weather'd the  
storm !

And pray, don't you mind when the  
Blues first were raising,

And we scarcely could think the  
house safe o'er our heads ?

When villains and coxcombs, French  
politics praising,

Drove peace from our tables and  
sleep from our beds ?

Our hearts they grew bolder  
When, musket on shoulder,

Stepp'd forth our old Statesmen  
example to give.

Come, boys, never fear,  
Drink the Blue grenadier—

Here's to old HARRY, and long may  
he live !

They would turn us adrift ; though  
rely, sir, upon it—

Our own faithful chronicles warrant  
us that

The free mountaineer and his bonny  
blue bonnet

Have oft gone as far as the regular's  
hat.

We laugh at their taunting,  
For all we are wanting

Is licence our life for our country to  
give.

Off with it merrily,  
Horse, foot, and artillery,

Each loyal Volunteer, long may he  
live !

'Tis not us alone, boys—the Army  
and Navy

Have each got a slap 'mid their  
politic pranks ;

CORNWALLIS cashier'd, that watch'd  
winters to save ye,

And the Cape call'd a bauble, un-  
worthy of thanks.

But vain is their taunt,  
No soldier shall want

The thanks that his country to valour  
can give :

Come, boys,  
Drink it off merrily,—

SIR DAVID and POPHAM, and long  
may they live !

And then our revenue—Lord knows  
how they view'd it,

While each petty statesman talk'd  
lofty and big ;

But the beer-tax was weak, as if  
Whitbread had brew'd it,

And the pig-iron duty a shame to  
a pig.

In vain is their vaunting,  
Too surely there's wanting

What judgment, experience, and  
steadiness give :

Come, boys,  
Drink about merrily,—

Health to sage MELVILLE, and long  
may he live !

Our King, too—our Princess—I dare  
not say more, sir,—

May Providence watch them with  
mercy and might !

While there's one Scottish hand that  
 can wag a claymore, sir,  
 They shall ne'er want a friend to  
 stand up for their right.  
 Be damn'd he that dare not,—  
 For my part, I'll spare not  
 To beauty afflicted a tribute to give :  
 Fill it up steadily,  
 Drink it off readily—  
 Here's to the Princess, and long may  
 she live !

And since we must not set Auld  
 Reekie in glory,  
 And make her brown visage as  
 light as her heart ;  
 Till each man illumine his own upper  
 story,  
 Nor law-book nor lawyer shall  
 force us to part.  
 In GRENVILLE and SPENCER,  
 And some few good men, sir,  
 High talents we honour, slight differ-  
 ence forgive ;  
 But the Brewer we'll hoax,  
 Tallyho to the FOX,  
 And drink MELVILLE for ever, as long  
 as we live !"—

### HUNTING SONG.

[1808.]

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,  
 On the mountain dawns the day,  
 All the jolly chase is here,  
 With hawk, and horse, and hunting-  
 spear !

Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
 Hawks are whistling, horns are  
 knelling,  
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 The mist has left the mountain gray,  
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;  
 And foresters have busy been,  
 To track the buck in thicket green ;  
 Now we come to chant our lay,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 To the green-wood haste away ;  
 We can show you where he lies,  
 Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;  
 We can show the marks he made,  
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers  
 fray'd ;  
 You shall see him brought to bay,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay !  
 Tell them youth, and mirth, and  
 glee,  
 Run a course as well as we ;  
 Time, stern huntsman ! who can  
 baulk,  
 Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;  
 Think of this, and rise with day,  
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

### THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH  
 POEM.

[1808.]

My wayward fate I needs must plain,  
 Though bootless be the theme ;  
 I loved, and was beloved again,  
 Yet all was but a dream :  
 For, as her love was quickly got,  
 So it was quickly gone ;  
 No more I'll bask in flame so hot,  
 But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was  
 e'er  
 My fancy shall beguile,  
 By flattering word, or feigned tear,  
 By gesture, look, or smile :  
 No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,  
 Till it has fairly flown,  
 Nor scorch me at a flame so hot ;—  
 I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,  
 In cheek, or chin, or brow,  
 And deem the glance of woman's eye  
 As weak as woman's vow :

I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,  
That is but lightly won ;  
I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,  
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,  
The diamond's ray abides ;  
The flame its glory hurls about,  
The gem its lustre hides ;  
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,  
And glow'd a diamond stone,  
But, since each eye may see it shine,  
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge my  
thought  
With dyes so bright and vain,  
No silken net, so slightly wrought,  
Shall tangle me again :  
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,  
I'll live upon mine own,  
Nor shall wild passion trouble it,—  
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest,—  
“ Thy loving labour's lost ;  
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,  
To be so strangely crost ;  
The widow'd turtles mateless die,  
The phoenix is but one ;  
They seek no loves—no more will I—  
I'll rather dwell alone.”

### EPITAPH,

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN  
LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, AT THE  
BURIAL-PLACE OF THE FAMILY OF  
MISS SEWARD.

[1808.]

AMID these aisles, where once his  
precepts show'd  
The Heavenward pathway which in  
life he trod,  
This simple tablet marks a Father's  
bier,  
And those he loved in life, in death  
are near ;  
For him, for them, a Daughter bade  
it rise,

Memorial of domestic charities.  
Still wouldst thou know why o'er the  
marble spread,  
In female grace the willow droops  
her head ;  
Why on her branches, silent and  
unstrung,  
The minstrel harp is emblematic  
hung ;  
What poet's voice is smother'd here  
in dust  
Till waked to join the chorus of the  
just,—  
Lo! one brief line an answer sad  
supplies,  
Honour'd, beloved, and mourn'd,  
here SEWARD lies.  
Her worth, her warmth of heart, let  
friendship say,—  
Go seek her genius in her living lay.

### PROLOGUE,

TO MISS BAILLIE'S PLAY OF THE  
FAMILY LEGEND.

[1809.]

'Tis sweet to hear expiring Summer's  
sigh,  
Through forests tinged with russet,  
wail and die ;  
'Tis sweet and sad the latest notes to  
hear  
Of distant music, dying on the ear ;  
But far more sadly sweet, on foreign  
strand,  
We list the legends of our native  
land,  
Link'd as they come with every  
tender tie,  
Memorials dear of youth and infancy.  
Chief, thy wild tales, romantic  
Caledon,  
Wake keen remembrance in each  
hardy son.  
Whether on India's burning coasts  
he toil,  
Or till Acadia's winter-fetter'd soil,  
He hears with throbbing heart and  
moisten'd eyes,



And, as he hears, what dear illusions  
rise !

It opens on his soul his native dell,  
The woods wild waving, and the  
water's swell ;

Tradition's theme, the tower that  
threats the plain,

The mossy cairn that hides the hero  
slain ;

The cot, beneath whose simple porch  
were told,

By gray-hair'd patriarch, the tales  
of old,

The infant group, that hush'd their  
sports the while,

And the dear maid who listen'd with  
a smile.

The wanderer, while the vision  
warms his brain,

Is denizen of Scotland once again.

Are such keen feelings to the crowd  
confined,

And sleep they in the Poet's gifted  
mind ?

Oh no ! For She, within whose  
mighty page

Each tyrant Passion shows his woe  
and rage,

Has felt the wizard influence they  
inspire,

And to your own traditions tuned her  
lyre.

Yourselves shall judge—whoe'er has  
raised the sail

By Mull's dark coast, has heard this  
evening's tale.

The plaided boatman, resting on his  
oar,

Points to the fatal rock amid the roar  
Of whitening waves, and tells  
whate'er to-night

Our humble stage shall offer to your  
sight ;

Proudly preferr'd that first our efforts  
give

Scenes glowing from her pen to  
breathe and live ;

More proudly yet, should Caledon  
approve

The filial token of a Daughter's love.

## THE POACHER.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF CRABBE.

[1809.]

WELCOME, grave Stranger, to our  
green retreats,

Where health with exercise and  
freedom meets !

Thrice welcome, Sage, whose  
philosophic plan

By nature's limits metes the rights  
of man ;

Generous as he, who now for freedom  
bawls,

Now gives full value for true Indian  
shawls :

O'er court, o'er customhouse, his  
shoe who flings,

Now bulks excisemen, and now  
bullies kings.

Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive  
mind

Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for  
mankind :

Thine eye, applause, each sly  
vermin sees,

That baulks the snare, yet battens  
on the cheese ;

Thine ear has heard, with scorn  
instead of awe,

Our bucksinn'd justices expound  
the law,

Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires  
the pain,

And for the netted partridge noose  
the swain ;

And thy vindictive arm would fain  
have broke

The last light fetter of the feudal  
yoke,

To give the denizens of wood and  
wild,

Nature's free race, to each her free-  
born child.

Hence hast thou mark'd, with grief,  
fair London's race,

Mock'd with the boon of one poor  
Easter chase,

And long'd to send them forth as free  
as when

Pour'd o'er Chantilly the Parisian  
train,  
When musket, pistol, blunderbuss,  
combined,  
And scarce the field-pieces were left  
behind !  
A squadron's charge each leveret's  
heart dismay'd  
On every covey fired a bold brigade ;  
*La Douce Humanité* approved the  
sport,  
For great the alarm indeed, yet small  
the hurt ;  
Shouts patriotic solemnised the day,  
And Seine re-echo'd *Vive la Liberté!*  
But mad *Citoyen*, meek *Monsieur*  
again,  
With some few added links resumes  
his chain.  
Then, since such scenes to France  
no more are known,  
Come, view with me a hero of thine  
own !  
One, whose free actions vindicate the  
cause  
Of sylvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek we yon glades, where the  
proud oak o'ertops  
Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel  
copse,  
Leaving between deserted isles of  
land,  
Where stunted heath is patch'd with  
ruddy sand ;  
And lonely on the waste the yew is  
seen,  
Or straggling hollies spread a  
brighter green.  
Here, little worn, and winding dark  
and steep,  
Our scarce mark'd path descends  
yon dingle deep :  
Follow—but heedful, cautious of a  
trip,—  
In earthly mire philosophy may slip.  
Step slow and wary o'er that swampy  
stream,  
Till, guided by the charcoal's  
smothering steam,  
We reach the frail yet barricaded  
door

Of hovel form'd or poorest of the  
poor ;  
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke  
receives,  
The walls are wattles, and the cover-  
ing leaves ;  
For, if such hut, our forest statutes  
say,  
Rise in the progress of one night and  
day,  
(Though placed where still the  
Conqueror's hests o'erawe,  
And his son's stirrup shines the badge  
of law,)  
The builder claims the unenviable  
boon,  
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight  
and soon  
As wigwam wild, that shrouds the  
native frore  
On the bleak coast of frost-barr'd  
Labrador.

Approach, and through the un-  
latticed window peep—  
Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is  
asleep ;  
Sunk 'mid yon sordid blankets, till  
the sun  
Stoop to the west, the plunderer's  
toils are done.  
Loaded and primed, and prompt for  
desperate hand,  
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him  
stand ;  
While round the hut are in disorder  
laid  
The tools and booty of his lawless  
trade ;  
For force or fraud, resistance or  
escape,  
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon,  
and the crape.  
His pilfer'd powder in yon nook he  
hoards,  
And the filch'd lead the church's roof  
affords—  
(Hence shall the rector's congregation  
fret,  
That while his sermon's dry his walls  
are wet.)

The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping  
 net are there,  
 Doe-hides, and pheasant plumes,  
 and skins of hare,  
 Cordage for toils, and wiring for the  
 snare.  
 Barter'd for game from chase or  
 warren won,  
 Yon cask holds moonlight, run when  
 moon was none ;  
 And late-snatch'd spoils lie stow'd in  
 hutch apart,  
 To wait the associate higgler's even-  
 ing cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark  
 his rest :  
 What scenes perturb'd are acting in  
 his breast !  
 His sable brow is wet and wrung  
 with pain,  
 And his dilated nostril toils in vain ;  
 For short and scant the breath each  
 effort draws,  
 And 'twixt each effort Nature claims  
 a pause.  
 Beyond the loose and sable neckcloth  
 stretch'd,  
 His sinewy throat seems by convul-  
 sion twitch'd,  
 While the tongue falters, as to utter-  
 ance loth,  
 Sounds of dire import—watchword,  
 threat, and oath.  
 Though, stupefied by toil, and drugg'd  
 with gin,  
 The body sleep, the restless guest  
 within  
 Now plies on wood and wold his  
 lawless trade,  
 Now in the fangs of justice wakes  
 dismay'd.—

“ Was that wild start of terror and  
 despair,  
 Those bursting eyeballs, and that  
 wilder'd air,  
 Signs of compunction for a murder'd  
 hare ?  
 Do the locks bristle and the eyebrows  
 arch,

For grouse or partridge massacred in  
 March ? ”—

No, scoffer, no ! Attend, and mark  
 with awe,  
 There is no wicket in the gate of law !  
 He, that would e'er so lightly set ajar  
 That awful portal, must undo each  
 bar :  
 Tempting occasion, habit, passion,  
 pride,  
 Will join to storm the breach, and  
 force the barrier wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid  
 and dread,  
 Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers,  
 call Black Ned,  
 Was Edward Mansell once ;—the  
 lightest heart,  
 That ever play'd on holiday his part !  
 The leader he in every Christmas  
 game,  
 The harvest-feast grew blither when  
 he came,  
 And liveliest on the chords the bow  
 did glance,  
 When Edward named the tune and  
 led the dance.  
 Kind was his heart, his passions  
 quick and strong,  
 Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his  
 song ;  
 And if he loved a gun, his father  
 swore,  
 “ 'Twas but a trick of youth would  
 soon be o'er,  
 Himself had done the same some  
 thirty years before.”

But he whose humours spurn law's  
 awful yoke,  
 Must herd with those by whom law's  
 bonds are broke,  
 The common read of justice soon allies  
 The clown, who robs the warren, or  
 excise,  
 With sterner felons train'd to act  
 more dread,  
 Even with the wretch by whom his  
 fellow bled.  
 Then, as in plagues the foul con-  
 tagions pas ,

Leavening and festering the corrupted  
mass,—  
Guilt leagues with guilt, while  
mutual motives draw,  
Their hope impunity, their fear the  
law ;  
Their foes, their friends, their rendez-  
vous the same,  
Till the revenue baulk'd, or pilfer'd  
game,  
Flesh the young culprit, and example  
leads  
To darker villany, and direr deeds.

Wild howl'd the wind the forest  
glades along,  
And oft the owl renew'd her dismal  
song ;  
Around the spot where erst he felt  
the wound,  
Red William's spectre walk'd his  
midnight round.  
When o'er the swamp he cast his  
blighting look,  
From the green marshes of the stag-  
nant brook  
The bittern's sullen shout the sedges  
shook !  
The waning moon, with storm-  
presaging gleam,  
Now gave and now withheld her  
doubtful beam ;  
The old Oak stoop'd his arms, then  
flung them high,  
Bellowing and groaning to the  
troubled sky—  
'Twas then, that, couch'd amid the  
brushwood sere,  
In Malwood-walk young Mansell  
watch'd the deer :  
The fattest buck received his deadly  
shot—  
The watchful keeper heard, and  
sought the spot.  
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn  
was their strife  
O'erpower'd at length the Outlaw  
drew his knife.  
Next morn a corpse was found upon  
the fell—  
The rest his waking agony may tell !

## OH, SAY NOT, MY LOVE.

[1812.]

OH, say not, my love, with that  
mortified air,  
That your spring-time of pleasure  
is flow'n,  
Nor bid me to maids that are younger  
repair,  
For those raptures that still are  
thine own.

Though April his temples may  
wreath with the vine,  
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,  
'Tis the ardour of August matures us  
the wine,  
Whose life-blood enlivens the  
world.

Though thy form, that was fashion'd  
as light as a fay's,  
Has assumed a proportion more  
round,  
And thy glance, that was bright as a  
falcon's at gaze  
Looks soberly now on the ground,—

Enough, after absence to meet me  
again,  
Thy steps still with ecstasy move ;  
Enough, that those dear sober glances  
retain  
For me the kind language of love.

## THE BOLD DRAGOON.

OR

## THE PLAIN OF BADAJOS.

[1812.]

'Twas a Maréchal of France, and he  
fain would honour gain,  
And he long'd to take a passing  
glance at Portugal from Spain ;

With his flying guns this gallant  
gay,

And boasted corps d'armée—

O he fear'd not our dragoons, with  
their long swords, boldly  
riding,  
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

To Campo Mayor come, he had  
quietly sat down,

Just a fricassee to pick, while his  
soldiers sack'd the town,

When, 'twas peste! morbleu!  
mon General,

Hear the English bugle-call!

And behold the light dragoons, with  
their long swords, boldly  
riding,

Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Right about went horse and foot,  
artillery and all,

And, as the devil leaves a house, they  
tumbled through the wall;

They took no time to seek the  
door,

But, best foot set before—

O they ran from our dragoons, with  
their long swords, boldly  
riding,

Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Those valiant men of France they  
had scarcely fled a mile,

When on their flank there sous'd at  
once the British rank and  
file;

For Long, De Grey, and Otway,  
then

Ne'er minded one to ten,

But came on like light dragoons,  
with their long swords, boldly  
riding,

Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Three hundred British lads they  
made three thousand reel,

Their hearts were made of English  
oak, their swords of Sheffield  
steel,

Their horses were in Yorkshire  
bred,

And Beresford them led;

So huzza for brave dragoons, with  
their long swords, boldly riding,  
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Then here's a health to Wellington,  
to Beresford, to Long,

And a single word of Bonaparte  
before I close my song:

The eagles that to fight he brings

Should serve his men with wings,

When they meet the bold dragoons,  
with their long swords, boldly  
riding,

Whack, fal de ral, etc.

## ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

[1814.]

“O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow  
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe,  
Far down the desert of Glencoe,

Where none may list their melody?

Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,

Or to the dun-deer glancing by,

Or to the eagle, that from high

Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?”

“No, not to these, for they have  
rest,—

The mist-wreath has the mountain-  
crest,

The stag his lair, the erne her nest,

Abode of lone security.

But those for whom I pour the lay,

Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain  
gray,

Not this deep dell, that shrouds from  
day,

Could screen from treach'rous  
cruelty.

“Their flag was furl'd, and mute  
their drum,

The very household dogs were dumb,  
Unwont to bay at guests that come

In guise of hospitality.

His blithest notes the piper plied,  
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,  
The dame her distaff flung aside,  
To tend her kindly housewifery.

“The hand that mingled in the meal,  
At midnight drew the felon steel,  
And gave the host's kind breast to  
feel

Meed for his hospitality !  
The friendly hearth which warm'd  
that hand,

At midnight arm'd it with the brand,  
That bade destruction's flames expand  
Their red and fearful blazonry.

“Then woman's shriek was heard  
in vain,  
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,  
More than the warrior's groan, could  
gain

Respite from ruthless butchery !  
The winter wind that whistled shrill,  
The snows that night that cloked  
the hill,

Though wild and pitiless, had still  
Far more than Southern clemency.

“Long have my harp's best notes  
been gone,  
Few are its strings, and faint their  
tone,

They can but sound in desert lone  
Their gray-hair'd master's misery.  
Were each gray hair a minstrel  
string,

Each chord should imprecations fling,  
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,  
‘Revenge for blood and treachery!’”

## FOR A' THAT AN' A' THAT.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

[1814.]

THOUGH right be aft put down by  
strength,

As mony a day we saw that,  
The true and leifu' cause at length  
Shall bear the grie for a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,  
Guns, guillotines, and a' that,  
The Fleur-de-lis, that lost her right,  
Is queen again for a' that !

We'll twine her in a friendly knot  
With England's Rose, and a'  
that ;

The Shamrock shall not be forgot,  
For Wellington made braw that.  
The Thistle, though her leaf be  
rude,

Yet faith we'll no misca' that,  
She shelter'd in her solitude  
The Fleur-de-lis, for a' that.

The Austrian Vine, the Prussian Pine  
(For Blucher's sake, hurra that,)  
The Spanish Olive, too, shall join,  
And bloom in peace for a' that.

Stout Russia's Hemp, so surely  
twined

Around our wreath we'll draw that,  
And he that would the cord unbind,  
Shall have it for his gra-vat !

Or, if to choke sae puir a sot,  
Your pity scorn to thraw that,  
The Devil's elbow be his lot,  
Where he may sit and claw that.  
In spite of slight, in spite of might,  
In spite of brags, an' a' that,  
The lads that battled for the right,  
Have won the day, an' a' that !

There's ae bit spot I had forgot,  
America they ca' that !  
A coward plot her rats had got  
Their father's flag to gnaw that :  
Now see it fly top-gallant high,  
Atlantic winds shall blaw that,  
And Yankee loon, beware your  
crown,  
There's kames in hand to claw  
that !

For on the land, or on the sea,  
Where'er the breezes blaw that,  
The British Flag shall bear the grie,  
And win the day for a' that !

SONG,

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF  
THE PITT CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

[1814.]

O, DREAD was the time, and more  
dreadful the omen,

When the brave on Marengo lay  
slaughter'd in vain,  
And beholding broad Europe bow'd  
down by her foemen,

PITT closed in his anguish the map  
of her reign !

Not the fate of broad Europe could  
bend his brave spirit

To take for his country the safety  
of shame ;

O, then in her triumph remember  
his merit,

And hallow the goblet that flows  
to his name.

Round the husbandman's head, while  
he traces the furrow,

The mists of the winter may mingle  
with rain,

He may plough it with labour, and  
sow it in sorrow,

And sigh while he fears he has  
sow'd it in vain ;

He may die ere his children shall  
reap in their gladness,

But the blithe harvest-home shall  
remember his claim ;

And their jubilee-shout shall be  
soften'd with sadness,

While they hallow the goblet that  
flows to his name.

Though anxious and timeless his life  
was expended,

In toils for our country preserved  
by his care,

Though he died ere one ray o'er the  
nations ascended,

To light the long darkness of doubt  
and despair ;

The storms he endured in our  
Britain's December,

The perils his wisdom foresaw and  
o'ercame,

In her glory's rich harvest shall  
Britain remember,  
And hallow the goblet that flows  
to his name.

Nor forget His gray head, who, all  
dark in affliction,

Is deaf to the tale of our victories  
won,

And to sounds the most dear to  
paternal affection,

The shout of his people applauding  
his SON ;

By his firmness unmoved in success  
and disaster,

By his long reign of virtue, re-  
member his claim !

With our tribute to PITT join the  
praise of his Master,

Though a tear stain the goblet  
that flows to his name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and  
change the sad measure,

The rites of our grief and our  
gratitude paid,

To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote  
the bright treasure,

The wisdom that plann'd, and the  
zeal that obey'd

Fill WELLINGTON'S cup till it beam  
like his glory,

Forget not our own brave  
DALHOUSIE and GRÆME ;

A thousand years hence hearts shall  
bound at their story,

And hallow the goblet that flows  
to their fame.

PHAROS LOQUITUR.

[1814.]

FAR in the bosom of the deep,  
O'er these wild shelves my watch I

keep ;

A ruddy gem of changeful light,  
Bound on the dusky brow of night,

The seaman bids my lustre hail,  
And scorns to strike his timorous  
sail.

## LINES,

ADDRESSED TO RANALD  
MACDONALD, ESQ., OF STAFFA.

[1814.]

STAFFA, sprung from high Macdonald,  
Worthy branch of old Clan-Ranald !  
Staffa ! king of all kind fellows !  
Well befall thy hills and valleys,  
Lakes and inlets, deeps and shallows—  
Cliffs of darkness, caves of wonder,  
Echoing the Atlantic thunder ;  
Mountains which the gray mist  
covers,

Where the Chieftain spirit hovers,  
Pausing while his pinions quiver,  
Stretch'd to quit our land for ever !  
Each kind influence reign above  
thee !

Warmer heart, 'twixt this and Staffa  
Beats not, than in heart of Staffa !

## LETTER IN VERSE.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF  
BUCCLEUCH,

*etc. etc. etc.*

Lighthouse Yacht in the Sound of Lerwick,  
Zetland, 8th August 1814.

HEALTH to the chieftain from his  
clansman true !  
From her true minstrel, health to  
fair Buccleuch !  
Health from the isles, where dewy  
Morning weaves  
Her chaplet with the tints that  
Twilight leaves ;  
Where late the sun scarce vanish'd  
from the sight,  
And his bright pathway graced the  
short-lived night,  
Though darker now as autumn's  
shades extend,  
The north winds whistle and the  
mists ascend !

Health from the land where eddying  
whirlwinds  
The storm-rock'd *cradle* of the Cape  
of Noss ;  
On outstretch'd cords the giddy  
engine slides,  
His own strong arm the bold adventur-  
er guides,  
And he that lists such desperate feat  
to try,  
May, like the sea-mew, skim 'twixt  
surf and sky,  
And feel the mid-air gales around  
him blow,  
And see the billows rage five hundred  
feet below.

Here, by each stormy peak and  
desert shore,  
The hardy islesman tugs the daring  
oar,  
Practised alike his venturous course  
to keep,  
Through the white breakers or the  
pathless deep,  
By ceaseless peril and by toil to gain  
A wretched pittance from the niggard  
main.  
And when the worn-out drudge old  
ocean leaves,  
What comfort greets him, and what  
hut receives ?  
Lady ! the worst your presence ere  
has cheer'd  
(When want and sorrow fled as you  
appear'd)  
Were to a Zetlander as the high  
dome  
Of proud Drumlanrig to my humble  
home.  
Here rise no groves, and here no  
gardens blow,  
Here even the hardy heath scarce  
dares to grow ;  
But rocks on rocks, in mist and  
storm array'd,  
Stretch far to sea their giant  
colonnade,  
With many a cavern seam'd, the  
dreary haunt  
Of the dun seal and swarthy  
cormorant.



Wild round their rifted brows, with  
frequent cry  
As of lament, the gulls and gannets  
fly,  
And from their sable base, with  
sullen sound,  
In sheets of whitening foam the  
waves rebound.

Yet even these coasts a touch of  
envy gain  
From those whose land has known  
oppression's chain ;  
For here the industrious Dutchman  
comes once more  
To moor his fishing craft by  
Bressay's shore ;  
Greets every former mate and  
brother tar,  
Marvels how Lerwick 'scaped the  
rage of war,  
Tells many a tale of Gallic outrage  
done,  
And ends by blessing God and  
Wellington.  
Here too the Greenland tar, a fiercer  
guest,  
Claims a brief hour of riot, not of  
rest ;  
Proves each wild frolic that in wine  
has birth,  
And wakes the land with brawls and  
boisterous mirth.  
A sadder sight on yon poor vessel's  
prow  
The captive Norseman sits in silent  
woe,  
And eyes the flags of Britain as they  
flow.  
Hard fate of war, which bade her  
terrors sway  
His destined course, and seize so  
mean a prey ;  
A bark with planks so warp'd and  
seams so riven,  
She scarce might face the gentlest  
airs of heaven :  
Pensive he sits, and questions oft  
if none  
Can list his speech, and understand  
his moan ;  
sc.

In vain—no Islesman now can use  
the tongue  
Of the bold Norse, from whom their  
lineage sprung.  
Not thus of old the Norsemen hither  
came,  
Won by the love of danger or of  
fame ;  
On every storm-beat cape a shapeless  
tower  
Tells of their wars, their conquests,  
and their power ;  
For ne'er for Grecia's vales, nor  
Latian land,  
Was fiercer strife than for this  
barren strand ;  
A race severe—the isle and ocean  
lords,  
Loved for its own delight the strife  
of swords ;  
With scornful laugh the mortal pang  
defied,  
And blest their gods that they in  
battle died.

Such were the sires of Zetland's  
simple race,  
And still the eye may faint resem-  
blance trace  
In the blue eye, tall form, proportion  
fair,  
The limbs athletic, and the long  
light hair—  
(Such was the mien, as Scald and  
Minstrel sings,  
Of fair-hair'd Harold, first of  
Norway's Kings ;)  
But their high deeds to scale these  
crags confined,  
Their only warfare is with waves  
and wind.

Why should I talk of Mousa's  
castled coast ?  
Why of the horrors of the Sumburgh  
Rost ?  
May not these bald disjointed lines  
suffice,  
Penn'd while my comrades whirl the  
rattling dice—  
While down the cabin skylight  
lessening shine

The rays, and eve is chas'd with  
 mirth and wine?  
 Imagined, while down Mousa's  
 desert bay  
 Our well-trimm'd vessel urged her  
 nimble way,  
 While to the freshening breeze she  
 lean'd her side,  
 And bade her bowsprit kiss the  
 foamy tide?

Such are the lays that Zetland Isles  
 supply;  
 Drench'd with the drizzly spray and  
 dropping sky,  
 Weary and wet, a sea-sick min-  
 strel I.—W. SCOTT.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

Kirkwall, Orkney, Aug. 13, 1814.

In respect that your Grace has  
 commission'd a Kraken,  
 You will please be inform'd that they  
 seldom are taken;  
 It is January two years, the Zetland  
 folks say,  
 Since they saw the last Kraken in  
 Scalloway bay;  
 He lay in the offing a fortnight or  
 more,  
 But the devil a Zetlander put from  
 the shore,  
 Though bold in the seas of the North  
 to assail  
 The morse and the sea-horse, the  
 grampus and whale.  
 If your Grace thinks I'm writing the  
 thing that is not,  
 You may ask at a namesake of ours,  
 Mr. Scott—  
 (He's not from our clan, though his  
 merits deserve it,  
 But springs, I'm inform'd, from the  
 Scotts of Scotstarvet);<sup>1</sup>  
 He question'd the folks who beheld  
 it with eyes,  
 But they differ'd confoundedly as to  
 its size.

<sup>1</sup> The Scotts of Scotstarvet, and other families  
 of the name in Fife and elsewhere, claim no  
 kindred with the great clan of the Border,—  
 and their armorial bearings are different.

For instance, the modest and  
 diffident swore  
 That it seem'd like the keel of a ship,  
 and no more—  
 Those of eyesight more clear, or of  
 fancy more high,  
 Said it rose like an island 'twixt  
 ocean and sky—  
 But all of the hulk had a steady  
 opinion  
 That 'twas sure a *live* subject of  
 Neptune's dominion—  
 And I think, my Lord Duke, your  
 Grace hardly would wish,  
 To cumber your house, such a kettle  
 of fish.  
 Had your order related to night-caps  
 or hose,  
 Or mittens of worsted, there's plenty  
 of those.  
 Or would you be pleased but to fancy  
 a whale?  
 And direct me to send it—by sea or  
 by mail?  
 The season, I'm told, is nigh over,  
 but still  
 I could get you one fit for the lake  
 at Bowhill.  
 Indeed, as to whales, there's no need  
 to be thrifty,  
 Since one day last fortnight two  
 hundred and fifty,  
 Pursued by seven Orkney-men's boats  
 and no more,  
 Betwixt Truffness and Luffness were  
 drawn on the shore!  
 You'll ask if I saw this same  
 wonderful sight;  
 I own that I did not, but easily  
 might—  
 For this mighty shoal of leviathans  
 lay  
 On our lee-beam a mile, in the loop  
 of the bay,  
 And the islesmen of Sanda were all  
 at the spoil,  
 And *flinching* (so term it) the blubber  
 to boil;  
 (Ye spirits of lavender, drown the  
 reflection  
 That awakes at the thoughts of this  
 odorous dissection).

To see this huge marvel full fain  
 would we go,  
 But Wilson, the wind, and the  
 current, said no.  
 We have now got to Kirkwall, and  
 needs I must stare  
 When I think that in verse I have  
 once call'd it fair;  
 'Tis a base little borough, both dirty  
 and mean—  
 There is nothing to hear, and there's  
 nought to be seen,  
 Save a church, where, of old times,  
 a prelate harangued,  
 And a palace that's built by an earl  
 that was hang'd.  
 But, farewell to Kirkwall—aboard  
 we are going,  
 The anchor's a-peak, and the breezes  
 are blowing ;  
 Our commodore calls all his band  
 to their places,  
 And 'tis time to release you—good  
 night to your Graces !

THE AUTHOR OF  
 WAVERLEY?

“No, John, I will not own the book—  
 I won't, you Piccaroon.  
 When next I try St. Grubby's brook,  
 The A. of Wa—shall bait the hook—  
 And flat-fish bite as soon,  
 As if before them they had got  
 The worn-out wriggler

WALTER SCOTT.”

FAREWELL TO  
 MACKENZIE,

HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.

FROM THE GAELIC.

[1815.]

*The original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted to the double*

*pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore distinct from the ordinary jorrans, or boat-songs. They were composed by the Family Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take refuge in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort at insurrection in favour of the Stuart family, in the year 1718.*

FAREWELL to Mackenneth, great  
 Earl of the North,  
 The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel,  
 and Seaforth ;  
 To the Chieftain this morning his  
 course who began,  
 Launching forth on the billows his  
 bark like a swan.  
 For a far foreign land he has hoisted  
 his sail,  
 Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief  
 of Kintail !

O swift be the galley, and hardy her  
 crew,  
 May her captain be skilful, her  
 mariners true,  
 In danger undaunted, unwearied by  
 toil,  
 Though the whirlwind should rise,  
 and the ocean should boil :  
 On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank  
 his bonail,  
 And farewell to Mackenzie, High  
 Chief of Kintail !  
 Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet  
 southland gale !  
 Like the sighs of his people, breathe  
 soft on his sail ;  
 Be prolong'd as regret, that his  
 vassals must know,  
 Be fair as their faith, and sincere as  
 their woe :  
 Be so soft, and so fair, and so  
 faithful, sweet gale,  
 Wafting onward Mackenzie, High  
 Chief of Kintail !

Be his pilot experienced, and trusty,  
 and wise,  
 To measure the seas and to study  
 the skies :

May he hoist all his canvass from  
 streamer to deck,  
 But O! crowd it higher when  
 wafting him back—  
 Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and  
 Conan's glad vale,  
 Shall welcome Mackenzie, High  
 Chief of Kintail!

So sung the old Bard, in the grier  
 of his heart,  
 When he saw his loved Lord from  
 his people depart.  
 Now mute on thy mountains, O  
 Albyn, are heard  
 Nor the voice of the song, nor the  
 harp of the bard ;  
 Or its strings are but waked by  
 the stern winter gale,  
 As they mourn for Mackenzie, last  
 Chief of Kintail.

From the far Southland Border a  
 Minstrel came forth,  
 And he waited the hour that some  
 Bard of the north  
 His hand on the harp of the ancient  
 should cast,  
 And bid its wild numbers mix high  
 with the blast ;  
 But no bard was there left in the  
 land of the Gael,  
 To lament for Mackenzie, last Chief  
 of Kintail.

And shalt thou then sleep, did the  
 Minstrel exclaim,  
 Like the son of the lowly, unnoticed  
 by fame ?  
 No, son of Fitzgerald ! in accents of  
 woe,  
 The song thou hast loved o'er thy  
 coffin shall flow,  
 And teach thy wild mountains to  
 join in the wail  
 That laments for Mackenzie, last  
 Chief of Kintail.

In vain, the bright course of thy  
 talents to wrong,  
 Fate deaden'd thine ear and im-  
 prison'd thy tongue ;

For brighter o'er all her obstructions  
 arose  
 The glow of the genius they could  
 not oppose ;  
 And who in the land of the Saxon  
 or Gael,  
 Might match with Mackenzie, High  
 Chief of Kintail ?

Thy sons rose around thee in light  
 and in love,  
 All a father could hope, all a friend  
 could approve ;  
 What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows  
 to tell,—  
 In the spring-time of youth and of  
 promise they fell !  
 Of the line of Fitzgerald remains  
 not a male,  
 To bear the proud name of the Chief  
 of Kintail.

And thou, gentle Dame, who must  
 bear, to thy grief,  
 For thy clan and thy country the  
 cares of a Chief,  
 Whom brief rolling moons in six  
 changes have left,  
 Of thy husband, and father, and  
 brethren bereft,  
 To thine ear of affection, how sad  
 is the hail,  
 That salutes thee the Heir of the  
 line of Kintail !

## WAR-SONG OF LACHLAN, HIGH CHIEF OF MACLEAN.

FROM THE GAELIC.

[1815.]

A WEARY month has wander'd o'er  
 Since last we parted on the shore ;  
 Heaven ! that I saw thee, Love,  
 once more,  
 Safe on that shore again !—  
 'Twas valiant Lachlan gave the word:  
 Lachlan, of many a galley lord :  
 He call'd his kindred bands on board,  
 And launch'd them on the main.

Clan-Gillian is to ocean gone  
 Clan-Gillian, fierce in foray known ;  
 Rejoicing in the glory won  
 In many a bloody broil :  
 For wide is heard the thundering  
 fray,  
 The rout, the ruin, the dismay,  
 When from the twilight glens away  
 Clan-Gillian drives the spoil.

Woe to the hills that shall rebound  
 Our banner'd bag-pipes' maddening  
 sound ;  
 Clan-Gillian's onset echoing round,  
 Shall shake their inmost cell.  
 Woe to the bark whose crew shall  
 gaze,  
 Where Lachlan's silken streamer  
 plays !  
 The fools might face the lightning's  
 blaze  
 As wisely and as well !

SAINT CLOUD.

[*Paris, 5th September, 1815.*]

SOFT spread the southern summer  
 night  
 Her veil of darksome blue ;  
 Ten thousand stars combined to light  
 The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sigh'd,  
 Like breath of lover true,  
 Bewailing the deserted pride  
 And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,  
 The bugle wildly blew  
 Good-night to Hulan and Hussar,  
 That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade  
 With broken urns withdrew,  
 And silenced was that proud cascade,  
 The glory of Saint Cloud.

We sate upon its steps of stone,  
 Nor could its silence rue,

When waked, to music of our own,  
 The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note  
 Fall light as summer dew,  
 While through the moonless air they  
 float,  
 Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet  
 His waters never knew,  
 Though music's self was wont to  
 meet  
 With Princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,  
 The circle round her drew,  
 Than ours, when gather'd round to  
 hear  
 Our songstress at Saint Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,—  
 Then give those hours their due,  
 And rank among the foremost class  
 Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

[1815.]

I.

NIGHT and morning were at meeting  
 Over Waterloo ;  
 Cocks had sung their earliest greet-  
 ing ;  
 Faint and low they crew,  
 For no paly beam yet shone  
 On the heights of Mount Saint John ;  
 Tempest-clouds prolong'd the sway  
 Of timeless darkness over day ;  
 Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,  
 Mark'd it a predestined hour.  
 Broad and frequent through the night  
 Flash'd the sheets of levin-light ;  
 Muskets, glancing lightnings back,  
 Show'd the dreary bivouac  
 Where the soldier lay,  
 Chill and stiff, and drench'd with  
 rain,  
 Wishing dawn of morn again,  
 Though death should come with day.

## II.

'Tis at such a tide and hour,  
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,  
And ghastly forms through mist and  
shower

Gleam on the gifted ken ;  
And then the affrighted prophet's ear  
Drinks whispers strange of fate and  
fear

Presaging death and ruin near

Among the sons of men ;—  
Apart from Albyn's war-array,  
'Twas then gray Allan sleepless lay ;  
Gray Allan, who, for many a day,

Had follow'd stout and stern,  
Where, through battle's rout and reel,  
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,  
Led the grandson of Lochiel,

Valiant Fassiefern.  
Through steel and shot he leads no  
more,

Low laid 'mid friends' and foemen's  
gore—

But long his native lake's wild shore,  
And Sunart rough, and high  
Ardgower,

And Morven long shall tell,  
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,  
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,  
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra  
Of conquest as he fell.

## III.

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,  
The weary sentinel held post,  
And heard, through darkness far  
aloof,

The frequent clang of courser's hoof,  
Where held the cloak'd patrol their  
course,

And spurr'd 'gainst storm the  
swerving horse.

But there are sounds in Allan's ear,  
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,  
And sights before his eye aghast  
Invisible to them have pass'd,

When down the destined plain,  
'Twixt Britain and the bands of  
France,

Wild as marsh-borne meteor's glance,

Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel  
dance,

And doom'd the future slain.—  
Such forms were seen, such sounds  
were heard

When Scotland's James his march  
prepared

For Flodden's fatal plain ;  
Such, when he drew his ruthless  
sword,

As Choosers of the Slain, adored  
The yet unchristen'd Dane.

An indistinct and phantom band,  
They wheel'd their ring-dance hand  
in hand,

With gestures wild and dread ;  
The Seer, who watch'd them ride the  
storm,

Saw through their faint and shadowy  
form

The lightning's flash more red ;  
And still their ghastly roundelay  
Was of the coming battle-fray,  
And of the destined dead.

## IV.

## Song.

“ Wheel the wild dance  
While lightnings glance,  
And thunders rattle loud,  
And call the brave  
To bloody grave,  
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,  
So light and fleet,

They do not bend the rye  
That sinks its head when whirlwinds  
rave,

And swells again in eddying wave,  
As each wild gust blows by ;

But still the corn,  
At dawn of morn,

Our fatal steps that bore,  
At eve lies waste,

A trampled paste  
Of blackening mud and gore.

V.

“Wheel the wild dance  
While lightnings glance,  
And thunders rattle loud,  
And call the brave  
To bloody grave,  
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!  
Brave sons of France,  
For you our ring makes room;  
Make space full wide  
For martial pride,  
For banner, spear, and plume.  
Approach, draw near,  
Proud cuirassier!  
Room for the men of steel!  
Through crest and plate  
The broadsword's weight  
Both head and heart shall feel.

VI.

“Wheel the wild dance  
While lightnings glance,  
And thunders rattle loud,  
And call the brave  
To bloody grave,  
To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear!  
You feel us near  
In many a ghastly dream;  
With fancy's eye  
Our forms you spy,  
And hear our fatal scream.  
With clearer sight  
Ere falls the night,  
Just when to weal or woe  
Your disembodied souls take flight  
On trembling wing—each startled  
sprite  
Our choir of death shall know.

VII.

“Wheel the wild dance  
While lightnings glance,  
And thunders rattle loud,  
And call the brave  
To bloody grave,  
To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,  
Redder rain shall soon be ours—  
See the east grows wan—  
Yield we place to sterner game,  
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame  
Shall the welkin's thunders shame  
Elemental rage is tame  
To the wrath of man.”

VIII.

At morn, gray Allan's mates with  
awe  
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,  
The legend heard him say;  
But the Seer's gifted eye was dim,  
Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,  
Ere closed that bloody day—  
He sleeps far from his Highland  
heath,—  
But often of the Dance of Death  
His comrades tell the tale,  
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,  
And waning watch-fires glow less  
bright,  
And dawn is glimmering pale.

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HORTENSE  
BEAUHARNAIS, EX-QUEEN OF  
HOLLAND.

[1815.]

It was Dunois, the young and brave,  
was bound for Palestine,  
But first he made his orisons before  
St. Mary's shrine:  
“And grant, immortal Queen of  
Heaven,” was still the Soldier's  
prayer,  
“That I may prove the bravest  
knight, and love the fairest fair.”  
His oath of honour on the shrine he  
graved it with his sword,  
And follow'd to the Holy Land the  
banner of his Lord;  
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his  
war-cry fill'd the air,  
“Be honour'd aye the bravest knight,  
beloved the fairest fair.”

They owed the conquest to his arm,  
 and then his Liege-Lord said,  
 "The heart that has for honour beat  
 by bliss must be repaid.—  
 My daughter Isabel and thou shall  
 be a wedded pair,  
 For thou art bravest of the brave, she  
 fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot  
 before Saint Mary's shrine,  
 That makes a paradise on earth, if  
 hearts and hands combine ;  
 And every lord and lady bright, that  
 were in chapel there,  
 Cried, "Honour'd be the bravest  
 knight, beloved the fairest fair !"

### THE TROUBADOUR.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HORTENSE  
 BEAUHARNAIS.

[1815.]

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,  
 A Troubadour that hated sorrow,  
 Beneath his Lady's window came,  
 And thus he sung his last good-  
 morrow :

"My arm it is my country's right,  
 My heart is in my true-love's bower ;  
 Gaily for love and fame to fight  
 Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on  
 head

And harp in hand, the descant rung,  
 As, faithful to his favourite maid,  
 The minstrel-burden still he sung :  
 "My arm it is my country's right,  
 My heart is in my lady's bower ;  
 Resolved for love and fame to fight,  
 I come, a gallant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-roar was deep,  
 With dauntless heart he hew'd his  
 way,

'Mid splintering lance and falchion-  
 sweep,  
 And still was heard his warrior-lay:

"My life it is my country's right,  
 My heart is in my lady's bower ;  
 For love to die, for fame to fight,  
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

Alas ! upon the bloody field  
 He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,  
 But still reclining on his shield,  
 Expiring sung the exulting stave :—  
 "My life it is my country's right,  
 My heart is in my lady's bower ;  
 For love and fame to fall in fight  
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

### FROM THE FRENCH.

[1815.]

It chanced that Cupid on a season,  
 By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,  
 But could not settle whether Reason  
 Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then ?—Upon my life,  
 'Twas bad example for a deity—  
 He takes me Reason for a wife,  
 And Folly for his hours of gaiety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,  
 He loved them both in equal  
 measure ;

Fidelity was born of Reason,  
 And Folly brought to bed of  
 Pleasure.

### SONG.

ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF  
 THE HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH, AT A  
 GREAT FOOT-BALL MATCH ON  
 CARTERHAUGH.

[1815.]

FROM the brown crest of Newark its  
 summons extending,  
 Our signal is waving in smoke and  
 in flame ;



And each forester blithe, from his  
mountain descending,  
Bounds light o'er the heather to  
join in the game.

## CHORUS.

*Then up with the Banner, let forest  
winds fan her,  
She has blazed over Ettrick eight  
ages and more ;  
In sport we'll attend her, in battle  
defend her,  
With heart and with hand, like our  
fathers before.*

When the Southern invader spread  
waste and disorder,  
At the glance of her crescents he  
paused and withdrew,  
For around them were marshall'd the  
pride of the Border,  
The Flowers of the Forest, the  
Bands of BUCCLEUCH.  
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

A Stripling's weak hand to our revel  
has borne her,  
No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no  
spearmen surround ;  
But ere a bold foeman should  
scathe or should scorn her,  
A thousand true hearts would be  
cold on the ground.  
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

We forget each contention of civil  
dissension,  
And hail, like our brethren, HOME,  
DOUGLAS, and CAR :  
And ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pastime  
shall mingle,  
As welcome in peace as their fathers  
in war.  
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

Then strip, lads, and to it, though  
sharp be the weather,  
And if, by mischance, you should  
happen to fall,

There are worse things in life than a  
tumble on heather,  
And life is itself but a game at foot-  
ball.

*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

And when it is over, we'll drink a  
blithe measure  
To each Laird and each Lady that  
witness'd our fun,  
And to every blithe heart that took  
part in our pleasure,  
To the lads that have lost and the  
lads that have won.  
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

May the Forest still flourish, both  
Borough and Landward,  
From the hall of the Peer to the  
Herd's ingle-nook ;  
And huzza ! my brave hearts, for  
BUCCLEUCH and his standard,  
For the King and the Country, the  
Clan, and the Duke !

*Then up with the Banner, let forest  
winds fan her,  
She has blazed over Ettrick eight  
ages and more ;  
In sport we'll attend her, in battle  
defend her,  
With heart and with hand, like our  
fathers before.*

LULLABY OF AN INFANT  
CHIEF.

[1815.]

## I.

O, HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was  
a knight,  
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and  
bright ;  
The woods and the glens, from the  
towers which we see,  
They all are belonging, dear babie,  
to thee.  
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,  
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

## II.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly  
it blows,  
It calls but the warders that guard  
thy repose;  
Their bows would be bended, their  
blades would be red,  
Ere the step of a foeman draws near  
to thy bed.

O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

## III.

O, hush thee, my babe, the time  
soon will come,  
When thy sleep shall be broken by  
trumpet and drum;  
Then hush thee, my darling, take  
rest while you may,  
For strife comes with manhood, and  
waking with day.

O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

## THE RETURN TO ULSTER.

[1816.]

ONCE again, — but how changed  
since my wand'rings began—  
I have heard the deep voice of the  
Lagan and Bann,  
And the pines of Clanbrassil resound  
to the roar  
That wearies the echoes of fair  
Tullamore.  
Alas! my poor bosom, and why  
shouldst thou burn?  
With the scenes of my youth can its  
raptures return?  
Can I live the dear life of delusion  
again,  
That flow'd when these echoes first  
mix'd with my strain?

It was then that around me, though  
poor and unknown,  
High spells of mysterious enchant-  
ment were thrown;  
The streams were of silver, of  
diamond the dew,

The land was an Eden, for fancy  
was new.  
I had heard of our bards, and my  
soul was on fire  
At the rush of their verse, and the  
sweep of their lyre:  
To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to  
the ear,  
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd  
and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the  
call,  
And renew'd the wild pomp of the  
chase and the hall;  
And the standard of Fion flash'd  
fierce from on high,  
Like a burst of the sun when the  
tempest is nigh.  
It seem'd that the harp of green Erin  
once more  
Could renew all the glories she  
boasted of yore.—  
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart,  
shouldst thou burn?  
They were days of delusion, and  
cannot return.

But was she, too, a phantom, the  
Maid who stood by,  
And listed my lay, while she turn'd  
from mine eye?  
Was she, too, a vision, just glancing  
to view,  
Then dispersed in the sunbeam, or  
melted to dew?  
Oh! would it had been so,—Oh!  
would that her eye  
Had been but a star-glimpse that shot  
through the sky,  
And her voice that was moulded to  
melody's thrill,  
Had been but a zephyr, that sigh'd  
and was still!

Oh! would it had been so,—not then  
this poor heart  
Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love  
and to part;  
To bear, unassisted, its burthen of  
care,

While I toil'd for the wealth I had no  
 one to share.  
 Not then had I said, when life's  
 summer was done,  
 And the hours of her autumn were  
 fast speeding on,  
 "Take the fame and the riches ye  
 brought in your train,  
 And restore me the dream of my  
 spring-tide again."

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

[1816.]

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?  
 Why weep ye by the tide?  
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
 And ye sall be his bride:  
 And ye sall be his bride, ladie,  
 Sae comely to be seen"—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale;  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
 And lord of Langley-dale;  
 His step is first in peaceful ha',  
 His sword in battle keen"—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair;  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed  
 hawk,  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
 And you, the foremost o' them a',  
 Shall ride our forest queen"—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,  
 The tapers glimmer'd fair;  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the  
 bride,  
 And dame and knight are there.  
 They sought her baith by bower and  
 ha';  
 The ladie was not seen!  
 She's o'er the Border and awa,  
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

PIBROCH OF DONALD  
 DHU.

[1816.]

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,  
 Pibroch of Donuil,  
 Wake thy wild voice anew,  
 Summon Clan-Conuil.  
 Come away, come away,  
 Hark to the summons!  
 Come in your war array,  
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and  
 From mountain so rocky,  
 The war-pipe and pennon  
 Are at Inverlocky.  
 Come every hill-plaid, and  
 True heart that wears one,  
 Come every steel blade, and  
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,  
 The flock without shelter;  
 Leave the corpse uninter'd,  
 The bride at the altar;  
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
 Leave nets and barges:  
 Come with your fighting gear,  
 Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when  
 Forests are rended;  
 Come as the waves come, when  
 Navies are stranded:  
 Faster come, faster come,  
 Faster and faster,  
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;  
 See how they gather!  
 Wide waves the eagle plume,  
 Blended with heather.  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
 Forward each man set!  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Knell for the onset!

## NORA'S VOW.

[1816.]

HEAR what Highland Nora said, —  
 "The Earlie's son I will not wed,  
 Should all the race of nature die,  
 And none be left but he and I.  
 For all the gold, for all the gear,  
 And all the lands both far and near,  
 That ever valour lost or won,  
 I would not wed the Earlie's son." —

"A maiden's vows," old Callum  
 spoke,  
 "Are lightly made and lightly broke ;  
 The heather on the mountain's height  
 Begins to bloom in purple light ;  
 The frost-wind soon shall sweep  
 away  
 That lustre deep from glen and  
 brae ;  
 Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,  
 May blithely wed the Earlie's son." —

"The swan," she said, "the lake's  
 clear breast  
 May barter for the eagle's nest ;  
 The Awe's fierce stream may back-  
 ward turn,  
 Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kil-  
 churn ;  
 Our kilted clans, when blood is high,  
 Before their foes may turn and fly ;  
 But I, were all these marvels done,  
 Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade  
 Her wonted nest the wild-swan  
 made ;  
 Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as  
 ever,  
 Still downward foams the Awe's  
 fierce river ;  
 To shun the clash of foeman's steel,  
 No Highland brogue has turn'd the  
 heel ;  
 But Nora's heart is lost and won,  
 —She's wedded to the Earlie's son !

## MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

—[1816.]—

THE moon's on the lake, and the  
 mist's on the brae,  
 And the Clan has a name that is  
 nameless by day ;  
 Then gather, gather, gather,  
 Grigalach !  
 Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Our signal for fight, that from  
 monarchs we drew,  
 Must be heard but by night in our  
 vengeful haloo !  
 Then haloo, Grigalach ! haloo,  
 Grigalach !  
 Haloo, haloo, haloo, Griga-  
 lach, etc.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains,  
 Coalchuirn and her towers.  
 Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer  
 are ours ;  
 We're landless, landless, land-  
 less, Grigalach !  
 Landless, landless, landless,  
 etc.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal  
 and lord,  
 MacGregor has still both his heart  
 and his sword !  
 Then courage, courage,  
 courage, Grigalach !  
 Courage, courage, courage,  
 etc.

If they rob us of name, and pursue  
 us with beagles,  
 Give their roofs to the flame, and  
 their flesh to the eagles !  
 Then vengeance, vengeance,  
 vengeance, Grigalach !  
 Vengeance, vengeance, venge-  
 ance, etc.

While there's leaves in the forest,  
 and foam on the river,  
 MacGregor, despite them, shall  
 flourish for ever !

Come then, Grigalach, come  
then, Grigalach.  
Come then, come then, come  
then, etc.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine  
the steed shall career,  
O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the  
galley shall steer,  
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like  
icicles melt,  
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our  
vengeance unfelt!  
Then gather, gather, gather,  
Grigalach!  
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

VERSES,

COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION,  
ADAPTED TO HAYDN'S AIR,

"*God Save the Emperor Francis,*"

AND SUNG BY A SELECT BAND AFTER  
THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE LORD  
PROVOST OF EDINBURGH TO THE  
GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA,  
AND HIS SUITE, 19th DECEMBER, 1816.

GOD protect brave ALEXANDER,  
Heaven defend the noble Czar,  
Mighty Russia's high Commander,  
First in Europe's banded war;  
For the realms he did deliver  
From the tyrant overthrown,  
Thou, of every good the Giver,  
Grant him long to bless his own!  
Bless him, 'mid his land's disaster,  
For her rights who battled brave,  
Of the land of foemen master,  
Bless him who their wrongs forgave.

O'er his just resentment victor,  
Victor over Europe's foes,  
Late and long supreme director,  
Grant in peace his reign may close.  
Hail! then, hail! illustrious stranger!  
Welcome to our mountain strand;

Mutual interests, hopes, and danger,  
Link us with thy native land.  
Freemen's force, or false beguiling,  
Shall that union ne'er divide,  
Hand in hand while peace is smiling,  
And in battle side by side.

THE SEARCH AFTER  
HAPPINESS;

OR,

THE QUEST OF SULTAUN  
SOLIMAUN.

[1817.]

I.

OH for a glance of that gay Muse's  
eye,  
That lighten'd on Bandello's laugh-  
ing tale,  
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd  
and sly,  
When Giam Battista bade her  
vision hail!—  
Yet fear not, ladies, the *naive*  
detail  
Given by the natives of that land  
canorous;  
Italian license loves to leap the  
pale,  
We Britons have the fear of shame  
before us,  
And, if not wise in mirth, at least  
must be decorous.

II.

In the far eastern clime, no great  
while since,  
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty  
prince,  
Whose eyes, as oft as they perform'd  
their round,  
Beheld all others fix'd upon the  
ground;  
Whose ears received the same un-  
varied phrase,  
"Sultraun! thy vassal hears, and  
he obeys!"

All have their tastes—this may the  
 fancy strike  
 Of such grave folks as pomp and  
 grandeur like ;  
 For me, I love the honest heart and  
 warm  
 Of Monarch who can amble round  
 his farm,  
 Or, when the toil of state no more  
 annoys,  
 In chimney corner seek domestic  
 joys—  
 I love a prince will bid the bottle  
 pass,  
 Exchanging with his subjects glance  
 and glass ;  
 In fitting time, can, gayest of the  
 gay,  
 Keep up the jest, and mingle in  
 the lay—  
 Such Monarchs best our free-born  
 humours suit,  
 But Despots must be stately, stern,  
 and mute.

## III.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in  
 sway—  
 And where's Serendib? may some  
 critic say.—  
 Good lack, mine honest friend,  
 consult the chart,  
 Scare not my Pegasus before I  
 start !  
 If Rennell has it not, you'll find,  
 mayhap,  
 The isle laid down in Captain  
 Sindbad's map,—  
 Famed mariner! whose merciless  
 narrations  
 Drove every friend and kinsman  
 out of patience,  
 Till, fain to find a guest who  
 thought them shorter  
 He deign'd to tell them over to a  
 porter—  
 The last edition see, by Long. and  
 Co.,  
 Rees Hurst, and Orme, our fathers  
 in the Row

## IV.

Serendib found, deem not my tale  
 a fiction—  
 This Sulthaun, whether lacking  
 contradiction—  
 (A sort of stimulant which hath its  
 uses,  
 To raise the spirits and reform the  
 juices,  
 —Sovereign specific for all sorts of  
 cures  
 In my wife's practice, and perhaps  
 in yours,)  
 The Sulthaun lacking this same  
 wholesome bitter,  
 Or cordial smooth for prince's  
 palate fitter—  
 Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his  
 dreams  
 With Degial, Ginnistan, and such  
 wild themes  
 Belonging to the Mollah's subtle  
 craft,  
 I wot not—but the Sulthaun never  
 laugh'd,  
 Scarce ate or drank, and took a  
 melancholy  
 That scorn'd all remedy—profane  
 or holy ;  
 In his long list of melancholies,  
 mad,  
 Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton  
 none so bad.

## V.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware,  
 and tried,  
 As e'er scrawl'd jargon in a  
 darken'd room ;  
 With heedful glance the Sulthaun's  
 tongue they eyed,  
 Peep'd in his bath, and God knows  
 where beside,  
 And then in solemn accent spoke  
 their doom,  
 "His majesty is very far from well."  
 Then each to work with his specific  
 fell :  
 The Hakim Ibrahim *instantly* brought  
 His unguent Mahazzim al Zerdu-  
 kaut,

While Roompot, a practitioner more  
wily,  
Relied on his Munaskif al fillfily.  
More and yet more in deep array  
appear,  
And some the front assail, and some  
the rear ;  
Their remedies to reinforce and vary,  
Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary ;  
Till the tired Monarch, though of  
words grown chary,  
Yet dropt, to recompense their fruit-  
less labour,  
Some hint about a bowstring or a  
sabre.  
There lack'd, I promise you, no  
longer speeches  
To rid the palace of those learned  
leeches.

## VI.

Then was the council call'd—by their  
advice,  
(They deem'd the matter ticklish all,  
and nice,  
And sought to shift it off from  
their own shoulders,)  
Tartars and couriers in all speed  
were sent,  
To call a sort of Eastern Parliament  
Of feudatory chieftains and free-  
holders—  
Such have the Persians at this very  
day,  
My gallant Malcolm calls them  
*couroultai* ;—  
I'm not prepared to show in this  
slight song  
That to Serendib the same forms  
belong,—  
E'en let the learn'd go search, and  
tell me if I'm wrong.

## VII.

The Omrahs, each with hand on  
scymitar,  
Gave, like Sempronius, still their  
voice for war—

“The sabre of the Suldaun in its  
sheath  
Too long has slept, nor own'd the  
work of death ;  
Let the Tambourgi bid his signal  
rattle,  
Bang the loud gong, and raise the  
shout of battle !  
This dreary cloud that dims our  
sovereign's day,  
Shall from his kindled bosom flit  
away,  
When the bold Lootie wheels his  
courser round,  
And the arm'd elephant shall shake  
the ground.  
Each noble pants to own the glorious  
summons—  
And for the charges—Lo ! your faith-  
ful Commons !”

The Riots who attended in their  
places  
(Serendib language calls a farmer  
Riot)  
Look'd ruefully in one another's  
faces,  
From this oration auguring much  
disquiet,  
Double assessment, forage, and free  
quarters ;  
And fearing these as China-men the  
Tartars,  
Or as the whisker'd vermin fear the  
mousers,  
Each fumbled in the pocket of his  
trowsers.

## VIII.

And next came forth the reverend  
Convocation,  
Bald heads, white beards, and  
many a turban green,  
Imaum and Mollah there of every  
station.  
Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were  
seen.  
Their votes were various—some  
advised a Mosque  
With fitting revenues should be  
erected,

With seemly gardens and with gay  
Kiosque,  
To recreate a band of priests  
selected;  
Others opined that through the  
realms a dole  
Re made to holy men, whose  
prayers might profit  
The Suldaun's weal in body and in  
soul.  
But their long-headed chief, the  
Sheik Ul-Sofit,  
More closely touch'd the point:—  
"Thy studious mood,"  
Quoth he, "O Prince! hath thicken'd  
all thy blood,  
And dull'd thy brain with labour  
beyond measure;  
Wherefore relax a space and take  
thy pleasure,  
And toy with beauty, or tell o'er thy  
treasure;  
From all the cares of state, my  
Liege, enlarge thee,  
And leave the burden to thy faithful  
clergy."

## IX.

These counsels sage availed not a  
whit,  
And so the patient (as is not  
uncommon  
Where grave physicians lose their  
time and wit)  
Resolved to take advice of an old  
woman;  
His mother she, a dame who once  
was beauteous,  
And still was called so by each  
subject duteous.  
Now, whether Fatima was witch in  
earnest,  
Or only made believe, I cannot  
say—  
But she profess'd to cure disease the  
sternest,  
By dint of magic amulet or lay;  
And, when all other skill in vain was  
shown,  
She deem'd it fitting time to use her  
own.

## X.

"*Sympathia magica* hath wonders  
done,"  
(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her  
son,)  
"It works upon the fibres and the  
pores,  
And thus, insensibly, our health  
restores,  
And it must help us here.—Thou  
must endure  
The ill, my son, or travel for the  
cure.  
Search land and sea, and get,  
where'er you can,  
The inmost vesture of a happy  
man,  
I mean his SHIRT, my son; which,  
taken warm  
And fresh from off his back, shall  
chase your harm,  
Bid every current of your veins  
rejoice,  
And your dull heart leap light as  
shepherd-boy's."  
Such was the counsel from his  
mother came;—  
I know not if she had some under-  
game,  
As Doctors have, who bid their  
patients roam  
And live abroad, when sure to die at  
home;  
Or if she thought, that, somehow or  
another,  
Queen-Regent sounded better than  
Queen-Mother;  
But, says the Chronicle (who will go  
look it,)  
That such was her advice—the  
Suldaun took it.

## XI.

All are on board—the Suldaun and  
his train,  
In gilded galley prompt to plough  
the main.  
The old Rais was the first who  
questioned, "Whither?"



They paused — “Arabia,” thought  
the pensive Prince,  
“Was call’d The Happy many ages  
since—

For Mokha, Rais.”—And they  
came safely thither.

But not in Araby, with all her balm,  
Not where Judea weeps beneath her  
palm,

Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian  
waste,  
Could there the step of happiness be  
traced.

One Copt alone profess’d to have  
seen her smile,

When Bruce his goblet fill’d at infant  
Nile :

She bless’d the dauntless traveller as  
he quaff’d,

But vanish’d from him with the ended  
draught.

## XII.

“Enough of turbans,” said the  
weary King,

“These dolimans of ours are not the  
thing ;

Try we the Giaours, these men of  
coat and cap, I

Incline to think some of them must  
be happy ;

At least, they have as fair a cause as  
any can,

They drink good wine and keep no  
Ramazan.

Then northward, ho !”—The vessel  
cuts the sea,

And fair Italia lies upon her lee.—  
But fair Italia, she who once unfurl’d

Her eagle banners o’er a conquer’d  
world,

Long from her throne of domination  
tumbled,

Lay, by her quondam vassals, sorely  
humbled ;

The Pope himself look’d pensive,  
pale, and lean,

And was not half the man he once  
had been.

“While these the priest and those  
the noble fleeces,

Our poor old boot,” they said, “is  
torn to pieces.

Its tops the vengeful claws of Austria  
feel,

And the Great Devil is rending toe  
and heel.

If happiness you seek, to tell you  
truly,

We think she dwells with one  
Giovanni Bulli ;

A tramontane, a heretic, — the  
buck,

Poffaredio ! still has all the luck ;

By land or ocean never strikes his  
flag—

And then—a perfect walking money-  
bag.”

Off set our Prince to seek John Bull’s  
abode,

But first took France—it lay upon  
the road.

## XIII.

Monsieur Baboon, after much late  
commotion,

Was agitated like a settling ocean,  
Quite out of sorts, and could not tell

what ail’d him,  
Only the glory of his house had

fail’d him ;  
Besides, some tumours on his noddle

biding,  
Gave indication of a recent hiding.

Our Prince, though Sultauns of such  
things are heedless,

Thought it a thing indelicate and  
needless

To ask, if at that moment he was  
happy.

And Monsieur, seeing that he was  
*comme il faut*, a

Loud voice mustered up, for “*Vive  
le Roi !*”

Then whisper’d, “Ave you any  
news of Nappy ?”

The Sultaun answer’d him with a  
cross question,—

“Pray, can you tell me aught of  
one John Bull,

That dwells somewhere beyond  
your herring-pool ?”

The query seem'd of difficult digestion,  
The party shrugg'd, and grinn'd,  
and took his snuff,  
And found his whole good-breeding  
scarce enough.

## XIV.

Twitching his visage into as many  
puckers  
As damsels wont to put into their  
tuckers,  
(Ere liberal Fashion damn'd both  
lace and lawn,  
And bade the veil of modesty be  
drawn,)

Replied the Frenchman, after a brief  
pause,  
"Jean Bool!—I vas not know him  
—Yes, I vas—

I vas remember dat, von year or two,  
I saw him at von place call'd  
Vaterloo—

Ma foi ! il s'est tres joliment battu,  
Dat is for Englishman,—m'entendez-  
vous ?

But den he had wit him one damn  
son-gun,  
Rogue I no like—dey call him  
Vellington."

Monsieur's politeness could not hide  
his fret,  
So Solimaun took leave, and cross'd  
the strait.

## XV.

John Bull was in his very worst of  
moods,

Raving of sterile farms and unsold  
goods ;

His sugar-loaves and bales about he  
threw,

And on his counter beat the devil's  
tattoo.

His wars were ended, and the  
victory won,

But then, 'twas reckoning-day with  
honest John ;

And authors vouch, 'twas still this  
Worthy's way,

"Never to grumble till he came to  
pay ;

And then he always thinks, his  
temper's such,  
The work too little, and the pay too  
much."

Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind  
and hearty,  
That when his mortal foe was on  
the floor,  
And past the power to harm his  
quiet more,

Poor John had wellnigh wept for  
Bonaparte !

Such was the wight whom Solimaun  
salam'd,—

"And who are you," John answer'd,  
"and be d—d ?"

## XVI.

"A stranger, come to see the  
happiest man,—

So, signior, all avouch,—in  
Frangistan."

"Happy ? my tenants breaking on  
my hand ;

Unstock'd my pastures, and untill'd  
my land ;

Sugar and rum a drug, and mice  
and moths

The sole consumers of my good  
broadcloths—

Happy ?—Why, cursed war and  
racking tax

Have left us scarcely raiment to our  
backs."

"In that case, signior, I may take  
my leave ;

I came to ask a favour—but I  
grieve"—

"Favour ?" said John, and eyed the  
Sultaun hard,

"It's my belief you come to break  
the yard !—

But, stay, you look like some poor  
foreign sinner,—

Take that to buy yourself a shirt and  
dinner."

With that he chuck'd a guinea at his  
head ;

But, with due dignity, the Sultaun  
said,

"Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline ;  
 A *shirt* indeed I seek, but none of thine.  
 Signior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well."—  
 "Kiss and be d—d," quoth John,  
 "and go to hell !"

XVII.

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,  
 Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg  
 When the blithe bagpipe blew—but, soberer now,  
 She *doucely* span her flax and milk'd her cow.  
 And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,  
 Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,  
 Yet once a-month her house was partly swept,  
 And once a-week a plenteous board she kept.  
 And whereas, eke, the vixen used her claws  
 And teeth, of yore, on slender provocation,  
 She now was grown amenable to laws,  
 A quiet soul as any in the nation ;  
 The sole remembrance of her warlike joys  
 Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.  
 John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife,  
 She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,  
 Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbour,  
 Who look'd to the main chance, declined no labour,  
 Loved a long grace, and spoke a northern jargon,  
 And was d—d close in making of a bargain.

XVIII.

The Sulstaun enter'd, and he made his leg,  
 And with decorum curtsy'd sister Peg ;  
 (She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,  
 And guess'd at once with whom she had to do.)  
 She bade him "Sit into the fire," and took  
 Her dram, her cake, her kebbuck from the nook ;  
 Ask'd him "about the news from Eastern parts ;  
 And of her absent bairns, puir Highland hearts !  
 If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,  
 And if the *nitmugs* were grown *ony* cheaper ;—  
 Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo Park—  
 Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark ?  
 If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinnin',  
 I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen."

XIX.

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan scuttle  
 In search of goods her customer to nail,  
 Until the Sulstaun strain'd his princely throttle,  
 And hollo'd.—"Ma'am that is not what I ail.  
 Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen ?"—  
 "Happy?" said Peg ; "What for d'ye want to ken ?  
 Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,  
 Grain wadna pay the yoking of the pleugh."—  
 "What say you to the present ?"—  
 "Meal's sae dear,  
 To mak' their *brose* my bairns have scarce aneugh."

"The devil take the shirt," said  
Solimaun,  
"I think my quest will end as it  
began.—  
Farewell, ma'am ; nay, no ceremony,  
I beg"—  
"Ye'll no be for the linen then?"  
said Peg.

## XX.

Now, for the land of verdant Erin,  
The Sulstaun's royal bark is steering,  
The Emerald Isle, where honest  
Paddy dwells,  
The cousin of John Bull, as story  
tells.  
For a long space had John, with  
words of thunder,  
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept  
Paddy under,  
Till the poor lad, like boy that's  
flogg'd unduly,  
Had gotten somewhat restive and  
unruly.  
Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll  
allow,  
A wigwam that would hardly serve  
a sow ;  
His landlord, and of middle-men two  
brace,  
Had screw'd his rent up to the  
starving-place ;  
His garment was a top-coat, and an  
old one,  
His meal was a potato, and a cold  
one ;  
But still for fun or frolic, and all  
that,  
In the round world was not the  
match of Pat.

## XXI.

The Sulstaun saw him on a holiday,  
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day :  
When mass is ended, and his load  
of sins  
Confess'd, and Mother Church hath  
from her binns  
Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,  
Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim,  
and spirit !

To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,  
And dance as light as leaf upon the  
tree.

"By Mahomet," said Sulstaun  
Solimaun,  
"That ragged fellow is our very man !  
Rush in and seize him—do not do  
him hurt,  
But, will he kill he, let me have his  
*shirt.*"—

## XXII.

Shilela their plan was wellnigh after  
baulking,  
(Much less provocation will set it  
a-walking,)  
But the odds that foil'd Hercules  
foil'd Paddy Whack ;  
They seized, and they floor'd, and  
they stripp'd him—Alack !  
Up-bubboo ! Paddy had not—  
a shirt to his back !!!  
And the King, disappointed, with  
sorrow and shame,  
Went back to Serendib as sad as he  
came.

MR. KEMBLE'S FARE-  
WELL ADDRESS.

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDIN-  
BURGH STAGE.

[1817.]

As the worn war-horse, at the  
trumpet's sound,  
Erects his mane, and neighs, and  
paws the ground—  
Disdains the ease his generous lord  
assigns,  
And longs to rush on the embattled  
lines,  
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine  
ear,  
Can scarce sustain to think our  
parting near ;  
To think my scenic hour for ever past,  
And that these valued plaudits are  
my last.

Why should we part, while still some powers remain,  
 That in your service strive not yet in vain?  
 Cannot high zeal the strength of youth supply,  
 And sense of duty fire the fading eye;  
 And all the wrongs of age remain subdued  
 Beneath the burning glow of gratitude?  
 Ah, no! the taper, wearing to its close,  
 Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows;  
 But all too soon the transient gleam is past,  
 It cannot be renew'd, and will not last;  
 Even duty, zeal, and gratitude, can wage  
 But short-lived conflict with the frosts of age.  
 Yes! It were poor, remembering what I was,  
 To live a pensioner on your applause,  
 To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,  
 And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy;  
 Till every sneering youth around inquires,  
 "Is this the man who once could please our sires?"  
 And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,  
 To warn me off from the encumber'd scene.  
 This must not be;—and higher duties crave,  
 Some space between the theatre and the grave,  
 That, like the Roman in the Capitol,  
 I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:  
 My life's brief act in public service flown,  
 The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts  
 May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,

Not quite to be forgotten, even when  
 You look on better actors, younger men:  
 And if your bosoms own this kindly debt  
 Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—  
 O, how forget!—how oft I hither came  
 In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!  
 How oft around your circle this weak hand  
 Has waved immortal Shakspeare's magic wand,  
 Till the full burst of inspiration came,  
 And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!  
 By mem'ry treasured, while her reign endures,  
 Those hours must live—and all their charms are yours.

O favour'd Land! renown'd for arts and arms,  
 For manly talent, and for female charms,  
 Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,  
 What fervent benedictions now were thine!  
 But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,  
 When e'en your praise falls faltering from my tongue;  
 And all that you can hear, or I can tell,  
 Is—Friends and Patrons, hail, and  
 FARE YOU WELL.

LINES.

WRITTEN FOR MISS SMITH.

[1817.]

WHEN the lone pilgrim views afar  
 The shrine that is his guiding star,  
 With awe his footsteps print the road  
 Which the loved saint of yore has trod.

As near he draws, and yet more near,  
 His dim eye sparkles with a tear ;  
 The Gothic fane's unwonted show,  
 The choral hymn, the tapers' glow,  
 Oppress his soul ; while they delight  
 And chasten rapture with affright.  
 No longer dare he think his toil  
 Can merit aught his patron's smile ;  
 Too light appears the distant way,  
 The chilly eve, the sultry day—  
 All these endured no favour claim,  
 But murmuring forth the sainted  
 name,  
 He lays his little offering down,  
 And only deprecates a frown.

We too, who ply the Thespian art,  
 Oft feel such bodings of the heart,  
 And, when our utmost powers are  
 strain'd,  
 Dare hardly hope your favour gain'd.  
 She, who from sister climes has  
 sought  
 The ancient land where Wallace  
 fought ;—  
 Land long renown'd for arms and  
 arts,  
 And conquering eyes and dauntless  
 hearts ;—  
 She, as the flutterings *here* avow,  
 Feels all the pilgrim's terrors *now* ;  
 Yet sure on Caledonian plain  
 The stranger never sued in vain.  
 'Tis yours the hospitable task  
 To give the applause she dare not  
 ask ;  
 And they who bid the pilgrim speed,  
 The pilgrim's blessing be their meed.

### THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

[1817.]

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,  
 In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet ;  
 The westland wind is hush and still,  
 The lake lies sleeping at my feet.  
 Yet not the landscape to mine eye  
 Bears those bright hues that once  
 it bore ;

Though evening, with her richest  
 dye,  
 Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's  
 shore.

With listless look along the plain,  
 I see Tweed's silver current glide,  
 And coldly mark the holy fane  
 Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.  
 The quiet lake, the balmy air,  
 The hill, the stream, the tower,  
 the tree,—  
 Are they still such as once they were ?  
 Or is the dreary change in me ?

Alas, the warp'd and broken board,  
 How can it bear the painter's dye !  
 The harp of strain'd and tuneless  
 chord,  
 How to the minstrel's skill reply !  
 To aching eyes each landscape  
 lowers,  
 To feverish pulse each gale blows  
 chill ;  
 And Araby's or Eden's bowers  
 Were barren as this moorland hill.

### THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

[1817.]

ETHELFRID or OLFRID, *King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and BROCKMAEL, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious of the neighbouring Monastery of Bangor marched in procession, to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted is called the Monks' March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omened procession.*

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang  
 Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,  
 Veiled nun and friar gray  
 March'd from Bangor's fair Abbaye ;

High their holy anthem sounds,  
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,  
Floating down the silvan Dee,  
*O miserere, Domine!*

On the long procession goes,  
Glory round their crosses glows,  
And the Virgin-mother mild  
In their peaceful banner smiled;  
Who could think such saintly band  
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand?  
Such was the Divine decree,  
*O miserere, Domine!*

Bands that masses only sung,  
Hands that censers only swung,  
Met the northern bow and bill,  
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill:  
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,  
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,  
Woe to Saxon cruelty,  
*O miserere, Domine!*

Weltering amid warriors slain,  
Spurn'd by steeds with bloody mane,  
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,  
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:  
Word of parting rest unspoke,  
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;  
For their souls for charity,  
*Sing, O miserere, Domine!*

Bangor! o'er the murder wail!  
Long thy ruins told the tale,  
Shatter'd towers and broken arch  
Long recall'd the woeful march:  
On thy shrine no tapers burn,  
Never shall thy priests return;  
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,  
*O miserere, Domine!*

### LETTER.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUC-  
CLEUCH, DRUMLANRIG CASTLE.

Sanquhar, 2 o'clock, July 30, 1817.

FROM ROSS, where the clouds on  
Benlomond are sleeping—  
FROM GREENOCK, where Clyde to the  
Ocean is sweeping—

From Largs, where the Scotch gave  
the Northmen a drilling—  
From Ardrossan, whose harbour cost  
many a shilling—  
From Old Cumnock, where beds  
are as hard as a plank, sir—  
From a chop and green pease, and a  
chicken in Sanquhar,  
This eve, please the Fates, at Drum-  
lanrig we anchor. W. S.

### EPILOGUE TO THE APPEAL.

SPOKEN BY MRS. HENRY SIDDONS.

[FEB. 16, 1818.]

A CAT of yore (or else old Æsop lied)  
Was changed into a fair and bloom-  
ing bride,  
But spied a mouse upon her marriage-  
day,  
Forgot her spouse, and seized upon  
her prey;  
Even thus my bridegroom lawyer, as  
you saw,  
Threw off poor me, and pounced  
upon papa.  
His neck from Hymen's mystic knot  
made loose,  
He twisted round my sire's the literal  
noose.  
Such are the fruits of our dramatic  
labour  
Since the New Jail became our next-  
door neighbour.

Yes, times *are* changed; for, in  
your fathers' age,  
The lawyers were the patrons of the  
stage;  
However high advanced by future  
fate,  
There stands the bench (*points to the  
Pit*) that first received their  
weight.  
The future legal sage, 'twas ours to  
see,  
Doom though unwigg'd, and plead  
without a fee.

But now, astounding each poor  
 mimic elf,  
 Instead of lawyers comes the law  
 herself ;  
 Tremendous neighbour, on our right  
 she dwells,  
 Builds high her towers and excavates  
 her cells ;  
 While on the left she agitates the  
 town,  
 With the tempestuous question, Up  
 or down ?  
 'Twi'x Scylla and Charybdis thus  
 stand we,  
 Law's final end, and law's un-  
 certainty.  
 But, soft ! who lives at Rome the  
 Pope must flatter,  
 And jails and lawsuits are no jesting  
 matter.  
 Then—just farewell ! We wait with  
 serious awe  
 Till your applause or censure gives  
 the law.  
 Trusting our humble efforts may  
 assure ye,  
 We hold you Court and Counsel,  
 Judge and Jury.

### MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT.

[1818.]

MACLEOD'S wizard flag from the gray  
 castle sallies,  
 The rowers are seated, unmoor'd are  
 the galleys ;  
 Gleam war-axe and broadsword,  
 clang target and quiver,  
 As Mackrimmon sings, "Farewell  
 to Dunvegan for ever !  
 Farewell to each cliff, on which  
 breakers are foaming ;  
 Farewell, each dark glen, in which  
 red-deer are roaming ;  
 Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake,  
 mountain, and river ;  
 Macleod may return, but Mac-  
 krimmon shall never !

"Farewell the bright clouds that on  
 Quillan are sleeping ;  
 Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun  
 that are weeping ;  
 To each minstrel delusion, farewell !  
 —and for ever—  
 Mackrimmon departs, to return to  
 you never !  
 The *Banshee's* wild voice sings the  
 death-dirge before me,  
 The pall of the dead for a mantle  
 hangs o'er me ;  
 But my heart shall not flag, and my  
 nerves shall not shiver,  
 Though devoted I go—to return  
 again never !

"Too oft shall the notes of Mac-  
 krimmon's bewailing  
 Be heard when the Gael on their  
 exile are sailing ;  
 Dear land ! to the shores, whence  
 unwilling we sever,  
 Return—return—return shall we  
 never !  
 Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille !  
 Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,  
 Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,  
 Gea thillis Macleod, cha till Mac-  
 krimmon !"

### DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN.

[1818.]

CHORUS.

*Donald Caird's come again !  
 Donald Caird's come again !  
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,  
 Donald Caird's come again.*

DONALD CAIRD can lilt and sing,  
 Blithely dance the Hieland fling,  
 Drink till the gudeman be blind,  
 Fleech till the gudewife be kind ;  
 Hoop a leglin, clout a pan,  
 Or crack a pow wi' ony man ;  
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,  
 Donald Caird's come again.



*Donald Caird's come again,  
Donald Caird's come again!  
Tell the news in brugh and glen,  
Donald Caird's come again.*

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,  
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin',  
Leisters kipper, makes a shift  
To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift ;  
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,  
He can wauk when they are sleepers ;  
Not for bountith or reward  
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.

*Donald Caird's come again!  
Donald Caird's come again!  
Gar the bagpipes hum amain,  
Donald Caird's come again.*

Donald Caird can drink a gill  
Fast as hostler-wife can fill ;  
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor  
Kens how Donald bends a bicker ;  
When he's fou he's stout and saucy,  
Keeps the cantle o' the cawsey ;  
Hieland chief and Lawland laird  
Maun gie room to Donald Caird !

*Donald Caird's come again!  
Donald Caird's come again!  
Tell the news in brugh and glen,  
Donald Caird's come again.*

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,  
Else some gear may weel be mis't ;  
Donald Caird finds orra things  
Where Allan Gregor land the tings ;  
Dunts of kebbuck, taits o' woo,  
Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,  
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—  
'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird !

*Donald Caird's come again!  
Donald Caird's come again!  
Dinna let the Shirra ken  
Donald Caird's come again.*

On Donald Caird the doom was  
stern,  
Craig to tether, legs to airn ;  
But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study,  
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie ;

Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,  
Fell like ice frae hand and heel !  
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,  
Donald Caird's come again !

*Donald Caird's come again!  
Donald Caird's come again!  
Dinna let the justice ken,  
Donald Caird's come again!*

EPITAPH ON MRS. ERSKINE.

[1819.]

PLAIN, as her native dignity of mind,  
Arise the tomb of her we have re-  
sign'd ;  
Unflaw'd and stainless be the marble  
scroll,  
Emblem of lovely form and candid  
soul.—  
But, oh ! what symbol may avail, to  
tell  
The kindness, wit, and sense, we  
loved so well !  
What sculpture show the broken ties  
of life,  
Here buried with the parent, friend,  
and wife !  
Or on the tablet stamp each title dear,  
By which thine urn, EUPHEMIA, claims  
the tear !  
Yet taught, by thy meek sufferance,  
to assume  
Patience in anguish, hope beyond  
the tomb,  
Resign'd, though sad, this votive  
verse shall flow,  
And brief, alas ! as thy brief span  
below.

ON ETRICK FOREST'S  
MOUNTAINS DUN.

[1822.]

On Etrick Forest's mountains dun,  
'Tis blithe to hear the sportsman's  
gun,  
And seek the heath-frequenting brood  
Far through the noonday solitude ;

By many a cairn and trenched mound,  
Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and  
sound,  
And springs, where gray-hair'd shep-  
herds tell,  
That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,  
'Tis blithe the mimic fly to lead,  
When to the hook the salmon springs,  
And the line whistles through the  
rings ;  
The boiling eddy see him try,  
Then dashing from the current high,  
Till watchful eye and cautious hand  
Have led his wasted strength to land.

'Tis blithe along the midnight tide,  
With stalwart arm the boat to guide ;  
On high the dazzling blaze to rear,  
And heedful plunge the barbed spear ;  
Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging  
bright,  
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,  
And from the bank our band appears  
Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears.

'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tale,  
How we succeed, and how we fail,  
Whether at Alywn's lordly meal,  
Or lowlier board at Ashestiel ;  
While the gay tapers cheerly shine,  
Bickers the fire, and flows the  
wine—  
Days free from thought, and nights  
from care,  
My blessing on the Forest fair !

### FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

[1822.]

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft  
has decoy'd me,  
At the close of the evening through  
woodlands to roam,  
Where the forester, lated, with won-  
der espied me,  
Explore the wild scenes he was  
quitting for home.

Farewell, and take with thee thy  
numbers wild speaking  
The language alternate of rapture  
and woe :

Oh ! none but some lover, whose  
heart-strings are breaking,  
The pang that I feel at our parting  
can know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and  
when there came sorrow,  
Or pale disappointment to darken  
my way,

What voice was like thine, that could  
sing of to-morrow,  
Till forgot in the strain was the  
grief of to-day !

But when friends drop around us in  
life's weary waning,  
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou  
canst not assuage ;  
Nor the gradual estrangement of  
those yet remaining,  
The languor of pain, and the chill-  
ness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me, in  
accents bewailing,

To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd  
on the plain,

And a maiden hung o'er him with aid  
unavailing,

And held to his lips the cold goblet  
in vain ;

As vain thy enchantments, O Queen  
of wild Numbers,

To a bard when the reign of his  
fancy is o'er,

And the quick pulse of feeling in  
apathy slumbers—

Farewell, then, Enchantress ! I  
meet thee no more !

### THE MAID OF ISLA.

[1822.]

OH, Maid of Isla, from the cliff,  
That looks on troubled wave and  
sky,  
Dost thou not see yon little skiff  
Contend with ocean gallantly ?

Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,  
 And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,  
 Why does she war unequal urge?—  
 Oh, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

Oh, Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,  
 Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,  
 Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,  
 As to the rock she wheels away;—  
 Where clouds are dark and billows rave,  
 Why to the shelter should she come  
 Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave?—  
 Oh, maid of Isla, 'tis her home!

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,  
 Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,  
 And cold as is yon wintry cliff,  
 Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.  
 Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,  
 Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;  
 For in thy love, or in his grave,  
 Must Allan Vourich find his home.

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S  
 COME.

BEING NEW WORDS TO AN AULD  
 SPRING.

[1822.]

THE news has flown frae mouth to mouth,  
 The North for ance has bang'd the South;  
 The deil a Scotsman's die o' drouth,  
 Carle, now the King's come!

CHORUS.

Carle, now the King's come!  
 Carle, now the King's come!  
 Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,  
 Carle, now the King's come!

Auld England held him lang and fast;  
 And Ireland had a joyfu' cast;  
 But Scotland's turn is come at last—  
 Carle, now the King's come!

Auld Reekie, in her rokelay gray,  
 Thought never to have seen the day;  
 He's been a weary time away—  
 But, Carle, now the King's come!

She's skirling frae the Castle-hill;  
 The Carline's voice is grown sae shrill,  
 Ye'll hear her at the Canon-mill—  
 Carle, now the King's come!

“Up, bairns!” she cries, “baith grit and sma’,  
 And busk ye for the weapon-shaw!  
 Stand by me, and we'll bang them a’—  
 Carle, now the King's come!”

“Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,  
 Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,  
 And match the mettle of your sires—  
 Carle, now the King's come!”

“You're welcome hame, my Montagu!  
 Bring in your hand the young Buccleuch;  
 I'm missing some that I may rue—  
 Carle, now the King's come!”

“Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,  
 You've graced my causeway mony a day;  
 I'll weep the cause if you should stay—  
 Carle, now the King's come!”

“Come, premier Duke, and carry don  
 Frae yonder craig his ancient croun;  
 It's had a lang sleep and a soun'—  
 But, Carle, now the King's come!”

## PART SECOND.

“Come, Athole, from the hill and  
wood,  
Bring down your clansmen like a  
clud ;  
Come, Morton, show the Douglas’  
blood,—  
Carle, now the King’s come !

“Come, Tweeddale, true as sword  
to sheath ;  
Come, Hopetoun, fear’d on fields of  
death ;  
Come, Clerk, and give your bugle  
breath ;  
Carle, now the King’s come !

“Come, Wemyss, who modest merit  
aids ;  
Come, Rosebery, from Dalmeny  
shades ;  
Breadalbane, bring your belted  
plaids ;  
Carle, now the King’s come !

“Come, stately Niddrie, auld and  
true,  
Girt with the sword that Minden  
knew ;  
We have ower few such lairds as you—  
Carle, now the King’s come !

“King Arthur’s grown a common  
crier,  
He’s heard in Fife and far Cantire,—  
‘Fie, lads, behold my crest of fire !’  
Carle, now the King’s come !

“Saint Abb roars out, ‘I see him  
pass,  
Between Tantallon and the Bass !’  
Calton, get out your keeking-glass—  
Carle, now the King’s come !”

The Carline stopp’d ; and, sure I am,  
For very glee had ta’en a dwam  
But Oman help’d her to a dram.—  
Cogie, now the King’s come !

Cogie, now the King’s come !  
Cogie, now the King’s come !  
I’se be fou’ and ye’s be toom,  
Cogie, now the King’s come !

A HAWICK gill of mountain dew,  
Heised up Auld Reekie’s heart, I  
trow,  
It minded her of Waterloo—  
Carle, now the King’s come !

Again I heard her summons swell,  
For, sic a dirdum and a yell,  
It drown’d Saint Giles’s jowing bell—  
Carle, now the King’s come !

“My trusty Provost, tried and tight,  
Stand forward for the Good Town’s  
right,  
There’s waur than you been made a  
knight—  
Carle, now the King’s come !

“My reverend Clergy, look ye say  
The best of thanksgivings ye ha’e,  
And warstle for a sunny day—  
Carle, now the King’s come !

“My Doctors, look that you agree,  
Cure a’ the town without a fee ;  
My Lawyers, dinna pike a plea—  
Carle, now the King’s come !

“Come forth each sturdy Burgher’s  
bairn,  
That dints on wood or clanks on airn,  
That fires the o’en, or winds the  
pirn—  
Carle, now the King’s come !

“Come forward with the Blanket  
Blue,  
Your sires were loyal men and true,  
As Scotland’s foemen oft might rue—  
Carle, now the King’s come !

“Scot’s downa loup, and rin, and  
rave,  
We’re steady folks and something  
grave,  
We’ll keep the causeway firm and  
brave—  
Carle, now the King’s come !

“Sir Thomas, thunder from your rock,  
Till Pentland dinnles wi' the shock,  
And lace wi' fire my snood o' smoke—  
Carle, now the King's come !

“Melville, bring out your bands of  
blue,  
A' Louden lads, baith stout and true,  
With Elcho, Hope, and Cockburn,  
too—  
Carle, now the King's come !

“And you, who on your bluidy braes  
Compell'd the vanquish'd Despot's  
praise,  
Rank out—rank out—my gallant  
Greys—  
Carle, now the King's come !

“Cock o' the North, my Huntly bra',  
Where are you with the Forty-twa ?  
Ah ! wae's my heart that ye're awa'—  
Carle, now the King's come !

“But yonder come my canty Celts,  
With durk and pistols at their belts,  
Thank God, we've still some plaids  
and kilts—  
Carle, now the King's come !

“Lord, how the pibrochs groan and  
yell !  
Macdonnell's ta'en the field himsell,  
Macleod comes branking o'er the  
fell—  
Carle, now the King's come !

“Bend up your bow each Archer  
spark,  
Foryou're to guard him light and dark ;  
Faith, lads, for ance ye've hit the  
mark—  
Carle, now the King's come !

“Young Errol, take the sword of  
state,  
The sceptre, Panie-Morarchate ;  
Knight Mareschal, see ye clear the  
gate—  
Carle, now the King's come !

“Kind cummer, Leith, ye've been  
mis-set,  
But dinna be upon the fret—

Ye'se hae the handsel of him yet,  
Carle, now the King's come !

“My daughters, come with een sae  
blue,  
Your garlands weave, your blossoms  
strew ;  
He ne'er saw fairer flowers than you—  
Carle, now the King's come !

“What shall we do for the propine—  
We used to offer something fine,  
But ne'er a groat's in pouch of mine—  
Carle, now the King's come !

“Deil care—for that I'se never start,  
We'll welcome him with Highland  
heart ;  
Whate'er we have he's get a part—  
Carle, now the King's come !

“I'll show him mason-work this day—  
Nane of your bricks of Babel clay,  
But towers shall stand till Time's  
away—  
Carle, now the King's come !

“I'll show him wit, I'll show him  
lair,  
And gallant lads and lassies fair,  
And what wad kind heart wish for  
mair ?  
Carle, now the King's come !

“Step out, Sir John, of projects rife,  
Come win the thanks of an auld wife,  
And bring him health and length of  
life—  
Carle, now the King's come !”

ONE VOLUME MORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE BANNATYNE  
CLUB.

[1823.]

I.

ASSIST me, ye friends of Old Books  
and Old Wine,  
To sing in the praises of Sage  
Bannatyne,

Who left such a treasure or old  
Scottish lore  
As enables each age to print one  
volume more.

One volume more, my friends, one  
volume more,

We'll ransack old Banny for one  
volume more.

## II.

And first, Allan Ramsay, was eager  
to glean

From Bannatyne's *Hortus* his bright  
Evergreen ;

Two light little volumes (intended  
for four)

Still leave us the task to print one  
volume more.

One volume more, etc.

## III.

His ways were not ours, for he cared  
not a pin

How much he left out, or how much  
he put in ;

The truth of the reading he thought  
was a bore,

So this accurate age calls for one  
volume more.

One volume more, etc.

## IV.

Correct and sagacious, then came  
my Lord Hailes,

And weigh'd every letter in critical  
scales,

But left out some brief words, which  
the prudish abhor,

And castrated Banny in one volume  
more.

One volume more, my friends, one  
volume more ;

We'll restore Banny's manhood in  
one volume more.

## V.

John Pinkerton next, and I'm truly  
concern'd

I can't call that worthy so candid as  
learn'd ;

He rail'd at the plaid and blasphemed  
the claymore,

And set Scots by the ears in his one  
volume more.

One volume more, my friends, one  
volume more,

Celt and Goth shall be pleased with  
one volume more.

## VI.

As bitter as gall, and as sharp as a  
razor,

And feeding on herbs as a Nebuchad-  
nezzar

His diet too acid, his temper too sour,  
Little Ritson came out with his two  
volumes more.

But one volume, my friends, one  
volume more,

We'll dine on roast-beef and print  
one volume more.

## VII.

The stout Gothic yeditur, next on the  
roll,

With his beard like a brush and as  
black as a coal ;

And honest Greysteel that was true  
to the core,

Lent their hearts and their hands  
each to one volume more.

One volume more, etc.

## VIII.

Since by these single champions  
what wonders were done,

What may not be achieved by our  
Thirty and One ?

Law, Gospel, and Commerce, we  
count in our corps,

And the Trade and the Press join for  
one volume more.

One volume more, etc.

## IX.

Ancient libels and contraband books,  
I assure ye,

We'll print as secure from Exchequer  
or Jury ;

Then hear your Committee and let  
them count o'er  
The Chiels they intend in their three  
volumes more.

Three volumes more, etc.

X.

They'll produce you King Jamie, the  
sapient and Sext  
And the Rob of Dumblane and her  
Bishops come next  
One tome miscellaneous they'll add  
to your store,  
Resolving next year to print four  
volumes more.  
Four volumes more, my friends,  
four volumes more ;  
Pay down your subscriptions for  
four volumes more.

TO J. C. LOCKHART, ESQ.

ON THE COMPOSITION OF MAIDA'S  
EPITAPH.

[1824.]

Maidæ Marmorea dormis sub imagine Maida  
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis."

"DEAR JOHN, — I some time ago  
wrote to inform his  
Fat worship of *jaces*, misprinted for  
*dormis* ;  
But that several Southrons assured  
me the *januam*  
Was a twitch to both ears of Ass  
Priscian's cranium.  
You, perhaps, may observe that one  
Lionel Berguer,  
In defence of our blunder appears a  
stout arguer :  
But at length I have settled, I hope,  
all these clatters,  
By a *rowt* in the papers—fine place  
for such matters.  
I have, therefore, to make it for once  
my command, sir,  
That my gudeson shall leave the  
whole thing in my hand, sir,

And by no means accomplish what  
James says you threaten,  
Some banter in Blackwood to claim  
your dog-Latin.

I have various reasons of weight, on  
on my word, sir,  
For pronouncing a step of this sort  
were absurd, sir.—

Firstly, erudite sir, 'twas against  
your advising

I adopted the lines this monstrosity  
lies in ;

For you modestly hinted my English  
translation

Would become better far such a  
dignified station.

Second—how, in God's name, would  
my bacon be saved,

By not having writ what I clearly  
engraved ?

On the contrary, I, on the whole,  
think it better

To be whipped as the thief, than  
his lousy resetter.

Thirdly—don't you perceive that I  
don't care a boddle

Although fifty false metres were  
flung at my noddle,

For my back is as broad and as hard  
as Benlomon's,

And I treat as I please both the  
Greeks and the Romans ;

Whereas the said heathens might  
rather look serious

At a kick on their drum from the  
scribe of Valerius.

And, fourthly and lastly—it is my  
good pleasure

To remain the sole source of that  
murderous measure.

So *stet pro ratione voluntas* — be  
tractile,

Invade not, I say, my own dear little  
dactyl ;

If you do, you'll occasion a breach  
in our intercourse

To-morrow will see me in town for  
the winter-course,

But not at your door, at the usual  
hour, sir,

My own pye-house daughter's good  
prog to devour, sir.

Ergo—peace!—on your duty, your  
 squeamishness throttle,  
 And we'll soothe Priscian's spleen  
 with a canny third bottle.  
 A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all  
 spondees,  
 A fig for all dunces and dominie  
 Grundys ;  
 A fig for dry thrapples, south, north,  
 east, and west, sir,  
 Speates and raxes ere five for a  
 famishing guest, sir ;  
 And as Fatsman and I have some  
 topics for haver, he'll  
 Be invited, I hope, to meet me and  
 Dame Pevenil,  
 Upon whom, to say nothing of Oury  
 and Anne, you  
 Dog shall be deemed if you fasten  
 your *Janua*.

### LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE,  
 THE CELEBRATED VENTRILOQUIST.

[1824.]

OF yore, in old England, it was not  
 thought good  
 To carry two visages under one hood ;  
 What should folk say to *you*? who  
 have faces such plenty,  
 That from under one hood, you last  
 night show'd us twenty !  
 Stand forth, arch deceiver, and tell  
 us in truth,  
 Are you handsome or ugly, in age or  
 in youth?  
 Man, woman, or child—a dog or a  
 mouse?  
 Or are you, at once, each live thing  
 in the house?  
 Each live thing, did I ask?—each  
 dead implement, too,  
 A work-shop in your person,—saw,  
 chisel, and screw !  
 Above all, are you one individual?  
 I know  
 You must be at least Alexandre  
 and Co.

But I think you're a troop—an as-  
 semblage—a mob,  
 And that I, as the Sheriff, should  
 take up the job ;  
 And instead of rehearsing your  
 wonders in verse,  
 Must read you the Riot-Act, and bid  
 you disperse.

ABBOTSFORD, 23<sup>rd</sup> April.

### EPILOGUE

TO THE DRAMA FOUNDED ON "ST.  
 RONAN'S WELL."

[1824.]

*Enter MEG DODDS, encircled by a  
 crowd of unruly boys, whom a town's-  
 officer is driving off.*

THAT'S right, friend—drive the gait-  
 ling's back,  
 And lend yon muckle ane a whack ;  
 Your Embro' bairns are grown a  
 pack,  
 Sae proud and saucy,  
 They scarce will let an auld wife walk  
 Upon your causey.

I've seen the day they would been  
 scour'd,  
 Wi' the Tolbooth, or wi' the Guard,  
 Or maybe wud hae some regard  
 For Jamie Laing—  
 The Water-hole was right weel wared  
 On sic a gang.

But whar's the gude Tolbooth gane  
 now?  
 Whar's the auld Claught, wi' red  
 and blue?  
 Whar's Jamie Laing? and whar's  
 John Doo?  
 And whar's the Weigh-house?  
 Deil hae't I see but what is new,  
 Except the Playhouse !

Yoursells are changed frae head to  
 heel,  
 There's some that gar the causeway  
 reel



With clashing hufe and rattling  
wheel,  
And horses canterin',  
Wha's fathers daunder'd hame as weel  
Wi' lass and lantern.

Mysell being in the public line,  
I look for howfs I kenn'd lang syne,  
Whar gentles used to drink gude  
wine,  
And eat cheap dinners ;  
But deil a soul gangs there to dine,  
Of saints or sinners !

Fortune's and Hunter's gane, alas !  
And Bayle's is lost in empty space ;  
And now if folk would splice a brace,  
Or crack a bottle,  
They gang to a new-fangled place  
They ca' a Hottle.

The deevil hottle them for Meg !  
They are sae greedy and sae gleg,  
That if ye're serv'd but wi' an egg,  
(And that's puir pickin'),  
In comes a chiel and makes a leg,  
And charges chicken !

"And wha may ye be," gin ye speer,  
"That brings your auld-warld clavers  
here ?"  
Troth, if there's onybody near  
That kens the roads,  
I'll haud ye Burgundy to beer,  
He kens Meg Dodds.

I came a piece frae west o' Currie ;  
And, since I see ye're in a hurry,  
Your patience I'll nae langer worry,  
But be sae crouse  
As speak a word for ane Will Murray,  
That keeps this house.

Plays are auld-fashion'd things, in  
truth,  
And ye've seen wonders mair un-  
couth ;  
Yet actors shouldna suffer drouth,  
Or want of dramock,  
Although they speak but wi' their  
mouth,  
Not with their stamock

But ye tak care of a' folk's pantry ;  
And surely to hae stooden sentry  
Ower this big house, (that's far frae  
rent-free,)

For a lone sister,  
Is claims as gude's to be a ventri—  
How'st ca'd—loquister.

Weel, sirs, gude'en, and have a care,  
The bairns mak fun o' Meg nae mair ;  
For gin they do, she tells you fair,  
And without failzie,  
As sure as ever ye sit there,  
She'll tell the Bailie.

## EPILOGUE.

[1824.]

THE sages—for authority, pray look  
Seneca's morals, or the copy-book—  
The sages to disparage woman's  
power,  
Say, beauty is a fair, but fading  
flower ;—  
I cannot tell—I've small philosophy—  
Yet, if it fades, it does not surely die,  
But, like the violet, when decay'd in  
bloom,  
Survives through many a year in  
rich perfume.  
Witness our theme to-night, two  
ages gone,  
A third wanes fast, since Mary fill'd  
the throne.  
Brief was her bloom, with scarce one  
sunny day,  
'Twixt Pinkie's field and fatal Fother-  
ingay ;  
But when, while Scottish hearts and  
blood you boast,  
Shall sympathy with Mary's woes  
be lost ?  
O'er Mary's mem'ry the learn'd  
quarrel,  
By Mary's grave the poet plants his  
laurel,  
Time's echo, old tradition, makes  
her name  
The constant burden of his fault'ring  
theme ;

In each old hall his gray-hair'd  
heralds tell  
Of Mary's picture, and of Mary's  
cell,  
And show—my fingers tingle at the  
thought—  
The loads of tapestry which that  
poor Queen wrought,  
In vain did fate bestow a double  
dower  
Of ev'ry ill that waits on rank and  
pow'r,  
Of ev'ry ill on beauty that attends—  
False ministers, false lovers, and  
false friends.  
Spite of three wedlocks so completely  
curst,  
They rose in ill from bad to worse,  
and worst,  
In spite of errors—I dare not say  
more,  
For Duncan Targe lays hand on his  
claymore.  
In spite of all, however humours  
vary,  
There is a talisman in that word  
Mary,  
That unto Scottish bosoms all and  
some  
Is found the genuine *open sesamum* !  
In history, ballad, poetry, or novel,  
It charms alike the castle and the  
hovel,  
Even you—forgive me—who, demure  
and shy,  
Gorge not each bait, nor stir at every  
fly,  
Must rise to this, else in her ancient  
reign  
The Rose of Scotland has survived  
in vain.

## LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

[JUNE, 1825.]

WHEN with Poetry dealing  
Room enough in a shieling :  
Neither cabin nor hovel  
Too small for a novel :

Though my back I should rub  
On Diogenes' tub,  
How my fancy could prance  
In a dance of romance !  
But my house I must swap  
With some Brobdignag chap,  
Ere I grapple, God bless me ! with  
Emperor Nap.

LINES TO SIR CUTHBERT  
SHARP.

[1827.]

FORGET thee? No! my worthy  
fere!  
Forget blithe mirth and gallant  
cheer!  
Death sooner stretch me on my bier!  
Forget thee? No.

Forget the universal shout  
When "canny Sunderland" spoke  
out—  
A truth which knaves affect to  
doubt—  
Forget thee? No.

Forget you? No—though now-a-  
day  
I've heard your knowing people  
say,  
Disown the debt you cannot pay,  
You'll find it far the thriftiest way—  
But I?—O no.

Forget your kindness found for all  
room,  
In what, though large, seem'd still  
a small room  
Forget my *Surtees* in a ball-room—  
Forget you? No.

Forget your sprightly dumpty-  
diddles,  
And beauty tripping to the fiddles,  
Forget my lovely friends the  
*Liddells*—  
Forget you? No.

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

[1828.]

PERCY or Percival Rede of Trochend, in Redesdale, Northumberland, is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman, and a soldier. He was, upon two occasions, singularly unfortunate; once, when an arrow, which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar; and again, when, being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Crossar, by whom he was murdered. Mr. Cooper's painting of the first of these incidents, suggested the following stanzas.

UP rose the sun, o'er moor and mead;

Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;  
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,

Career'd along the lea;  
The Palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,  
As if to match the gamesome hound;  
His horn the gallant huntsman wound:

They were a jovial three!

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,

To wake the wild deer never came,  
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game

On Cheviot's rueful day;  
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,  
Than Tarras, ne'er was stancher steed,

A peerless archer, Percy Rede:  
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,

Together at the dawn they rose,  
Together shared the noon's repose,  
By fountain or by stream;

And oft, when evening skies were red,  
The heather was their common bed,  
Where each, as wildering fancy led,  
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near,  
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,  
Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,  
The signs the hunters know;—  
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,

The brake sagacious Keeldar nears;  
The restless palfrey paws and rears;  
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot!—Halloo! Halloo!  
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;—

But woe the shaft that erring flew—  
That e'er it left the string!

And ill betide the faithless yew!  
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew,  
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true  
Has drench'd the gray-goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,  
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,

Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,  
Without a groan or quiver.  
Now day may break and bugle sound,

And whoop and hollow ring around.  
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,  
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,  
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,

He knows not that his comrade dies,  
Nor what is death—but still  
His aspect hath expression drear  
Of grief and wonder, mix'd with fear,

Like startled children when they hear  
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,  
Can well the sum of evil know,  
And o'er his favourite, bending low,  
In speechless grief recline;  
Can think he hears the senseless clay,  
In unreprouchful accents say,

"The hand that took my life away,  
Dear master, was it thine?"

"And if it be, the shaft be bless'd,  
Which sure some erring aim ad-  
dress'd,  
Since in your service prized, caress'd  
I in your service die;  
And you may have a fleeter hound,  
To match the dun-deer's merry  
bound,  
But by your couch will ne'er be  
found  
So true a guard as I."

And to his last stout Percy rued  
The fatal chance, for when he stood  
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,  
And fell amid the fray,  
E'en with his dying voice he cried,  
"Had Keeldar but been at my side,  
Your treacherous ambush had been  
spied—  
I had not died to-day!"

Remembrance of the erring bow  
Long since had join'd the tides which  
flow,  
Conveying human bliss and woe  
Down dark oblivion's river;  
But Art can Time's stern doom  
arrest,  
And snatch his spoil from Lethe's  
breast,  
And, in her Cooper's colours drest,  
The scene shall live for ever.

### THE FORAY.

[1830.]

THE last of our steers on the board  
has been spread,  
And the last flask of wine in our  
goblet is red;  
Up! up, my brave kinsmen! belt  
swords and begone,  
There are dangers to dare, and  
there's spoil to be won

The eyes, that so lately mix'd  
glances with ours,  
For a space must be dim, as they  
gaze from the towers,  
And strive to distinguish through  
tempest and gloom,  
The prance of the steed, and the toss  
of the plume.

The rain is descending; the wind  
rises loud;  
And the moon her red beacon has  
veil'd with a cloud;  
'Tis the better, my mates! for the  
warder's dull eye  
Shall in confidence slumber, nor  
dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient! I hear my  
blithe Grey!  
There is life in his hoof-clang, and  
hope in his neigh;  
Like the flash of a meteor, the  
glance of his mane  
Shall marshal your march through  
the darkness and rain.

The drawbridge has dropp'd, the  
bugle has blown;  
One pledge is to quaff yet—then  
mount and begone!—  
To their honour and peace, that shall  
rest with the slain;  
To their health and their glee, that  
see Teviot again!

### INSCRIPTION

FOR THE MONUMENT OF THE REV.  
GEORGE SCOTT.

[1830.]

To youth, to age, alike, this tablet  
pale  
Tells the brief moral of its tragic  
tale.  
Art thou a parent? Reverence this  
bier,  
The parents' fondest hopes lie buried  
here.

Art thou a youth, prepared on life to start,  
 With opening talents and a generous heart,  
 Fair hopes and flattering prospects all thine own?  
 Lo! here their end—a monumental stone.  
 But let submission tame each sorrowing thought,  
 Heaven crown'd its champion ere the fight was fought.

LINES ON FORTUNE.

[1831.]

“By the advice of Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson, Sir Walter consulted a skilful mechanist, by name *Fortune*, about a contrivance for the support of the lame limb, which had of late given him much pain, as well as inconvenience. Mr. Fortune produced a clever piece of handiwork, and Sir Walter felt at first great relief from the use of it: inso-

much that his spirits rose to quite the old pitch, and his letter to me upon the occasion overflows with merry applications of sundry maxims and verses about *Fortune*. “*Fortes Fortuna adjuvat*” — he says — “never more sing I.”

FORTUNE, my Foe, why dost thou frown on me?  
 And will my Fortune never better be?  
 Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain?  
 And wilt thou ne'er return my joys again?

No—let my ditty be henceforth—

Fortune, my Friend, how well thou favourest me!  
 A kinder Fortune man did never see!  
 Thou propp'st my thigh, thou ridd'st my knee of pain,  
 I'll walk, I'll mount—I'll be a man again.—

*Life* vol. x. p. 38.

# DRAMATIC PIECES.

## HALIDON HILL;

### A DRAMATIC SKETCH FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

#### PREFACE.

THOUGH the Public seldom feel much interest in such communications (nor is there any reason why they should), the Author takes the liberty of stating, that these scenes were commenced with the purpose of contributing to a miscellany projected by a much-esteemed friend. But instead of being confined to a scene or two, as intended, the work gradually swelled to the size of an independent publication. It is designed to illustrate military antiquities, and the manners of chivalry. The drama (if it can be termed one) is, in no particular, either designed or calculated for the stage.

The subject is to be found in Scottish history; but not to overload so slight a publication with antiquarian research, or quotations from obscure chronicles, may be sufficiently illustrated by the following passage from PINKERTON'S *History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 72.

“The Governor (anno 1402) dispatched a considerable force under Murdac, his eldest son: the Earls of Angus and Moray also joined Douglas, who entered England with an army of ten thousand men, carrying terror and devastation to the walls of Newcastle.

“Henry IV. was now engaged in the Welsh war against Owen Glendour; but the Earl of Northumberland, and his son, the Hotspur Percy, with the Earl of March, collected a numerous array, and awaited the return of the Scots, impeded with spoil, near Milfield, in the north part of Northumberland. Douglas had reached Wooler, in his return; and, perceiving the enemy, seized a strong post between the two armies, called Homildon-hill. In this method he rivalled his pre-

decessor at the battle of Otterburn, but not with like success. The English advanced to the assault, and Henry Percy was about to lead them up the hill, when March caught his bridle, and advised him to advance no farther, but to pour the dreadful shower of English arrows into the enemy. This advice was followed by the usual fortune; for in all ages the bow was the English instrument of victory; and though the Scots, and perhaps the French, were superior in the use of the spear, yet this weapon was useless after the distant bow had decided the combat. Robert the Great, sensible of this at the battle of Bannockburn, ordered a prepared detachment of cavalry to rush among the English archers at the commencement, totally to disperse them, and stop the deadly effusion. But Douglas now used no such precaution; and the consequence was, that his people, drawn up on the face of the hill, presented one general mark to the enemy, none of whose arrows descended in vain. The Scots fell without fight, and unrevenged, till a spirited knight, Swinton, exclaimed aloud, ‘O my brave countrymen! what fascination has seized you to-day, that you stand like deer to be shot, instead of indulging your ancient courage, and meeting your enemies hand to hand? Let those who will, descend with me, that we may gain victory, or life, or fall like men.’ This being heard by Adam Gordon, between whom and Swinton there remained an ancient deadly feud, attended with the mutual slaughter of many followers, he instantly fell on his knees before Swinton, begged his pardon, and desired to be dubbed a knight by him whom he must now regard as the wisest and the boldest of that order in Britain. The ceremony performed, Swinton and

Gordon descended the hill, accompanied only by one hundred men; and a desperate valour led the whole body to death. Had a similar spirit been shown by the Scottish army, it is probable that the event of the day would have been different. Douglas, who was certainly deficient in the most important qualities of a general, seeing his army begin to disperse, at length attempted to descend the hill; but the English archers, retiring a little, sent a flight of arrows so sharp and strong that no armour could withstand; and the Scottish leader himself, whose panoply was of remarkable temper, fell under five wounds, though not mortal. The English men-of-arms, knights, or squires, did not strike one blow, but remained spectators of the rout, which was now complete. Great numbers of the Scots were slain, and near five hundred perished in the river Tweed upon their flight. Among the illustrious captives was Douglas, whose chief wound deprived him of an eye; Murdac, son of Albany; the Earls of Moray and Angus; and about twenty-four gentlemen of eminent rank and power. The chief slain were, Swinton, Gordon, Livingston of Calendar, Ramsay of Dalhousie, Walter Sinclair, Roger Gordon, Walter Scott, and others. Such was the issue of the unfortunate battle of Homildon."

It may be proper to observe, that the scene of action has, in the following pages, been transferred from Homildon to Halidon Hill. For this there was an obvious reason;—for who would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur, who commanded the English at the former battle? There are, however, several coincidences which may reconcile even the severer antiquary to the substitution of Halidon Hill for Homildon. A Scottish army was defeated by the English on both occasions, and under nearly the same circumstances of address on the part of the victors, and mismanagement on that of the vanquished, for the English long-bow decided the day in both cases. In both cases, also, a Gordon was left on the field of battle; and at Halidon, as at

Homildon, the Scots were commanded by an ill-fated representative of the great house of Douglas. He of Homildon was surnamed *Tineman*, i.e. *Lose-man*, from his repeated defeats and miscarriages; and, with all the personal valour of his race, seems to have enjoyed so small a portion of their sagacity, as to be unable to learn military experience from reiterated calamity. I am far, however, from intimating, that the traits of imbecility and envy attributed to the Regent in the following sketch, are to be historically ascribed either to the elder Douglas of Halidon Hill, or to him called *Tineman*, who seems to have enjoyed the respect of his countrymen, notwithstanding that, like the celebrated Anne de Montmorency, he was either defeated, or wounded, or made prisoner, in every battle which he fought. The Regent of the sketch is a character purely imaginary.

The tradition of the Swinton family, which still survives in a lineal descent, and to which the author has the honour to be related, avers, that the Swinton who fell at Homildon in the manner related in the preceding extract, had slain Gordon's father; which seems sufficient ground for adopting that circumstance into the following dramatic sketch, though it is rendered improbable by other authorities.

If any reader will take the trouble of looking at Froissart, Fordun, or other historians of the period, he will find, that the character of the Lord of Swinton, for strength, courage, and conduct, is by no means exaggerated.

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD, 1822.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SCOTTISH.

The Regent of Scotland.

Gordon,  
Swinton,  
Lennox,  
Sutherland,  
Ross,  
Maxwell,  
Johnstone,  
Lindesay,

} *Scottish Chiefs and Nobles.*

Adam de Vipont, *a Knight Templar*,  
 The Prior of Maison-Dieu.  
 Reynald, *Swinton's Squire*.  
 Hob Hattely, *a Border Moss-Trooper*.  
*Heralds.*

## ENGLISH

King Edward III.  
 Chandos, }  
 Percy, } *English and Norman*  
 Ribaimont, } *Nobles.*  
 The Abbot of Walthamstow.

## ACT I.—SCENE I.

*The northern side of the eminence of Halidon. The back Scene represents the summit of the ascent, occupied by the Rear-guard of the Scottish army. Bodies of armed Men appear as advancing from different points, to join the main Body.*

*Enter DE VIPONT and the PRIOR OF MAISON-DIEU.*

VIP. No farther, Father—here I need no guidance—  
 I have already brought your peaceful step  
 Too near the verge of battle.

PRI. Fain would I see you join  
 some Baron's banner,  
 Before I say farewell. The honour'd sword  
 That fought so well in Syria, should not wave  
 Amid the ignoble crowd.

VIP. Each spot is noble in a pitched field,  
 So that a man has room to fight and fall on't.  
 But I shall find out friends. 'Tis scarce twelve years  
 Since I left Scotland for the wars of Palestine,  
 And then the flower of all the Scottish nobles  
 Were known to me; and I, in my degree,  
 Not all unknown to them.

PRI. Alas! there have been changes since that time!

The Royal Bruce, with Randolph, Douglas, Grahame,  
 Then shook in field the banners which now moulder  
 Over their graves i' the chancel.

VIP. And thence comes it,  
 That while I look'd on many a well-known crest  
 And blazon'd shield, as hitherward we came,

The faces of the Barons who displayed them

Were all unknown to me. Brave youths they seem'd;

Yet, surely, fitter to adorn the tilt-yard,

Than to be leaders of a war. Their followers,

Young like themselves, seem like themselves unpractised—

Look at their battle-rank.

PRI. I cannot gaze on't with undazzled eye,

So thick the rays dart back from shield and helmet,

And sword and battle-axe, and spear and pennon.

Sure 'tis a gallant show! The Bruce himself

Hath often conquer'd at the head of fewer

And worse appointed followers.

VIP. Ay, but 'twas Bruce that led them. Reverend Father,

'Tis not the falchion's weight decides a combat;

It is the strong and skilful hand that wields it.

Ill fate, that we should lack the noble King,

And all his champions now! Time call'd them not,

For when I parted hence for Palestine,

The brows of most were free from grizzled hair.

PRI. Too true, alas! But well you know, in Scotland

Few hairs are silver'd underneath the helmet;



'Tis cowls like mine which hide them.  
'Mongst the laity,

War's the rash reaper, who thrusts  
in his sickle

Before the grain is white. In three-  
score years

And ten, which I have seen, I have  
outlived

Wellnigh two generations of our  
nobles.

The race which holds yon summit is  
the third.

VIP. Thou mayst outlive them  
also.

PRI. Heaven forfend!

My prayer shall be, that Heaven will  
close my eyes,

Before they look upon the wrath to  
come.

VIP. Retire, retire, good Father!—  
Pray for Scotland—

Think not on me. Here comes an  
ancient friend,

Brother in arms, with whom to-day  
I'll join me.

Back to your choir, assemble all your  
brotherhood,

And weary Heaven with prayers for  
victory.

PRI. Heaven's blessing rest with  
thee,

Champion of Heaven, and of thy  
suffering country!

[*Exit PRIOR. VIPONT draws a  
little aside and lets down the  
beaver of his helmet.*]

*Enter SWINTON, followed by REYNALD  
and others, to whom he speaks as  
he enters.*

SWI. Halt here, and plant my  
pennon, till the Regent

Assign our band its station in the  
host.

REY. That must be by the  
Standard. We have had

That right since good Saint David's  
reign at least.

Fain would I see the Marcher would  
dispute it.

SWI. Peace, Reynald! Where the  
general plants the soldier,

There is his place of honour, and  
there only

His valour can win worship. Thou'rt  
of those,

Who would have war's deep art bear  
the wild semblance

Of some disorder'd hunting, where,  
pell-mell,

Each trusting to the swiftness of his  
horse,

Gallants press on to see the quarry  
fall.

Yon steel-clad Southrons, Reynald,  
are no deer;

And England's Edward is no stag at  
bay.

VIP. (*advancing.*) There needed  
not, to blazon forth the Swinton,

His ancient burgonet, the sable Boar  
Chain'd to the gnarl'd oak,—nor his

proud step,  
Nor giant stature, nor the ponderous

mace,  
Which only he, of Scotland's realm,

can wield:  
His discipline and wisdom mark the

leader,  
As doth his frame the champion.

Hail, brave Swinton!

SWI. Brave Templar, thanks!  
Such your cross'd shoulder

speaks you;  
But the closed visor, which conceals

your features,  
Forbids more knowledge. Umfra-

ville, perhaps—

VIP. (*unclosing his helmet.*) No;  
one less worthy of our sacred

Order.  
Yet, unless Syrian suns have scorch'd

my features  
Swart as my sable visor, Alan

Swinton  
Will welcome Symon Vipont.

SWI. (*embracing him.*) As the blithe  
reaper

Welcomes a practised mate, when  
the ripe harvest

Lies deep before him, and the sun is  
high!

Thou'lt follow yon old pennon, wilt  
thou not?

'Tis tatter'd since thou saw'st it, and  
the Boar-heads

Look as if brought from off some  
Christmas board,

Where knives had notch'd them  
deeply.

VIP. Have with them, ne'ertheless.  
The Stuart's Chequer,

The Bloody Heart of Douglas, Ross's  
Lymphads,

Sutherland's Wild-cats, nor the royal  
Lion,

Rampant in golden treasure, wins  
me from them.

We'll back the Boar-heads bravely.  
I see round them

A chosen band of lances—some well  
known to me.

Where's the main body of thy  
followers ?

SWI. Symon de Vipont, thou dost  
see them all

That Swinton's bugle-horn can call  
to battle,

However loud it rings. There's not  
a boy

Left in my halls, whose arm has  
strength enough

To bear a sword—there's not a man  
behind,

However old, who moves without a  
staff.

Striplings and graybeards, every one  
is here,

And here all should be—Scotland  
needs them all ;

And more and better men, were each  
a Hercules,

And yonder handful centuplied.

VIP. A thousand followers—such,  
with friends and kinsmen,

Allies and vassals, thou wert wont to  
lead—

A thousand followers shrunk to sixty  
lances

In twelve years' space?—And thy  
brave sons, Sir Alan ?

Alas ! I fear to ask.

SWI. All slain, De Vipont. In my  
empty home

A puny babe lisps to a widow'd  
mother,

“Where is my grandsire ! wherefore  
do you weep ?”

But for that prattler, Lyulph's house  
is heirless.

I'm an old oak, from which the foresters  
Have hew'd four goodly boughs, and

left beside me

Only a sapling, which the fawn may  
crush

As he springs over it.

VIP. All slain?—alas !

SWI. Ay, all, De Vipont. And  
their attributes,

John with the Long Spear—Archi-  
bald with the Axe—

Richard the Ready—and my young-  
est darling,

My Fair-hair'd William—do but now  
survive

In measures which the gray-hair'd  
minstrels sing,

When they make maidens weep.

VIP. These wars with England,  
they have rooted out

The flowers of Christendom.  
Knights, who might win

The sepulchre of Christ from the  
rude heathen,

Fall in unholy warfare !

SWI. Unholy warfare ? ay, well  
hast thou named it ;

But not with England—would her  
cloth-yard shafts

Had bored their cuirasses ! Their  
lives had been

Lost like their grandsire's, in the  
bold defence

Of their dear country—but in private  
feud

With the proud Gordon, fell my  
Long-spear'd John,

He with the Axe, and he men call'd  
the Ready,

Ay, and my Fair-hair'd Will—the  
Gordon's wrath

Devour'd my gallant issue.

VIP. Since thou dost weep, their  
death is unavenged ?

SWI. Templar, what think'st thou  
me ?—See yonder rock,

From which the fountain gushes—is  
it less

Compact of adamant, though waters  
flow from it ?

Firm hearts have moister eyes.—  
They *are* avenged ;

I wept not till they were—till the  
proud Gordon

Had with his life-blood dyed my  
father's sword,

In guerdon that he thinn'd my  
father's lineage,

And then I wept my sons ; and, as  
the Gordon

Lay at my feet, there was a tear for him,  
Which mingled with the rest. We  
had been friends,

Had shared the banquet and the  
chase together,

Fought side by side,—and our first  
cause of strife,

Woe to the pride of both, was but a  
light one !

VIP. You are at feud, then, with  
the mighty Gordon ?

SWI. At deadly feud. Here in this  
Border-land,

Where the sire's quarrels descend  
upon the son,

As due a part of his inheritance,

As the strong castle and the ancient  
blazon,

Where private Vengeance holds the  
scales of justice,

Weighing each drop of blood as  
scrupulously

As Jews or Lombards balance silver  
pence,

Not in this land, 'twixt Solway and  
Saint Abb's,

Rages a bitterer feud than mine and  
theirs,

The Swinton and the Gordon.

VIP. You, with some threescore  
lances—and the Gordon

Leading a thousand followers.

SWI. You rate him far too low.

Since you sought Palestine,

He hath had grants of baronies and  
lordships

In the far-distant North. A thousand  
horse

His southern friends and vassals  
always number'd.

Add Badenoch kerne, and horse from  
Dey and Spey,

He'll count a thousand more.—And  
now, De Vipont,

If the Boar-heads seem in your eyes  
less worthy

For lack of followers—seek yonder  
standard—

The bounding Stag, with a brave  
host around it ;

There the young Gordon makes his  
earliest field,

And pants to win his spurs. His  
father's friend,

As well as mine, thou wert—go, join  
his pennon,

And grace him with thy presence.

VIP. When you were friends, I  
was the friend of both,

And now I can be enemy to neither ;  
But my poor person, though but  
slight the aid,

Joins on this field the banner of the  
two

Which hath the smallest following.

SWI. Spoke like the generous  
Knight, who gave up all,

Leading and lordship, in a heathen  
land

To fight, a Christian soldier ! Yet,  
in earnest,

I pray, De Vipont, you would join  
the Gordon

In this high battle. 'Tis a noble  
youth,—

So fame doth vouch him,—amorous,  
quick, and valiant ;

Takes knighthood, too, this day, and  
well may use

His spurs too rashly in the wish to  
win them.

A friend like thee beside him in the  
fight,

Were worth a hundred spears, to rein  
his valour

And temper it with prudence :—'tis  
the aged eagle

Teaches his brood to gaze upon the  
sun,

With eye undazzled.

VIP. Alas ! brave Swinton !

Would'st thou train the hunter

That soon must bring thee to the bay? Your custom,  
Your most unchristian, savage, fiend-like custom,

Binds Gordon to avenge his father's death.

SWI. Why, be it so! I look for nothing else:

My part was acted when I slew his father,

Avenging my four sons—Young Gordon's sword,

If it should find my heart, can ne'er inflict there

A pang so poignant as his father's did.

But I would perish by a noble hand,  
And such will his be if he bear him nobly,

Nobly and wisely on this field of Halidon.

*Enter a PURSUIVANT.*

PUR. Sir Knights, to council!—'tis the Regent's order,  
That knights and men of leading meet him instantly  
Before the royal standard. Edward's army

Is seen from the hill-summmit.

SWI. Say to the Regent, we obey his orders.

*[Exit PURSUIVANT.]*

*[To REYNALD.]* Hold thou my casque, and furl my pennon up

Close to the staff. I will not show my crest,

Nor standard, till the common foe shall challenge them.

I'll wake no civil strife, nor tempt the Gordon

With aught that's like defiance.

VIP. Will he not know your features?

SWI. He never saw me. In the distant North,  
Against his will, 'tis said, his friends detain'd him

During his nurture—caring not, belike,

To trust a pledge so precious near the Boar-tusks.

It was a natural but needless caution:  
I wage no war with children, for I think

Too deeply on mine own.

VIP. I have thought on it, and will see the Gordon

As we go hence to council. I do bear

A cross, which binds me to be Christian priest,

As well as Christian champion. God may grant,

That I, at once his father's friend and yours,

May make some peace betwixt you.

SWI. When that your priestly zeal, and knightly valour,

Shall force the grave to render up the dead.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

## SCENE II.

*The summit of Halidon Hill, before the Regent's Tent. The Royal Standard of Scotland is seen in the background, with the Pennons and Banners of the principal Nobles around it.*

*Council of Scottish Nobles and Chiefs. SUTHERLAND, ROSS, LENNOX, MAXWELL, and other Nobles of the highest rank, are close to the REGENT'S person, and in the act of keen debate.*

*VIPONT with GORDON and others, remain grouped at some distance on the right hand of the Stage. On the left, standing also apart, is SWINTON, alone and bare-headed. The Nobles are dressed in Highland or Lowland habits, as historical costume requires. Trumpets, Heralds, etc., are in attendance.*

LEN. Nay, Lordings, put no shame upon my counsels.

I did but say, if we retired a little,  
We should have fairer field and better vantage.

I've seen King Robert—ay, The Bruce himself—

Retreat six leagues in length, and think no shame on't

REG. Ay, but King Edward sent a haughty message

Defying us to battle on this field, This very hill of Halidon; if we leave it

Unfought withal, it squares not with our honour.

SWI. (*apart.*) A perilous honour that allows the enemy,

And such an enemy as this same Edward,

To choose our field of battle! He knows how

To make our Scottish pride betray its master

Into the pitfall.

[*During this speech the debate among the Nobles is continued.*]

SUTH. (*aloud.*) We will not back one furlong—not one yard,

No, nor one inch; where'er we find the foe,

Or where the foe finds us, there will we fight him.

Retreat will dull the spirit of our followers,

Who now stand prompt for battle.

ROSS. My Lords, methinks great Morarchat has doubts,

That, if his Northern clans once turn the seam

Of their check'd hose behind, it will be hard

To halt and rally them.

SUTH. Say'st thou, MacDonnell? —Add another falsehood,

And name when Morarchat was coward or traitor?

Thine island race, as chronicles can tell, [cause;

Were oft affianced to the Southron Loving the weight and temper of their gold,

More than the weight and temper of their steel.

REG. Peace, my Lords, ho!

ROSS. (*throwing down his Glove.*) MacDonnell will not peace!

There lies my pledge, Proud Morarchat, to witness thee aliar.

MAX. Brought I all Nithsdale from the Western Border;

Left I my towers exposed to foraying England,

And thieving Annandale, to see such misrule?

JOHN. Who speaks of Annandale? Dare Maxwell slander

The gentle House of Lochwood?

REG. Peace, Lordings, once again. We represent

The Majesty of Scotland—in our presence

Brawling is treason.

SUTH. Were it in presence of the King himself,

What should prevent my saying—

*Enter LINDESAY.*

LIN. You must determine quickly. Scarce a mile

Parts our vanguard from Edward's. On the plain

Bright gleams of armour flash through clouds of dust,

Like stars through frost-mist—steeds neigh, and weapons clash—

And arrows soon will whistle—the worst sound

That waits on English War.—You must determine.

REG. We are determined. We will spare proud Edward

Half of the ground that parts us.—Onward, Lords;

Saint Andrew strike for Scotland! We will lead

The middle ward ourselves, the Royal Standard

Display'd beside us; and beneath its shadow

Shall the young gallants, whom we knight this day,

Fight for their golden spurs.—Lennox, thou'rt wise,

And wilt obey command—lead thou the rear.

LEN. The rear!—why I the rear? The van were fitter

For him who fought abreast with Robert Bruce.

SWI. (*apart.*) Discretion hath forsaken Lennox too!

The wisdom he was forty years in  
gathering

Has left him in an instant. 'Tis  
contagious

Even to witness frenzy.

SUTH. The Regent hath determined  
well. The rear

Suits him the best who counsell'd  
our retreat.

LEN. Proud Northern Thane, the  
van were soon the rear,  
Were thy disorder'd followers planted  
there.

SUTH. Then, for that very word,  
I make a vow,

By my broad Earldom, and my  
father's soul,

That, if I have not leading of the van,  
I will not fight to-day!

ROSS. Morarchat! thou the lead-  
ing of the van!

Not whilst MacDonnell lives:

SWI. (*apart.*) Nay, then a stone  
would speak.

[*Addresses the REGENT.*] May't please  
your Grace,

And you, great Lords, to hear an  
old man's counsel,

That hath seen fights enow. These  
open bickerings

Dishearten all our host. If that  
your Grace,

With these great Earls and Lords,  
must needs debate,

Let the closed tent conceal your  
disagreement;

Else 'twill be said, ill fares it with  
the flock, [is nigh.

If shepherds wrangle, when the wolf

REG. The old Knight counsels  
well. Let every Lord

Or Chief, who leads five hundred  
men or more,

Follow to council—others are  
excluded—

We'll have no vulgar censurers of  
our conduct—

[*Looking at SWINTON.*  
Young Gordon, your high rank and  
numerous following

Give you a seat with us, though yet  
unknighted.

GORDON. I pray you, pardon me.  
My youth's unfit.

To sit in council, when that Knight's  
gray hairs

And wisdom wait without.

REG. Do as you will; we deign  
not bid you twice.

[*The REGENT, ROSS, SUTHERLAND,  
LENNOX, MAXWELL, etc., enter the  
Tent. The rest remain grouped  
about the Stage.*

GOR. (*observing SWI.*) That helmet-  
less old Knight, his giant  
stature,

His awful accents of rebuke and  
wisdom,

Have caught my fancy strangely.  
He doth seem

Like to some vision'd form which  
I have dream'd of.

But never saw with waking eyes till  
now.

I will accost him.

VIP. Pray you, do not so;  
Anon I'll give you reason why you  
should not.

There's other work in hand—

GOR. I will but ask his name.  
There's in his presence

Something that works upon me like  
a spell,

Or like the feeling made my childish  
ear

Dote upon tales of superstitious dread,  
Attracting while they chill'd my heart  
with fear.

Now, born the Gordon, I do feel right  
well

I'm bound to fear nought earthly—  
and I fear nought.

I'll know who this man is—

[*Accosts SWINTON.*  
Sir Knight, I pray you, of your gentle  
courtesy,

To tell your honour'd name. I am  
ashamed,

Being unknown in arms, to say that  
mine

Is Adam Gordon.

SWINTON (*shows emotion, but in-  
stantly subdues it.*)

It is a name that soundeth in my ear

Like to a death-knell—ay, and like  
the call  
Of the shrill trumpet to the mortal  
lists ;

Yet, 'tis a name which ne'er hath  
been dishonour'd,  
And never will, I trust—most surely  
never

By such a youth as thou.

GOR. There's a mysterious courtesy  
in this,  
And yet it yields no answer to my  
question.

I trust you hold the Gordon not un-  
worthy  
To know the name he asks ?

SWI. Worthy of all that openness  
and honour

May show to friend or foe—but, for  
my name,

Vipont will show it you ; and, if it  
sound

Harsh in your ear, remember that it  
knells there

But at your own request. This day,  
at least,

Though seldom wont to keep it in  
concealment,

As there's no cause I should, *you* had  
not heard it.

GOR. This strange—

VIP. The mystery is needful.  
Follow me.

*[They retire behind the side scene.]*

SWI. *(looking after them.)* 'Tis a  
brave youth. How blush'd his  
noble cheek,

While youthful modesty, and the em-  
barrassment

Of curiosity, combined with wonder,  
And half suspicion of some slight  
intended,

All mingled in the flush ; but soon  
'twill deepen

Into revenge's glow. How slow is  
Vipont !—

I wait the issue, as I've seen spec-  
tators

Suspend the motion even of the  
eyelids,

When the slow gunner, with his  
lighted match,

Approach'd the charged cannon, in  
the act

To waken its dread slumbers.—Now  
'tis out ;

He draws his sword, and rushes  
towards me,

Who will nor seek nor shun him.

*Enter GORDON, withheld by VIPONT.*

VIP. Hold, for the sake of Heaven !  
O, for the sake

Of your dear country, hold !—Has  
Swinton slain your father,

And must you, therefore, be yourself  
a parricide,

And stand recorded as the selfish  
traitor,

Who in her hour of need, his country's  
cause

Deserts, that he may wreak a private  
wrong ?

Look to yon banner—that is Scot-  
land's standard ;

Look to the Regent—he is Scotland's  
general ;

Look to the English—they are Scot-  
land's foemen !

Bethink thee, then, thou art a son of  
Scotland,

And think on nought beside.

GOR. He hath come here to brave  
me !—Off ! unhand me !—

Thou canst not be my father's ancient  
friend,

That stand'st 'twixt me and him who  
slew my father.

VIP. You know not Swinton.  
Scarce one passing thought

Of his high mind was with you ; now,  
his soul

Is fix'd on this day's battle. You  
might slay him

At unawares before he saw your blade  
drawn.—

Stand still, and watch him close.

*Enter MAXWELL from the tent.*

SWI. How go our councils, Max-  
well, may I ask ?

MAX. As wild, as if the very wind  
and sea

With every breeze and every billow  
 battled  
 For their precedence.  
 SWI. Most sure they are possess'd !  
 Some evil spirit,  
 To mock their valour, robs them of  
 discretion.  
 Fie, fie, upon't ! O, that Dunfer-  
 line's tomb  
 Could render up The Bruce ! that  
 Spain's red shore  
 Could give us back the good Lord  
 James of Douglas !  
 Or that fierce Randolph, with his  
 voice of terror,  
 Were here, to awe these brawlers to  
 submission !  
 VIP. (*to GOR.*) Thou hast perused  
 him at more leisure now.  
 GOR. I see the giant form which  
 all men speak of,  
 The stately port—but not the sullen  
 eye,  
 Not the bloodthirsty look, that should  
 belong  
 To him that made me orphan. I  
 shall need  
 To name my father twice ere I can  
 strike  
 At such gray hairs, and face of such  
 command ;  
 Yet my hand clenches on my  
 falchion hilt,  
 In token he shall die.  
 VIP. Need I again remind you, that  
 the place  
 Permits not private quarrel ?  
 GOR. I'm calm. I will not seek—  
 nay, I will shun it—  
 And yet methinks that such debate's  
 the fashion.  
 You've heard how taunts, reproaches,  
 and the lie,  
 The lie itself, have flown from mouth  
 to mouth ;  
 As if a band of peasants were dis-  
 puting  
 About a foot-ball match, rather than  
 Chiefs  
 Were ordering a battle. I am young,  
 And lack experience ; tell me, brave  
 De Vipont,

Is such the fashion of your wars in  
 Palestine ?  
 VIP. Such it at times hath been ;  
 and then the Cross  
 Hath sunk before the Crescent.  
 Heaven's cause  
 Won us not victory where wisdom  
 was not.—  
 Behold yon English host come slowly  
 on,  
 With equal front, rank marshall'd  
 upon rank,  
 As if one spirit ruled one moving  
 body ;  
 The leaders, in their places, each  
 prepared  
 To charge, support, and rally, as the  
 fortune  
 Of changeful battle needs : then look  
 on ours,  
 Broken, disjointed, as the tumbling  
 surges  
 Which the winds wake at random.  
 Look on both,  
 And dread the issue ; yet there might  
 be succour.  
 GOR. We're fearfully o'ermatch'd in  
 discipline ;  
 So even my inexperienced eye can  
 judge.  
 What succour save in Heaven ?  
 VIP. Heaven acts by human means.  
 The artist's skill  
 Supplies in war, as in mechanicrafts,  
 Deficiency of tools. There's courage,  
 wisdom,  
 And skill enough, live in one leader  
 here,  
 As, flung into the balance, might avail  
 To counterpoise the odds 'twixt that  
 ruled host  
 And our wild multitude. I must not  
 name him.  
 GOR. I guess, but dare not ask.—  
 What band is yonder,  
 Arranged so closely as the English  
 discipline  
 Hath marshall'd their best files ?  
 VIP. Know'st thou not the pennon ?  
 One day, perhaps, thou'lt see it all  
 too closely ;  
 It is Sir Alan Swinton's.



GOR. These, then, are his,—the  
relics of his power ;

Yet worth an host of ordinary men.—  
And I must slay my country's sagest  
leader,

And crush by numbers that deter-  
mined handful,

When most my country needs their  
practised aid,

Or men will say, "There goes de-  
generate Gordon ;

His father's blood is on the Swinton's  
sword,

And his is in his scabbard !" [*Muses.*

VIP. (*apart.*) High blood and  
mettle, mix'd with early wisdom,  
Sparkle in this brave youth. If he  
survive

This evil-omen'd day, I pawn my  
word,

That, in the ruin which I now for-  
bode,

Scotland has treasure left.—How  
close he eyes

Each look and step of Swinton ! Is  
it hate,

Or is it admiration, or are both  
Commingle'd strangely in that steady  
gaze ?

[SWINTON and MAXWELL return  
from the bottom of the stage.

MAX. The storm is laid at length  
amongst these counsellors ;

See, they come forth.

SWI. And it is more than time ;  
For I can mark the vanguard archery

Handling their quivers—bending up  
their bows.

*Enter the REGENT and Scottish Lords.*

REG. Thus shall it be, then, since  
we may no better

And, since no Lord will yield one jot  
of way

To this high urgency, or give the  
vanguard

Up to another's guidance, we will  
abide them

Even on this bent ; and as our troops  
are rank'd,

So shall they meet the foe. Chief,  
nor Thane,

Nor Noble, can complain of the pre-  
cedence

Which chance has thus assign'd him.

SWI. (*apart.*) O, sage discipline,  
That leaves to chance the marshalling  
of a battle !

GOR. Move him to speech, De  
Vipont.

VIP. Move *him* !—Move whom ?

GOR. Even him, whom, but brief  
space since,  
My hand did burn to put to utter  
silence.

VIP. I'll move it to him.—Swinton,  
speak to them.

They lack thy counsel sorely.

SWI. Had I the thousand spears  
which once I led,

I had not thus been silent. But men's  
wisdom

Is rated by their means. From the  
poor leader

Of sixty lances, who seeks words of  
weight ?

GOR. (*steps forward.*) Swinton,  
there's that of wisdom on thy  
brow,

And valour in thine eye, and that of  
peril

In this most urgent hour, that bids  
me say,—

Bids me, thy mortal foe, say,—  
Swinton, speak,

For King and Country's sake !

SWI. Nay, if that voice commands  
me, speak I will ;

It sounds as if the dead lays charge  
on me.

REG. (*To LENNOX, with whom he  
has been consulting.*)

'Tis better than you think. This  
broad hill-side

Affords fair compass for our power's  
display.

Rank above rank rising in seemly tiers ;  
So that the rearward stands as fair  
and open—

SWI. As e'er stood mark before an  
English archer.

REG. Who dares to say so ?—Who  
is't dare impeach

Our rule of discipline ?

SWI. A poor Knight of these  
Marches, good my Lord ;

Alan of Swinton, who hath kept a  
house here,  
He and his ancestry, since the old  
days

Of Malcolm, called the Maiden.

REG. You have brought here, even  
to this pitched field,  
In which the Royal Banner is dis-  
play'd,

I think some sixty spears, Sir Knight  
of Swinton ;

Our musters name no more.

SWI. I brought each man I had ;  
and Chief, or Earl,  
Thane, Duke, or dignitary, brings no  
more :

And with them brought I what may  
here be useful—

An aged eye ; which, what in Eng-  
land, Scotland,  
Spain, France, and Flanders, hath  
seen fifty battles,

And ta'en some judgment of them ;  
a stark hand too,

Which plays as with a straw with  
this same mace,—

Which if a young arm here can wield  
more lightly,

I never more will offer word of  
counsel.

LEN. Hear him, my Lord ; it is the  
noble Swinton—

He hath had high experience.

MAX. He is noted  
The wisest warrior 'twixt the Tweed  
and Solway,—

I do beseech you, hear him.

JOHN. Ay, hear the Swinton—hear  
stout old Sir Alan ;

Maxwell and Johnstone both agree  
for once.

REG. Where's your impatience  
now ?

Late you were all for battle, would  
not hear

Ourselves pronounce a word—and now  
you gaze

On yon old warrior, in his antique  
armour,

As if he were arisen from the dead,

To bring us Bruce's counsel for the  
battle.

SWI. 'Tis a proud word to speak ;  
but he who fought  
Long under Robert Bruce, may  
something guess,

Without communication with the dead,  
At what he would have counsell'd.—

Bruce had bidden ye  
Review your battle-order, marshall'd  
broadly

Here on the bare hill-side, and bidden  
you mark

Yon clouds of Southron archers,  
bearing down

To the green meadow-lands which  
stretch beneath—

The Bruce had warn'd you, not a  
shaft to-day

But shall find mark within a Scottish  
bosom,

If thus our field be order'd. The  
callow boys,

Who draw but four-foot bows, shall  
gall our front,

While on our mainward, and upon  
the rear,

The cloth-yard shafts shall fall like  
death's own darts,

And, though blind men discharge  
them, find a mark.

Thus shall we die the death of  
slaughter'd deer,

Which, driven into the toils, are  
shot at ease

By boys and women, while they toss  
aloft

All idly and in vain their branchy  
horns,

As we shall shake our unavailing  
spears.

REG. Tush, tell not me ! If their  
shot fall like hail,

Our men have Milan coats to bear  
it out.

SWI. Never did armourer temper  
steel on stithy

That made sure fence against an  
English arrow ;

A cobweb gossamer were guard as  
good

Against a wasp-sting.

REG. Who fears a wasp-sting?

SWI. I, my Lord, fear none;  
Yet should a wise man brush the  
insect off,  
Or he may smart for it.

REG. We'll keep the hill; it is the  
vantage-ground  
When the main battle joins.

SWI. It ne'er will join, while their  
light archery  
Can foil our spearmen and our  
barbed horse.  
To hope Plantagenet would seek  
close combat  
When he can conquer riskless, is to  
deem

Sagacious Edward simpler than a  
babe  
In battle-knowledge. Keep the hill,  
my Lord,  
With the main body, if it is your  
pleasure;

But let a body of your chosen horse  
Make execution on yon waspish  
archers.

I've done such work before, and love  
it well;

If 'tis your pleasure to give me the  
leading,

The dames of Sherwood, Inglewood,  
and Weardale,

Shall sit in widowhood and long  
for venison,

And long in vain. Whoe'er re-  
members Bannockburn,—

And when shall Scotsman, till the  
last loud trumpet,

Forget that stirring word!—knows  
*that* great battle

Even thus was fought and won.

LEN. This is the shortest road to  
bandy blows;

For when the bills step forth and  
bows go back,

Then is the moment that our hardy  
spearmen,

With their strong bodies, and their  
stubborn hearts,

And limbs well knit by mountain  
exercise,

At the close tug shall foil the short-  
breath'd Southron.

SWI. I do not say the field will  
thus be won;

The English host is numerous, brave,  
and loyal;

Their Monarch most accomplish'd in  
war's art

Skill'd, resolute, and wary—

REG. And if your scheme secure  
not victory,

What does it promise us?

SWI. This much at least,—  
Darkling we shall not die: the  
peasant's shaft,

Loosen'd perchance without an aim  
or purpose,

Shall not drink up the life-blood we  
derive

From those famed ancestors, who  
made their breasts

This frontier's barrier for a thousand  
years.

We'll meet these Southron bravely  
hand to hand,

And eye to eye, and weapon against  
weapon;

Each man who falls shall see the  
foe who strikes him.

While our good blades are faithful  
to the hilts,

And our good hands to these good  
blades are faithful,

Blow shall meet blow, and none fall  
unavenged—

We shall not bleed alone.

REG. And this is all  
Your wisdom hath devised?

SWI. Not all; for I would pray  
you, noble Lords.

(If one, among the guilty guiltiest,  
might,)

For this one day to charm to ten  
hours' rest

The never-dying worm of deadly  
feud,

That gnaws our vexed hearts—think  
no one foe

Save Edward and his host:—days  
will remain,

Ay, days by far too many will  
remain,

To avenge old feuds or struggles  
for precedence;—

Let this one day be Scotland's.—  
 For myself,  
 If there is any here may claim from me  
 (As well may chance) a debt of blood  
 and hatred,  
 My life is his to-morrow unresisting,  
 So he to-day will let me do the best  
 That my old arm may achieve for  
 the dear country  
 That's mother to us both.

[GORDON shows much emotion  
 during this and the preceding  
 speech of SWINTON.]

REG. It is a dream—a vision!—  
 if one troop  
 Rush down upon the archers, all  
 will follow,  
 And order is destroy'd—we'll keep  
 the battle-rank  
 Our fathers wont to do. No more  
 on't.—Ho!

Where be those youths seek knight-  
 hood from our sword?

HER. Here are the Gordon,  
 Somerville, and Hay,  
 And Hepburn, with a score of  
 gallants more.

REG. Gordon, stand forth.

GOR. I pray your Grace,  
 forgive me.

REG. How! seek you not for  
 knighthood?

GOR. I do thirst for't.  
 But, pardon me—'tis from another  
 sword.

REG. It is your Sovereign's—  
 seek you for a worthier?

GOR. Who would drink purely,  
 seeks the secret fountain,  
 How small soever—not the general  
 stream,

Though it be deep and wide. My  
 Lord, I seek  
 The boon of knighthood from the  
 honour'd weapon  
 Of the best knight, and of the  
 sagest leader,

That ever graced a ring of chivalry.  
 —Therefore, I beg the boon on  
 bended knee,

Even from Sir Alan Swinton.

[Kneels.]

REG. Degenerate boy! Abject  
 at once and insolent!—

See, Lords, he kneels to him that  
 slew his father!

GOR. (*starting up.*) Shame be on  
 him, who speaks such shameful  
 word!

Shame be on him, whose tongue  
 would sow dissension,

When most the time demands that  
 native Scotsmen

Forget each private wrong!

SWI. (*interrupting him.*) Youth,  
 since you crave me

To be your sire in chivalry, I remind  
 you

War has its duties, Office has its  
 reverence;

Who governs in the Sovereign's  
 name is Sovereign;—

Crave the Lord Regent's pardon.

GOR. You task me justly, and I  
 crave his pardon,

[Bows to the REGENT.]

His and these noble Lords'; and  
 pray them all

Bear witness to my words.—Ye  
 noble presence,

Here I remit unto the Knight of  
 Swinton

All bitter memory of my father's  
 slaughter,

All thoughts of malice, hatred, and  
 revenge;

By no base fear or composition moved,  
 But by the thought, that in our  
 country's battle

All hearts should be as one. I do  
 forgive him

As freely as I pray to be forgiven,  
 And once more kneel to him to sue  
 for knighthood.

SWI. (*affected, and drawing his  
 sword.*)

Alas! brave youth, 'tis I should  
 kneel to you,

And, tendering thee the hilt of the  
 fell sword

That made thee fatherless, bid thee  
 use the point

After thine own discretion. For thy  
 boon—

Trumpets be ready—In the Holiest name,

And in Our Lady's and Saint Andrew's name,

[*Touching his shoulder with his sword.*]

I dub thee Knight!—Arise, Sir Adam Gordon!

Be faithful, brave, and O, be fortunate,

Should this ill hour permit!

[*The trumpets sound; the Heralds cry "Largesse," and the Attendants shout "A Gordon! A Gordon!"*]

REG. Beggars and flatterers! Peace, peace, I say!

We'll to the Standard; knights shall there be made

Who will with better reason crave your clamour.

LEN. What of Swinton's counsel? Here's Maxwell and myself think it worth noting.

REG. (*with concentrated indignation.*)

Let the best knight, and let the sagest leader,—

So Gordon quotes the man who slew his father,—

With his old pedigree and heavy mace,

Essay the adventure if it pleases him,

With his fair threescore horse. As for ourselves,

We will not peril aught upon the measure.

GOR. Lord Regent, you mistake; for if Sir Alan

Shall venture such attack, each man who calls

The Gordon chief, and hopes or fears from him

Or good or evil, follows Swinton's banner

In this achievement.

REG. Why, God ha' mercy! This is of a piece.

Let young and old e'en follow their own counsel,

Since none will list to mine.

Ross. The Border cockerel fain would be on horseback;

'Tis safe to be prepared for fight or flight:

And this comes of it to give Northern lands

To the false Norman blood.

GOR. Harken, proud Chief of Isles! Within my stalls

I have two hundred horse; two hundred riders

Mount guard upon my castle, who would tread

Into the dust a thousand of your Redshanks,

Nor count it a day's service.

SWI. Hear I this

From thee, young man, and on the day of battle?

And to the brave MacDonnell?

GOR. 'Twas he that urged me; but I am rebuked.

REG. He crouches like a leash-hound to his master!

SWI. Each hound must do so that would head the deer—

'Tis mongrel curs that snatch at mate or master.

REG. Too much of this. Sirs, to the Royal Standard!

I bid you, in the name of good King David.

Sound trumpets—sound for Scotland and King David.

[*The REGENT and the rest go off, and the Scene closes.*]

MANENT GORDON, SWINTON, and VIPONT, with

REYNALD and followers.

LENNOX follows the REGENT; but returns, and addresses SWINTON.

LEN. O, were my western horsemen but come up,

I would take part with you!

SWI. Better that you remain

They lack discretion; such gray head as yours

May best supply that want.

Lennox, mine ancient friend, and honour'd lord,

Farewell, I think, for ever!

LEN. Farewell, brave friend!—and  
farewell, noble Gordon,  
Whose sun will be eclipsed even as it  
rises!—

The Regent will not aid you.

SWI. We will so bear us, that as  
soon the blood-hound  
Shall halt, and take no part, what  
time his comrade

Is grappling with the deer, as he  
stand still,

And see us overmatch'd.

LEN. Alas! thou dost not know  
how mean his pride is,  
How strong his envy.

SWI. Then we will die, and leave  
the shame with him.

[Exit LENNOX.

VIP. (to GORDON.) What ails thee,  
noble youth?

What means this pause?

Thou dost not rue thy generosity?

GOR. I have been hurried on by  
strong impulse,

Like to a bark that scuds before the  
storm,

Till driven upon some strange and  
distant coast,

Which never pilot dream'd of.—

Have I not forgiven?

And am I not still fatherless?

SWI. Gordon, no;

For while we live I am a father to  
thee.

GOR. Thou, Swinton?—no!—that  
cannot, cannot be.

SWI. Then change the phrase, and  
say, that while we live,

Gordon shall be my son. If thou  
art fatherless,

Am I not childless too? Bethink  
thee, Gordon,

Our death-feud was not like the  
household fire,

Which the poor peasant hides among  
its embers,

To smoulder on, and wait a time  
for waking.

Ours was the conflagration of the  
forest,

Which, in its fury, spares nor sprout  
nor stem,

Hoar oak, nor sapling—not to be  
extinguish'd,

Till Heaven, in mercy, sends down  
all her waters;

But, once subdued, its flame is  
quench'd for ever;

And spring shall hide the tract of  
devastation,

With foliage and with flowers.—  
Give me thy hand.

GOR. My hand and heart!—And  
freely now!—to fight!

VIP. How will you act? [To  
SWINTON.] The Gordon's band  
and thine

Are in the rearward left, I think,  
in scorn—

I'll post for them who wish to charge  
the foremost!

SWI. We'll turn that scorn to  
vantage and descend

Sidelong the hill—some winding  
path there must be—

O, for a well skill'd guide!

[HOB HATTELY starts up  
from a Thicket.

HOB. So here he stands.—An  
ancient friend, Sir Alan.

Hob Hattely, or, if you like it better,  
Hob of the Heron Plume, here  
stands your guide.

SWI. An ancient friend?—a most  
notorious knave,

Whose throat I've destined to the  
dodder'd oak

Before my castle, these ten months  
and more.

Was it not you who drove from  
Simplim-mains,

And Swinton-quarter, sixty head of  
cattle?

HOB. What then, if now I lead  
your sixty lances

Upon the English flank, where  
they'll find spoil

Is worth six hundred beeves?

SWI. Why, thou canst do it, knave.  
I would not trust thee

With one poor bullock; yet would  
risk my life,

And all my followers, on thine  
honest guidance.

HOB. There is a dingle, and a most discreet one, (I've trod each step by star-light,) that sweeps round The rearward of this hill, and opens secretly Upon the archers' flank.—Will not that serve Your present turn, Sir Alan?

SWI. Bravely, bravely!  
GOR. Mount, sirs, and cry my slogan. Let all who love the Gordon follow me!

SWI. Ay, let all follow—but in silence follow. Scare not the hare that's couchant on her form— The cushat from her nest—brush not, if possible, The dew-drop from the spray— Let no one whisper, until I cry, "Havoc!" Then shout as loud's ye will.—On, on, brave Hob; On, thou false thief, but yet most faithful Scotsman!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

*A rising Ground immediately in front of the Position of the English Main Body. PERCY, CHANDOS, RIBAU-MONT, and other English and Norman Nobles, are grouped on the Stage.*

PER. The Scots still keep the hill—the sun grows high. Would that the charge would sound.

CHA. Thou scent'st the slaughter, Percy.—Who comes here?

[*Enter the ABBOT OF WALTHAMSTOW.*]  
Now, by my life, the holy priest of Walthamstow,

Like to a lamb among a herd of wolves!  
See, he's about to bleat.

AB. The King, methinks, delays the onset long.

CHA. Your general, Father, like your rat-catcher. Pauses to bait his traps, and set his snares.

AB. The metaphor is decent.  
CHA. Reverend sir, I will uphold it just. Our good King Edward Will presently come to this battle-field,

And speak to you of the last tilting match, Or of some feat he did a twenty years since; But not a word of the day's work before him.

Even as the artist, sir, whose name offends you, Sits prosing o'er his can, until the trap fall, Announcing that the vermin are secured, And then 'tis up, and on them.

PER. Chandos, you give your tongue too bold a license.

CHA. Percy, I am a necessary evil. King Edward would not want me, if he could, And could not, if he would. I know my value.

My heavy hand excuses my light tongue.

So men wear weighty swords in their defence, Although they may offend the tender shin,

When the steel-boot is doff'd.

AB. My Lord of Chandos, This is but idle speech on brink of battle,

When Christian men should think upon their sins;

For as the tree falls, so the trunk must lie,

Be it for good or evil. Lord, bethink thee,

Thou hast withheld from our most reverend house,

The tithes of Everingham and Settleton;

Wilt thou make satisfaction to the Church

Before her thunders strike thee? I  
do warn thee

In most paternal sort.

CHA. I thank you, Father,  
filially.

Though but a truant son of Holy  
Church,

I would not choose to undergo her  
censures,

When Scottish blades are waving at  
my throat.

I'll make fair composition.

AB. No composition; I'll have all,  
or none.

CHA. None, then—'tis soonest  
spoke. I'll take my chance,

And trust my sinful soul to Heaven's  
mercy,

Rather than risk my worldly goods  
with thee—

My hour may not be come.

AB. Impious—impenitent—

PER. Hush! the King—the King!

*Enter KING EDWARD, attended by  
BALIOL and others.*

KING (*apart to CHA.*) Hark hither,  
Chandos!—

Have the Yorkshire archers  
Yet join'd the vanguard?

CHA. They are marching thither.

K. ED. Bid them make haste, for  
shame—send a quick rider.

The loitering knaves! were it to  
steal my venison,

Their steps were light enough.—  
How now, Sir Abbot?

Say, is your Reverence come to study  
with us,

The princely art of war?

AB. I've had a lecture from my  
Lord of Chandos,

In which he term'd your Grace a  
rat-catcher.

K. ED. Chandos, how's this?

CHA. O, I will prove it, sir!—  
These skipping Scots

Have changed a dozen times 'twixt  
Bruce and Baliol,

Quitting each House when it began  
to totter;

They're fierce and cunning, treach-  
erous, too, as rats,  
And we, as such, will smoke them in  
their fastnesses.

K. ED. These rats have seen your  
back, my Lord of Chandos,  
And noble Percy's too.

PER. Ay; but the mass which now  
lies weltering

On yon hill side, like a Leviathan  
That's stranded on the shallows, then  
had soul in't,

Order and discipline, and power of  
action.

Now 'tis a headless corpse, which  
only shows,

By wild convulsions, that some life  
remains in't.

K. ED. True, they had once a  
head; and 'twas a wise,  
Although a rebel head.

AB. (*bowing to the KING.*) Would  
he were here! we should find  
one to match him.

K. ED. There's something in that  
wish which wakes an echo

Within my bosom. Yet it is as  
well,

Or better, that The Bruce is in his  
grave.

We have enough of powerful foes on  
earth,—

No need to summon them from other  
worlds.

PER. Your Grace ne'er met The  
Bruce?

K. ED. Never himself; but in my  
earliest field,

I did encounter with his famous  
captains,

Douglas and Randolph. Faith!  
they press'd me hard.

AB. My Liege, if I might urge  
you with a question,

Will the Scots fight to-day?

K. ED. (*sharply.*) Go look your  
breviary.

CHA. (*apart.*) The Abbot has it—  
Edward will not answer

On that nice point. We must  
observe his humour.—

[*Addresses the KING.*]



Your first campaign, my Liege?—  
That was in Weardale,  
When Douglas gave our camp yon  
midnight ruffle,  
And turn'd men's beds to biers?

K. ED. Ay, by Saint Edward!—  
I escaped right nearly.

I was a soldier then for holidays,  
And slept not in mine armour: my  
safe rest

Was startled by the cry of  
"Douglas! Douglas!"

And by my couch, a grisly chamber-  
lain,

Stood Alan Swinton, with his bloody  
mace.

It was a churchman saved me—my  
stout chaplain,

Heaven quit his spirit! caught a  
weapon up,

And grappled with the giant.—How  
now, Louis?

*Enter an Officer, who whispers  
the KING.*

K. ED. Say to him—thus—and  
thus— [Whispers.

AB. That Swinton's dead. A monk  
of ours reported,

Bound homeward from St. Ninian's  
pilgrimage,

The Lord of Gordon slew him.

PER. Father, and if your house  
stood on our borders,

You might have cause to know that  
Swinton lives,

And is on horseback yet.

CHA. He slew the Gordon,  
That's all the difference—a very  
trifle.

AB. Trifling to those who wage a  
war more noble  
Than with the arm of flesh.

CHA. (*apart.*) The Abbot's vex'd,  
I'll rub the sore for him.—

(*Aloud.*) I have seen priests that  
used that arm of flesh,

And used it sturdily.—Most reverend  
Father,

What say you to the chaplain's deed  
of arms

In the King's tent at Weardale?

AB. It was most sinful, being  
against the canon  
Prohibiting all churchmen to bear  
weapons;

And as he fell in that unseemly  
guise,

Perchance his soul may rue it.

K. ED. (*overhearing the last words.*)  
Who may rue?

And what is to be rued?

CHA. (*apart.*) I'll match his Rever-  
ence for the tithes of Everingham.

—The Abbot says, my Liege, the  
deed was sinful,

By which your chaplain, wielding  
secular weapons,

Secured your Grace's life and liberty,  
And that he suffers for't in purga-  
tory.

K. ED. (*to the ABBOT.*) Say'st thou  
my chaplain is in purgatory?

AB. It is the canon speaks it, good  
my Liege.

K. ED. In purgatory! thou shalt  
pray him out on't,

Or I will make thee wish thyself  
beside him.

AB. My Lord, perchance his soul  
is past the aid

Of all the Church may do—there is  
a place

From which there's no redemption.

K. ED. And if I thought my faith-  
ful chaplain there,

Thou shouldst there join him, priest!

—Go, watch, fast, pray,  
And let me have such prayers as will  
storm Heaven—

None of your maim'd and mutter'd  
hunting masses.

AB. (*apart to CHA.*) For God's  
sake take him off.

CHA. Wilt thou compound, then,  
The tithes of Everingham?

K. ED. I tell thee, if thou bear'st  
the keys of Heaven,

Abbot, thou shalt not turn a bolt with  
them

'Gainst any well-deserving English  
subject.

AB. (*to CHA.*) We will compound,  
and grant thee, too, a share

P the next indulgence. Thou dost need it much,  
And greatly 'twill avail thee.

CHA. Enough—we're friends, and when occasion serves,  
I will strike in.—

[*Looks as if towards the Scottish Army.*]

K. ED. Answer, proud Abbot; is my chaplain's soul,  
If thou knowest aught on't, in the evil place?

CHA. My Liege, the Yorkshire men have gain'd the meadow.  
I see the pennon green of merry Sherwood.

K. ED. Then give the signal instant! We have lost  
But too much time already.

AB. My Liege, your holy chaplain's blessed soul—

K. ED. To hell with it and thee!  
Is this a time

To speak of monks and chaplains?

[*Flourish of Trumpets, answered by a distant sound of Bugles.*]

See, Chandos, Percy—Ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!

See it descending now, the fatal hail-shower,

The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift, resistless,

Which no mail-coat can brook.—Brave English hearts!

How close they shoot together!—as one eye

Had aim'd five thousand shafts—as if one hand

Had loosed five thousand bow-strings!

PER. The thick volley  
Darkens the air, and hides the sun from us.

K. ED. It falls on those shall see the sun no more.

The winged, the resistless plague is with them.

How their vex'd host is reeling to and fro,

Like the chafed whale with fifty lances in him,

They do not see, and cannot shun the wound.

The storm is viewless, as death's sable wing,

Unerring as his scythe.

PER. Horses and riders are going down together.

'Tis almost pity to see nobles fall,

And by a peasant's arrow.

BAL. I could weep them,  
Although they are my rebels.

CHA. (*aside to PER.*) His conquerors he means, who cast him out

From his usurped kingdom.—(*Aloud.*) 'Tis the worst of it,

'That knights can claim small honour in the field

Which archers win, unaided by our lances.

K. ED. The battle is not ended.  
[*Looks towards the field.*]

Not ended?—scarce begun! What horse are these,

Rush from the thicket underneath the hill?

PER. They're Hainaulters, the followers of Queen Isabel.

K. ED. (*hastily.*) Hainaulters!—thou art blind—wear Hainaulters

Saint Andrew's silver cross?—or would they charge

Full on our archers, and make havoc of them?

Bruce is alive again—ho, rescue! rescue!—

Who was't survey'd the ground?

RIBA. Most royal Liege—

K. ED. A rose hath fallen from thy chaplet, Ribaumont.

RIBA. I'll win it back, or lay my head beside it. [*Exit.*]

K. ED. Saint George! Saint Edward! Gentlemen, to horse,

And to the rescue!—Percy, lead the bill-men;

Chandos, do thou bring up the men-at-arms.—

If yonder numerous host should now bear down

Bold as their vanguard, (*to the Abbot,*) thou mayst pray for us,

We may need good men's prayers.—  
To the rescue,  
Lords, to the rescue! ha, Saint  
George! Saint Edward!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A part of the field of Battle betwixt  
the two Main Armies. Tumults  
behind the scenes; alarums, and  
cries of "Gordon, a Gordon,"  
"Swinton," etc.*

*Enter, as victorious over the English  
vanguard, VIPONT, REYNALD, and  
others.*

VIP. 'Tis sweet to hear these war-  
cries sound together,—  
Gordon and Swinton.

REY. 'Tis passing pleasant, yet 'tis  
strange withal.  
Faith, when at first I heard the  
Gordon's slogan  
Sounded so near me, I had nigh struck  
down  
The knave who cried it.

*Enter SWINTON and GORDON.*

SWI. Pitch down my pennon in yon  
holly bush.

GOR. Mine in the thorn beside it;  
let them wave,  
As fought this morn their masters,  
side by side.

SWI. Let the men rally, and restore  
their ranks  
Here in this vantage-ground—dis-  
order'd chase  
Leads to disorder'd flight; we have  
done our part,

And if we're succour'd now, Plan-  
tagenet

Must turn his bridle southward.—  
Reynald, spur to the Regent with the  
basnet

Of stout De Grey, the leader of their  
vanguard;

Say, that in battle-front the Gordon  
slew him,

And by that token bid him send us  
succour.

GOR. And tell him that when  
Selby's headlong charge  
Had well-nigh borne me down, Sir  
Alan smote him.

I cannot send his helmet, never nut-  
shell

Went to so many shivers.—Harkye,  
grooms!

[*To those behind the scenes.*]

Why do you let my noble steed stand  
stiffening

After so hot a course?

SWI. Ay, breathe your horses,  
they'll have work anon,

For Edward's men-at-arms will soon  
be on us,

The flower of England, Gascony, and  
Flanders;

But with swift succour we will bide  
them bravely.—

De Vipont, thou look'st sad?

VIP. It is because I hold a Temp-  
lar's sword

Wet to the crossed hilt with Christian  
blood.

SWI. The blood of English archers  
—what can gild

A Scottish blade more bravely?

VIP. Even therefore grieve I for  
those gallant yeomen,

England's peculiar and appropriate  
sons,

Known in no other land. Each boasts  
his hearth

And field as free as the best lord his  
barony,

Owing subjection to no human  
vassalage,

Save to their King and law. Hence  
are they resolute,

Leading the van on every day of  
battle,

As men who know the blessings they  
defend.

Hence are they frank and generous  
in peace,

As men who have their portion in its  
plenty.

No other kingdom shows such worth  
and happiness

Veil'd in such low estate—therefore  
I mourn them.

SWI. I'll keep my sorrow for our  
native Scots,  
Who, spite of hardship, poverty,  
oppression,  
Still follow to the field their Chief-  
tain's banner,  
And die in the defence on't.

GOR. And if I live and see my halls  
again,  
They shall have portion in the good  
they fight for.  
Each hardy follower shall have his  
field,  
His household hearth and sod-built  
home, as free  
As ever Southron had. They shall  
be happy!—  
And my Elizabeth shall smile to see  
it!—  
I have betray'd myself.

SWI. Do not believe it.  
Vipont, do thou look out from yonder  
height,  
And see what motion in the Scottish  
host,  
And in King Edward's.—

[Exit VIPONT.]

Now will I counsel thee;  
The Templar's ear is for no tale of  
love,  
Being wedded to his Order. But I  
tell thee,  
The brave young knight that hath no  
lady-love  
Is like a lamp unlighted; his brave  
deeds,  
And its rich painting, do seem then  
most glorious,  
When the pure ray gleams through  
them.—

Hath thy Elizabeth no other name?  
GOR. Must I then speak of her to  
you, Sir Alan?

The thought of thee, and of thy  
matchless strength,  
Hath conjured phantoms up amongst  
her dreams,  
The name of Swinton hath been spell  
sufficient  
To chase the rich blood from her  
lovely cheek,  
And wouldst thou now know hers?

SWI. I would, nay must.  
Thy father in the paths of chivalry,  
Should know the load-star thou dost  
rule thy course by.

GOR. Nay, then, her name is—  
hark— [Whispers.]

SWI. I know it well, that ancient  
northern house.

GOR. O, thou shalt see its fairest  
grace and honour  
In my Elizabeth. And if music touch  
thee—

SWI. It did, before disasters had  
untuned me.

GOR. O, her notes  
Shall hush each sad remembrance to  
oblivion,  
Or melt them to such gentleness of  
feeling,

That grief shall have its sweetness.  
Who, but she,  
Knows the wild harpings of our  
native land?

Whether they lull the shepherd on  
his hill,  
Or wake the knight to battle; rouse  
to merriment,  
Or soothe to sadness; she can touch  
each mood.

Princes and statesmen, chiefs re-  
nown'd in arms,  
And gray-hair'd bards, contend which  
shall the first  
And choicest homage render to the  
enchantress.

SWI. You speak her talent bravely.

GOR. Though you smile,  
I do not speak it half. Her gift  
creative,  
New measures adds to every air she  
wakes;

Varying and gracing it with liquid  
sweetness,  
Like the wild modulation of the  
lark;

Now leaving, now returning to the  
strain!

To listen to her, is to seem to wander  
In some enchanted labyrinth of  
romance,  
Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's  
will,

Who wove the spell, can extricate  
the wanderer.

Methinks I hear her now !—

Swi. Bless'd privilege  
Of youth ! There's scarce three  
minutes to decide

'Twi'x death and life, 'twi'x triumph  
and defeat,

Yet all his thoughts are in his lady's  
bower,

List'ning her harping !—

[Enter VIPONT.

Where are thine, De Vipont ?

VIP. On death—on judgment—on  
eternity !

For time is over with us.

Swi. There moves not, then, one  
pennon to our aid,  
Of all that flutter yonder !

VIP. From the main English host  
come rushing forward

Pennons enow—ay, and their Royal  
Standard.

But ours stand rooted, as for crows  
to roost on.

Swi. (*to himself*) I'll rescue him at  
least.—Young Lord of Gordon,  
Spur to the Regent—show the  
instant need—

GOR. I penetrate thy purpose ; but  
I go not.

Swi. Not at my bidding ? I, thy  
sire in chivalry—

Thy leader in the battle?—I  
command thee.

GOR. No, thou wilt not command  
me seek my safety,—

For such is thy kind meaning—at  
the expense

Of the last hope which Heaven  
reserves for Scotland.

While I abide, no follower of mine  
Will turn his rein for life ; but were

I gone,  
What power can stay them ? and,  
our band dispersed,

What swords shall for an instant  
stem yon host,

And save the latest chance for  
victory ?

VIP. The noble youth speaks  
truth ; and were he gone,

There will not twenty spears be left  
with us.

GOR. No, bravely as we have  
begun the field,

So let us fight it out. The Regent's  
eyes,

More certain than a thousand  
messages,

Shall see us stand, the barrier of  
his host

Against yon bursting storm. If  
not for honour,

If not for warlike rule, for shame  
at least

He must bear down to aid us.

Swi. Must it be so ?  
And am I forced to yield the sad  
consent,

Devoting thy young life ? O,  
Gordon, Gordon !

I do it as the patriarch doom'd his  
issue ;

I at my country's, he at Heaven's  
command ;

But I seek vainly some atoning  
sacrifice,

Rather than such a victim!—  
(*Trumpets.*) Hark, they come !

That music sounds not like thy lady's  
lute.

GOR. Yet shall my lady's name  
mix with it gaily.—

Mount, vassals, couch your lances,  
and cry, "Gordon !

Gordon for Scotland and Elizabeth !"

[*Exeunt. Loud Alarums.*

### SCENE III.

*Another part of the Field of Battle,  
adjacent to the former Scene.*

*Alarums. Enter SWINTON, allowed  
by HOB HATTELY.*

Swi. Stand to it yet ! The man  
who flies to-day,

May bastards warm them at his  
household hearth !

HOB. That ne'er shall be my curse.  
My Magdalen.

's trusty as my broadsword.

SWI. Ha, thou knave,  
Art thou dismounted too?

HOB. I know, Sir Alan,  
You want no homeward guide; so  
threw my reins

Upon my palfrey's neck, and let  
him loose,

Within an hour he stands before my  
gate;

And Magdalen will need no other  
token

To bid the Melrose Monks say  
masses for me.

SWI. Thou art resolved to cheat  
the halter, then?

HOB. It is my purpose,  
Having lived a thief, to die a brave  
man's death;

And never had I a more glorious  
chance for't.

SWI. Here lies the way to it,  
knave.—Make in, make in,

And aid young Gordon!

[*Exeunt. Loud and long Alarums.  
After which the back Scene  
rises, and discovers SWINTON  
on the ground, GORDON support-  
ing him; both much wounded.*]

SWI. All are cut down—the reapers  
have pass'd o'er us,

And hie to distant harvest.—My  
toil's over;

There lies my sickle. [*Dropping his  
sword.*] Hand of mine again

Shall never, never wield it!

GOR. O valiant leader, is thy  
light extinguish'd!

That only beacon-flame which  
promised safety

In this day's deadly wrack!

SWI. My lamp hath long been  
dim! But thine, young Gordon,  
Just kindled, to be quench'd so  
suddenly,

Ere Scotland saw its splendour!—

GOR. Five thousand horse hung  
idly on yon hill,

Saw us o'erpower'd, and no one  
stirr'd to aid us!

SWI. It was the Regent's envy.—  
Out!—alas!

Why blame I him!—It was our  
civil discord,

Our selfish vanity, our jealous  
hatred,

Which framed this day of dole for  
our poor country.—

Had thy brave father held yon  
leading staff,

As well his rank and valour might  
have claim'd it,

We had not fall'n unaided.—How,  
O how

Is he to answer it, whose deed  
prevented—

GOR. Alas! alas! the author of  
the death-feud,

He has his reckoning too! for had  
your sons

And num'rous vassals lived, we had  
lack'd no aid.

SWI. May God assoil the dead,  
and him who follows!

We've drank the poison'd beverage  
which we brew'd:

Have sown the wind, and reap'd  
the tenfold whirlwind!—

But thou, brave youth, whose noble-  
ness of heart

Pour'd oil upon the wounds our  
hate inflicted;

Thou, who hast done no wrong,  
need'st no forgiveness,—

Why should'st thou share our  
punishment!

GOR. All need forgiveness—[*distant  
alarum.*]—Hark! in yonder  
shout

Did the main battles counter!

SWI. Look on the field, brave  
Gordon, if thou canst,

And tell me how the day goes.—But  
I guess,

Too surely do I guess—

GOR. All's lost! all's lost!—Of  
the main Scottish host,

Some wildly fly, and some rush  
wildly forward;

And some there are who seem to  
turn their spears

Against their countrymen.

SWI. Rashness, and cowardice,  
and secret treason.

Combine to ruin us ; and our hot  
valour,  
Devoid of discipline, is madmen's  
strength,  
More fatal unto friends than  
enemies !  
I'm glad that these dim eyes shall  
see no more on't.—

Let thy hands close them, Gordon—  
I will dream

My fair-hair'd William renders me  
that office ! *[Dies.*

GOR. And, Swinton, I will think  
I do that duty  
To my dead father.

*Enter DE VIPONT.*

VIP. Fly, fly, brave youth !—A  
handful of thy followers,  
The scatter'd gleanings of this  
desperate day,  
Still hover yonder to essay thy  
rescue.—

O linger not ! I'll be your guide to  
them.

GOR. Look there, and bid me fly !  
—The oak has fall'n ;  
And the young ivy bush, which  
learn'd to climb  
By its support, must needs partake  
its fall.

VIP. Swinton ? Alas ! the best,  
the bravest, strongest,  
And sagest of our Scottish chivalry !  
Forgive one moment, if to save the  
living,

My tongue should wrong the dead.  
—Gordon, bethink thee,

Thou dost but stay to perish with  
the corpse  
Of him who slew thy father.

GOR. Ay, but he was my sire in  
chivalry.

He taught my youth to soar above  
the promptings  
Of mean and selfish vengeance ;  
gave my youth

A name that shall not die even on  
this death-spot.

Records shall tell this field had not  
been lost,

Had all men fought like Swinton  
and like Gordon. *[Trumpets.*

Save thee, De Vipont. Hark ! the  
Southron trumpets.

VIP. Nay, without thee I stir not.

*Enter EDWARD, CHANDOS, PERCY,  
BALIOL, etc.*

GOR. Ay, they come on—the Tyrant  
and the Traitor

Workman and tool, Plantagenet and  
Baliol.

O for a moment's strength in this  
poor arm,

To do one glorious deed !  
*[He rushes on the English, but  
is made prisoner with VIPONT.*

K. ED. Disarm them—harm them  
not ; though it was they

Made havoc on the archers of our  
vanguard,

They and that bulky champion.  
Where is he ?

CHAN. Here lies the giant ! Say  
his name, young Knight ?

GOR. Let it suffice, he was a man  
this morning.

CHA. I question'd thee in sport. I  
do not need

Thy information, youth. Who that  
has fought

Through all these Scottish wars, but  
knows his crest,

The sable boar chain'd to the leafy  
oak,

And that huge mace still seen where  
war was wildest !

K. ED. 'Tis Alan Swinton !  
Grim chamberlain, who in my tent

at Weardale,  
Stood by my startled couch with  
torch and mace,

When the Black Douglas' war-cry  
waked my camp.

GOR. *(sinking down.)* If thus thou  
know'st him,

Thou wilt respect his corpse.

K. ED. As belted Knight and  
crowned King, I will.

GOR. And let mine  
Sleep at his side, in token that our  
death

Ended the feud of Swinton and of  
Gordon.

K. ED. It is the Gordon!—Is there  
aught beside

Edward can do to honour bravery,  
Even in an enemy?

GOR. Nothing but this :

Let not base Baliol, with his touch  
or look,

Profane my corpse or Swinton's. I've  
some breath still,

Enough to say—Scotland—Eliza-  
beth!

CHA. Baliol, I would not brook  
such dying looks,

To buy the crown you aim at.

K. ED. (to VIP.) Vipont, thy crossed  
shield shows ill in warfare  
Against a Christian king.

VIP. That Christian King is war-  
ring upon Scotland.

I was a Scotsman ere I was a Templar,

Sworn to my country ere I knew my  
Order.

K. ED. I will but know thee as a  
Christian champion,  
And set thee free unransom'd.

*Enter* ABBOT OF WALTHAMSTOW.

AB. Heaven grant your Majesty  
Many such glorious days as this has  
been!

K. ED. It is a day of much and  
high advantage ;  
Glorious it might have been, had all  
our foes

Fought like these two brave cham-  
pions.—Strike the drums,

Sound trumpets, and pursue the  
fugitives,

Till the Tweed's eddies whelm them.  
Berwick's render'd—

These wars, I trust, will soon find  
lasting close.

## MACDUFF'S CROSS.

TO

MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE,

AUTHORESS OF

"THE PLAYS ON THE PASSIONS."

### INTRODUCTION.

THESE few scenes had the honour to be included in a Miscellany, published in the year 1823, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, and are here reprinted, to unite them with the trifles of the same kind which owe their birth to the author. The singular history of the Cross and Law of Clan MacDuff is given, at length enough to satisfy the keenest antiquary, in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. It is here only necessary to state, that the Cross was a place of refuge to any person related to MacDuff, within the ninth degree, who, having committed homicide in sudden quarrel, should

reach this place, prove his descent from the Thane of Fife, and pay a certain penalty.

The shaft of the Cross was destroyed at the Reformation. The huge block of stone which served for its pedestal is still in existence near the town of Newburgh, on a kind of pass which commands the county of Fife to the southward, and to the north, the windings of the magnificent Tay and fertile country of Angus-shire. The Cross bore an inscription, which is transmitted to us in an unintelligible form by Sir Robert Sibbald.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ninian, }  
 Waldhve, } *Monks of Lindores.*  
 Lindsay, }  
 Maurice Berkeley, } *Scottish Barons.*

PRELUDE.

NAY, smile not, Lady, when I speak  
 of witchcraft,  
 And say, that still there lurks  
 amongst our glens  
 some touch of strange enchantment.  
 —Mark that fragment,  
 I mean that rough-hewn block of  
 massive stone,  
 Placed on the summit of this moun-  
 tain-pass,  
 Commanding prospect wide o'er field  
 and fell,  
 And peopled village and extended  
 moorland,  
 And the wide ocean and majestic  
 Tay,  
 To the far distant Grampians.—Do  
 not deem it  
 A loosen'd portion of the neighbour-  
 ing rock,  
 Detach'd by storm and thunder,—  
 'twas the pedestal  
 On which, in ancient times, a Cross  
 was rear'd,  
 Carved o'er with words which foil'd  
 philologists;  
 And the events it did commemorate  
 Were dark, remote, and undis-  
 tinguishable,  
 As were the mystic characters it bore.  
 But, mark,—a wizard, born on Avon's  
 bank,  
 Tuned but his harp to this wild  
 northern theme,  
 And, lo! the scene is hallow'd. None  
 shall pass,  
 Now, or in after days, beside that  
 stone,  
 But he shall have strange visions;  
 thoughts and words,  
 That shake, or rouse, or thrill the  
 human heart,

SC.

Shall rush upon his memory when  
 he hears  
 The spirit-stirring name of this rude  
 symbol;—  
 Oblivious ages, at that simple spell,  
 Shall render back their terrors with  
 their woes,  
 Alas! and with their crimes—and  
 the proud phantoms  
 Shall move with step familiar to his  
 eye,  
 And accents which, once heard, the  
 ear forgets not,  
 Though ne'er again to list them.  
 Siddons, thine,  
 Thou matchless Siddons! thrill upon  
 our ear;  
 And on our eye thy lofty Brother's  
 form  
 Rises as Scotland's monarch.—But  
 to thee,  
 Joanna, why to thee speak of such  
 visions?  
 Thine own wild wand can raise  
 them.

Yet since thou wilt an idle tale of  
 mine,  
 Take one which scarcely is of worth  
 enough  
 To give or to withhold.—Our time  
 creeps on,  
 Fancy grows colder as the silvery  
 hair  
 Tells the advancing winter of our  
 life.  
 But if it be of worth enough to please,  
 That worth it owes to her who set  
 the task;  
 If otherwise, the fault rests with  
 the author.

SCENE I.

*The summit of a Rocky Pass near to  
 Newburgh, about two miles from  
 the ancient Abbey of Lindores, in  
 Fife. In the centre is MacDuff's  
 Cross, an antique Monument; and,  
 at a small distance, on one side, a  
 Chapel, with a Lamp burning.*

2 B

*Enter, as having ascended the Pass, NINIAN and WALDHAVE, Monks of Lindores. NINIAN crosses himself, and seems to recite his devotions. WALDHAVE stands gazing on the prospect, as if in deep contemplation.*

NIN. Here stands the Cross, good brother, consecrated  
By the bold Thane unto his patron  
saint  
Magridius, once a brother of our house.  
Canst thou not spare an ave or a  
creed?  
Or hath the steep ascent exhausted  
you?  
You trode it stoutly, though 'twas  
rough and toilsome.

WAL. I have trode a rougher.

NIN. On the Highland hills—  
Scarcely within our sea-girt province  
here,  
Unless upon the Lomonds or  
Bennarty.

WAL. I spoke not of the literal  
path, good father,  
But of the road of life which I have  
travell'd,  
Ere I assumed this habit; it was  
bounded,  
Hedged in, and limited by earthly  
prospects,  
As ours beneath was closed by dell  
and thicket.

Here we see wide and far, and the  
broad sky,  
With wide horizon, opens full around,  
While earthly objects dwindle.  
Brother Ninian,

Fain would I hope that mental ele-  
vation  
Could raise me equally o'er worldly  
thoughts,  
And place me nearer heaven.

NIN. 'Tis good morality.—But yet  
forget not,  
That though we look on heaven from  
this high eminence,  
Yet doth the Prince of all the airy  
space,  
Arch foe of man, possess the realms  
between.

WAL. Most true, good brother;  
and men may be farther  
From the bright heaven they aim at,  
even because  
They deem themselves secure on't.

NIN. (*after a pause.*) You do  
gaze—

Strangers are wont to do so—on the  
prospect.

Yon is the Tay roll'd down from  
Highland hills,  
That rests his waves, after so rude a  
race,

In the fair plains of Gowrie—farther  
westward,

Proud Stirling rises—yonder to the  
east,

Dundee, the gift of God, and fair  
Montrose,

And still more northward lie the  
ancient towers—

WAL. Of Edzell.

NIN. How? know you the towers  
of Edzell?

WAL. I've heard of them.

NIN. Then have you heard a  
tale,

Which when he tells, the peasant  
shakes his head,

And shuns the mouldering and de-  
serted walls.

WAL. Why, and by whom, de-  
serted?

NIN. Long the tale—  
Enough to say that the last Lord of  
Edzell,

Bold Louis Lindesay, had a wife,  
and found—

WAL. Enough is said, indeed—  
since a weak woman,  
Ay, and a tempting fiend, lost  
Paradise,

When man was innocent.

NIN. They fell at strife.  
Men say, on slight occasion: that  
fierce Lindesay

Did bend his sword against De  
Berkeley's breast,  
And that the lady threw herself  
between:

That then De Berkeley dealt the  
Baron's death-wound.

Enough, that from that time De  
Berkeley bore

A spear in foreign wars. But, it is  
said,

He hath return'd of late; and, there-  
fore, brother,

The Prior hath ordain'd our vigil here,  
To watch the privilege of the sanc-  
tuary,

And rights of Clan MacDuff.

WAL. What rights are these?

NIN. Most true! you are but newly  
come from Rome,

And do not know our ancient usages.  
Know then, when fell Macbeth be-  
neath the arm

Of the predestined knight, unborn or  
woman,

Three boons the victor ask'd, and  
thrice did Malcolm,

Stooping the sceptre by the Thane  
restored,

Assent to his request. And hence  
the rule,

That first when Scotland's King  
assumes the crown,

MacDuff's descendant rings his brow  
with it:

And hence, when Scotland's King  
calls forth his host,

MacDuff's descendant leads the van  
in battle:

And last, in guerdon of the crown  
restored,

Red with the blood of the usurping  
tyrant,

The right was granted in succeeding  
time,

That if a kinsman of the Thane of  
Fife

Commit a slaughter on a sudden  
impulse,

And fly for refuge to this Cross  
MacDuff,

For the Thane's sake he shall find  
sanctuary;

For here must the avenger's step be  
stead,

And here the panting homicide find  
safety.

WAL. And here a brother of your  
order watches,

To see the custom of the place ob-  
served?

NIN. Even so;—such is our con-  
vent's holy right,

Since Saint Magrius—blessed be  
his memory!—

Did by a vision warn the Abbot  
Eadmir.—

And chier we watch, when there is  
bickering

Among the neighbouring nobles,  
now most likely

From this return of Berkeley from  
abroad,

Having the Lindsay's blood upon  
his hand.

WAL. The Lindsay, then, was  
loved among his friends?

NIN. Honour'd and fear'd he was  
—but little loved;

For even his bounty bore a show of  
sternness;

And when his passions waked, he  
was a Sathan

Of wrath and injury.

WAL. How now, Sir Priest!  
(*fiercely*)—Forgive me (*recollect-  
ing himself*)—I was dreaming

Of an old baron, who did bear about  
him

Some touch of your Lord Reynold.

NIN. Lindsay's name, my brother,  
Indeed was Reynold;—and me-  
thinks, moreover,

That, as you spoke even now, he  
would have spoken.

I brought him a petition from our  
convent;

He granted straight, but in such  
tone and manner,

By my good saint! I thought my-  
self scarce safe

Till Tay roll'd broad between us. I  
must now

Unto the chapel—meanwhile the  
watch is thine;

And, at thy word, the hurrying  
fugitive,

Should such arrive, must here find  
sanctuary;

And, at thy word, the fiery-paced  
avenger

Must stop his bloody course—e'en as  
swoln Jordan

Controll'd his waves, soon as they  
touch'd the feet

Of those who bore the ark,

WAL. Is this my charge ?

NIN. Even so ; and I am near,  
should chance require me.

At midnight I relieve you on your  
watch,

When we may taste together some  
refreshment :

I have cared for it ; and for a flask  
of wine—

There is no sin, so that we drink it  
not

Until the midnight hour, when lauds  
have toll'd.

Farewell a while, and peaceful watch  
be with you !

[*Exit towards the Chapel.*]

WAL. It is not with me, and alas !  
alas !

I know not where to seek it. This  
monk's mind

Is with his cloister match'd, nor  
lacks more room.

Its petty duties, formal ritual,  
Its humble pleasures and its paltry  
troubles,

Fill up his round of life ; even as  
some reptiles,

They say, are moulded to the very  
shape,

And all the angles of the rocky  
crevice,

In which they live and die. But for  
myself,

Retired in passion to the narrow  
cell,

Couching my tired limbs in its re-  
cesses,

So ill-adapted am I to its limits,

That every attitude is agony.—

How now ! what brings him back ?

*Re-enter NINIAN.*

NIN. Look to your watch, my  
brother ; horsemen come :

I heard their tread when kneeling in  
the chapel.

WAL. (*looking to a distance.*) My  
thoughts have rapt me more  
than thy devotion,

Else had I heard the tread of distant  
horses

Farther than thou couldst hear the  
sacring bell ;

But now in truth they come :—flight  
and pursuit

Are sights I've been long strange to.

NIN. See how they gallop down  
the opposing hill !

Yon gray steed bounding down the  
headlong path,

As on the level meadow ; while the  
black,

Urged by the rider with his naked  
sword,

Stoops on his prey, as I have seen  
the falcon

Dashing upon the heron.—Thou dost  
frown

And clench thy hand, as if it grasp'd  
a weapon ?

WAL. 'Tis but for shame to see a  
man fly thus

While only one pursues him.  
Coward, turn !—

Turn thee, I say ! thou art as stout  
as he,

And well mayst match thy single  
sword with his—

Shame, that a man should rein a  
steed like thee,

Yet fear to turn his front against a  
foe !—

I am ashamed to look on them.

NIN. Yet look again ; they quit  
their horses now,

Unfit for the rough path : the  
fugitive

Keeps the advantage still.—They  
strain towards us.

WAL. I'll not believe that ever the  
bold Thane

Rear'd up his Cross to be a sanctuary  
To the base coward, who shunn'd an  
equal combat.—

How's this ?—that look—that mien  
—mine eyes grow dizzy !—

NIN. He comes !—thou art a novice  
on this watch,—

Brother, I'll take the word and speak to him.

Pluck down thy cowl; know, that we spiritual champions

Have honour to maintain, and must not seem

To quail before the laity.

[WALDIAVE lets down his cowl, and steps back.

*Enter MAURICE BERKELEY.*

NIN. Who art thou, stranger? speak thy name and purpose.

BER. I claim the privilege of Clan MacDuff.

My name is Maurice Berkeley, and my lineage

Allies me nearly with the Thane of Fife.

NIN. Give us to know the cause of sanctuary?

BER. Let him show it, Against whose violence I claim the privilege.

*Enter LINDESAY, with his sword drawn. He rushes at BERKELEY; NINIAN interposes.*

NIN. Peace, in the name of Saint Magridius!

Peace, in our Prior's name, and in the name

Of that dear symbol, which did purchase peace

And good-will towards man! I do command thee

To sheath thy sword, and stir no contest here.

LIN. One charm I'll try first, To lure the craven from the enchanted circle

Which he hath harbour'd in.—Hear you, De Berkeley,

This is my brother's sword—the hand it arms

Is weapon'd to avenge a brother's death:—

If thou hast heart to step a furlong off,

And change three blows,—even for so short a space

As these good men may say an ave-marie,—

So, Heaven be good to me! I will forgive thee

Thy deed and all its consequences.

BER. Were not my right hand fetter'd by the thought

That slaying thee were but a double guilt

In which to steep my soul, no bridegroom ever

Stepp'd forth to trip a measure with his bride

More joyfully than I, young man, would rush

To meet thy challenge.

LIN. He quails, and shuns to look upon my weapon,

Yet boasts himself a Berkeley!

BER. Lindesay, and if there were no deeper cause

For shunning thee than terror of thy weapon,

That rock-hewn Cross as soon should start and stir,

Because a shepherd-boy blew horn beneath it,

As I for brag of thine.

NIN. I charge you both, and in the name of Heaven,

Breathe no defiance on this sacred spot,

Where Christian men must bear them peacefully,

On pain of the Church thunders. Calmly tell

Your cause of difference; and, Lord Lindsay, thou

Be first to speak them.

LIN. Ask the blue welkin—ask the silver Tay,

The northern Grampians—all things know my wrongs;

But ask not me to tell them, while the villain,

Who wrought them, stands and listens with a smile.

NIN. It is said—

Since you refer us thus to general fame—

That Berkeley slew thy brother, the Lord Louis,

In his own halls at Edzell—

LIN. Ay, in his halls—

In his own halls, good father, that's  
the word.

In his own halls he slew him, while  
the wine

Pass'd on the board between! The  
gallant Thane,

Who wreak'd Macbeth's inhospitable  
murder,

Rear'd not yon Cross to sanction  
deeds like these.

BER. Thou say'st I came a guest!

—I came a victim,

A destined victim, train'd on to the  
doom

His frantic jealousy prepared for me.  
He fix'd a quarrel on me, and we  
fought.

Can I forget the form that came  
between us,

And perish'd by his sword? 'Twas  
then I fought

For vengeance,—until then I guarded  
life,

But then I sought to take it, and  
prevail'd.

LIN. Wretch! thou didst first dis-  
honour to thy victim.

And then didst slay him!

BER. There is a busy fiend tugs  
at my heart,

But I will struggle with it!—Youthful  
knight,

My heart is sick of war, my hand of  
slaughter;

I come not to my lordships, or my  
land,

But just to seek a spot in some cold  
cloister,

Which I may kneel on living, and,  
when dead,

Which may suffice to cover me.

Forgive me that I caused your  
brother's death;

And I forgive thee the injurious  
terms

With which thou taxest me.

LIN. Take worse and blacker.—

Murderer, adulterer!—

Art thou not moved yet?

BER. Do not press me further.

The hunted stag, even when he seeks  
the thicket,

Compell'd to stand at bay, grows  
dangerous!

Most true thy brother perish'd by  
my hand,

And if you term it murder—I must  
bear it.

Thus far my patience can; but if  
thou brand

The purity of yonder martyr'd saint,  
Whom then my sword but poorly did

avenge,

With one injurious word, come to  
the valley,

And I will show thee how it shall be  
answer'd!

NIN. This heat, Lord Berkeley,  
doth but ill accord

With thy late pious patience.

BER. Father, forgive, and let me  
stand excused

To Heaven and thee, if patience  
brooks no more.

I loved this lady fondly—truly loved—  
Loved her, and was beloved, ere yet

her father

Conferr'd her on another. While  
she lived,

Each thought of her was to my soul  
as hallow'd

As those I send to Heaven; and on  
her grave;

Her bloody, early grave, while this  
poor hand

Can hold a sword, shall no one cast  
a scorn.

LIN. Follow me. Thou shalt hear  
me call the adulteress

By her right name.—I'm glad there's  
yet a spur

Can rouse thy sluggard mettle.

BER. Make then obeisance to the  
blessed Cross,

For it shall be on earth thy last  
devotion.

[*They are going off.*

WAL. (*rushing forward.*) Madmen,  
stand!—

Stay but one second—answer but  
one question.—

There, Maurice Berkeley, can'st thou  
look upon  
That blessed sign, and swear thou'st  
spoken truth?

BER. I swear by Heaven,  
And by the memory of that murder'd  
innocent,  
Each seeming charge against her  
was as false  
As our bless'd Lady's spotless. Hear,  
each saint!

Hear me, thou holy rood! hear me  
from heaven,  
Thou martyr'd excellence!—Hear me  
from penal fire,  
(For sure not yet thy guilt is ex-  
piated!)

Stern ghost of her destroyer!—

WAL. (*throws back his cowl.*) He  
hears! he hears  
Thy spell hath raised the dead.

LIN. My brother! and alive!—

WAL. Alive,—but yet, my Richard,  
No tie of kindred binds me to the  
world;  
All were renounced, when, with  
reviving life,  
Came the desire to seek the sacred  
cloister.  
Alas, in vain! for to that last retreat,

Like to a pack of bloodhounds in full  
chase,  
My passion and my wrongs have  
follow'd me,  
Wrath and remorse—and, to fill up  
the cry,

Thou hast brought vengeance hither.  
LIN. I but sought  
To do the act and duty of a brother.

WAL. I ceased to be so when I  
left the world;  
But if he can forgive as I forgive,  
God sends me here a brother in mine  
enemy,

To pray for me and with me. If  
thou canst,

De Berkeley, give thine hand.—

BER. (*gives his hand.*) It is the  
will  
Of Heaven, made manifest in thy  
preservation,

To inhibit further bloodshed; for De  
Berkeley,

The votary Maurice lays the title  
down.

Go to his halls, Lord Richard, where  
a maiden,

Kin to his blood, and daughter in  
affection,

Heirs his broad lands;—If thou  
canst love her, Lindsay,  
Woo her, and be successful.

## THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

### PREFACE.

THE first of these dramatic pieces was long since written, for the purpose of obliging the late Mr. Terry, then Manager of the Adelphi Theatre, for whom the Author had a particular regard. The manner in which the mimic goblins of Devergoil are intermixed with the supernatural machinery, was found to be objectionable, and the production had other faults, which rendered it unfit for representation. I have called the piece a Melo-drama, for want of a better name; but, as I

learn from the unquestionable authority of Mr. Colman's Random Records, that one species of the drama is termed an *extravaganza*, I am sorry I was not sooner aware of a more appropriate name than that which I had selected for Devergoil.

The Author's Publishers thought it desirable, that the scenes, long condemned to oblivion, should be united to similar attempts of the same kind; and as he felt indifferent on the subject, they are printed in the same volume with Halidon Hill and MacDuff's Cross, and thrown off in a separate form, for

the convenience of those who possess former editions of the Author's Poetical Works.

The general story of the Doom or Devorgoil is founded on an old Scottish tradition, the scene of which lies in Galloway. The crime supposed to have occasioned the misfortunes of this devoted house, is similar to that of a Lord Herries of Hoddam Castle, who is the principal personage of Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's interesting ballad, in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iv., p. 307. In remorse for his crime, he built the singular monument called the Tower of Repentance. In many cases the Scottish superstitions allude to the fairies, or those who, for sins of a milder description, are permitted to wander with the "rout that never rest," as they were termed by Dr. Leyden. They imitate human labour and human amusements, but their toil is useless, and without any advantageous result; and their gaiety is unsubstantial and hollow. The phantom of Lord Erick is supposed to be a spectre of this character.

The story of the Ghostly Barber is told in many countries; but the best narrative founded on the passage, is the tale called *Stumme Liebe*, among the legends of Musæus. I think it has been introduced upon the English stage in some pantomime, which was one objection to bringing it upon the scene a second time.

ABBOTSFORD, April, 1830.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Oswald of Devorgoil, *a decayed Scottish Baron.*

Leonard, *a Ranger.*

Durward, *a Palmer.*

Lancelot Blackthorn, *a Companion of Leonard, in love with Katleen.*

Gullcrammer, *a conceited Student.*

Owlsplegle and  
Cockledemoy, } *Masks, represented  
by Blackthorn and  
Katleen.*

Spirit of Lord Erick of Devorgoil.

*Peasants, Shepherds, and Vassals of inferior rank.*

Eleanor, *Wife of Oswald, descended of obscure Parentage.*

Flora, *Daughter of Oswald.*

Katleen, *Niece of Eleanor.*

### ACT I.—SCENE I.

*The Scene represents a wild and hilly, but not a mountainous Country, in a frontier District of Scotland. The flat Scene exhibits the Castle of Devorgoil, decayed, and partly ruinous, situated upon a Lake, and connected with the Land by a Drawbridge, which is lowered. Time—Sunset.*

FLORA enters from the Castle, looks timidly around, then comes forward and speaks.

He is not here—those pleasures are not ours  
Which placid evening brings to all things else.

### SONG.

The sun upon the lake is low,  
The wild birds hush their song,  
The hills have evening's deepest glow,  
Yet Leonard tarries long.  
Now all whom varied toil and care  
From home and love divide,  
In the calm sunset may repair  
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame, on turret high,  
Who waits her gallant knight,  
Looks to the western beam to spy  
The flash of armour bright.  
The village maid, with hand on brow,  
The level ray to shade,  
Upon the footpath watches now  
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,  
By day they swam apart,  
And to the thicket wanders slow,  
The hind beside the hart.



The woodlark at his partner's side,  
 Twitters his closing song—  
 All meet whom day and care divide,  
 But Leonard tarries long.

[KATLEEN has come out of the Castle while FLORA was singing, and speaks when the Song is ended.

KAT. Ah, my dear coz!—if that  
 your mother's niece  
 May so presume to call your father's  
 daughter—  
 All these fond things have got some  
 home of comfort  
 To tempt their rovers back—the  
 lady's bower,  
 The shepherdess's hut, the wild  
 swan's couch  
 Among the rushes, even the lark's  
 low nest,  
 Has that of promise which lures  
 home a lover,—  
 But we have nought of this.

FLO. How call you, then, this  
 castle of my sire,  
 The towers of Devorgoil?

KAT. Dungeons for men, and  
 palaces for owls;  
 Yet no wise owl would change a  
 farmer's barn  
 For yonder hungry hall—our latest  
 mouse,  
 Our last of mice, I tell you, has been  
 found  
 Starved in the pantry; and the  
 reverend spider,  
 Sole living tenant of the Baron's  
 halls,  
 Who, train'd to abstinence, lived a  
 whole summer  
 Upon a single fly, he's famish'd too;  
 The cat is in the kitchen-chimney  
 seated  
 Upon our last of fagots, destined  
 soon  
 To dress our last of suppers, and,  
 poor soul,  
 Is starved with cold, and mewling  
 mad with hunger.

FLO. D'ye mock our misery,  
 Katleen?

KAT. No, but I am hysteric on the  
 subject,  
 So I must laugh or cry, and laugh-  
 ing's lightest.

FLO. Why stay you with us, then,  
 my merry cousin?  
 From you my sire can ask no filial  
 duty.

KAT. No, thanks to Heaven!  
 No noble in wide Scotland, rich or  
 poor,  
 Can claim an interest in the vulgar  
 blood  
 That dances in my veins; and I  
 might wed

A forester to-morrow, nothing fearing  
 The wrath of high-born kindred, and  
 far less  
 That the dry bones of lead-lapp'd  
 ancestors  
 Would clatter in their cerements at  
 the tidings.

FLO. My mother, too, would gladly  
 see you placed  
 Beyond the verge of our unhappi-  
 ness,  
 Which, like a witch's circle, blights  
 and taints  
 Whatever comes within it.

KAT. Ah! my good aunt!  
 She is a careful kinswoman and  
 prudent,  
 In all but marrying a ruin'd baron,  
 When she could take her choice of  
 honest yeomen;  
 And now, to balance this ambitious  
 error.

She presses on her daughter's love  
 the suit  
 Of one, who hath no touch of noble-  
 ness,

In manners, birth, or mind, to  
 recommend him,—  
 Sage Master Gullcrammer, the new-  
 dubb'd preacher.

FLO. Do not name him, Katleen!

KAT. Ay, but I must, and with  
 some gratitude.  
 I said but now, I saw our last of  
 fagots  
 Destined to dress our last of meals,  
 but said not

That the repast consisted of choice dainties,  
Sent to our larder by that liberal suitor,

The kind Melchisedek.

FLO. Were famishing the word,  
I'd famish ere I tasted them—the fop,

The fool, the low-born, low-bred,  
pedant coxcomb!

KAT. There spoke the blood of  
long-descended sires!

My cottage wisdom ought to echo  
back,—

O the snug parsonage! the well-  
paid stipend!

The yew-hedged garden! beehives,  
pigs, and poultry!

But, to speak honestly, the peasant  
Katleen,

Valuing these good things justly,  
still would scorn

To wed, for such, the paltry Gull-  
crammer,

As much as Lady Flora.

FLO. Mock me not with a title,  
gentle cousin,

Which poverty has made ridi-  
culous.—

[*Trumpets far off.*]

Hark! they have broken up the  
weaponshawing;

The vassals are dismiss'd, and  
marching homeward.

KAT. Comes your sire back to-  
night?

FLO. He did purpose

To tarry for the banquet. This day  
only,

Summon'd as a king's tenant, he  
resumes

The right of rank his birth assigns  
to him,

And mingles with the proudest.

KAT. To return  
To his domestic wretchedness to-  
morrow—

I envy not the privilege. Let us go  
To yonder height, and see the  
marksmen practise:

They shoot their match down in the  
dale beyond,

Betwixt the Lowland and the Forest  
district,

By ancient custom, for a tun of  
wine.

Let us go see which wins.

FLO. That were too forward.

KAT. Why, you may drop the  
screen before your face,

Which some chance breeze may  
haply blow aside

Just when a youth of special note  
takes aim.

It chanced even so that memorable  
morning,

When, nutting in the woods, we met  
young Leonard;—

And in good time here comes his  
sturdy comrade,

The rough Lance Blackthorn.

*Enter LANCELOT BLACKTHORN, a  
Forester, with the Carcass of a  
Deer on his back, and a Gun in  
his hand.*

BLA. Save you, damsels!

KAT. Godden, good yeoman.—  
Come you from the Weapon-  
shaw?

BLA. Not I, indeed; there lies the  
mark I shot at.

[*Lays down the Deer.*]

The time has been I had not miss'd  
the sport,

Although Lord Nithsdale's self had  
wanted venison;

But this same mate of mine, young  
Leonard Dacre,

Makes me do what he lists;—he'll  
win the prize, though:

The Forest district will not lose its  
honour,

And that is all I care for—(*some  
shouts are heard*). Hark they're  
at it.

I'll go see the issue.

FLO. Leave not here  
The produce of your hunting.

BLA. But I must, though.  
This is his lair to-night, for Leonard  
Dacre

Charged me to leave the stag at  
Devorgoil;

Then show me quickly where to stow the quarry,

And let me to the sports—(*more shots*). Come, hasten, damsels!

FLO. It is impossible—we dare not take it.

BLA. There let it lie, then, and I'll wind my bugle,

That all within these tottering walls may know

That here lies venison, whoso likes to lift it. [*About to blow.*]

KAT. (*to FLO*). He will alarm your mother; and, besides,

Our Forest proverb teaches, that no question

Should ask where venison comes from. Your careful mother, with her wonted prudence,

Will hold its presence plead its own apology.—

Come, Blackthorn, I will show you where to stow it.

[*Exeunt KATLEEN and BLACKTHORN into the Castle—more shooting—then a distant shout—Stragglers, armed in different ways, pass over the Stage, as if from the Weapon-shaw.*]

FLO. The prize is won; that general shout proclaim'd it.

The marksmen and the vassals are dispersing. [*She draws back.*]

FIRST VASSAL (*a peasant*). Ay, ay,—'tis lost and won,—the Forest have it.

'Tis they have all the luck on't.

SECOND VAS. (*a shepherd*). Luck, sayst thou, man? 'Tis practice, skill, and cunning.

THIRD VAS. 'Tis no such thing.—I had hit the mark precisely,

But for this cursed flint; and, as I fired,

A swallow cross'd mine eye too—Will you tell me

That that was but a chance, mine honest shepherd?

FIRST VAS. Ay, and last year, when Lancelot Blackthorn won it,

Because my powder happen'd to be damp,

Was there no luck in that?—The worse luck mine.

SECOND VAS. Still I say 'twas not chance; it might be witchcraft.

FIRST VAS. Faith, not unlikely, neighbours; for these foresters

Do often haunt about this ruin'd castle.

I've seen myself this spark,—young Leonard Dacre,—

Come stealing like a ghost ere break of day,

And after sunset, too, along this path; and well you know the haunted towers of Devorgoil

Have no good reputation in the land.

SHEP. That have they not. I've heard my father say,—

Ghosts dance as lightly in its moon-light halls,

As ever maiden did at Midsummer Upon the village-green.

FIRST VAS. Those that frequent such spirit-haunted ruins

Must needs know more than simple Christians do.—

See, Lance this blessed moment leaves the castle,

And comes to triumph o'er us.

[*BLACKTHORN enters from the Castle, and comes forward while they speak.*]

THIRD VAS. A mighty triumph! What is't, after all,

Except the driving of a piece of lead,—

As learned Master Gullcrammer defined it,—

Just through the middle of a painted board.

BLACK. And if he so define it, by your leave,

Your learned Master Gullcrammer's an ass.

THIRD VAS. (*angrily*.) He is a preacher, huntsman, under favour.

SECOND VAS. No quarrelling, neighbours—you may both be

right.

*Enter a FOURTH VASSAL, with a gallon stoup of wine.*

FOURTH VAS. Why stand you brawling here? Young Leonard Dacre

Has set abroad the tun of wine he gain'd,

That all may drink who list. Blackthorn, I sought you;

Your comrade prays you will bestow this flagon

Where you have left the deer you kill'd this morning.

BLACK. And that I will; but first we will take toll

To see if it's worth carriage. Shepherd, thy horn.

There must be due allowance made for leakage,

And that will come about a draught a-piece.

Skink it about, and, when our throats are liquor'd.

We'll merrily trowl our song of weaponshaw.

*[They drink about out of the SHEPHERD'S horn and then sing.*

SONG.

We love the shrill trumpet, we love the drum's rattle,

They call us to sport, and they call us to battle;

And old Scotland shall laugh at the threats of a stranger,

While our comrades in pastime are comrades in danger.

If there's mirth in our house, 'tis our neighbour that shares it—

If peril approach, 'tis our neighbour that dares it;

And when we lead off to the pipe and the tabor,

The fair hand we press is the hand of a neighbour.

Then close your ranks, comrades, the bands that combine them,

Faith, friendship, and brotherhood, join'd to entwine them;

And we'll laugh at the threats of each insolent stranger,

While our comrades in sport are our comrades in danger.

BLACK. Well, I must do mine errand. Master flagon

*[Shaking it.*  
Is too consumptive for another bleeding.

SHEP. I must to my fold.

THIRD VAS. I'll to the butt of wine. And see if that has given up the ghost yet.

FIRST VAS. Have with you, neighbour.

*[BLACKTHORN enters the Castle, the rest exeunt severally.*

MELCHISEDEK GULLCRAMMER watches them off the stage, and then enters from the side-scene. His costume is a Geneva cloak and band, with a high-crowned hat; the rest of his dress in the fashion of James the First's time. He looks to the windows of the Castle, then draws back as if to escape observation, while he brushes his cloak, drives the white threads from his waistcoat with his wetted thumb, and dusts his shoes, all with the air of one who would not willingly be observed engaged in these offices. He then adjusts his collar and band, comes forward and speaks.

GUL. Right comely is thy garb, Melchisedek;

As well beseemeth one, whom good Saint Mungo,

The patron of our land and university, Hath graced with license both to teach and preach—

Who dare opine thou hither plod'st on foot?

Trim sits thy cloak, unruffled is thy band,

And not a speck upon thine outward man,

Bewrays the labours of thy weary  
sole.

[*Touches his shoe, and smiles  
complacently.*]

Quaint was that jest and pleasant!

—Now, will I

Approach and hail the dwellers of  
this fort;

But specially sweet Flora Devorgoil,  
Ere her proud sire return. He loves  
me not,

Mocketh my lineage, flouts at mine  
advancement—

Sour as the fruit the crab-tree  
furnishes,

And hard as is the cudgel it supplies;  
But Flora—she's a lily on the lake,  
And I must reach her, though I risk  
a ducking.

[*As GULLCRAMMER moves towards  
the drawbridge, BAULDIE  
DURWARD enters, and inter-  
poses himself betwixt him and  
the Castle. GULLCRAMMER  
stops and speaks.*]

Whom have we here?—that ancient  
fortune-teller,

Papist and sorcerer, and sturdy  
beggar,

Old Bauldie Durward! Would I were  
well past him!

[*DURWARD advances, partly in  
the dress of a palmer, partly  
in that of an old Scottish  
mendicant, having coarse  
blue cloak and badge, white  
beard, etc.*]

DUR. The blessing of the evening  
on your worship,

And on your taffy doublet. Much I  
marvel

Your wisdom chooseth such trim  
garb, when tempests

Are gathering to the bursting.

GULLCRAMMER (*looks to his dress,  
and then to the sky, with some  
apprehension.*)

Surely, Bauldie,

Thou dost belie the evening—in the  
west

The light sinks down as lovely as  
this band

Drops o'er this mantle—Tush, man!  
'twill be fair.

DUR. Ay, but the storm I bode is  
big with blows,

Horsewhips for hailstones, clubs for  
thunderbolts;

And for the wailing of the midnight  
wind,

The unpitied howling of a cudgell'd  
coxcomb,

Come, come, I know thou seek'st  
fair Flora Devorgoil.

GUL. And if I did, I do the damsel  
grace,

Her mother thinks so, and she has  
accepted

At these poor hands gifts of some  
consequence,

And curious dainties for the evening  
cheer,

To which I am invited—She respects  
me.

DUR. But not so doth her father,  
haughty Oswald.

Bethink thee, he's a baron—

GUL. And a bare one;  
Construe me that, old man!—The

crofts of Mucklewhame—

Destined for mine so soon as heaven  
and earth

Have shared my uncle's soul and  
bones between them—

The crofts of Mucklewhame, old  
man, which nourish

Three scores of sheep, three cows,  
with each her follower,

A female palfrey eke—I will be  
candid,

She is of that meek tribe whom, in  
derision,

Our wealthy southern neighbours  
nickname donkeys—

DUR. She hath her follower too,—  
when thou art there.

GUL. I say to thee, these crofts of  
Mucklewhame,

In the mere tything of their stock  
and produce,

Outvie whatever patch of land  
remains

To this old rugged castle and its  
owner.

Well, therefore, may Melchisedek  
 Gullcrammer,  
 Younger of Mucklewhame, for such  
 I write me,  
 Master of Arts, by grace of good  
 Saint Andrew,  
 Preacher, in brief expectance of a  
 kirk,  
 Endow'd with ten score Scottish  
 pounds per annum,  
 Being eight pounds seventeen eight  
 in sterling coin—

Well then, I say, may this Melchise-  
 dek,  
 Thus highly graced by fortune—and  
 by nature

E'en gifted as thou seest—aspire to  
 woo  
 The daughter of the beggar'd Devor-  
 goil.

DUR. Credit an old man's word,  
 kind Master Gullcrammer,  
 You will not find it so.—Come, sir,  
 I've known  
 The hospitality of Mucklewhame;  
 It reach'd not to profuseness—yet,  
 in gratitude

For the pure water of its living well,  
 And for the barley loaves of its fair  
 fields,

Wherein chopp'd straw contended  
 with the grain

Which best should satisfy the appetite,  
 I would not see the hopeful heir of  
 Mucklewhame

Thus fling himself on danger.

GUL. Danger! what danger?—  
 Know'st thou not, old Oswald  
 This day attends the muster of the  
 shire,

Where the crown-vassals meet to  
 show their arms,

And their best horse of service?—  
 'Twas good sport

(An if a man had dared but laugh at  
 it)

To see old Oswald with his rusty  
 morion,

And huge two-handed sword, that  
 might have seen

The field of Bannockburn or Chevy-  
 Chase,

Without a squire or vassal, page or  
 groom,

Or e'en a single pikeman at his heels,  
 Mix with the proudest nobles of the  
 county,

And claim precedence for his tatter'd  
 person

O'er armours double gilt and ostrich-  
 plumage.

DUR. Ay! 'twas the jest at which  
 fools laugh the loudest,

The downfall of our old nobility—  
 Which may forerun the ruin of a  
 kingdom.

I've seen an idiot clap his hands, and  
 shout

To see a tower like yon (*points to a*  
*part of the Castle*) stoop to its base

In headlong ruin; while the wise  
 look'd round,

And fearful sought a distant stance  
 to watch

What fragment of the fabric next  
 should follow;

For when the turrets fall, the walls  
 are tottering.

GUL. (*after pondering*). If that  
 means aught, it means thou  
 saw'st old Oswald

Expell'd from the assembly.

DUR. Thy sharp wit  
 Hath glanced unwittingly right nigh

the truth.

Expell'd he was not, but, his claim  
 denied

At some contested point of ceremony,  
 He left the weapons' haw in high  
 displeasure,

And hither comes—his wonted bitter  
 temper

Scarce sweeten'd by the chances of  
 the day.

'Twere much like rashness should  
 you wait his coming,

And thither tends my counsel.

GUL. And I'll take it;  
 Good Bauldie Durward, I will take  
 thy counsel,

And will requite it with this minted  
 farthing,

That bears our sovereign's head in  
 purest copper.

DUR. Thanks to thy bounty—  
Haste thee, good young master ;  
Oswald, besides the old two-handed  
sword,  
Bears in his hand a staff of potency,  
To charm intruders from his castle  
purlieus.

GUL. I do abhor all charms, nor  
will abide  
To hear or see, far less to feel their  
use.  
Behold, I have departed.

[*Exit hastily.*]

*Manent* DURWARD.

DUR. Thus do I play the idle part  
of one  
Who seeks to save the moth from  
scorching him  
In the bright taper's flame—And  
Flora's beauty  
Must, not unlike that taper, waste  
away,  
Gilding the rugged walls that saw it  
kindled.  
This was a shard-born beetle, heavy,  
drossy,  
Though boasting his dull drone and  
gilded wing.  
Here comes a flutterer of another  
stamp,  
Whom the same ray is charming to  
his ruin.

*Enter* LEONARD, *dressed as a hunts-  
man ; he pauses before the Tower,  
and whistles a note or two at inter-  
vals—drawing back, as if fearful of  
observation—yet waiting, as if ex-  
pecting—some reply.*—DURWARD,  
*whom he had not observed, moves  
round, so as to front* LEONARD *un-  
expectedly.*

LEON. I am too late—it was no  
easy task  
To rid myself from yonder noisy  
revellers.  
Flora!—I fear she's angry—Flora—  
Flora.

SONG.

Admire not that I gain'd the prize  
From all the village crew ;  
How could I fail with hand or eyes,  
When heart and faith were true ?

And when in floods of rosy wine  
My comrades drown'd their cares,  
I thought but that thy heart was  
mine,  
My own leapt light as theirs.

My brief delay then do not blame,  
Nor deem your swain untrue ;  
My form but linger'd at the game,  
My soul was still with you.

She hears not !

DUR. But a friend hath heard—  
Leonard, I pity thee.

LEON. (*starts, but recovers himself*).  
Pity, good father, is for those in  
want,

In age, in sorrow, in distress of  
mind,

Or agony of body. I'm in health—  
Can match my limbs against the  
stag in chase,

Have means enough to meet my  
simple wants,

And am so free of soul that I can  
carol

To woodland and to wild in notes as  
lively

As are my jolly bugle's.

DUR. Even therefore dost thou  
need my pity, Leonard,  
And therefore I bestow it, praying  
thee,

Before thou feel'st the need, my mite  
of pity.

Leonard, thou lovest ; and in that  
little word

There lies enough to claim the  
sympathy

Of men who wear such hoary locks  
as mine,

And know what misplaced love is  
sure to end in.

LEON. Good father, thou art old,  
and even thy youth,

As thou hast told me, spent in  
 cloister'd cells,  
 Fits thee but ill to judge the passions,  
 Which are the joy and charm of  
 social life.

Press me no further, then, nor waste  
 those moments

Whose worth thou canst not estimate.

[*As turning from him.*

DUR. (*detains him*). Stay, young  
 man!

'Tis seldom that a beggar claims a  
 debt;

Yet I bethink me of a gay young  
 stripling,

That owes to these white locks and  
 hoary beard

Something of reverence and of  
 gratitude

More than he wills to pay.

LEON. Forgive me, father. Often  
 hast thou told me,

That in the ruin of my father's house  
 You saved the orphan Leonard in  
 his cradle;

And well I know, that to thy care  
 alone—

Care seconded by means beyond thy  
 seeming—

I owe whate'er of nurture I can  
 boast.

DUR. Then for thy life preserved,  
 And for the means of knowledge I  
 have furnish'd,

(Which lacking, man is levell'd with  
 the brutes,)

Grant me this boon:—Avoid these  
 fatal walls!

A curse is on them, bitter, deep, and  
 heavy,

Of power to split the massiest tower  
 they boast

From pinnacle to dungeon vault. It  
 rose

Upon the gay horizon of proud  
 Devorgoil,

As unregarded as the fleecy cloud,  
 The first forerunner of the hurricane,  
 Scarce seen amid the welkin's shade-  
 less blue.

Dark grew it, and more dark, and  
 still the fortunes

Of this doom'd family have darken'd  
 with it.

It hid their sovereign's favour, and  
 obscured

The lustre of their service, gender'd  
 hate

Betwixt them and the mighty of the  
 land;

Till by degrees the waxing tempest  
 rose,

And stripp'd the goodly tree of fruit  
 and flowers,

And buds, and boughs, and branches.  
 There remains

A rugged trunk, dismember'd and  
 unsightly,

Waiting the bursting of the final  
 bolt

To splinter it to shivers. Now, go  
 pluck

Its single tendril to enwreath thy  
 brow,

And rest beneath its shade—to share  
 the ruin!

LEON. This anathema,  
 Whence should it come?—How  
 merited!—and when!

DUR. 'Twas in the days  
 Of Oswald's grandsire,—'mid Gal-  
 wegian chiefs

The fellest foe, the fiercest champion.  
 His blood-red pennons scared the

Cumbrian coasts,  
 And wasted towns and manors

mark'd his progress.  
 His galleys stored with treasure, and

their decks  
 Crowded with English captives, who

beheld,  
 With weeping eyes, their native

shores retire,  
 He bore him homeward; but a

tempest rose—

LEON. So far I've heard the tale,  
 And spare thee the recital,—The grim

chief,  
 Marking his vessels labour on the

sea,  
 And loth to lose his treasure, gave

command  
 To plunge his captives in the raging  
 deep.



DUR. There sunk the lineage of a noble name,  
 And the wild waves boom'd over sire and son,  
 Mother and nursling, of the House of Aglionby,  
 Leaving but one frail tendril.—Hence the fate  
 That hovers o'er these turrets,—hence the peasant,  
 Belated, hying homewards, dreads to cast  
 A glance upon that portal, lest he see  
 The unshrouded spectres of the murder'd dead;  
 Or the avenging Angel, with his sword,  
 Waving destruction; or the grisly phantom  
 Of that fell Chief, the doer of the deed,  
 Which still, they say, roams through his empty halls,  
 And mourns their wasteness and their loneliness.

LEON. Such is the dotage  
 Of superstition, father, ay, and the cant  
 Of hoodwink'd prejudice.—Not for atonement  
 Of some foul deed done in the ancient warfare,  
 When war was butchery, and men were wolves,  
 Doth Heaven consign the innocent to suffering.  
 I tell thee, Flora's virtues might atone  
 For all the massacres her sires have done,  
 Since first the Pictish race their stained limbs  
 Array'd in wolf's skin.

DUR. Leonard, ere yet this beggar's scrip and cloak  
 Supplied the place of mitre and of crosier,  
 Which in these alter'd lands must not be worn,  
 I was superior of a brotherhood  
 Of holy men,—the Prior of Lanercost.

Nobles then sought my footstool many a league,  
 There to unload their sins—questions of conscience  
 Of deepest import were not deem'd too nice  
 For my decision, youth.—But not even then,  
 With mitre on my brow, and all the voice  
 Which Rome gives to a father of her church,  
 Dared I pronounce so boldly on the ways  
 Of hidden Providence, as thou, young man,  
 Whose chiefest knowledge is to track a stag,  
 Or wind a bugle, hast presumed to do.

LEON. Nay, I pray forgive me, Father; thou know'st I meant not to presume—

DUR. Can I refuse thee pardon?—  
 Thou art all  
 That war and change have left to the poor Durward.

Thy father, too, who lost his life and fortune  
 Defending Lanercost, when its fair aisles  
 Were spoil'd by sacrilege—I bless'd his banner,  
 And yet it prosper'd not. But—all I could—  
 Thee from the wreck I saved, and for thy sake  
 Have still dragg'd on my life of pilgrimage  
 And penitence upon the hated shores  
 I else had left for ever. Come with me,  
 And I will teach thee there is healing in  
 The wounds which friendship gives.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Scene changes to the interior of the Castle. An apartment is discovered, in which there is much*

*appearance of present poverty, mixed with some relics of former grandeur. On the wall hangs, amongst other things, a suit of ancient armour; by the table is a covered basket; behind, and concealed by it, the carcass of a roe-deer. There is a small latticed window, which, appearing to perforate a wall of great thickness, is supposed to look out towards the drawbridge. It is in the shape of a loop-hole for musketry; and, as is not unusual in old buildings, is placed so high up in the wall, that it is only approached by five or six narrow stone steps.*

ELEANOR, the wife of OSWALD of DEVORGOIL, FLORA and KATLEEN, her Daughter and Niece, are discovered at work. The former spins, the latter are embroidering. ELEANOR quits her own labour to examine the manner in which FLORA is executing her task, and shakes her head as if dissatisfied.

ELE. Fy on it, Flora; this botch'd work of thine  
Shows that thy mind is distant from thy task.  
The finest tracery of our old cathedral  
Had not a richer, freer, bolder pattern,  
Than Flora once could trace. Thy thoughts are wandering.

FLO. They're with my father.  
Broad upon the lake  
The evening sun sunk down; huge piles of clouds,  
Crimson and sable, rose upon his disk,  
And quench'd him ere his setting,  
like some champion  
In his last conflict, losing all his glory.  
Sure signals those of storm. And if my father

Be on his homeward road—  
ELE. But that he will not.  
Baron of Devorgoil, this day at least  
He banquets with the nobles, who the next

Would scarce vouchsafe an alms to save his household  
From want or famine. Thanks to a kind friend,  
For one brief space we shall not need their aid.

FLO. (*joyfully.*) What! knew you then his gift?  
How silly I that would, yet durst not tell it!

I fear my father will condemn us both,  
That easily accepted such a present.

KAT. Now, here's the game a bystander sees better  
Than those who play it.—My good aunt is pondering  
On the good cheer which Gullcrammer has sent us,  
And Flora thinks upon the forest venison. [*Aside.*]

ELE. (*to FLO.*) Thy father need not know on't—'tis a boon  
Comes timely, when frugality, nay, abstinence,  
Might scarce avail us longer. I had hoped

Ere now a visit from the youthful donor,  
That we might thank his bounty; and perhaps  
My Flora thought the same, when Sunday's kerchief  
And the best kirtle were sought out, and donn'd  
To grace a work-day evening.

FLO. Nay, mother, that is judging all too close!  
My work-day gown was torn—my kerchief sullied;  
And thus—But, think you, will the gallant come?

ELE. He will, for with these dainties came a message  
From gentle Master Gullcrammer, to intimate—

FLO. (*greatly disappointed.*) Gullcrammer?

KAT. There burst the bubble—down fell house of cards,  
And cousin's like to cry for't!  
[*Aside.*]

ELE. Gullcrammer? ay, Gullcrammer—thou scorn'st not at him?

'Twere something short of wisdom in a maiden,  
Who, like the poor bat in the Grecian fable,  
Hovers betwixt two classes in the world,  
And is disclaim'd by both the mouse and bird.

KAT. I am the poor mouse.  
And may go creep into what hole I list,  
And no one heed me—Yet I'll waste a word  
Of counsel on my betters.—Kind my aunt,  
And you, my gentle cousin, were't not better  
We thought of dressing this same gear for supper,  
Than quarrelling about the worthless donor?

ELE. Peace, minx!

FLO. Thou hast no feeling, cousin Katleen.

KAT. Soh! I have brought them both on my poor shoulders  
So meddling peace-makers are still rewarded:  
E'en let them to't again, and fight it out.

FLO. Mother, were I disclaim'd of every class,  
I would not therefore so disclaim myself,  
As even a passing thought of scorn to waste  
On cloddish Gullcrammer.

ELE. List to me, love, and let adversity  
Incline thine ear to wisdom. Look around thee—  
Of the gay youths who boast a noble name,  
Which will incline to wed a dowerless damsel?  
And of the yeomanry, who think'st thou, Flora,  
Would ask to share the labours of his farm

An high-born beggar?—This young man is modest—

FLO. Silly, good mother; sheepish, if you will it.

ELE. E'en call it what you list—the softer temper,  
The fitter to endure the bitter sallies  
Of one whose wit is all too sharp for mine.

FLO. Mother, you cannot mean it as you say;  
You cannot bid me prize conceited folly?

ELE. Content thee, child—each lot has its own blessings.  
This youth, with his plain-dealing honest suit,  
Proffers thee quiet, peace, and competence,  
Redemption from a home, o'er which fell Fate  
Stoops like a falcon.—O, if thou couldst choose

(As no such choice is given) 'twixt such a mate  
And some proud noble!—Who, in sober judgment,  
Would like to navigate the heady river,  
Dashing in fury from its parent mountain,  
More than the waters of the quiet lake?

KAT. Now can I hold no longer—  
Lake, good aunt?  
Nay, in the name of truth, say mill-pond, horse-pond;  
Or if there be a pond more miry,  
More sluggish, mean-derived, and base than either,  
Be such Gullcrammer's emblem—and his portion!

FLO. I would that he or I were in our grave,  
Rather than thus his suit should goad me!—Mother,  
Flora of Devorgoil, though low in fortunes,  
Is still too high in mind to join her name  
With such a base-born churl as Gullcrammer.

ELE. You are trim maidens both !  
(To FLORA.) Have you forgotten,  
Or did you mean to call to *my* re-  
membrance

Thy father chose a wife of peasant  
blood ?

FLO. Will you speak thus to me,  
or think the stream  
Can mock the fountain it derives its  
source from ?

My venerated mother, in that name  
Lies all on earth a child should  
chiefest honour ;  
And with that name to mix reproach  
or taunt,  
Were only short of blasphemy to  
Heaven.

ELE. Then listen, Flora, to that  
mother's counsel,  
Or rather profit by that mother's fate.  
Your father's fortunes were but bent,  
not broken,  
Until he listen'd to his rash affection.  
Means were afforded to redeem his  
house,  
Ample and large—the hand of a rich  
heirss

Awaited, almost courted, his ac-  
ceptance ;  
He saw my beauty—such it then was  
call'd,

Or such at least he thought it—the  
wither'd bush,  
Whate'er it now may seem, had  
blossoms then,—

And he forsook the proud and wealthy  
heirss,

To wed with me and ruin——

KAT. (*aside.*) The more fool,  
Say I, apart, the peasant maid then,  
Who might have chose a mate from  
her own hamlet.

ELE. Friends fell off,  
And to his own resources, his own  
counsels,

Abandon'd, as they said, the thought-  
less prodigal,  
Who had exchanged rank, riches,  
pomp, and honour,  
For the mean beauties of a cottage  
maid.

FLO. It was done like my father,

Who scorn'd to sell what wealth can  
never buy—

True love and free affections. And  
he loves you !

If you have suffer'd in a weary world,  
Your sorrows have been jointly  
borne, and love

Has made the load sit lighter.

ELE. Ay, but a misplaced match  
hath that deep curse in't,  
That can embitter e'en the purest  
streams

Of true affection. Thou hast seen  
me seek,

With the strict caution early habits  
taught me,

To match our wants and means—  
hast seen thy father

With aristocracy's high brow of  
scorn,

Spurn at economy, the cottage virtue,  
As best befitting her whose sires  
were peasants ;

Nor can I, when I see my lineage  
scorn'd,

Always conceal in what contempt  
I hold

The fancied claims of rank he clings  
to fondly.

FLO. Why will you do so?—well  
you know it chafes him.

ELE. Flora, thy mother is but  
mortal woman.

Nor can at all times check an eager  
tongue.

KAT. (*aside.*) That's no new tidings  
to her niece and daughter.

ELE. O mayst thou never know the  
spited feelings

That gender discord in adversity  
Betwixt the dearest friends and  
truest lovers !

In the chill damping gale of poverty,  
If Love's lamp go not out, it gleams  
but palely,

And twinkles in the socket.

FLO. But tenderness can screen it  
with her veil,

Till it revive again. By gentleness,  
good mother,

How oft I've seen you soothe my  
father's mood !

KAT. Now there speak youthful hope and fantasy! [Aside.

ELE. That is an easier task in youth than age;

Our temper hardens, and our charms decay,

And both are needed in that art of soothing.

KAT. And there speaks sad experience. [Aside.

ELE. Besides, since that our state was utter desperate,

Darker his brow, more dangerous grow his words;

Fain would I snatch thee from the woe and wrath

Which darken'd long my lite, and soon must end it.

[A knocking without; ELEANOR shows alarm.

It was thy father's knock, haste to the gate.

[Exit FLORA and KATLEEN.

What can have happ'd?—he thought to stay the night.

This gear must not be seen.

[As she is about to remove the basket, she sees the body of the roe-deer.

What have we here? a roe-deer!—as I fear it,

This was the gift of which poor Flora thought.

The young and handsome hunter;—but time presses.

[She removes the basket, and the roe into a closet. As she has done—

Enter OSWALD of DEVORGOIL, FLORA, and KATLEEN.

[He is dressed in a scarlet cloak, which should seem worn and old—a headpiece, and old-fashioned sword—the rest of his dress that of a peasant. His countenance and manner should express the moody and irritable haughtiness of a proud man involved in calamity, and who has been exposed to recent insult.

Osw. (*addressing his wife*). The sun hath set—why is the draw-bridge lower'd?

ELE. The counterpoise has fail'd, and Flora's strength, Katleen's, and mine united, could not raise it.

Osw. Flora and thou! A goodly garrison

To hold a castle, which, if fame say true, Once foil'd the King of Norse and all his rovers.

ELE. It might be so in ancient times, but now—

Osw. A herd of deer might storm proud Devorgoil.

KAT. (*aside to FLO*). You, Flora, know full well one deer already

Has enter'd at the breach; and, what is worse,

The escort is not yet march'd off, for Blackthorn

Is still within the castle.

FLO. In Heaven's name, rid him out on't, ere my father

Discovers he is here! Why went he not

Before?

KAT. Because I staid him on some little business;

I had a plan to scare poor paltry Gullcrammer

Out of his paltry wits.

FLO. Well, haste ye now, And try to get him off.

KAT. I will not promise that, I would not turn an honest hunter's dog,

So well I love the woodcraft, out of shelter

In such a night as this—far less his master:

But I'll do this, I'll try to hide him for you.

Osw. (*whom his wife has assisted to take off his cloak and feathered cap*). Ay, take them off, and bring my peasant's bonnet.

And peasant's plaid—I'll noble it no farther.

Let them erase my name from honour's lists,

And drag my scutcheon at their  
horses' heels ;

I have deserv'd it all, for I am poor,  
And poverty hath neither right of  
birth,

Nor rank, relation, claim, nor  
privilege,

To match a new-coin'd viscount,  
whose good grandsire,

The Lord be with him, was a care-  
ful skipper,

And steer'd his paltry skiff 'twixt  
Leith and Campvere—

Marry, sir, he could buy Geneva  
cheap,

And knew the coast by moonlight.

FLO. Mean you the Viscount  
Ellondale, my father?

What strife has been between you?

Osw. O, a trifle!

Not worth a wise man's thinking  
twice about—

Precedence is a toy—a superstition  
About a table's end, joint-stool, and  
trencher.

Something was once thought due to  
long descent,

And something to Galwegia's oldest  
baron,—

But let that pass—a dream of the old  
time.

ELE. It is indeed a dream.

Osw. (*turning upon her rather  
quickly.*) Ha! said ye, let me  
hear these words more plain.

ELE. Alas! they are but echoes of  
your own.

Match'd with the real woes that  
hover o'er us,

What are the idle visions of pre-  
cedence,

But, as you term them, dreams, and  
toys, and trifles,

Not worth a wise man's thinking  
twice upon?

Osw. Ay, 'twas for you I fram'd  
that consolation,

The true philosophy of clouted shoe  
And linsey-woolsey kirtle. I know,  
that minds

Of nobler stamp receive no dearer  
motive

Than what is link'd with honour.

Ribands, tassels,

Which are but shreds of silk and  
spangled tinsel—

The right of place, which in itself is  
momentary—

A word, which is but air—may in  
themselves,

And to the nobler file, be steep'd so  
richly

In that elixir, honour, that the lack  
Of things so very trivial in them-  
selves

Shall be misfortune. One shall  
seek for them

O'er the wild waves—one in the  
deadly breach

And battle's headlong front—one in  
the paths

Of midnight study; and, in gaining  
these

Emblems of honour, each will hold  
himself

Repaid for all his labours, deeds,  
and dangers.

What then should he think, know-  
ing them his own,

Who sees what warriors and what  
sages toil for,

The formal and establish'd marks of  
honour,

Usurp'd from him by upstart in-  
solence?

ELE. (*who has listened to the last  
speech with some impatience.*)

This is but empty declamation.  
Oswald.

The fragments left at yonder full-  
spread banquet,

Nay, even the poorest crust swept  
from the table,

Ought to be far more precious to a  
father,

Whose family lacks food, than the  
vain boast,

He sate at the board-head.

Osw. Thou'lt drive me frantic!—  
I will tell thee, woman—

Yet why to thee? There is another  
ear

Which that tale better suits, and he  
shall hear it.

*[Looks at his sword, which he has unbuckled, and addresses the rest of the speech to it.]*

Yes, trusty friend, my father knew thy worth,  
And often proved it—often told me of it—

Though thou and I be now held lightly of,  
And want the gilded hatchments of the time,

I think we both may prove true metal still.

'Tis thou shalt tell this story, right this wrong :

Rest thou till time is fitting.

*[Hangs up the sword.]*

*[The Women look at each other with anxiety during this speech, which they partly overhear. They both approach OSWALD.]*

ELE. Oswald—my dearest husband !

FLO. My dear father !

OSW. Peace, both !—we speak no more of this. I go

To heave the drawbridge up. *[Exit.]*

*[KATLEEN mounts the steps towards the loop-hole, looks out, and speaks.]*

The storm is gathering fast ; broad, heavy drops

Fall plashing on the bosom of the lake,

And dash its inky surface into circles ;  
The distant hills are hid in wreaths of darkness.

'Twill be a fearful night.

OSWALD *re-enters, and throws himself into a seat.*

ELE. More dark and dreadful Than is our destiny, it cannot be.

OSW. *(to FLO.)* Such is Heaven's will—it is our part to bear it.

We're warranted, my child, from ancient story

And blessed writ, to say, that song assuages

The gloomy cares that prey upon our reason,

And wake a strife betwixt our better feelings

And the fierce dictates of the head-long passions.

Sing, then, my love ; for if a voice have influence

To mediate peace betwixt me and my destiny,

FloRA, it must be thine.

FLO. My best to please you !

SONG.

When the tempest's at the loudest,  
On its gale the eagle rides ;

When the ocean rolls the proudest,  
Through the foam the sea-bird glides—

All the rage of wind and sea

Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,

All the ills that men endure ;

Each their various pangs combining,

Constancy can find a cure—

Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,

Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,

Make me abject, mean, and poor ;

Heap on insults without measure,

Chain me to a dungeon floor—

I'll be happy, rich, and free,

If endow'd with constancy.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

*A Chamber in a distant part of the Castle. A large Window in the flat scene, supposed to look on the Lake, which is occasionally illuminated by lightning. There is a Couch-bed in the Room, and an antique Cabinet.*

*Enter KATLEEN, introducing BLACKTHORN.*

KAT. This was the destined scene of action, Blackthorn,

And here our properties. But all in vain.

For of Gullcrammer we'll see nought to-night,

Except the dainties that I told you of.

BLA. O, if he's left that same hog's face and sausages, He will try back upon them, never fear it.

The cur will open on the trail of bacon,

Like my old brach-hound.

KAT. And should that hap, we'll play our comedy,—

Shall we not, Blackthorn? Thou shalt be Owlspiegle—

BLA. And who may that hard-named person be?

KAT. I've told you nine times over.

BLA. Yes, pretty Katleen, but my eyes were busy

In looking at you all the time you were talking;

And so I lost the tale.

KAT. Then shut your eyes, and let your goodly ears

Do their good office.

BLA. That were too hard penance. Tell but thy tale once more, and I will hearken

As if I were thrown out, and listening for

My bloodhound's distant bay.

KAT. A civil simile! Then, for the tenth time, and the last—be told,

Owlspiegle was of old the wicked barber

To Erick, wicked Lord of Devorgoil.

BLA. The chief who drown'd his captives in the Solway—

We all have heard of him.

KAT. A hermit hoar, a venerable man—

So goes the legend—came to wake repentance

In the fierce lord, and tax'd him with his guilt;

But he, heart-harden'd, turn'd into derision

The man of heaven, and, as his dignity

Consisted much in a long reverend beard,

Which reach'd his girdle, Erick caused his barber

This same Owlspiegle, violate its honours

With sacrilegious razor, and clip his hair

After the fashion of a roguish fool.

BLA. This was reversing of our ancient proverb,

And shaving for the devil's, not for God's sake.

KAT. True, most grave Blackthorn; and in punishment

Of this foul act of scorn, the barber's ghost

Is said to have no resting after death,

But haunts these halls, and chiefly this same chamber,

Where the profanity was acted, trimming

And clipping all such guests as sleep within it.

Such is at least the tale our elders tell,

With many others, of this haunted castle.

BLA. And you would have me take this shape of Owlspiegle,

And trim the wise Melchisedek!—I wonnot.

KAT. You will not!

BLA. No—unless you bear a part.

KAT. What! can you not alone play such a farce?

BLA. Not I—I'm dull. Besides, we foresters

Still hunt our game in couples. Look you, Katleen,

We danced at Shrovetide—then you were my partner;

We sung at Christmas—you kept time with me;

And if we go a mumming in this business,

By heaven, you must be one, or Master Gullcrammer

Is like to rest unshaven—

KAT. Why, you fool, What end can this serve?

BLA. Nay, I know not, I. But if we keep this wont of being

partners,



Why, use makes perfect— who knows what may happen ?

KAT. Thou art a foolish patch—  
But sing our carol,  
As I have alter'd it, with some few words

To suit the characters, and I will bear— [Gives a paper.

BLA. Part in the gambol. I'll go study quickly.

Is there no other ghost, then, haunts the castle,

But this same barber shave-a-penny goblin ?

I thought they glanced in every beam of moonshine,

As frequent as the bat.

KAT. I've heard my aunt's high husband tell of prophecies,  
And fates impending o'er the house of Devorgoil ;

Legends first coin'd by ancient superstition,

And render'd current by credulity

And pride of lineage. Five years have I dwelt,

And ne'er saw any thing more mischievous

Than what I am myself.

BLA. And that is quite enough, I warrant you.

But, stay, where shall I find a dress To play this—what d'ye call him— Owlspiegle ?

KAT. (*takes dresses out of the cabinet.*) Why, there are his own clothes,

Preserved with other trumpery of the sort,

For we have kept nought but what is good for nought.

[*She drops a cap as she draws out the clothes. Blackthorn lifts it, and gives it to her.*

Nay, keep it for thy pains—it is a coxcomb ;

So call'd in ancient times, in ours a fool's cap ;

For you must know they kept a Fool at Devorgoil

In former days ; but now are well contented

To play the fool themselves, to save expenses ;

Yet give it me, I'll find a worthy use for't.

I'll take this page's dress, to play the page

Cockledemoy, who waits on ghostly Owlspiegle ;

And yet 'tis needless, too, for Gull-crammer

Will scarce be here to-night.

BLA. I tell you that he will—I will uphold

His plighted faith and true allegiance Unto a sow's'd sow's face and sausages,

And such the dainties that you say he sent you,

Against all other likings whatsoever, Except a certain sneaking of affection,

Which makes some folks I know of play the fool,

To please some other folks.

KAT. Well, I do hope he'll come—there's first a chance

He will be cudgell'd by my noble uncle—

I cry his mercy—by my good aunt's husband,

Who did vow vengeance, knowing nought of him

But by report, and by a limping sonnet

Which he had fashion'd to my cousin's glory,

And forwarded by blind Tom Long the carrier ;

So there's the chance, first of a hearty beating,

Which failing, we've this after-plot of vengeance.

BLA. Kind damsel, how considerate and merciful !

But how shall we get off, our parts being play'd ?

KAT. For that we are well fitted ; here's a trap-door

Sinks with a counterpoise—you shall go that way.

I'll make my exit yonder—'neath the window,

A balcony communicates with the tower

That overhangs the lake.

BLA. 'Twere a rare place, this house of Devorgoil,

To play at hide-and-seek in—shall we try,

One day, my pretty Katleen?

KAT. Hands off, rude ranger! I'm no managed hawk

To stoop to lure of yours.—But bear you gallantly;

This Gullcrammer hath vex'd my cousin much,

I fain would have some vengeance.

BLA. I'll bear my part with glee;—he spoke irreverently

Of practice at a mark!

KAT. That cri's for vengeance. But I must go; I hear my aunt's shrill voice!

My cousin and her father will scream next.

ELE. (*at a distance.*) Katleen! Katleen!

BLA. Hark to old Sweetlips!

Away with you before the full cry open—

But stay, what have you there?

KAT. (*with a bundle she has taken from the wardrobe.*) My dress, my page's dress—let it alone.

BLA. Your tiring-room is not, I hope, far distant;

You're inexperienced in these new habiliments—

I am most ready to assist your toilet.

KAT. Out, you great ass! was ever such a fool! [*Runs off.*]

BLA. (*sings.*)

O, Robin Hood was a bowman good,  
And a bowman good was he,

And he met with a maiden in merry Sherwood,  
All under the greenwood tree.

Now give me a kiss, quoth bold Robin Hood,

Now give me a kiss, said he,

For there never came maid into merry Sherwood,  
But she paid the forester's fee.

I've coursed this twelvemonth this sly puss, young Katleen,

And she has dodged me, turn'd beneath my nose,

And flung me out a score of yards at once;

If this same gear fadge right, I'll cote and mouth her,

And then! whoop! dead! dead! dead! dead!—She is the metal

To make a woodsman's wife of!—  
[*Pauses a moment.*]

Well—I can find a hare upon her form

With any man in Nithsdale—stalk a deer,

Run Reynard to the earth for all his doubles,

Reclaim a haggard hawk that's wild and wayward,

Can bait a wild-cat,—sure the devil's in't

But I can match a woman—I'll to study.

[*Sits down on the couch to examine the paper.*]

## SCENE II.

*Scene changes to the inhabited apartment of the Castle, as in the last Scene of the preceding Act. A fire is kindled, by which OSWALD sits in an attitude of deep and melancholy thought, without paying attention to what passes around him. ELEANOR is busy in covering a table; FLORA goes out and re-enters, as if busied in the kitchen. There should be some by-play—the women whispering together, and watching the state of OSWALD; then separating, and seeking to avoid his observation, when he casually raises his head, and drops it again. This must be left to taste and management. The Women, in the first*

*part of the scene, talk apart, and as if fearful of being overheard; the by-play of stopping occasionally, and attending to OSWALD'S movements, will give liveliness to the Scene.*

ELE. Is all prepared?

FLO. Ay; but I doubt the issue  
Will give my sire less pleasure than  
you hope for.

ELE. Tush, maid—I know thy  
father's humour better.

He was high-bred in gente luxuries;  
And when our griefs began, I've  
wept apart,  
While lordly cheer and high-fill'd  
cups of wine

Were blinding him against the woe  
to come.

He has turn'd his back upon a  
princely banquet:

We will not spread his board—this  
night at least,

Since chance hath better furnish'd—  
with dry bread,

And water from the well.

*Enter KATLEEN, and hears the last  
speech.*

KAT. (*aside.*) Considerate aunt!  
she deems that a good supper  
Were not a thing indifferent even to  
him

Who is to hang to-morrow. Since  
she thinks so,

We must take care the venison has  
due honour—

So much I owe the sturdy knave,  
Lance Blackthorn.

FLO. Mother, alas! when Grief  
turns reveller,

Despair is cup-bearer. What shall  
hap to-morrow?

ELE. I have learn'd carelessness  
from fruitless care.

Too long I've watch'd to-morrow;  
let it come

And cater for itself—Thou hear'st  
the thunder.

[*Low and distant thunder.*

This is a gloomy night—within, alas!

[*Looking at her husband.*

Still gloomier and more threatening

—Let us use

Whatever means we have to drive it  
o'er,

And leave to Heaven to-morrow.  
Trust me, Flora,

'Tis the philosophy of desperate want  
To match itself but with the present  
evil,

And face one grief at once.

Away, I wish thine aid and not thy  
counsel.

[*As FLORA is about to go off,  
GULLCRAMMER'S voice is heard  
behind the flat scene, as if  
from the drawbridge.*

GUL. (*behind.*) Hillo—hillo—hilloa  
—hoa—hoa!

[*OSWALD raises himself and  
listens; ELEANOR goes up  
the steps, and opens the win-  
dow at the loop-hole; GULL-  
CRAMMER'S voice is then  
heard more distinctly.*

GUL. Kind Lady Devorgoil—  
sweet Mistress Flora!

The night grows fearful, I have lost  
my way,

And wander'd till the road turn'd  
round with me,

And brought me back—For Heaven's  
sake give me shelter!

KAT. (*aside.*) Now, as I live, the  
voice of Gullcrammer!

Now shall our gambol be play'd off  
with spirit;

I'll swear I am the only one to  
whom

That screech-owl whoop was e'er  
acceptable.

Osw. What bawling knave is this  
that takes our dwelling

For some hedge-inn, the haunt of  
lated drunkards?

ELE. What shall I say?—Go,  
Katleen, speak to him.

KAT. (*aside.*) The game is in my  
hands—I will say something

Will fret the Baron's pride—and  
then he enters.

(*She speaks from the window.*) Good  
sir, be patient!

We are poor folks—it is but six  
Scotch miles

To the next borough town, where  
your Reverence

May be accommodated to your wants;  
We are poor folks, an't please your  
Reverence,

And keep a narrow household—  
there's no track

To lead your steps astray—

GUL. Nor none to lead them  
right.—You kill me, lady,

If you deny me harbour. To budge  
from hence,

And in my weary plight, were  
sudden death,

Interment, funeral-sermon, tomb-  
stone, epitaph.

Osw. Who's he that is thus  
clamorous without?

(To ELE.) Thou know'st him?

ELE. (*confused.*) I know him?—no  
—yes—'tis a worthy clergyman,  
Benighted on his way;—but think  
not of him.

KAT. The morn will rise when  
that the tempest's past,  
And if he miss the marsh, and can avoid  
The crags upon the left, the road is  
plain

Osw. Then this is all your piety!  
—to leave

One whom the holy duties of his office  
Have summon'd over moor and  
wilderness,

To pray beside some dying wretch's  
bed,

Who (erring mortal) still would  
cleave to life,

Or wake some stubborn sinner to  
repentance—

To leave him, after offices like these,  
To choose his way in darkness  
'twixt the marsh

And dizzy precipice?

ELE. What can I do?

Osw. Do what thou canst—the  
wealthiest do no more—

And if so much, 'tis well. These  
crumbling walls,

While yet they bear a roof, shall  
now, as ever,

Give shelter to the wanderer—Have  
we food?

He shall partake it—Have we none?  
the fast

Shall be accounted with the good  
man's merits

And our misfortunes—

[*He goes to the loop-hole while  
he speaks, and places himself  
there in room of his Wife,  
who comes down with re-  
luctance.*

GUL. (*without.*) Hillo—hoa—hoa!  
By my good faith, I cannot plod it  
farther;

The attempt were death.

Osw. (*speaks from the window.*)  
Patience, my friend, I come to  
lower the drawbridge.

[*Descends, and exit.*

ELE. O, that the screaming bittern  
had his couch

Where he deserves it, in the deepest  
marsh!

KAT. I would not give this sport  
for all the rent

Of Devorgoil, when Devorgoil was  
richest!

(To ELE.) But now you chided me,  
my dearest aunt,

For wishing him a horse-pond for  
his portion?

ELE. Yes, saucy girl; but, an it  
please you, then

He was not fretting me; if he had  
sense enough,

And skill to bear him as some casual  
stranger,—

But he is dull as earth, and every  
hint

Is lost on him, as hail-shot on the  
cormorant,

Whose hide is proof except to  
musket-bullets!

FLO. (*apart.*) And yet to such a one  
would my kind mother,

Whose chiefest fault is loving me  
too fondly,

Wed her poor daughter!

*Enter GULLCRAMMER, his dress dam-  
aged by the storm; ELEANOR runs*

*to meet him, in order to explain to him that she wished him to behave as a stranger.* GULLCRAMMER, *mistaking her approach for an invitation to familiarity, advances with the air of pedantic conceit belonging to his character, when OSWALD enters,—ELEANOR recovers herself, and assumes an air of distance—GULLCRAMMER is confounded, and does not know what to make of it.*

Osw. The counterpoise has clean given way ; the bridge  
Must e'en remain unraised, and leave us open,  
For this night's course at least, to passing visitants.—  
What have we here?—is this the reverend man?

*[He takes up the candle, and surveys GULLCRAMMER, who strives to sustain the inspection with confidence, while fear obviously contends with conceit and desire to show himself to the best advantage.]*

GUL. Kind sir—or, good my lord—my band is ruffled,  
But yet 'twas fresh this morning.  
This fell shower  
Hath somewhat smirch'd my cloak,  
but you may note  
It rates five marks per yard ; my doublet  
Hath fairly 'scaped—'tis three-piled taffeta.

*[Opens his cloak, and displays his doublet.]*

Osw. A goodly inventory — Art thou a preacher?

GUL. Yea—I laud Heaven and good Saint Mungo for it.

Osw. 'Tis the time's plague, when those that should weed follies

Out of the common field, have their own minds  
O'errun with foppery—Envoys 'twixt heaven and earth,  
Example should with precept join,  
to show us

How we may scorn the world with all its vanities.

GUL. Nay, the high heavens forefend that I were vain!

When our learn'd Principal such sounding laud

Gave to mine Essay on the hidden qualities

Of the sulphuric mineral, I disclaim'd

All self-exaltment. And (*turning to the women*) when at the dance,

The lovely Saccharissa Kirkencroft,  
Daughter to Kirkencroft of Kirkencroft,

Graced me with her soft hand,  
credit me, ladies,

That still I felt myself a mortal man,  
Though beauty smiled on me.

Osw. Come, sir, enough of this.

That you're our guest to-night,  
thank the rough heavens,

And all our worsor fortunes ; be conformable

Unto my rules ; these are no Saccharissas

To gild with compliments. There's in your profession,

As the best grain will have its piles of chaff,

A certain whiffler, who hath dared to bait

A noble maiden with love tales and sonnets ;

And if I meet him, his Geneva cap  
May scarce be proof to save his ass's ears.

KAT. (*aside.*) Umph—I am strongly tempted

And yet I think I will be generous,  
And give his brains a chance to save his bones,

Then there's more humour in our goblin plot,

Than in a simple drubbing.

ELE. (*apart to FLO.*) What shall we do? If he discover him,

He'll fling him out at window.

FLO. My father's hint to keep himself unknown

Is all too broad, I think, to be neglected.

ELE. But yet the fool, if we produce his bounty,  
 May claim the merit of presenting it;  
 And then we're but lost women for accepting  
 A gift our needs made timely.

KAT. Do not produce them.  
 E'en let the fop go supperless to bed,  
 And keep his bones whole.

Osw. (*to his Wife.*) Hast thou aught  
 To place before him ere he seek repose?

ELE. Alas! too well you know our needful fare  
 Is of the narrowest now, and knows no surplus.

Osw. Shame us not with thy niggard housekeeping;  
 He is a stranger—were it our last crust,  
 And he the veriest coxcomb ere wore taffeta,  
 A pitch he's little short of—he must share it,  
 Though all should want to-morrow.

GUL. (*partly overhearing what passes between them.*) Nay, I am no lover of your sauced dainties: Plain food and plenty is my motto still.

Your mountain air is bleak, and brings an appetite:  
 A soused sow's face, now, to my modest thinking,  
 Has ne'er a fellow. What think these fair ladies  
 Of a sow's face and sausages?

[*Makes signs to* ELEANOR.  
 FLO. Plague on the vulgar hind, and on his courtesies,  
 The whole truth will come out!

Osw. What should they think, but that you're like to lack  
 Your favourite dishes, sir, unless perchance  
 You bring such dainties with you.

GUL. No, not *with* me; not, indeed,

Directly *with* me; but—Aha! fair ladies!

[*Makes signs again.*

KAT. He'll draw the beating down—Were that the worst,  
 Heaven's will be done!

[*Aside.*  
 Osw. (*apart.*) What can he mean?  
 —this is the veriest dog-whelp—  
 Still he's a stranger, and the latest act

Of hospitality in this old mansion  
 Shall not be sullied.

GUL. Troth, sir, I think, under the ladies' favour,  
 Without pretending skill in second sight,

Those of my cloth being seldom conjurers—

Osw. I'll take my Bible-oath that thou art none.

[*Aside.*  
 GUL. I do opine, still with the ladies' favour,  
 That I could guess the nature of our supper:

I do not say in such and such precedence

The dishes will be placed; housewives, as you know,  
 On such forms have their fancies; but, I say still,

That a sow's face and sausages—  
 Osw. Peace, sir!  
 O'er-driven jests (if this be one) are insolent.

FLO. (*apart, seeing her mother uneasy.*) The old saw still holds true—a churl's benefits,  
 Sauced with his lack of feeling, sense, and courtesy,  
 Savour like injuries.

[*A horn is winded without; then a loud knocking at the gate.*

LEO. (*without.*) Ope, for the sake of love and charity!

[*OSWALD goes to the loop-hole.*  
 GUL. Heaven's mercy! should there come another stranger,  
 And he half starved with wandering on the wolds,

The sow's face boasts no substance, nor the sausages,

To stand our reinforced attack! I judge, too,  
By this starved Baron's language,  
there's no hope  
Of a reserve of victuals.

FLO. Go to the casement, cousin.

KAT. Go yourself,  
And bid the gallant who that bugle  
winded

Sleep in the storm-swept waste; as  
meet for him

As for Lance Blackthorn.—Come,  
I'll not distress you,

I'll get admittance for this second  
suitor,

And we'll play out this gambol at  
cross purposes.

But see, your father has prevented  
me.

Osw. (*seems to have spoken with  
hose without, and answers.*)

Vell, I will ope the door; one  
guest already,

Driven by the storm, has claim'd my  
hospitality,

And you, if you were fiends, were  
scarce less welcome

To this my mouldering roof, than  
empty ignorance

And rank conceit—I hasten to admit  
you. [*Exit.*]

ELE. (*to FLO.*) The tempest  
thicken. By that winded bugle,  
I guess the guest that next will  
honour is.—

Little deceiver, that didst mock my  
troubles,

'Tis now thy turn to fear!

FLO. Nether, if I knew less or  
more of this

Unthought of and most perilous  
visitation,

I would our wishes were fulfill'd on  
me.

And I ere wedded to a thing like  
you!

GUL. (*approaching.*) Come, ladies,  
no you see the jest is thread-  
bare,

And you must own that same sow's  
fae and sausages—

*Re-enter OSWALD with LEONARD,  
supporting BAULDIE DURWARD.  
OSWALD takes a view of them, as  
formerly of GULLCRAMMER, then  
speaks.*

Osw. (*to LEO.*) By thy green cas-  
sock, hunting-spear, and bugle,  
I guess thou art a huntsman?

LEO. (*bowing with respect.*) A ranger  
of the neighbouring royal forest,  
Under the good Lord Nithsdale;  
huntsman, therefore,  
In time of peace, and when the land  
has war,

To my best powers a soldier.

Osw. Welcome, as either. I have  
loved the chase  
And was a soldier once.—This aged  
man,

What may he be?

DUR. (*recovering his breath.*) Is but  
a beggar, sir, an humble mendi-  
cant,

Who feels it passing strange, that  
from this roof,

Above all others, he should now  
crave shelter.

Osw. Why so? You're welcome  
both—only the word

Warrants more courtesy than our  
present means

Permit us to bestow. A huntsman  
and a soldier

May be a prince's comrade, much  
more mine;

And for a beggar—friend, there little  
lacks,

Save that blue gown and badge, and  
clouted pouches,

To make us comrades too; then  
welcome both,

And to a beggar's feast. I fear  
brown bread,

And water from the spring, will be  
the best on't;

For we had cast to wend abroad this  
evening,

And left our larder empty.

GUL. Yet, if some kindly tairy,  
In our behalf, would search its hid  
recesses,—

(*Apart.*) We'll not go supperless  
now—we're three to one.—  
Still do I say, that a sowsed face and  
sausesages—

Osw. (*looks sternly at him, then at  
his wife.*) There's something  
under this, but that the present  
is not a time to question. (*To ELE.*)  
Wife, my mood

Is at such height of tide, that a  
turn'd feather  
Would make me frantic now, with  
mirth or fury!

Tempt me no more—but if thou hast  
the things

This carrion crow so croaks for,  
bring them forth;

For, by my father's beard, if I stand  
caterer,

'Twill be a fearful banquet!

ELE. Your pleasure be obey'd—  
Come, aid me, Flora. [*Exeunt.*

(*During the following speeches  
the Women place dishes on  
the table.*)

Osw. (*to DUR.*) How did you lose  
your path?

DUR. E'en when we thought to  
find it, a wild meteor  
Danced in the moss, and led our feet  
astray.—

I give small credence to the tales of  
old,

Of Friar's-lantern told, and Will-o'-  
Wisp,

Else would I say, that some malicious  
demon

Guided us in a round; for to the  
moat,

Which we had pass'd two hours  
since, were we led,

And there the gleam flicker'd and  
disappear'd,

Even on your drawbridge. I was so  
worn down,

So broke with labouring through  
marsh and moor,

That, wold I nold I, here my young  
conductor

Would needs implore for entrance;  
else, believe me,

I had not troubled you.

Osw. And why not, father?—have  
you e'er heard aught,  
Or of my house or me, that wanderers,  
Whom or their roving trade or  
sudden circumstance

Oblige to seek a shelter, should avoid  
The House of Devorgoil?

DUR. Sir, I am English born—  
Native of Cumberland. Enough is  
said

Why I should shun those bowers,  
whose lords were hostile

To English blood, and unto Cumber-  
land

Most hostile and most fatal.

Osw. Ay, father. Once my grand-  
sire plough'd, and harrow'd,

And sow'd with salt, the streets of  
your fair towns;

But what of that?—you have the  
'vantage now.

DUR. True, Lord of Devorgoil, and  
well believe I,

That not in vain we sough these  
towers to-night,

So strangely guided, to behold their  
state.

Osw. Ay, thou wouldst ay, 'twas  
fit a Cumbrian beggar

Should sit an equal guest in his  
proud halls,

Whose fathers beggar'd Cumberland  
—Greybeard, let it be so,

I'll not dispute it with thee.

(*To LEO. who was speaking to  
FLORA, but, on being sur-  
prised, occupied himself with  
the suit of armour.*)

What makest thou here, young  
man?

LEO. I marvell'd at tis harness;  
it is larger

Than arms of modern ays. How  
richly carved

With gold inlaid on steel—how close  
the rivets—

How justly fit the joints I think  
the gauntlet

Would swallow twice my hand.

[*He is about to take down some  
part of the Armour* OSWALD  
*interferes.*



Osw. Do not displace it  
 My grandsire, Erick, doubled human  
 strength,  
 And almost human size—and human  
 knowledge,  
 And human vice, and human virtue  
 also,  
 As storm or sunshine chanced to  
 occupy  
 His mental hemisphere. After a  
 fatal deed,  
 He hung his armour on the wall,  
 forbidding  
 It e'er should be ta'en down. There  
 is a prophecy,  
 That of itself 'twill fall, upon the  
 night  
 When, in the fiftieth year from his  
 decease,  
 Devorgoil's feast is full. This is the  
 era ;  
 But, as too well you see, no meet  
 occasion  
 Will do the downfall of the armour  
 justice,  
 Or grace it with a feast. There let  
 it bide,  
 Trying its strength with the old  
 walls it hangs on  
 Which shall fall soonest.  
 DUR. (*looking at the trophy with a  
 mixture of feeling.*) Then there  
 stern Erick's harness hangs un-  
 touch'd,  
 Since his last fatal raid on Cumber-  
 land !  
 Osw. Ay, waste and want, and  
 recklessness—a comrade  
 Still yoked with waste and want—  
 have stripp'd these walls  
 Of every other trophy. Antler'd  
 skulls,  
 Whose branches vouch'd the tales  
 old vassals told  
 Of desperate chases—partisans and  
 spears—  
 Knights' barred helms and shields—  
 the shafts and bows,  
 Axes and breastplates, of the hardy  
 yeomanry—  
 The banners of the vanquish'd—signs  
 these arms

SC.

Were not assumed in vain, have  
 disappear'd.  
 Yes, one by one they all have dis-  
 appear'd ;  
 And now Lord Erick's harness hangs  
 alone,  
 'Midst implements of vulgar hus-  
 bandry  
 And mean economy ; as some old  
 warrior,  
 Whom want hath made an inmate  
 of an alms-house,  
 Shows, mid the beggar'd spendthrifts,  
 base mechanics,  
 And bankrupt pedlars, with whom  
 fate has mix'd him.  
 DUR. Or rather like a pirate, whom  
 the prison-house,  
 Prime leveller next the grave, hath  
 for the first time  
 Mingled with peaceful captives, low  
 in fortunes,  
 But fair in innocence.

Osw. (*looking at DUR. with sur-  
 prise.*) Friend, thou art bitter !

DUR. Plain truth, sir, like the  
 vulgar copper coinage,  
 Despised amongst the gentry, still  
 finds value  
 And currency with beggars.

Osw. Be it so.  
 I will not trench on the immunities  
 I soon may claim to share. Thy  
 features, too,  
 Though weather-beaten, and thy  
 strain of language,  
 Relish of better days. Come hither,  
 friend,

[*They speak apart.*]

And let me ask thee of thine occupa-  
 tion.

[LEONARD looks round, and,  
 seeing OSWALD engaged with  
 DURWARD, and GULLCRAM-  
 MER with ELEANOR, ap-  
 proaches towards FLORA, who  
 must give him an opportunity  
 of doing so, with obvious  
 attention on her part to give  
 it the air of chance. The by-  
 play here will rest with the  
 Lady, who must engage the

*attention of the audience by  
blaying off a little female  
hypocrisy and simple coquetry.*

LEO. Flora—

FLO. Ay, gallant huntsman, may  
she deign to question

Why Leonard came not at the  
appointed hour ;

Or why he came at midnight ?

LEO. Love has no certain loadstar,  
gentle Flora,

And oft gives up the helm to way-  
ward pilotage.

To say the sooth—A beggar forced  
me hence,

And Will-o'-Wisp did guide us back  
again.

FLO. Ay, ay, your beggar was the  
faded spectre

Of Poverty, that sits upon the  
threshold

Of these our ruin'd walls. I've been  
unwise,

Leonard, to let you speak so oft with  
me ;

And you a fool to say what you have  
said.

E'en let us here break short ; and,  
wise at length,

Hold each our separate way through  
life's wide ocean.

LEO. Nay, let us rather join our  
course together,

And share the breeze or tempest,  
doubling joys,

Relieving sorrows, warding evils off  
With mutual effort, or enduring  
them

With mutual patience.

FLO. This is but flattering counsel  
—sweet and baneful ;

But mine had wholesome bitter in't.

KAT. Ay, ay ; but like the sly  
apothecary,

You'll be the last to take the bitter  
drug

That you prescribe to others.

*[They whisper. ELEANOR ad-  
vances to interrupt them,  
followed by GULLCRAMMER.]*

ELE. What, maid, no household  
cares ? Leave to your elders

The task of filling passing strangers'  
ears

With the due notes of welcome.

GUL. Be it thine,

O, Mistress Flora, the more useful  
talent

Of filling strangers' stomachs with  
substantials ;

That is to say,—for learn'd com-  
mentators

Do so expound substantials in some  
places,—

With a sows'd bacon-face and  
sausages,

FLO. (*apart.*) Would thou wert  
sows'd, intolerable pedant,

Base, greedy, perverse, interrupting  
coxcomb !

KAT. Hush, coz, for we'll be well  
avenged on him,

And ere this night goes o'er, else  
woman's wit

Cannot o'ertake her wishes.

*[She proceeds to arrange seats.  
OSWALD and DURWARD come  
forward in conversation.]*

Osw. I like thine humour well.—  
So all men beg—

DUR. Yes—I can make it good by  
proof. Your soldier

Begs for a leaf of laurel, and a line  
In the Gazette. He brandishes his

sword

To back his suit, and is a sturdy  
beggar—

The courtier begs a riband or a star,  
And, like our gentler mumpers, is

provided

With false certificates of health and  
fortune

Lost in the public service. For your  
lover,

Who begs a sigh, a smile, a lock of  
hair,

A buskin-point, he maunds upon the  
pad,

With the true cant of pure mendicity.  
“The smallest trifle to relieve a

Christian,  
And if it like your Ladyship !”——  
*[In a begging tone.]*

KAT. (*apart.*) This is a cunning knave, and feeds the humour of my aunt's husband, for I must not say Mine honour'd uncle. I will try a question.—  
Your man of merit though, who serves the commonwealth,  
Nor asks for a requital?—

[*To DURWARD.*

DUR. Is a dumb beggar, And lets his actions speak like signs for him,  
Challenging double guerdon.—Now, I'll show  
How your true beggar has the fair advantage  
O'er all the tribes of cloak'd mendic-  
ity  
I have told over to you.—The soldier's laurel,  
The statesman's riband, and the lady's favour,  
Once won and gain'd, are not held worth a farthing  
By such as longest, loudest, canted for them ;  
Whereas your charitable halfpenny, Which is the scope of a true beggar's suit,  
Is worth *two* farthings, and, in times of plenty,  
Will buy a crust of bread.

FLO. (*interrupting him, and addressing her father.*) Sir, let me be a beggar with the time,  
And pray you come to supper.

ELK. (*to OSWALD, apart.*) Must he sit with us?

[*Looking at DURWARD.*

Osw. Ay, ay, what else—since we are beggars all?  
When cloaks are ragged, sure their worth is equal  
Whether at first they were of silk or woollen.

ELK. Thou art scarce consistent  
This day thou didst refuse a princely banquet,

Because a new-made lord was placed above thee ;

And now—

Osw. Wife, I have seen, at public executions,  
A wretch that could not brook the hand of violence  
Should push him from the scaffold, pluck up courage,  
And, with a desperate sort of cheerfulness,  
Take the fell plunge himself—  
Welcome then, beggars, to a beggar's feast.

GUL. (*who has in the meanwhile seated himself.*) But this is more.  
—A better countenance,—  
Fair fall the hands that sows'd it!—  
than this hog's,  
Or prettier provender than these same sausages,  
(By what good friend sent hither, shall be nameless,  
Doubtless some youth whom love hath made profuse,)

[*Smiling significantly at ELEANOR and FLORA.*

No prince need wish to peck at.  
Long, I ween,  
Since that the nostrils of this house  
(by metaphor,  
I mean the chimneys) smell'd a steam so grateful—  
By your good leave I cannot dally longer. [*Helps himself.*

Osw. (*places DURWARD above GULLCRAMMER.*) Meanwhile, sir,  
Please it your faithful learning to give place  
To gray hairs and to wisdom ; and, moreover,  
If you had tarried for the benediction—

GUL. (*somewhat abashed.*) I said grace to myself.

Osw. (*not minding him.*)—And waited for the company of others,  
It had been better fashion. Time has been,  
I should have told a guest at Devor-  
goil,

Bearing himself thus forward, he was saucy.

*[He seats himself, and helps the company and himself in dumb-show. There should be a contrast betwixt the precision of his aristocratic civility, and the rude unbreeding of GULLCRAMMER.]*

OSW. *(having tasted the dish next him.)* Why, this is venison, Eleanor!

GUL. Eh! What! Let's see—

*[Pushes across OSWALD and helps himself.]*

It may be venison—

I'm sure 'tis not beef, veal, mutton, lamb, or pork.

Eke am I sure, that be it what it will,

It is not half so good as sausages, Or as a sow's face sows'd.

OSW. Eleanor, whence all this?—

ELE. Wait till to-morrow, You shall know all. It was a happy chance

That furnish'd us to meet so many guests. *[Fills wine.]*

Try if your cup be not as richly garnish'd

As is your trencher.

KAT. *(apart.)* My aunt adheres to the good cautious maxim

Of,—“Eat your pudding, friend, and hold your tongue.”

OSW. *(tastes the wine.)* It is the grape of Bordeaux.

Such dainties, once familiar to my board,

Have been estranged from't long.

*[He again fills his glass, and continues to speak as he holds it up.]*

Fill round, my friends—here is a treacherous friend now

Smiles in your face, yet seeks to steal the jewel,

Which is distinction between man and brute—

I mean our reason—this he does, and smiles.

But are not all friends treacherous? —one shall cross you

Even in your dearest interests—one shall slander you—

This steal your daughter, that defraud your purse;

But this gay flask of Bordeaux will but borrow

Your sense of mortal sorrows for a season,

And leave, instead, a gay delirium. Methinks my brain, unused to such

gay visitants,

The influence feels already!—we will revel!—

Our banquet shall be loud!—it is our last.

Katleen, thy song.

KAT. Not now, my lord—I mean to sing to-night

For this same moderate, grave, and reverend clergyman;

I'll keep my voice till then.

ELE. Your round refusal shows but cottage breeding.

KAT. Ay, my good aunt, for I was cottage-nurtured,

And taught, I think, to prize my own wild will

Above all sacrifice to compliment.

Here is a huntsman—in his eyes I read it,

He sings the martial song my uncle loves,

What time fierce Claver'se with his Cavaliers,

Abjuring the new change of government,

Forcing his fearless way through timorous friends,

And enemies as timorous, left the capital

To rouse in James's cause the distant Highlands.

Have you ne'er heard the song, my noble uncle?

OSW. Have I not heard, wench?— It was I rode next him,

'Tis thirty summers since—rode by his rein;

We marched on through the alarm'd city,

As sweeps the osprey through a flock  
of gulls,  
Who scream and flutter, but dare no  
resistance  
Against the bold sea-empress—They  
did murmur,  
The crowds before us, in their sullen  
wrath,  
And those whom we had pass'd,  
gathering fresh courage,  
Cried havoc in the rear—we minded  
them  
E'en as the brave bark minds the  
bursting billows,  
Which, yielding to her bows, burst  
on her sides,  
And ripple in her wake.—Sing me  
that strain,

[To LEONARD.

And thou shalt have a meed I seldom  
tender,  
Because they're all I have to give—  
my thanks.

LEO. Nay, if you'll bear with what  
I cannot help,  
A voice that's rough with hollowing  
to the hounds,  
I'll sing the song even as old  
Rowland taught me.

SONG.

AIR—*The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee.*

To the Lords of Convention 'twas  
Claver'se who spoke,  
“Ere the King's crown shall fall  
there are crowns to be broke ;  
So let each Cavalier who loves  
honour and me,  
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny  
Dundee.

“Come fill up my cup, come fill up  
my can,  
Come saddle your horses, and call  
up your men ;  
Come open the West Port, and let  
me gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of  
Bonny Dundee !”

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up  
the street,  
The bells are rung backward, the  
drums they are beat ;  
But the Provost, douce man, said,  
“Just e'en let him be,  
The Gude Town is weel quit of that  
Deil of Dundee.”  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bands  
of the Bow,  
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking  
her pow ;  
But the young plants of grace they  
look'd couthie and slee,  
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou  
Bonny Dundee !  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the  
Grassmarket was cramm'd  
As if half the West had set tryst to  
be hang'd ;  
There was spite in each look, there  
was fear in each e'e,  
As they watch'd for the bonnets of  
Bonny Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits  
and had spears,  
And lang-hafted gullies to kill  
Cavaliers ;  
But they shrunk to close-heads, and  
the causeway was free,  
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny  
Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud  
Castle rock,  
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly  
spoke ;  
“Let Mons Meg and her marrows  
speak twa words or three,  
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny  
Dundee.”  
Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—

“Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!

Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,

Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”

Come fill up my cup, etc.

“There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,

If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;

There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,

Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”

Come fill up my cup, etc.

“There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide;

There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;

The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,

At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”

Come fill up my cup, etc.

“Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—

Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;

And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,

You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!”

Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,

The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,

Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee,

Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,

Come saddle the horses and call up the men,

Come open your gates, and let me gae free,  
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

ELE. Katleen, do thou sing now.  
Thy uncle's cheerful;  
We must not let his humour ebb again.

KAT. But I'll do better, aunt, than if I sung,  
For Flora can sing blithe; so can this huntsman,  
As he has shown e'en now; let them duet it.

Osw. Well, huntsman, we must give to freakish maiden  
The freedom of her fancy.—Raise the carol,  
And Flora, if she can, will join the measure.

SONG.

When friends are met o'er merry cheer,  
And lovely eyes are laughing near,  
And in the goblet's bosom clear  
The cares of day are drown'd;  
When puns are made, and bumpers quaff'd,  
And wild Wit shoots his roving shaft,  
And Mirth his jovial laugh has laugh'd,  
Then is our banquet crown'd.  
Ah gay,  
Then is our banquet crown'd.

When glees are sung, and catches troll'd,  
And bashfulness grows bright and bold,  
And beauty is no longer cold,  
And age no longer dull;  
When chimes are brief, and cocks do crow,  
To tell us it is time to go,  
Yet how to part we do not know,  
Then is our feast at full,  
Ah gay,  
Then is our feast at full.

OSW. (*rises with the cup in his hand.*) Devorgoil's feast is full—  
Drink to the pledge!

[*A tremendous burst of thunder follows these words of the Song; and the Lightning should seem to strike the suit of black Armour, which falls with a crash. All rise in surprise and fear except GULLCRAMMER, who tumbles over backwards, and lies still.*

OSW. That sounded like the judgment-peal—the roof  
Still trembles with the volley.

DUR. Happy those  
Who are prepared to meet such  
fearful summons.—

Leonard, what dost thou there?

LEO. (*supporting FLO.*) The duty  
of a man—

Supporting innocence. Were it the  
final call,

I were not misemploy'd.

OSW. The armour of my grandsire  
hath fall'n down,  
And old saws have spoke truth.—  
(*Musing.*) The fiftieth year—

Devorgoil's feast at fullest! What  
to think of it—

LEO. (*lifting a scroll which had  
fallen with the armour.*) This  
may inform us.

[*Attempts to read the manu-  
script, shakes his head, and  
gives it to OSWALD.*

But not to eyes unlearn'd it tells its  
tidings.

OSW. Hawks, hounds, and revel-  
ling consumed the hours  
I should have given to study.

[*Looks at the manuscript.*  
These characters I spell not more  
than thou.

They are not of our day, and, as I  
think,

Not of our language.—Where's our  
scholar now,

So forward at the banquet? Is he  
laggard

Upon a point of learning?

LEO. Here is the man of letter'd  
dignity,  
E'en in a piteous case.

[*Drags GULLCRAMMER forward.*

OSW. Art waking, craven? canst  
thou read this scroll?

Or art thou only learn'd in sowsing  
swine's flesh,

And prompt in eating it?

GUL. Eh—ah!—oh—ho!—Have  
you no better time

To tax a man with riddles, than the  
moment

When he scarce knows whether he's  
dead or living?

OSW. Confound the pedant?—Can  
you read the scroll,

Or can you not, sir? If you *can*,  
pronounce

Its meaning speedily.

GUL. *Can* I read it, quotha!  
When at our learned University,

I gain'd first premium for Hebrew  
learning,—

Which was a pound of high-dried  
Scottish snuff,

And half a peck of onions, with a  
bushel

Of curious oatmeal,—our learn'd  
Principal

Did say, "Melchisedek, thou canst  
do any thing!"

Now comes he with his paltry scroll  
of parchment,

And, "*Can* you read it?"—After such  
affront,

The point is, if I *will*.

OSW. A point soon solved,  
Unless you choose to sleep among  
the frogs;

For look you, sir, there is the chamber  
window,

Beneath it lies the lake.

ELE. Kind master Gullcrammer,  
beware my husband,

He brooks no contradiction—'tis his  
fault,

And in his wrath he's dangerous.

GUL. (*looks at the scroll, and mutters  
as if reading.*) Hashgaboht hotch-  
potch—

A simple matter this to make a rout  
of—

*Ten rashersen bacon, mish-mash veni-  
son,*

*Sausagian sowsed-face*—'Tis a simple  
catalogue

Of our small supper—made by the  
grave sage

Whose prescience knew this night  
that we should feast

On venison, hash'd sow's face, and  
sausages,

And hung his steel-coat for a supper  
bell—

E'en let us to our provender again,  
For it is written we shall finish it,  
And bless our stars the lightning left  
it us.

Osw. This must be impudence or  
ignorance!—

The spirit of rough Erick stirs with-  
in me,

And I will knock thy brains out if  
thou palterest!

Expound the scroll to me!

GUL. You're over hasty;  
And yet you may be right too—'Tis  
Samaritan,

Now I look closer on't, and I did  
take it

For simple Hebrew.

DUR. 'Tis Hebrew to a simpleton,  
That we see plainly, friend—Give me  
the scroll.

GUL. Alas, good friend! what  
would you do with it?

DUR. (*takes it from him.*) My best  
to read it, sir—The character is  
Saxon,

Used at no distant date within this  
district;

And thus the tenor runs—nor in  
Samaritan,

Nor simple Hebrew, but in whole-  
some English:—

Devorgoil, thy bright moon waneth,  
And the rust thy harness staineth;  
Servile guests the banquet soil  
Of the once proud Devorgoil.

But should Black Erick's armour  
fall,

Look for guests shall scare you all!

They shall come ere peep of day,—  
Wake and watch, and hope and  
pray.

KAT. (*to FLO.*) Here is fine foolery  
—an old wall shakes

At a loud thunder-clap—down comes  
a suit

Of ancient armour, when its wasted  
braces

Were all too rotten too sustain its  
weight—

A beggar cries out, Miracle! and  
your father,

Weighing the importance of his  
name and lineage,

Must needs believe the dotard!

FLO. Mock not, I pray you; this  
may be too serious.

KAT. And if I live till morning, I  
will have

The power to tell a better tale of  
wonder

Wrought on wise Gullcrammer. I'll  
go prepare me. [*Exit.*]

FLO. I have not Katleen's spirit,  
yet I hate

This Gullcrammer too heartily, to stop  
Any disgrace that's hastening towards  
him.

Osw. (*to whom the Beggar has been  
again reading the scroll.*) 'Tis a  
strange prophecy!—The silver  
moon,

Now waning sorely, is our ancient  
bearing—

Strange and unfitting guests—

GUL. (*interrupting him.*) Ay, ay,  
the matter.

Is, as you say, all moonshine in the  
water.

Osw. How mean you, sir? (*threaten-  
ing.*)

GUL. To show that I can rhyme  
With yonder bluegown. Give me  
breath and time,

I will maintain, in spite of his pre-  
tence,

Mine exposition had the better  
sense—

It spoke good victuals and increase  
of cheer;



And his, more guests to eat what we  
have here—

An increment right needless.

Osw. Get thee gone ;  
To kennel, hound !

GUL. The hound will have his bone.

[*Takes up the platter of  
meat, and a flask.*]

Osw. Flora, show him his chamber  
—take him hence,

Or, by the name I bear, I'll see his  
brains.

GUL. Ladies, good-night !—I spare  
you, sir, the pains.

[*Exit, lighted by FLORA  
with a lamp.*]

Osw. The owl is fled.—I'll not to  
bed to-night ;

There is some change impending  
o'er this house,

For good or ill. I would some holy  
man

Were here, to counsel us what we  
should do !

Yon witless thin-faced gull is but a  
cassock

Stuff'd out with chaff and straw.

DUR. (*assuming an air of dignity.*)

I have been wont,

In other days, to point to erring  
mortals

The rock which they should anchor  
on.

[*He holds up a Cross—the rest  
take a posture of devotion,  
and the Scene closes.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

*A ruinous Anteroom in the Castle.*

*Enter KATLEEN, fantastically dressed  
to play the Character of Cockledemoy,  
with the visor in her hand.*

KAT. I've scarce had time to glance  
at my sweet person,

Yet this much could I see, with half  
a glance,

My elfish dress becomes me—I'll not  
mask me

Till I have seen Lance Blackthorn.

Lance ! I say— [Calls.]

Blackthorn, make haste !

*Enter BLACKTHORN, half dressed  
as Owlspiegle.*

BLA. Here am I—Blackthorn in  
the upper half,

Much at your service ; but my nether  
parts

Are goblinised and Owlspiepled. I  
had much ado

To get these trankums on. I judge  
Lord Erick

Kept no good house, and starved his  
quondam barber.

KAT. Peace, ass, and hide you—  
Gullcrammer is coming ;

He left the hall before, but then took  
fright,

And e'en sneak'd back. The Lady  
Flora lights him—

Trim occupation for her ladyship !

Had you seen Leonard, when she  
left the hall

On such fine errand !

BLA. This Gullcrammer shall have  
a bob extraordinary

For my good comrade's sake.—But  
tell me, Katleen,

What dress is this of yours ?

KAT. A page's, fool !

BLA. I'm accounted  
no great scholar,

But 'tis a page that I would fain  
peruse

A little closer. [*Approaches her.*]

KAT. Put on your spectacles,

And try if you can read it at this  
distance,

For you shall come no nearer.

BLA. But is there nothing, then,  
save rank imposture,

In all these tales of goblinry at  
Devorgoil ?

KAT. My aunt's grave lord thinks  
otherwise, supposing

That his great name so interests the  
Heavens,

That miracles must needs bespeak  
its fall—

I would that I were in a lowly cottage

Beneath the greenwood, on its walls  
no armour

To court the levin-bolt——

BLA. And a kind husband, Katleen,  
To ward such dangers as must needs  
come nigh.—

My father's cottage stands so low  
and lone,

That you would think it solitude  
itself;

The greenwood shields it from the  
northern blast,

And, in the woodbine round its  
latticed casement,

The linnet's sure to build the earliest  
nest

In all the forest.

KAT. Peace, you fool, they come.

FLORA *lights GULLCRAMMER across  
the Stage.*

KAT. (*when they have passed.*)  
Away with you!

On with your cloak—be ready at the  
signal.

BLA. And shall we talk of that  
same cottage, Katleen,  
At better leisure? I have much to  
say

In favour of my cottage.

KAT. If you will be talking,  
You know I can't prevent you.

BLA. That's enough.  
(*Aside.*) I shall have leave, I see, to  
spell the page

A little closer, when the due time  
comes.

## SCENE II.

*Scene changes to GULLCRAMMER'S  
Sleeping Apartment. He enters,  
ushered in by FLORA, who sets on  
the table a flask, with the lamp.*

FLO. A flask, in case your Reverence  
be athirsty;

A light, in case your Reverence be  
afear'd;—

And so sweet slumber to your  
Reverence.

GUL. Kind Mistress Flora, will  
you?—eh! eh! eh!

FLO. Will I what?

GUL. Tarry a little?

FLO. (*smiling.*) Kind Master Gull-  
crammer,

How can you ask me aught so un-  
becoming?

GUL. Oh, fie, fie, fie!—Believe me,  
Mistress Flora,

'Tis not for that—but being guided  
through

Such dreary galleries, stairs, and  
suites of rooms,

To this same cubicle, I'm somewhat  
loth

To bid adieu to pleasant company.

FLO. A flattering compliment!—  
In plain truth you are frighten'd.

GUL. What! frighten'd?—I—I—  
am not timorous.

FLO. Perhaps you've heard this is  
our haunted chamber?

But then it is our best—Your Rever-  
ence knows,

That in all tales which turn upon a  
ghost,

Your traveller belated has the luck  
To enjoy the haunted room—it is a  
rule:—

To some it were a hardship, but to  
you,

Who are a scholar, and not timor-  
ous——

GUL. I did not say I was not  
timorous,

I said I was not temerarious.—

I'll to the hall again.

FLO. You'll do your pleasure.  
But you have somehow moved my

father's anger,  
And you had better meet our playful

Owlsplegle—  
So is our goblin call'd—than face  
Lord Oswald.

GUL. Owlsplegle?—  
It is an uncouth and outlandish name,

And in mine ear sounds fiendish.

FLO. Hush, hush, hush!  
Perhaps he hears us now—(*in an*

*under tone*)—A merry spirit;

None of your elves that pinch folks  
black and blue,  
For lack of cleanliness.

GUL. As for that, Mistress Flora,  
My taffeta doublet hath been duly  
brush'd,  
My shirt hebdomadal put on this  
morning.

FLO. Why, you need fear no gob-  
lins. But this Owlspiegle  
is of another class;—yet has his  
frolics;

Cuts hair, trims beards, and plays  
amid his antics  
The office of a sinful mortal barber.  
Such is at least the rumour.

GUL. He will not cut my clothes,  
or scar my face,  
Or draw my blood?

FLO. Enormities like these  
Were never charged against him.

GUL. And, Mistress Flora, would  
you smile on me,  
If, prick'd by the fond hope of your  
approval,  
I should endure this venture?

FLO. I do hope  
I shall have cause to smile.

GUL. Well! in that hope  
I will embrace the achievement for  
thy sake. [*She is going.*]

Yet, stay, stay, stay!—on second  
thoughts I will not—  
I've thought on it, and will the  
mortal cudgel

Rather endure than face the ghostly  
razor!

Your crab-tree's tough but blunt,—  
your razor's polish'd,

But, as the proverb goes, 'tis cruel  
sharp,

I'll to thy father, and unto his  
pleasure

Submit these destined shoulders.

FLO. But you shall not,  
Believe me, sir, you shall not; he is  
desperate,

And better far be trimm'd by ghost or  
goblin,

Than by my sire in anger; there are  
stores

Of hidden treasure, too, and Heaven  
knows what,  
Buried among these ruins—you shall  
stay.

(*Apert.*) And if indeed there be such  
sprite as Owlspiegle,

And, lacking him, that thy fear  
plague thee not

Worse than a goblin, I have miss'd  
my purpose,

Which else stands good in either  
case.—Good-night, sir.

[*Exit, and double-locks the door.*]

GUL. Nay, hold ye, hold!—Nay,  
gentle Mistress Flora,

Wherefore this ceremony?—She has  
lock'd me in,

And left me to the goblin!—(*Listen-  
ing.*)—So, so, so!

I hear her light foot trip to such  
a distance,

That I believe the castle's breadth  
divides me

From human company. I'm ill at  
ease—

But if this citadel (*Laying his hand  
on his stomach*) were better  
victual'd,

It would be better mann'd

[*Sits down and drinks.*]

She has a footstep light, and taper  
ankle. [*Chuckles.*]

Aha! that ankle! yet, confound it  
too,

But for those charms Melchisedek  
had been

Snug in his bed at Mucklewhame—  
I say,

Confound her footstep, and her  
instep too,

To use a cobbler's phrase.—There  
I was quaint.

Now, what to do in this vile circum-  
stance,

To watch or go to bed, I can't  
determine;

Were I a-bed, the ghost might catch  
me napping,

And if I watch, my terrors will  
increase

As ghostly hours approach. I'll to  
my bed

E'en in my taffeta doublet, shrink my  
head  
Beneath the clothes--leave the lamp  
burning there,

*[Sets it on the table.*

And trust to fate the issue.

*[He lays aside his cloak, and brushes it, as from habit, starting at every moment; ties a napkin over his head; then shrinks beneath the bed-clothes. He starts once or twice, and at length seems to go to sleep. A bell tolls ONE. He leaps up in his bed.*

GUL. I had just coax'd myself to  
sweet forgetfulness,  
And that confounded bell—I hate all  
bells,  
Except a dinner bell—and yet I lie,  
too,—

I love the bell that soon shall tell the  
parish

Of Gabblegoose, Melchisedek's in-  
cumbent—

And shall the future minister of  
Gabblegoose

Whom his parishioners will soon  
require

To exorcise their ghosts, detect their  
witches,

Lie shivering in his bed for a pert  
goblin,

Whom, be he switch'd or cocktail'd,  
horn'd or poll'd,

A few tight Hebrew words will soon  
send packing?

Tush! I will rouse the parson up  
within me,

And bid defiance—*(A distant noise.)*  
In the name of Heaven,

What sounds are these!—O Lord!  
this comes of rashness!

*[Draws his head down  
under the bed-clothes.*

*Duet without, between OWLSPIEGLE  
and COCKLEDEMOY.*

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!  
My boy, my boy—

COCKLEDEMOY.

Here, father, here.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Now the pole-star's red and burning,  
And the witch's spindle turning,  
Appear, appear!

GUL. *(who has again raised him-  
self, and listened with great terror  
to the Duet.)* I have heard of the  
devil's dam before,  
But never of his child. Now, Heaven  
deliver me!

The Papists have the better of us  
there,—

They have their Latin prayers, cut  
and dried,

And pat for such occasion—I can  
think

On nought but the vernacular.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!  
My boy, my boy,  
We'll sport us here—

COCKLEDEMOY.

Our gambols play,  
Like elfe and fay;

OWLSPIEGLE.

And domineer,

BOTH.

Laugh, frolic, and frisk, till the  
morning appear.

COCKLEDEMOY.

Lift latch—open clasp—  
Shoot bolt—and burst hasp!

*[The door opens with violence.  
Enter BLACKTHORN as  
OWLSPIEGLE, fantastically  
dressed as a Spanish Bar-  
ber, tall, thin, emaciated,  
and ghostly; KATLEEN, as  
COCKLEDEMOY, attends as*

*his Page. All their manners, tones, and motions, are fantastic, as those of Goblins. They make two or three times the circuit of the Room, without seeming to see GULLCRAMMER. They then resume their Chant, or Recitative.*

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

What wilt thou do that will give thee joy?

Wilt thou ride on the midnight owl?

COCKLEDEMOY.

No; for the weather is stormy and foul.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

What wilt thou do that can give thee joy?

With a needle for a sword, and a thimble for a hat,

Wilt thou fight a traverse with the castle cat?

COCKLEDEMOY.

Oh, no! she has claws, and I like not that.

GUL. I see the devil is a doting father,

And spoils his children—'tis the surest way

To make cursed imps of them. They see me not—

What will they think on next? It must be own'd,

They have a dainty choice of occupations.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

What shall we do that can give thee joy?

Shall we go seek for a cuckoo's nest?

COCKLEDEMOY.

That's best, that's best!

BOTH.

About, about,

Like an elvish scout,

The cuckoo's a gull, and we'll soon find him out.

*[They search the room with mops and movs. At length COCKLEDEMOY jumps on the bed. GULLCRAMMER raises himself half up, supporting himself by his hands. COCKLEDEMOY does the same, and grins at him, then skips from the bed, and runs to OWLSPIEGLE.]*

COCKLEDEMOY.

I've found the nest,

And in it a guest,

With a sable cloak and a taffeta vest;  
He must be wash'd, and trimm'd,  
and dress'd,

To please the eyes he loves the best.

OWLSPIEGLE.

That's best, that's best.

BOTH.

He must be shaved, and trimm'd, and dress'd,

To please the eyes he loves the best.

*[They arrange shaving things on the table, and sing as they prepare them.]*

BOTH.

Know that all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,

Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

OWLSPIEGLE (*sharpening his razor.*)

The sword this is made of was lost in a fray

By a fop, who first bullied and then ran away;

And the strap, from the hide of a  
lame racer, sold  
By Lord Match, to his friend, for  
some hundreds in gold.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and  
the buz,  
Of the make-believe world, becomes  
forfeit to us.

COCKLEDEMOY (*placing the napkin.*)

And this cambric napkin, so white  
and so fair,  
At an usurer's funeral I stole from  
the heir.

[*Drops something from a vial,  
as going to make suds.*]

This dewdrop I caught from one eye  
of his mother,  
Which wept while she ogled the  
parson with t'other.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and  
the buz,  
Of the make-believe world, becomes  
forfeit to us.

OWLSPIEGLE (*arranging the lather  
and the basin.*)

My soap-ball is of the mild alkali  
made,  
Which the soft dedicator employs in  
his trade ;  
And it froths with the pith of a  
promise, that's sworn  
By a lover at night, and forgot on  
the morn.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and  
the buz,  
Of the make-believe world, becomes  
forfeit to us.

Halloo, halloo,

The blackcock crew,

Thrice shriek'd hath the owl, thrice  
croak'd hath the raven,

Here, ho ! Master Gullcrammer, rise  
and be shaven !

*Da capo.*

GUL. (*who has been observing them.*)

I'll pluck a spirit up ; they're  
merry goblins,  
And will deal mildly. I will soothe  
their humour ;  
Besides, my beard lacks trimming.

[*He rises from his bed, and  
advances with great symptoms  
of trepidation, but affecting  
an air of composure. The  
Goblins receive him with  
fantastic ceremony.*]

Gentlemen, 'tis your will I should be  
trimm'd—

E'en do your pleasure.

[*They point to a seat—he sits.*]

Think, howso'er,

Of me as one who hates to see his  
blood ;

Therefore I do beseech you, signior,  
Be gentle in your craft. I know  
those barbers,

One would have harrows driven  
across his visnomy,  
Rather than they should touch it  
with a razor.

OWLSPIEGLE *shaves* GULLCRAMMER,  
*while* COCKLEDEMOY *sings.*

Father never started hair,  
Shaved too close, or left too bare—  
Father's razor slips as glib  
As from courtly tongue a fib.  
Whiskers, mustache, he can trim in  
Fashion meet to please the women ;  
Sharp's his blade, perfumed his  
lather !

Happy those are trimm'd by father !

GUL. That's a good boy. I love to  
hear a child  
Stand for his father, if he were the  
devil. [*He motions to rise.*]  
Craving your pardon, sir.—What !  
sit again ?

My hair lacks not your scissors.

[*OWLSPIEGLE insists on his sitting.*]

Nay, if you're peremptory, I'll ne'er dispute it,  
Nor eat the cow and choke upon the tail—

E'en trim me to your fashion.

[OWLSPIEGLE cuts his hair, and shaves his head, ridiculously.]

COCKLEDEMOY (*sings as before.*)

Hair-breadth 'scapes, and hair-breadth snares,

Hair-brain'd follies, ventures, cares,  
Part when father clips your hairs.

If there is a hero frantic,

Or a lover too romantic;—

If threescore seeks second spouse,

Or fourteen lists lover's vows.

Bring them here—for a Scotch boddle,

Owlspiegle shall trim their noddle.

[*They take the napkin from about GULLCRAMMER'S neck. He makes bows of acknowledgment, which they return fantastically, and sing—*

Thrice crow'd hath the blackcock,  
thrice croak'd hath the raven,

And Master Melchisedek Gull-crammer's shaven!

GUL. My friends, you are too musical for me;

But though I cannot cope with you in song,

I would, in humble prose, inquire of you,

If that you will permit me to acquit  
Even with the barber's pence the  
barber's service?

[*They shake their heads.*

Or if there is aught else that I can do for you,

Sweet Master Owlspiegle, or your loving child,

The hopeful Cockle'moy?

COCKLEDEMOY.

Sir, you have been trimm'd of late,  
Smooth's your chin, and bald your pate;

Lest cold rheums should work you harm,

Here's a cap to keep you warm.

GUL. Welcome, as Fortunatus' wishing cap,

For 'twas a cap that I was wishing for.

(*There I was quaint in spite of mortal terror.*)

[*As he puts on the cap, a pair of ass's ears disengage themselves.*

Upon my faith, it is a dainty head-dress,

And might become an alderman!—  
Thanks, sweet Monsieur,

Thou'rt a considerate youth.

[*Both Goblins bow with ceremony to GULLCRAMMER, who returns their salutation. OWLSPIEGLE descends by the trap-door. COCKLEDEMOY springs out at window.*

SONG (*without.*)

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy, my hope, my care,  
Where art thou now, O tell me where?

COCKLEDEMOY.

Up in the sky,

On the bonny dragonfly,  
Come, father, come you too—

She has four wings and strength enow,

And her long body has room for two.

GUL. Cockledemoy now is a naughty brat—

Would have the poor old stiff-rump'd devil, his father

Peril his fiendish neck. All boys are thoughtless.

SONG.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Which way didst thou take?

COCKLEDEMOY.

I have fall'n in the lake—  
Help, father, for Beëlzebub's sake.

GUL. The imp is drown'd—a  
 strange death for a devil,—  
 O, may all boys take warning, and  
 be civil;  
 Respect their loving sires, endure a  
 chiding,  
 Nor roam by night on dragonflies  
 a-riding!

COCKLEDEMOY (*sings.*)

Now merrily, merrily, row I to  
 shore,  
 My bark is a bean-shell, a straw for  
 an oar.

OWLSPIEGLE (*sings.*)

My life, my joy,  
 My Cockledemoy!

GUL. I can bear this no longer—  
 thus children are spoil'd.

[*Strikes into the tune.*]

Master Owlspiegle, hoy!

He deserves to be whipp'd little  
 Cockledemoy!

[*Their voices are heard,  
 as if dying away.*]

GUL. They're gone!—Now, am I  
 scared, or am I not?

I think the very desperate ecstasy  
 Of fear has given me courage. This  
 is strange, now.

When they were here, I was not half  
 so frighten'd

As now they're gone—they were a  
 sort of company.

What a strange thing is use—A  
 horn, a claw,

The tip of a fiend's tail, was wont to  
 scare me.

Now am I with the devil hand and  
 glove;

His soap has lather'd, and his razor  
 shaved me;

I've joined him in a catch, kept time  
 and tune,

Could dine with him, nor ask for a  
 long spoon;

And if I keep not better company,  
 What will become of me when I shall  
 die?

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*A Gothic Hall, waste and ruinous.  
 The moonlight is at times seen  
 through the shafted windows.  
 Enter KATLEEN and BLACKTHORN  
 —They have thrown off the more  
 ludicrous parts of their disguise.*

KAT. This way—this way; was  
 ever fool so gull'd!

BLA. I play'd the barber better  
 than I thought for.

Well, I've an occupation in reserve,  
 When the long-bow and merry  
 musket fail me.—

But, hark ye, pretty Katleen.

KAT. What should I hearken to?

BLA. Art thou not afraid,  
 In these wild halls while playing  
 feigned goblins,  
 That we may meet with real ones?

KAT. Not a jot.

My spirit is too light, my heart too  
 bold,

To fear a visit from the other world.

BLA. But is not this the place, the  
 very hall

In which men say that Oswald's  
 grandfather,

The black Lord Erick, walks his  
 penance round?

Credit me, Katleen, these half-  
 moulder'd columns

Have in their ruin something very  
 fiendish,

And, if you'll take an honest friend's  
 advice,

The sooner that you change their  
 shatter'd splendour

For the snug cottage that I told you  
 of,

Believe me, it will prove the blither  
 dwelling.

KAT. If I e'er see that cottage,  
 honest Blackthorn,

Believe me, it shall be from other  
 motive

Than fear of Erick's spectre.

[*A rustling sound is heard.*]



BLA. I heard a rustling sound—  
Upon my life, there's something in  
the hall,

Katleen, besides us two!

KAT. A yeoman thou,  
A forester, and frighten'd! I am sorry  
I gave the fool's-cap to poor Gull-  
crammer,

And let thy head go bare.

[*The same rustling sound is repeated.*]

BLA. Why, are you mad, or hear  
you not the sound?

KAT. And if I do, I take small  
heed of it.

Will you allow a maiden to be bolder  
Than you, with beard on chin and  
sword at girdle?

BLA. Nay, if I had my sword, I  
would not care;

Though I ne'er heard of master of  
defence,

So active at his weapon as to brave  
The devil, or a ghost—See! see!  
see yonder

[*A Figure is imperfectly seen  
between two of the pillars.*]

KAT. There's something moves,  
that's certain, and the moonlight,  
Chased by the flitting gale, is too  
imperfect

To show its form; but, in the name  
of God,

I'll venture on it boldly.

BLA. Wilt thou so?

Were I alone, now, I were strongly  
tempted

To trust my heels for safety; but  
with thee,

Be it fiend or fairy, I'll take risk to  
meet it.

KAT. It stands full in our path,  
and we must pass it,

Or tarry here all night.

BLA. In its vile company?

[*As they advance towards the  
Figure, it is more plainly  
distinguished, which might,  
I think, be contrived by raising  
successive screens of crape.  
The Figure is wrapped in a  
long robe, like the mantle of  
a Hermit, or Palmer.*]

PAL. Ho! ye who thread by night  
these wildering scenes,

In garb of those who long have  
slept in death,

Fear ye the company of those you  
imitate?

BLA. This is the devil, Katleen,  
let us fly! [*Runs off.*]

KAT. I will not fly—why should I?  
My nerves shake

To look on this strange vision, but  
my heart

Partakes not the alarm.—If thou  
dost come in Heaven's name,

In Heaven's name art thou welcome!

PAL. I come, by Heaven permitted.

Quit this castle:

There is a fate on't—if for good or  
evil,

Brief space shall soon determine.  
In that fate,

If good, by lineage thou canst  
nothing claim;

If evil, much mayst suffer.—Leave  
these precincts.

KAT. Whate'er thou art, be  
answer'd—Know, I will not

Desert the kinswoman who train'd  
my youth;

Know, that I will not quit my friend,  
my Flora

Know, that I will not leave the aged  
man

Whose roof has shelter'd me. This  
is my resolve—

If evil come, I aid my friends to  
bear it;

If good, my part shall be to see  
them prosper,

A portion in their happiness from  
which

No fiend can bar me.

PAL. Maid, before thy courage,  
Firm built on innocence, even beings  
of nature

More powerful far than thine, give  
place and way;

Take then this key, and wait the  
event with courage.

[*He drops the key.—He dis-  
appears gradually—the moon-  
light failing at the same time.*]

KAT. (*after a pause.*) Whate'er it was, 'tis gone! My head turns round—

The blood that lately fortified my heart

Now eddies in full torrent to my brain,

And makes wild work with reason. I will haste,

If that my steps can bear me so far safe,

To living company. What if I meet it

Again in the long aisle, or vaulted passage?

And if I do, the strong support that bore me

Through this appalling interview, again

Shall strengthen and uphold me.

[*As she steps forward she stumbles over the key.*]

What's this? The key?—there may be mystery in't.

I'll to my kinswoman, when this dizzy fit

Will give me leave to choose my way aright.

[*She sits down exhausted.*]

Re-enter BLACKTHORN, with a drawn sword and torch.

BLA. Katleen! What, Katleen!—What a wretch was I

To leave her!—Katleen,—I am weapon'd now,

And fear nor dog nor devil.—She replies not!

Beast that I was—nay, worse than beast; the stag,

As timorous as he is, fights for his hind.

What's to be done?—I'll search this cursed castle

From dungeon to the battlements; if I find her not,

I'll fling me from the highest pinnacle—

KATLEEN (*who has somewhat gathered her spirits, in consequence of his entrance, comes behind and touches him; he starts.*)

Brave sir! I'll spare you that rash leap—You're a bold woodsman!

Surely I hope that from this night henceforward

You'll never kill a hare, since you're akin to them;

O I could laugh—but that my head's so dizzy.

BLA. Lean on me, Katleen—By my honest word,

I thought you close behind—I was surprised,

Not a jot frighten'd.

KAT. Thou art a fool to ask me to thy cottage,

And then to show me at what slight expense

Of manhood I might master thee and it.

BLA. I'll take the risk of that—This goblin business

Came rather unexpected; the best horse

Will start at sudden sights. Try me again,

And if I prove not true to bonny Katleen,

Hang me in mine own bowstring.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*The Scene returns to the Apartment at the beginning of Act Second.*

OSWALD and DURWARD are discovered with ELEANOR, FLORA, and LEONARD—DURWARD shuts a Prayer-book, which he seems to have been reading.

DUR. 'Tis true—the difference betwixt the churches,

Which zealots love to dwell on, to the wise

Of either flock are of far less importance

Than those great truths to which all Christian men

Subscribe with equal reverence.

Osw. We thank thee, father, for the holy office.

Still best performed when the pastor's  
tongue

Is echo to his breast; of jarring  
creeds

It ill beseems a layman's tongue to  
speak.—

Where have you stow'd yon prater?  
[To FLORA.

FLO. Safe in the goblin-chamber.

ELE. The goblin-chamber  
Maiden, wert thou frantic?—if his  
Reverence

Have suffer'd harm by waspish  
Owlspegle,

Be sure thou shalt abide it.

FLO. Here he comes,  
Can answer for himself!

*Enter GULLCRAMMER, in the fashion  
in which OWLSPIEGLE had put him:  
having the fool's-cap on his head,  
and towl about his neck, etc. His  
manner through the scene is wild  
and extravagant, as if the fright  
had a little affected his brain.*

DUR. A goodly spectacle!—Is there  
such a goblin

(To Osw.) Or has sheer terror  
made him such a figure?

Osw. There is a sort of wavering  
tradition  
Of a malicious imp who teased all  
strangers;

My father wont to call him Owl-  
spiegle.

GUL. Who talks of Owlspegle?  
He is an honest fellow for a devil,  
So is his son, the hopeful Cackle'moy.

(Sings.)

“My hope, my joy,  
My Cackle'demoy!”

LEO. The fool's bewitch'd—the  
goblin hath furnish'd him  
A cap which well befits his reverend  
wisdom.

FLO. If I could think he had lost  
his slender wits,  
I should be sorry for the trick they  
play'd him.

LEO. O fear him not; it were a  
foul reflection

On any fiend of sense and reputation,  
To filch such petty wares as his poor  
brains.

DUR. What saw'st thou, sir?  
What heard'st thou?

GUL. What was't I saw and heard?  
That which old graybeards,  
Who conjure Hebrew into Anglo-  
Saxon,

To cheat starved barons with, can  
little guess at.

FLO. If he begin so roundly with  
my father,

His madness is not like to save his  
bones.

GUL. Sirs, midnight came, and  
with it came the goblin.

I had reposed me after some brief  
study;

But as the soldier, sleeping in the  
trench,

Keeps sword and musket by him,  
so I had

My little Hebrew manual prompt for  
service.

FLO. *Sausagian sows'd-face*; that  
much of your Hebrew

Even I can bear in memory.

GUL. We counter'd,  
The goblin and myself, even in mid-  
chamber,

And each stepp'd back a pace, as  
'twere to study

The foe he had to deal with!—I be-  
thought me,

Ghosts ne'er have the first word, and  
so I took it,

And fired a volley of round Greek at  
him.

He stood his ground, and answer'd  
in the Syriac;

I flank'd my Greek with Hebrew, and  
compell'd him— [A noise heard.

Osw. Peace, idle prater!—Hark—  
what sounds are these?

Amid the growling of the storm with-  
out,

I hear strange notes of music, and  
the crash

Of coursers' trampling feet.

VOICES (*without.*)

We come, dark riders of the night,  
And flit before the dawning light ;  
Hill and valley, far aloof,  
Shake to hear our chargers' hoof ;  
But not a foot-stamp on the green  
At morn shall show where we have  
been.

Osw. These must be revellers be-  
lated—

Let them pass on ; the ruin'd halls  
of Devorgoil

Open to no such guests.—

[*Flourish of trumpets at a  
distance, then nearer.*

They sound a summons ;

What can they lack at this dead  
hour of night ?

Look out, and see their number, and  
their bearing.

LEO. (*goes up to the window.*) 'Tis  
strange—one single shadowy  
form alone

Is hovering on the drawbridge—far  
apart

Flit through the tempest banners,  
horse, and riders,

In darkness lost, or dimly seen by  
lightning.—

Hither the figure moves—the bolts  
revolve—

The gate uncloses to him.

ELE. Heaven protect us !

The PALMER enters—GULLCRAMMER  
runs off.

Osw. Whence and what art thou ?  
for what end come hither ?

PAL. I come from a far land, where  
the storm howls not,

And the sun sets not, to pronounce  
to thee,

Oswald of Devorgoil, thy house's  
fate.

DUR. I charge thee, in the name  
we late have kneel'd to—

PAL. Abbot of Lanercost, I bid thee  
peace !

Uninterrupted let me do mine errand :  
Baron of Devorgoil, son of the bold,  
the proud,

The warlike and the mighty, where-  
fore wear'st thou

The habit of a peasant ? Tell me,  
wherefore

Are thy fair halls thus waste—thy  
chambers bare—

Where are the tapestries, where the  
conquer'd banners,

Trophies, and gilded arms, that  
deck'd the walls

Of once proud Devorgoil ?

[*He advances, and places him-  
self where the Armour hung,  
so as to be nearly in the  
centre of the Scene.*

DUR. Whoe'er thou art—if thou  
dost know so much,

Needs must thou know—

Osw. Peace—I will answer here ;  
to me he spoke.—

Mysterious stranger, briefly I reply :  
A peasant's dress befits a peasant's

fortune ;

And 'twere vain mockery to array  
these walls

In trophies, of whose memory nought  
remains,

Save that the cruelty outvied the  
valour

Of those who wore them.

PAL. Degenerate as thou art,  
Know'st thou to whom thou say'st  
this ?

[*He drops his mantle, and is  
discovered armed as nearly  
as may be to the suit which  
hung on the wall ; all express  
terror.*

Osw. It is himself—the spirit of  
mine Ancestor !

ERI. Tremble not, son, but hear  
me !

[*He strikes the wall ; it opens,  
and discovers the Treasure-  
Chamber.*

There lies piled  
The wealth I brought from wasted

Cumberland,

Enough to reinstate thy ruin'd for-  
tunes.—

Cast from thine high-born brows  
that peasant bonnet,

Throw from thy noble grasp the  
peasant's staff,  
O'er all, withdraw thine hand from  
that mean mate,  
Whom in an hour of reckless despera-  
tion

Thy fortunes cast thee on. This do,  
And be as great as ere was Devorgoil,  
When Devorgoil was richest!

DUR. Lord Oswald, thou art  
tempted by a fiend,  
Who doth assail thee on thy weakest  
side,—  
Thy pride of lineage, and thy love of  
grandeur.

Stand fast—resist—contemn his fatal  
offers!

ELE. Urge him not, father; if the  
sacrifice  
Of such a wasted woe-worn wretch  
as I am,

Can save him from the abyss of misery,  
Upon whose verge he's tottering,  
let me wander

An unacknowledged outcast from  
his castle,  
Even to the humble cottage I was  
born in.

Osw. No, Ellen, no—it is not  
thus they part,  
Whose hearts and souls, disasters  
borne in common  
Have knit together, close as summer  
saplings  
Are twined in union by the eddying  
tempest.—

Spirit of Erick, while thou bear'st  
his shape,

I'll answer with no ruder conjuration  
Thy impious counsel, other than  
with these words,

Depart, and tempt me not!

ERI. Then fate will have her  
course.—Fall, massive grate,  
Yield them the tempting view of these  
rich treasures,  
But bar them from possession?

[*A portcullis falls before the  
door of the Treasure-Chamber.*

Mortals, hear!

No hand may ope that grate, except  
the Heir

Of plunder'd Aglionby, whose mighty  
wealth,  
Ravish'd in evil hour, lies yonder  
piled;

And not his hand prevails without  
the key  
Of Black Lord Erick; brief space  
is given

To save proud Devorgoil.—So wills  
high Heaven.

[*Thunder; he disappears.*

DUR. Gaze not so wildly; you  
have stood the trial  
That his commission bore, and  
Heaven designs,

If I may spell his will, to rescue  
Devorgoil

Even by the Heir of Aglionby—  
Behold him

In that young forester, unto whose  
hand

Those bars shall yield the treasures  
of his house,

Destined to ransom yours.—Advance,  
young Leonard,  
And prove the adventure.

LEO. (*advances and attempts the  
grate.*) It is fast  
As is the tower, rock-seated.

Osw. We will fetch other means,  
and prove its strength,  
Nor starve in poverty with wealth  
before us.

DUR. Think what the vision spoke;  
The key—the fated key—

*Enter GULLCRAMMER.*

GUL. A key?—I say a quay is what  
we want,  
Thus by the learn'd orthographised  
—Q, u, a, y.

The lake is overflow'd!—A quay, a  
boat,

Oars, punt, or sculler, is all one  
to me!—

We shall be drown'd, good people!!!

*Enter KATLEEN and BLACKTHORN.*

KAT. Deliver us!  
Haste, save yourselves—the lake is  
rising fast.

BLA. 'T has risen my bow's height  
in the last five minutes,  
And still is swelling strangely.

GUL. (*who has stood astonished  
upon seeing them.*) We shall  
be drown'd without your kind  
assistance.

Sweet Master Owlspiegle, your  
dragonfly.—

Your straw, your bean-stalk, gentle  
Cockle'moy!

LEO. (*looking from the shot-hole.*)  
'Tis true, by all that's fearful! The  
proud lake  
Peers, like ambitious tyrant, o'er  
his bounds,  
And soon will whelm the castle—  
even the drawbridge  
Is under water now.

KAT. Let us escape! Why stand  
you gazing there?

DUR. Upon the opening of that  
fatal grate  
Depends the fearful spell that now  
entraps us,  
The key of Black Lord Erick—ere  
we find it,  
The castle will be whelm'd beneath  
the waves,  
And we shall perish in it!

KAT. (*giving the key.*) Here, prove  
this;

A chance most strange and fearful  
gave it me.

[OSWALD *puts it into the lock,  
and attempts to turn it—a  
loud clap of thunder.*

FLO. The lake still rises faster.  
—Leonard, Leonard,  
Canst thou not save us!

[LEONARD *tries the lock—it  
opens with a violent noise,  
and the Portcullis rises. A  
loud strain of wild music.—  
There may be a Chorus here.*

[OSWALD *enters the apartment,  
and brings out a scroll.*

LEO. The lake is ebbing with as  
wondrous haste  
As late it rose—the drawbridge is  
left dry!

Osw. This may explain the cause.—  
(GULLCRAMMER *offers to take it.*) But  
soft you, sir,

We'll not disturb your learning for  
the matter;

Yet, since you've borne a part in  
this strange drama,

You shall not go unguerdon'd. Wise  
or learn'd,

Modest or gentle, Heaven alone can  
make thee,

Being so much otherwise; but from  
this abundance

Thou shalt have that shall gild thine  
ignorance,

Exalt thy base descent, make thy  
presumption

Seem modest confidence, and find  
thee hundreds

Ready to swear that same fool's-cap  
of thine

Is reverend as a mitre.

GUL. Thanks, mighty baron, now  
no more a bare one!—

I will be quaint with him, for all his  
quips. [*Aside.*

Osw. Nor shall kind Katleen lack  
Her portion in our happiness.

KAT. Thanks, my good lord, but  
Katleen's fate is fix'd—

There is a certain valiant forester,  
Too much afraid of ghosts to sleep  
anights

In his lone cottage, without one to  
guard him.—

LEO. If I forget my comrade's  
faithful friendship,  
May I be lost to fortune, hope, and  
love!

DUR. Peace, all! and hear the  
blessing which this scroll  
Speaks unto faith, and constancy,  
and virtue.

No more this castle's troubled guest,  
Dark Erick's spirit hath found rest.  
The storms of angry Fate are past—  
For Constancy defies their blast.  
Of Devorgoil the daughter free  
Shall wed the Heir of Aglionby;  
Nor ever more dishonour soil  
The rescued house of Devorgoil.

AUCHINDRANE;  
OR,  
THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci  
Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est?  
OVIDII *Tristium, Liber Secundus.*

PREFACE.

THERE is not, perhaps, upon record, a tale of horror which gives us a more perfect picture than is afforded by the present, of the violence of our ancestors, or the complicated crimes into which they were hurried, by what their wise, but ill-enforced, laws termed the heathenish and accursed practice of Deadly Feud. The author has tried to extract some dramatic scenes out of it; but he is conscious no exertions of his can increase the horror of that which is in itself so iniquitous. Yet, if we look at modern events, we must not too hastily venture to conclude that our own times have so much the superiority over former days as we might at first be tempted to infer. One great object has indeed been obtained. The power of the laws extends over the country universally, and if criminals at present sometimes escape punishment, this can only be by eluding justice,—not, as of old, by defying it.

But the motives which influence modern ruffians to commit actions at which we pause with wonder and horror, arise, in a great measure, from the thirst of gain. For the hope of lucre, we have seen a wretch seduced to his fate, under the pretext that he was to share in amusement and conviviality; and, for gold, we have seen the meanest of wretches deprived of life, and their miserable remains cheated of the grave.

The loftier, if equally cruel, feelings of pride, ambition, and love of vengeance, were the idols of our forefathers, while the caittiffs of our day bend to Mammon, the meanest of the spirits who fell. The criminals, there-

fore, of former times, drew their hellish inspiration from a loftier source than is known to modern villains. The fever of unsated ambition, the frenzy of ungratified revenge, the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, stigmatised by our jurists and our legislators, held life but as passing breath; and such enormities as now sound like the acts of a madman, were then the familiar deeds of every offended noble. With these observations we proceed to our story.

John Muir, or Mure, of Auchindrane, the contriver and executor of the following cruelties, was a gentleman of an ancient family and good estate in the west of Scotland; bold, ambitious, treacherous to the last degree, and utterly unconscientious,—a Richard the Third in private life, inaccessible alike to pity and to remorse. His view was to raise the power, and extend the grandeur, of his own family. This gentleman had married the daughter of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Barganie, who was, excepting the Earl of Cassilis, the most important person in all Carrick, the district of Ayrshire which he inhabited, and where the name of Kennedy held so great a sway as to give rise to the popular rhyme,—

'Twixt Wigton and the town of Air,  
Portpatrick and the Cruives of Cree,  
No man need think for to bide there,  
Unless he court Saint Kennedie.

Now, Mure of Auchindrane, who had promised himself high advancement by means of his father-in-law Barganie, saw, with envy and resentment, that his influence remained second and inferior to the House of Cassilis, chief of all the Kennedys. The Earl was indeed a minor, but his authority

was maintained, and his affairs well managed, by his uncle, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, the brother of the deceased Earl, and tutor and guardian to the present. This worthy gentleman supported his nephew's dignity and the credit of the house so effectually, that Barganie's consequence was much thrown into the shade, and the ambitious Auchindrane, his son-in-law, saw no better remedy than to remove so formidable a rival as Cullayne by violent means.

For this purpose, in the year of God 1597, he came with a party of followers to the town of Maybole (where Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne then resided), and lay in ambush in an orchard, through which he knew his destined victim was to pass, in returning homewards from a house where he was engaged to sup. Sir Thomas Kennedy came alone, and unattended, when he was suddenly fired upon by Auchindrane and his accomplices, who, having missed their aim, drew their swords, and rushed upon him to slay him. But the party thus assailed at disadvantage, had the good fortune to hide himself for that time in a ruinous house, where he lay concealed till the inhabitants of the place came to his assistance.

Sir Thomas Kennedy prosecuted Mure for this assault, who, finding himself in danger from the law, made a sort of apology and agreement with the Lord of Cullayne, to whose daughter he united his eldest son, in testimony of the closest friendship in future. This agreement was sincere on the part of Kennedy, who, after it had been entered into, showed himself Auchindrane's friend and assistant on all occasions. But it was most false and treacherous on that of Mure, who continued to nourish the purpose of murdering his new friend and ally on the first opportunity.

Auchindrane's first attempt to effect this was by means of the young Gilbert Kennedy of Barganie (for old Barganie, Auchindrane's father-in-law, was dead), whom he persuaded to brave the Earl of Cassilis, as one who usurped an undue influence over the rest of the name.

Accordingly, this hot-headed youth, at the instigation of Auchindrane, rode past the gate of the Earl of Cassilis without waiting on his chief, or sending him any message of civility. This led to mutual defiance, being regarded by the Earl, according to the ideas of the time, as a personal insult. Both parties took the field with their followers, at the head of about 250 men on each side. The action which ensued was shorter and less bloody than might have been expected. Young Barganie, with the rashness of headlong courage, and Auchindrane, fired by deadly enmity to the House of Cassilis, made a precipitate attack on the Earl, whose men were strongly posted and under cover. They were received by a heavy fire. Barganie was slain. Mure of Auchindrane, severely wounded in the thigh, became unable to sit his horse, and, the leaders thus slain or disabled, their party drew off without continuing the action. It must be particularly observed, that Sir Thomas Kennedy remained neuter in this quarrel, considering his connection with Auchindrane as too intimate to be broken even by his desire to assist his nephew.

For this temperate and honourable conduct he met a vile reward; for Auchindrane, in resentment of the loss of his relative Barganie, and the downfall of his ambitious hopes, continued his practices against the life of Sir Thomas of Cullayne, though totally innocent of contributing to either. Chance favoured his wicked purpose.

The Knight of Cullayne, finding himself obliged to go to Edinburgh on a particular day, sent a message by a servant to Mure, in which he told him, in the most unsuspecting confidence, the purpose of his journey, and named the road which he proposed to take, inviting Mure to meet him at Duppill, to the west of the town of Ayr, a place appointed, for the purpose of giving him any commissions which he might have for Edinburgh, and assuring his treacherous ally he would attend to any business which he might have in the Scottish metropolis as anxiously



as to his own. Sir Thomas Kennedy's message was carried to the town of Maybole, where his messenger, for some trivial reason, had the import committed to writing by a school-master in that town, and despatched it to its destination by means of a poor student, named Dalrymple, instead of carrying it to the house of Auchindrane in person.

This suggested to Mure a diabolical plot. Having thus received tidings of Sir Thomas Kennedy's motions, he conceived the infernal purpose of having the confiding friend who sent the information, waylaid and murdered at the place appointed to meet with him, not only in friendship, but for the purpose of rendering him service. He dismissed the messenger Dalrymple, cautioning the lad to carry back the letter to Maybole, and to say that he had not found him, Auchindrane, in his house. Having taken this precaution, he proceeded to instigate the brother of the slain Gilbert of Barganie, Thomas Kennedy of Drumurghie by name, and Walter Mure of Cloncaird, a kinsman of his own, to take this opportunity of revenging Barganie's death. The fiery young men were easily induced to undertake the crime. They waylaid the unsuspecting Sir Thomas of Cullayne at the place appointed to meet the traitor Auchindrane, and the murderers having in company five or six servants, well mounted and armed, assaulted and cruelly murdered him with many wounds. They then plundered the dead corpse of his purse, containing a thousand merks in gold, cut off the gold buttons which he wore on his coat, and despoiled the body of some valuable rings and jewels.

The revenge due for his uncle's murder was keenly pursued by the Earl of Cassilis. As the murderers fled from trial, they were declared outlaws; which doom, being pronounced by three blasts of a horn, was called "being put to the horn, and declared the king's rebel." Mure of Auchindrane was strongly suspected of having been the instigator of the crime. But he conceived there could be no

evidence to prove his guilt if he could keep the boy Dalrymple out of the way, who delivered the letter which made him acquainted with Cullayne's journey, and the place at which he meant to halt. On the contrary, he saw, that if the lad could be produced at the trial, it would afford ground of fatal presumption, since it could be then proved that persons so nearly connected with him as Kennedy and Cloncaird had left his house, and committed the murder at the very spot which Cullayne had fixed for their meeting.

To avoid this imminent danger, Mure brought Dalrymple to his house, and detained him there for several weeks. But the youth tiring of this confinement, Mure sent him to reside with a friend, Montgomery of Skellmorly, who maintained him under a borrowed name, amid the desert regions of the then almost savage island of Arran. Being confident in the absence of this material witness, Auchindrane, instead of flying, like his agents Drumurghie and Cloncaird, presented himself boldly at the bar, demanded a fair trial, and offered his person in combat to the death against any of Lord Cassilis's friends who might impugn his innocence. This audacity was successful, and he was dismissed without trial.

Still, however, Mure did not consider himself safe, so long as Dalrymple was within the realm of Scotland; and the danger grew more pressing when he learned that the lad had become impatient of the restraint which he sustained in the island of Arran, and returned to some of his friends in Ayrshire. Mure no sooner heard of this than he again obtained possession of the boy's person, and a second time concealed him at Auchindrane, until he found an opportunity to transport him to the Low Countries, where he contrived to have him enlisted in Buccleuch's regiment; trusting, doubtless, that some one of the numerous chances of war might destroy the poor young man whose life was so dangerous to him.

But after five or six years' uncertain safety, bought at the expense of so

much violence and cunning, Auchindrane's fears were exasperated into frenzy, when he found this dangerous witness, having escaped from all the perils of climate and battle, had left, or been discharged from, the Legion of Borderers, and had again accomplished his return to Ayrshire. There is ground to suspect that Dalrymple knew the nature of the hold which he possessed over Auchindrane, and was desirous of extorting from his fears some better provision than he had found either in Arran or the Netherlands. But if so, it was a fatal experiment to tamper with the fears of such a man as Auchindrane, who determined to rid himself effectually of this unhappy young man.

Mure now lodged him in a house of his own, called Chapeldonan, tenanted by a vassal and connection of his called James Bannatyne. This man he commissioned to meet him at ten o'clock at night on the sea-sands near Girvan, and bring with him the unfortunate Dalrymple, the object of his fear and dread. The victim seems to have come with Bannatyne without the least suspicion, though such might have been raised by the time and place appointed for the meeting. When Bannatyne and Dalrymple came to the appointed spot, Auchindrane met them, accompanied by his eldest son, James. Old Auchindrane, having taken Bannatyne aside, imparted his bloody purpose of ridding himself of Dalrymple for ever, by murdering him on the spot. His own life and honour were, he said, endangered by the manner in which this inconvenient witness repeatedly thrust himself back into Ayrshire, and nothing could secure his safety but taking the lad's life, in which action he requested James Bannatyne's assistance. Bannatyne felt some compunction, and remonstrated against the cruel expedient, saying, it would be better to transport Dalrymple to Ireland, and take precautions against his return. While old Auchindrane seemed disposed to listen to this proposal, his son concluded that the time was come for accomplishing the purpose of their meeting, and, without waiting the

termination of his father's conference with Bannatyne, he rushed suddenly on Dalrymple, beat him to the ground, and, kneeling down on him, with his father's assistance accomplished the crime, by strangling the unhappy object of their fear and jealousy. Bannatyne, the witness, and partly the accomplice, of the murder, assisted them in their attempt to make a hole in the sand, with a spade which they had brought on purpose, in order to conceal the dead body. But as the tide was coming in, the holes which they made filled with water before they could get the body buried, and the ground seemed, to their terrified consciences, to refuse to be accessory to concealing their crime. Despairing of hiding the corpse in the manner they proposed, the murderers carried it out into the sea as deep as they dared wade, and there abandoned it to the billows, trusting that a wind, which was blowing off the shore, would drive these remains of their crime out to sea, where they would never more be heard of. But the sea, as well as the land, seemed unwilling to conceal their cruelty. After floating for some hours, or days, the dead body was, by the wind and tide, again driven on shore, near the very spot where the murder had been committed.

This attracted general attention, and when the corpse was known to be that of the same William Dalrymple whom Auchindrane had so often spirited out of the country, or concealed when he was in it, a strong and general suspicion arose, that this young person had met with foul play from the bold bad man who had shewn himself so much interested in his absence. It was always said or supposed, that the dead body had bled at the approach of a grandchild of Mure of Auchindrane, a girl who, from curiosity, had come to look at a sight which others crowded to see. The bleeding of a murdered corpse at the touch of the murderer, was a thing at that time so much believed, that it was admitted as a proof of guilt; but I know no case, save that of Auchindrane, in which the phenomenon was

supposed to be extended to the approach of the innocent kindred; nor do I think that the fact itself, though mentioned by ancient lawyers, was ever admitted to proof in the proceedings against Auchindrane.

It is certain, however, that Auchindrane found himself so much the object of suspicion from this new crime, that he resolved to fly from justice, and suffer himself to be declared a rebel and outlaw rather than face a trial. But his conduct in preparing to cover his flight with another motive than the real one, is a curious picture of the men and manners of the times. He knew well that if he were to shun his trial for the murder of Dalrymple, the whole country would consider him as a man guilty of a mean and disgraceful crime in putting to death an obscure lad, against whom he had no personal quarrel. He knew, besides, that his powerful friends, who would have interceded for him had his offence been merely burning a house or killing a neighbour, would not plead for or stand by him in so pitiful a concern as the slaughter of this wretched wanderer.

Accordingly, Mure sought to provide himself with some ostensible cause for avoiding law, with which the feelings of his kindred and friends might sympathise; and none occurred to him so natural as an assault upon some friend and adherent of the Earl of Cassilis. Should he kill such a one, it would be indeed an unlawful action, but so far from being infamous, would be accounted the natural consequence of the avowed quarrel between the families. With this purpose, Mure, with the assistance of a relative, of whom he seems always to have had some ready to execute his worst purposes, beset Hugh Kennedy of Garriehorne, a follower of the Earl's, against whom they had especial ill-will, fired their pistols at him, and used other means to put him to death. But Garriehorne, a stout-hearted man, and well-armed, defended himself in a very different manner from the unfortunate Knight of Cullayne, and beat off the assailants, wounding young Auchindrane in the

right hand, so that he wellnigh lost the use of it.

But though Auchindrane's purpose did not entirely succeed, he availed himself of it to circulate a report, that if he could obtain a pardon for firing upon his feudal enemy with pistols, weapons declared unlawful by act of Parliament, he would willingly stand his trial for the death of Dalrymple, respecting which he protested his total innocence. The King, however, was decidedly of opinion that the Mures, both father and son, were alike guilty of both crimes, and used intercession with the Earl of Abercorn, as a person of power in those western counties, as well as in Ireland, to arrest and transmit them prisoners to Edinburgh. In consequence of the Earl's exertions, old Auchindrane was made prisoner, and lodged in the tolbooth of Edinburgh.

Young Auchindrane no sooner heard that his father was in custody, than he became as apprehensive of Bannatyne, the accomplice in Dalrymple's murder, telling tales, as ever his father had been of Dalrymple. He, therefore, hastened to him, and prevailed on him to pass over for a while to the neighbouring coast of Ireland, finding him money and means to accomplish the voyage, and engaging in the meantime to take care of his affairs in Scotland. Secure, as they thought, in this precaution, old Auchindrane persisted in his innocence, and his son found security to stand his trial. Both appeared with the same confidence at the day appointed, and braved the public justice, hoping to be put to a formal trial, in which Auchindrane reckoned upon an acquittal for want of the evidence which he had removed. The trial was, however, postponed, and Mure the elder was dismissed, under high security to return when called for.

But King James, being convinced of the guilt of the accused, ordered young Auchindrane, instead of being sent to trial, to be examined under the force of torture, in order to compel him to tell whatever he knew of the things charged against him. He was accordingly severely tortured; but the result only served to show that such

examinations are as useless as they are cruel. A man of weak resolution, or of a nervous habit, would probably have assented to any confession, however false, rather than have endured the extremity of fear and pain to which Mure was subjected. But young Auchindrane, a strong and determined ruffian, endured the torture with the utmost firmness, and by the constant audacity with which, in spite of the intolerable pain, he continued to assert his innocence, he spread so favourable an opinion of his case, that the detaining him in prison, instead of bringing him to open trial, was censured as severe and oppressive. James, however, remained firmly persuaded of his guilt, and by an exertion of authority quite inconsistent with our present laws, commanded young Auchindrane to be still detained in close custody till further light could be thrown on these dark proceedings. He was detained accordingly by the King's express personal command, and against the opinion even of his privy counsellors. This exertion of authority was much murmured against.

In the meanwhile, old Auchindrane, being, as we have seen, at liberty on pledges, skulked about in the west, feeling how little security he had gained by Dalrymple's murder, and that he had placed himself by that crime in the power of Bannatyne, whose evidence concerning the death of Dalrymple could not be less fatal than what Dalrymple might have told concerning Auchindrane's accession to the conspiracy against Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne. But though the event had shown the error of his wicked policy, Auchindrane could think of no better mode in this case than that which had failed in relation to Dalrymple. When any man's life became inconsistent with his own safety, no idea seems to have occurred to this inveterate ruffian, save to murder the person by whom he might himself be in any way endangered. He therefore attempted the life of James Bannatyne by more agents than one. Nay, he had nearly ripened a plan, by which one Pennycuke was

to be employed to slay Bannatyne, while, after the deed was done, it was devised that Mure of Auchnull, a connection of Bannatyne, should be instigated to slay Pennycuke; and thus close up this train of murders by one, which, flowing in the ordinary course of deadly feud, should have nothing in it so particular as to attract much attention.

But the justice of Heaven would bear this complicated train of iniquity no longer. Bannatyne, knowing with what sort of men he had to deal, kept on his guard, and, by his caution, disconcerted more than one attempt to take his life, while another miscarried by the remorse of Pennycuke, the agent whom Mure employed. At length Bannatyne, tiring of this state of insecurity, and in despair of escaping such repeated plots, and also feeling remorse for the crime to which he had been accessory, resolved rather to submit himself to the severity of the law, than remain the object of the principal criminal's practices. He surrendered himself to the Earl of Abercorn, and was transported to Edinburgh, where he confessed before the King and council all the particulars of the murder of Dalrymple, and the attempts to hide his body by committing it to the sea.

When Bannatyne was confronted with the two Mures before the Privy Council, they denied with vehemence every part of the evidence he had given, and affirmed that the witness had been bribed to destroy them by a false tale. Bannatyne's behaviour seemed sincere and simple, that of Auchindrane more resolute and crafty. The wretched accomplice fell upon his knees, invoking God to witness that all the land in Scotland could not have bribed him to bring a false accusation against a master whom he had served, loved, and followed in so many dangers, and calling upon Auchindrane to honour God by confessing the crime he had committed. Mure the elder, on the other hand, boldly replied, that he hoped God would not so far forsake him as to permit him to confess a crime of which he was innocent, and

exhorted Bannatyne in his turn to confess the practices by which he had been induced to devise such falsehoods against him.

The two Mures, father and son, were therefore put upon their solemn trial, along with Bannatyne, in 1611, and, after a great deal of evidence had been brought in support of Bannatyne's confession, all three were found guilty. The elder Auchindrane was convicted of counselling and directing the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, and also of the actual murder of the lad Dalrymple. Bannatyne and the younger Mure were found guilty of the latter crime, and all three were sentenced to be beheaded. Bannatyne, however, the accomplice, received the King's pardon, in consequence of his voluntary surrender and confession. The two Mures were both executed. The younger was affected by the remonstrances of the clergy who attended him, and he confessed the guilt of which he was accused. The father, also, was at length brought to avow the fact, but in other respects died as impenitent as he had lived;—and so ended this dark and extraordinary tragedy.

The Lord Advocate of the day, Sir Thomas Hamilton, afterwards successively Earl of Melrose and of Haddington, seems to have busied himself much in drawing up a statement of this foul transaction, for the purpose of vindicating to the people of Scotland the severe course of justice observed by King James VI. He assumes the task in a high tone of prerogative law, and, on the whole, seems at a loss whether to attribute to Providence, or to his most sacred Majesty, the greatest share in bringing to light these mysterious villainies, but rather inclines to the latter opinion. There is, I believe, no printed copy of the intended tract, which seems never to have been published; but the curious will be enabled to judge of it, as it appears in the next *fasciculus* of Mr. Robert Pitcairn's very interesting publications from the Scottish Criminal Record.

The family of Auchindrane did not become extinct on the death of the two

homicides. The last descendant existed in the eighteenth century, a poor and distressed man. The following anecdote shows that he had a strong feeling of his situation.

There was in front of the old castle a huge ash-tree, called the Dule-tree (*mourning-tree*) of Auchindrane, probably because it was the place where the Baron executed the criminals who fell under his jurisdiction. It is described as having been the finest tree of the neighbourhood. This last representative of the family of Auchindrane had the misfortune to be arrested for payment of a small debt; and, unable to discharge it, was prepared to accompany the messenger (bailiff) to the jail of Ayr. The servant of the law had compassion for his prisoner, and offered to accept of this remarkable tree as of value adequate to the discharge of the debt. "What!" said the debtor, "Sell the Dule-tree of Auchindrane! I will sooner die in the worst dungeon of your prison." In this luckless character the line of Auchindrane ended. The family, blackened with the crimes of its predecessors, became extinct, and the estate passed into other hands.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

John Mure of Auchindrane, *an Ayrshire Baron. He has been a follower of the Regent, Earl of Morton, during the Civil Wars, and hides an oppressive, ferocious, and unscrupulous disposition, under some pretences to strictness of life and doctrine, which, however, never influence his conduct. He is in danger from the law, owing to his having been formerly active in the assassination of the Earl of Cassilis.*

Philip Mure, *his Son, a wild, debauched Profligate, professing and practising a contempt for his Father's hypocrisy, while he is as fierce and licentious as Auchindrane himself.*

Gifford, *their Relation, a Courtier.*

Quentin Blane, *a Youth, educated for a Clergyman, but sent by Auchindrane to serve in a Band of Auxiliaries in the Wars of the Netherlands, and*

*lately employed as Clerk or Comptroller to the Regiment—Disbanded, however, and on his return to his native Country. He is of a mild, gentle, and rather feeble character, liable to be influenced by any person of stronger mind who will take the trouble to direct him. He is somewhat of a nervous temperament, varying from sadness to gaiety, according to the impulse of the moment; an amiable hypochondriac.*

*Hildebrand, a stout old Englishman, who, by feats of courage, has raised himself to the rank of Sergeant-Major (then of greater consequence than at present). He, too, has been disbanded, but cannot bring himself to believe that he has lost his command over his Regiment.*

Abraham,  
Williams,  
Jenkin,  
And Others,

*Privates dismissed from the same Regiment in which Quentin and Hildebrand had served. These are mutinous, and are much disposed to remember former quarrels with their late Officers.*

*Niel MacLellan, Keeper of Auchindrane Forest and Game.*

*Earl of Dunbar, commanding an army as Lieutenant of James I., for execution of Justice on Offenders.*

*Guards, Attendants, etc. etc.*

*Marion, Wife of Niel MacLellan.*

*Isabel, their Daughter, a Girl of six years old.*

*Other Children and Peasant Women.*

## ACT I.—SCENE I.

*A rocky Bay on the Coast of Carrick, in Ayrshire, not far from the Point of Turnberry. The Sea comes in upon a bold rocky Shore. The remains of a small half-ruined Tower are seen on the right hand, overhanging the Sea. There is a Vessel at a distance in the offing. A Boat at the bottom of the Stage lands eight or ten Persons, dressed like disbanded, and in one or two cases like disabled Soldiers. They*

*come straggling forward with their knapsacks and bundles. HILDEBRAND, the Sergeant, belonging to the Party, a stout elderly man, stands by the boat, as if superintending the disembarkation. QUENTIN remains apart.*

ABRAHAM. Farewell, the flats of Holland, and right welcome The cliffs of Scotland! Fare thee well, black beer And Schiedam gin! and welcome twopenny, Oatcakes, and usquebaugh!

WILLIAMS (*who wants an arm.*) Farewell, the gallant field, and "Forward, pikemen!"

For the bridge-end, the suburb, and the lane;

And, "Bless your honour, noble gentleman,

Remember a poor soldier!"

ABR. My tongue shall never need to smooth itself

To such poor sounds, while it can boldly say,

"Stand and deliver!"

WIL. Hush, the sergeant hears you!

ABR. And let him hear; he makes a bustle yonder,

And dreams of his authority, forgetting

We are disbanded men, o'er whom his halberd

Has not such influence as the beadle's baton.

We are no soldiers now, but every one The lord of his own person.

WIL. A wretched lordship—and our freedom such

As that of the old cart-horse, when the owner

Turns him upon the common. I for one

Will still continue to respect the sergeant,

And the comptroller, too,—while the cash lasts.

ABR. I scorn them both. I am too stout a Scotsman

To bear a Southron's rule an instant longer

Than discipline obliges; and for Quentin,

Quentin the quillman, Quentin the comptroller,

We have no regiment now; or, if we had,

Quentin's no longer clerk to it.

WIL. For shame! for shame!

What, shall old comrades jar thus, And on the verge of parting, and for ever?—

Nay, keep thy temper, Abraham, though a bad one.—

Good Master Quentin, let thy song last night

Give us once more our welcome to old Scotland.

ABR. Ay, they sing light whose task is telling money,

When dollars clink for chorus.

QUE. I've done with counting silver, honest Abraham,

As thou, I fear, with pouching thy small share on't.

But lend your voices, lads, and I will sing

As blithely yet as if a town were won;

As if upon a field of battle gain'd,

Our banners waved victorious.

[*He sings, and the rest bear chorus.*]

SONG.

Hither we come,

Once slaves to the drum,

But no longer we list to its rattle;

Adieu to the wars,

With their slashes and scars,

The march, and the storm, and the battle.

There are some of us maim'd,

And some that are lamed,

And some of old aches are complaining;

But we'll take up the tools,

Which we flung by like fools,

'Gainst Don Spaniard to go a-campaigning.

Dick Hathorn doth vow

To return to the plough,

Jack Steele to his anvil and hammer;

The weaver shall find room

At the wight-wapping loom,

And your clerk shall teach writing and grammar.

ABR. And this is all that thou canst do, gay Quentin?

To swagger o'er a herd of parish brats,

Cut cheese or dibble onions with thy poniard,

And turn the sheath into a ferula?

QUE. I am the prodigal in holy writ;

I cannot work,—to beg I am ashamed.

Besides, good mates, I care not who may know it,

I'm e'en as fairly tired of this same fighting,

As the poor cur that's worried in the shambles

By all the mastiff dogs of all the butchers;

Wherefore, farewell sword, poniard, petronel,

And welcome poverty and peaceful labour.

ABR. Clerk Quentin, if of fighting thou art tired,

By my good word, thou'rt quickly satisfied,

For thou'st seen but little on't.

WIL. Thou dost belie him—I have seen him fight

Bravely enough for one in his condition.

ABR. What he? that counter-casting, smock-faced boy?

What was he but the colonel's scribbling drudge,

With men of straw to stuff the regiment roll;

With cipherings unjust to cheat his comrades,

And cloak false musters for our noble captain?

*He bid farewell to sword and petronel!*

He should have said, farewell my  
pen and standish.

These, with the rosin used to hide  
erasures,

Were the best friends he left in camp  
behind him.

QUE. The sword you scoff at is not  
far, but scorns

The threats of an unmanner'd  
mutineer.

SER. (*interposes.*) We'll have no  
brawling—Shall it e'er be said,  
That being comrades six long years  
together,

While gulping down the frowsy fogs  
of Holland,

We tilted at each other's throats so  
soon

As the first draught of native air  
refresh'd them?

No! by Saint Dunstan, I forbid the  
combat.

You all, methinks, do know this  
trusty halberd;

For I opine, that every back amongst  
you

Hath felt the weight of the tough  
ashen staff,

Endlong or overthwart. Who is it  
wishes

A remembrancer now?

*[Raises his halberd.]*

ABR. Comrades, have you ears  
To hear the old man bully? Eyes to  
see

His staff rear'd o'er your heads, as  
o'er the hounds

The huntsman cracks his whip?

WIL. Well said—stout Abraham  
has the right on't.—

I tell thee, sergeant, we do reverence  
thee,

And pardon the rash humours thou  
hast caught,

Like wiser men, from thy authority.

'Tis ended, howso'er, and we'll not  
suffer

A word of sergeantry, or halberd-  
staff,

Nor the most petty threat or  
discipline.

It thou wilt lay aside thy pride of  
office,

And drop thy wont of swaggering  
and commanding,

Thou art our comrade still for good  
or evil.

Else take thy course apart, or with  
the clerk there—

A sergeant thou, and he being all thy  
regiment.

SER. Is't come to this, false  
knaves? And think you not,

That if you bear a name o'er other  
soldiers,

It was because you follow'd to the  
charge

One that had zeal and skill enough  
to lead you

Where fame was won by danger?

WIL. We grant thy skill in lead-  
ing, noble sergeant;

Witness some empty boots and  
sleeves amongst us,

Which else had still been tenanted  
with limbs

In the full quantity; and for the  
arguments

With which you used to back our  
resolution,

Our shoulders do record them. At  
a word,

Will you conform, or must we part  
our company?

SER. Conform to you? Base  
dogs! I would not lead you

A bolt-night farther to be made a  
general.

Mean mutineers! when you swill'c  
off the dregs

Of my poor sea-stores, it was,  
"Noble Sergeant—

Heaven bless old Hildebrand—we'll  
follow him,

At least, until we safely see him  
lodged

Within the merry bounds of his own  
England!"

WIL. Ay, truly, sir; but, mark,  
the ale was mighty,

And the Geneva potent. Such stout  
liquor



Makes violent protestations. Skink it round,

If you have any left, to the same tune,

And we may find a chorus for it still.

ABR. We lose our time.—Tell us at once, old man,

If thou wilt march with us, or stay with Quentin?

SER. Out, mutineers! Dishonour dog your heels!

ABR. Wilful will have his way. Adieu, stout Hildebrand!

*[The Soldiers go off laughing, and taking leave, with mockery, of the SERGEANT and QUENTIN, who remain on the Stage.]*

SER. *(after a pause.)* Fly you not with the rest?—fail you to follow Yon goodly fellowship and fair example?

Come, take your wild-goose flight. I know you Scots,

Like your own sea-fowl, seek your course together.

QUE. Faith, a poor heron I, who wing my flight In loneliness, or with a single partner;

And right it is that I should seek for solitude,

Bringing but evil luck on them I herd with.

SER. Thou'rt thankless. Had we landed on the coast, Where our course bore us, thou wert far from home;

But the fierce wind that drove us round the island,

Barring each port and inlet that we aim'd at,

Hath wafted thee to harbour; for I judge

This is thy native land we disembark on.

QUE. True, worthy friend. Each rock, each stream I look on, Each bosky wood, and every frowning tower,

Awakens some young dream of infancy.

SC.

Yet such is my hard hap, I might more safely

Have look'd on Indian cliffs, or Afric's desert,

Than on my native shores. I'm like a babe,

Doom'd to draw poison from my nurse's bosom.

SER. Thou dream'st, young man. Unreal terrors haunt,

As I have noted, giddy brains like thine—

Flighty, poetic, and imaginative— To whom a minstrel whim gives idle rapture,

And, when it fades, fantastic misery. QUE. But mine is not fantastic.

I can tell thee, Since I have known thee still my faithful friend,

In part at least the dangerous plight I stand in.

SER. And I will hear thee willingly, the rather

That I would let these vagabonds march on,

Nor join their troop again. Besides, good sooth,

I'm wearied with the toil of yesterday,

And revel of last night.—And I may aid thee,

Yes, I may aid thee, comrade, and perchance

Thou mayst advantage me.

QUE. May it prove well for both!— But note, my friend,

I can but intimate my mystic story. Some of it lies so secret,—even the winds

That whistle round us must not know the whole—

An oath!—an oath!—

SER. That must be kept, of course I ask but that which thou mayst freely tell.

QUE. I was an orphan boy, and first saw light

Not far from where we stand—my lineage low,

But honest in its poverty. A lord,

The master of the soil for many  
a mile,  
Dreaded and powerful, took a kindly  
charge  
For my advance in letters, and the  
qualities  
Of the poor orphan lad drew some  
applause.  
The knight was proud of me, and,  
in his halls,  
I had such kind of welcome as the  
great  
Give to the humble, whom they  
love to point to  
As objects not unworthy their  
protection,  
Whose progress is some honour to  
their patron—  
A cure was spoken of, which I might  
serve,  
My manners, doctrine, and acquirements  
fitting.

SER. Hitherto thy luck  
Was of the best, good friend. Few  
lords had cared  
If thou couldst read thy grammar  
or thy psalter.  
Thou hadst been valued couldst thou  
scour a harness,  
And dress a steed distinctly.

QUE. My old master  
Held different doctrine, at least it  
seem'd so—  
But he was mix'd in many a deadly  
feud—  
And here my tale grows mystic.  
I became,  
Unwitting and unwilling, the de-  
positary  
Of a dread secret, and the knowledge  
on t  
Has wreck'd my peace for ever. It  
became  
My patron's will, that I, as one  
who knew  
More than I should, must leave the  
realm of Scotland,  
And live or die within a distant land.

SER. Ah! thou hast done a fault  
in some wild raid,  
As you wild Scotsmen call them.

QUE. Comrade, nay;  
Mine was a peaceful part, and happ'd  
by chance.  
I must not tell you more. Enough,  
my presence  
Brought danger to my benefactor's  
house.  
Tower after tower conceal'd me,  
willing still  
To hide my ill-omen'd face with owls  
and ravens,  
And let my patron's safety be the  
purchase  
Of my severe and desolate captivity.  
So thought I, when dark Arran,  
with its walls  
Of native rock, enclosed me. There  
I lurk'd,  
A peaceful stranger amid armed  
clans,

Without a friend to love or to  
defend me,  
Where all beside were link'd by close  
alliances.  
At length I made my option to take  
service  
In that same legion of auxiliaries  
In which we lately served the  
Belgian.  
Our leader, stout Montgomery, hath  
been kind  
Through full six years of warfare,  
and assign'd me  
More peaceful tasks than the rough  
front of war,  
For which my education little suited  
me.

SER. Ay, therein was Montgomery  
kind indeed;  
Nay, kinder than you think, my  
simple Quentin.  
The letters which you brought to the  
Montgomery,  
Pointed to thrust thee on some  
desperate service,  
Which should most likely end thee.

QUE. Bore I such letters?—Surely,  
comrade, no.  
Full deeply was the writer bound to  
aid me.  
Perchance he only meant to prove  
my mettle;

And it was but a trick of my bad  
fortune  
That gave his letters ill interpreta-  
tion.

SER. Ay, but thy better angel  
wrought for good,  
Whatever ill thy evil fate designed  
thee.

Montgomery pitied thee, and changed  
thy service  
In the rough field for labour in  
the tent,

More fit for thy green years and  
peaceful habits.

QUE. Even there his well-meant  
kindness injured me.

My comrades hated, undervalued me,  
And whatsoe'er of service I could do  
them,

They guerdon'd with ingratitude  
and envy—

Such my strange doom, that if I  
serve a man

At deepest risk, he is my foe for ever!

SER. Hast thou worse fate than  
others if it were so?

Worse even than me, thy friend,  
thine officer,

Whom yon ungrateful slaves have  
pitch'd ashore,

As wild waves heap the sea-weed  
on the beach,

And left him here, as if he had the  
pest

Or leprosy, and death were in his  
company?

QUE. They think at least you have  
the worst of plagues,

The worst of leprosy,—they think  
you poor.

SER. They think like lying villains  
then, I'm rich,

And they too might have felt it. I've  
a thought—

But stay—what plans your wisdom  
for yourself?

QUE. My thoughts are wellnigh  
desperate. But I purpose

Return to my stern patron—there  
to tell him

That wars, and winds, and waves,  
have cross'd his pleasure,

And cast me on the shore from  
whence he banish'd me.

Then let him do his will, and destine  
for me

A dungeon or a grave.

SER. Now, by the rood, thou art  
a simple fool!

I can do better for thee. Mark me,  
Quentin.

I took my license from the noble  
regiment,

Partly that I was worn with age and  
warfare,

Partly that an estate of yeomanry,  
Of no great purchase, but enough to

live on,  
Has call'd me owner since a kins-  
man's death.

It lies in merry Yorkshire, where the  
wealth

Of fold and furrow, proper to Old  
England,

Stretches by streams which walk no  
sluggish pace.

But dance as light as yours. Now,  
good friend Quentin,

This copyhold can keep two quiet  
inmates,

And I am childless. Wilt thou be  
my son?

QUE. Nay, you can only jest, my  
worthy friend!

What claim have I to be a burden to  
you?

SER. The claim of him that wants,  
and is in danger,

On him that has, and can afford pro-  
tection:

Thou wouldst not fear a foeman in  
my cottage,

Where a stout mastiff slumber'd on  
the hearth,

And this good halberd hung above  
the chimney?

But come—I have it—thou shalt earn  
thy bread

Duly, and honourably, and usefully.

Our village schoolmaster hath left  
the parish,

Forsook the ancient schoolhouse with  
its yew-trees,

That lurk'd beside a church two  
centuries older,—

So long devotion took the lead of  
knowledge;

And since his little flock are shepherd-  
less,

'Tis thou shalt be promoted in his  
room;

And rather than thou wantest  
scholars, man,

Myself will enter pupil. Better late,  
Our proverb says, than never to do  
well.

And look you, on the holydays I'd  
tell

To all the wondering boors and  
gaping children,

Strange tales of what the regiment  
did in Flanders,

And thou shouldst say Amen, and be  
my warrant,

That I speak truth to them.

QUE. Would I might take thy  
offer! But, alas!

Thou art the hermit who compell'd a  
pilgrim,

In name of Heaven and heavenly  
charity,

To share his roof and meal, but  
found too late

That he had drawn a curse on him  
and his,

By sheltering a wretch foredoom'd of  
heaven!

SER. Thou talk'st in riddles to me.

QUE. If I do,

'Tis that I am a riddle to myself.

Thou know'st I am by nature born a  
friend

To glee and merriment; can make  
wild verses;

The jest or laugh has never stopp'd  
with me,

When once 'twas set a rolling.

SER. I have known thee

A blithe companion still, and wonder  
now

Thou shouldst become thus crest-  
fallen.

QUE. Does the lark sing her  
descant when the falcon

Scales the blue vault with bolder  
wing than hers,

And meditates a stoop? The mirth  
thou'st noted

Was all deception, fraud — Hated  
enough

For other causes, I did veil my  
feelings

Beneath the mask of mirth,—laugh'd,  
sung, and caroll'd,

To gain some interest in my  
comrades' bosoms,

Although mine own was bursting.

SER. Thou'rt a hypocrite  
Of a new order.

QUE. But harmless as the in-  
noxious snake,

Which bears the adder's form, lurks  
in his haunts,

Yet neither hath his fang-teeth nor  
his poison.

Look you, kind Hildebrand, I would  
seem merry,

Lest other men should, tiring of my  
sadness,

Expel me from them, as the hunted  
wether

Is driven from the flock.

SER. Faith, thou hast borne it  
bravely out.

Had I been ask'd to name the  
merriest fellow

Of all our muster-roll—that man  
wert thou.

QUE. See'st thou, my friend, yon  
brook dance down the valley,

And sing blithe carols over broken  
rock

And tiny waterfall, kissing each  
shrub

And each gay flower it nurses in its  
passage,—

Where, think'st thou, is its source,  
the bonny brook?—

It flows from forth a cavern, black  
and gloomy,

Sullen and sunless, like this heart of  
mine,

Which others see in a false glare of  
gaiety,

Which I have laid before you in its  
sadness.

SER. If such wild fancies dog thee,  
 wherefore leave  
 The trade where thou wert safe 'midst  
 others' dangers,  
 And venture to thy native land, where  
 fate  
 Lies on the watch for thee? Had  
 old Montgomery  
 Been with the regiment, thou hadst  
 had no congé.

QUE. No, 'tis most likely—But I  
 had a hope,  
 A poor vain hope, that I might live  
 obscurely  
 In some far corner of my native Scot-  
 land,  
 Which, of all others, splinter'd into  
 districts,  
 Differing in manners, families, even  
 language,  
 Seem'd a safe refuge for the humble  
 wretch,  
 Whose highest hope was to remain  
 unheard of.  
 But fate has baffled me—the winds  
 and waves,  
 With force resistless, have impell'd  
 me hither—  
 Have driven me to the clime most  
 dang'rous to me ;  
 And I obey the call, like the hurt  
 deer,  
 Which seeks instinctively his native  
 lair,  
 Though his heart tells him it is but  
 to die there.

SER. 'Tis false, by Heaven, young  
 man! This same despair,  
 Though showing resignation in its  
 banner,  
 Is but a kind of covert cowardice.  
 Wise men have said, that though our  
 stars incline,  
 They cannot force us—Wisdom is the  
 pilot,  
 And if he cannot cross, he may evade  
 them.  
 You lend an ear to idle auguries,  
 The fruits of our last revels—still  
 most sad  
 Under the gloom that follows  
 boisterous mirth,

As earth looks blackest after brilliant  
 sunshine.

QUE. No, by my honest word. I  
 join'd the revel,  
 And aided it with laugh, and song,  
 and shout,  
 But my heart revell'd not ; and, when  
 the mirth  
 Was at the loudest, on yon galliot's  
 prow  
 I stood unmark'd, and gazed upon  
 the land,  
 My native land—each cape and cliff  
 I knew.  
 "Behold me now," I said, "your  
 destined victim !"  
 So greets the sentenced criminal the  
 headsman,  
 Who slow approaches with his lifted  
 axe.  
 "Hither I come," I said, "ye kindred  
 hills,  
 Whose darksome outline in a distant  
 land  
 Haunted my slumbers ; here I stand,  
 thou ocean,  
 Whose hoarse voice, murmuring in  
 my dreams, required me ;  
 See me now here, ye winds, whose  
 plaintive wail,  
 On yonder distant shores, appear'd  
 to call me—  
 Summon'd, behold me." And the  
 winds and waves,  
 And the deep echoes of the distant  
 mountain,  
 Made answer—"Come, and die !"

SER. Fantastic all! Poor boy,  
 thou art distracted  
 With the vain terrors of some feudal  
 tyrant,  
 Whose frown hath been from infancy  
 thy bugbear.  
 Why seek his presence?

QUE. Wherefore does the moth  
 Fly to the scorching taper? Why  
 the bird,  
 Dazzled by lights at midnight, seek  
 the net?  
 Why does the prey, which feels the  
 fascination

Of the snake's glaring eye, drop in  
his jaws?

SER. Such wild examples but  
refute themselves.

Let bird, let moth, let the coil'd  
adder's prey,

Resist the fascination and be safe.

Thou goest not near this Baron—if  
thou goest,

I will go with thee. Known in many  
a field,

Which he in a whole life of petty feud  
Has never dream'd of, I will teach  
the knight

To rule him in this matter—be thy  
warrant,

That far from him, and from his  
petty lordship,

You shall henceforth tread English  
land, and never

Thy presence shall alarm his con-  
science more.

QUE. 'Twere desperate risk for  
both. I will far rather

Hastily guide thee through this  
dangerous province,

And seek thy school, thy yew-trees,  
and thy churchyard;—

The last, perchance, will be the first  
I find.

SER. I would rather face him,  
Like a bold Englishman that knows  
his right,

And will stand by his friend. And  
yet 'tis folly—

Fancies like these are not to be  
resisted;

'Tis better to escape them. Many a  
presage,

Too rashly braved, becomes its own  
accomplishment.

Then let us go—but whither? My  
old head

As little knows where it shall lie to-  
night,

As yonder mutineers that left their  
officer,

As reckless of his quarters as these  
billows,

That leave the withered sea-weed on  
the beach,

And care not where they pile it.

QUE. Think not for that, good  
friend. We are in Scotland,

And if it is not varied from its wont,  
Each cot, that sends a curl of smoke  
to heaven,

Will yield a stranger quarters for the  
night,

Simply because he needs them.

SER. But are there none within an  
easy walk

Give lodgings here for hire? for I  
have left

Some of the Don's piastres (though  
I kept

The secret from yon gulls), and I  
had rather

Pay the fair reckoning I can well  
afford,

And my host takes with pleasure,  
than I'd cumber

Some poor man's roof with me and  
all my wants,

And tax his charity beyond discretion.

QUE. Some six miles hence there  
is a town and hostelry—

But you are wayworn, and it is most  
likely

Our comrades must have fill'd it.

SER. Out upon them!—  
Were there a friendly mastiff who  
would lend me

Half of his supper, half of his poor  
kennel,

I would help Honesty to pick his  
bones,

And share his straw, far rather than  
I'd sup

On jolly fare with these base varlets!

QUE. We'll manage better; for our  
Scottish dogs

Though stout and trusty, are but ill-  
instructed

In hospitable rights.—Here is a  
maiden,

A little maid, will tell us of the  
country,

And sorely it is changed since I have  
left it,

If we should fail to find a harbourage.

*Enter ISABEL MACLEILAN, a girl  
of about six years old, bearing*

*a milk-pail on her head; she stops on seeing the SERGEANT and QUENTIN.*

QUE. There's something in her look that doth remind me—  
But 'tis not wonder I find recollections  
In all that here I look on.—Pretty  
maid—

SER. You're slow, and hesitate. I  
will be spokesman.—  
Good even, my pretty maiden—canst  
thou tell us,  
Is there a Christian house would  
render strangers,  
For love or guerdon, a night's meal  
and lodging?

ISA. Full surely, sir; we dwell in  
yon old house  
Upon the cliff—they call it Chapel-  
donan. [*Points to the building.*]  
Our house is large enough, and if  
our supper

Chance to be scant, you shall have  
half of mine,  
For, as I think, sir, you have been a  
soldier.

Up yonder lies our house; I'll trip  
before,  
And tell my mother she has guests  
a-coming;

The path is something steep, but you  
shall see  
I'll be there first. I must chain up  
the dogs, too;

Nimrod and Bloodylass are cross to  
strangers,  
But gentle when you know them.

[*Exit, and is seen partially ascending to the Castle.*]

SER. You have spoke  
Your country folk aright, both for  
the dogs  
And for the people.—We had luck to  
light  
On one too young for cunning and  
for selfishness.—

He's in a reverie—a deep one sure,  
Since the gibe on his country wakes  
him not.—

Bestir thee, Quentin!

QUE. 'Twas a wondrous likeness.

SER. Likeness! of whom? I'll  
warrant thee of one  
Whom thou hast loved and lost.  
Such fantasies  
Live long in brains like thine, which  
fashion visions  
Of woe and death when they are  
cross'd in love,  
As most men are or have been.

QUE. Thy guess hath touch'd me,  
though it is but slightly,  
'Mongst other woes: I knew, in  
former days,  
A maid that view'd me with some  
glance of favour,  
But my fate carried me to other  
shores,  
And she has since been wedded. I  
did think on't

But as a bubble burst, a rainbow  
vanish'd;  
It adds no deeper shade to the dark  
gloom  
Which chills the springs of hope and  
life within me.

Our guide hath got a trick of voice  
and feature  
Like to the maid I spoke of—that is  
all.

SER. She bounds before us like a  
gamesome doe,  
Or rather as the rock-bred eaglet soars  
Up to her nest, as if she rose by will  
Without an effort. Now a Nether-  
lander,

One of our Frogland friends, viewing  
the scene,  
Would take his oath that tower, and  
rock, and maiden,  
Were forms too light and lofty to be  
real,

And only some delusion of the fancy,  
Such as men dream at sunset. I  
myself  
Have kept the level ground so many  
years,  
I have wellnigh forgot the art to  
climb,

Unless assisted by thy younger arm.  
[*They go off as if to ascend to the Tower, the SERGEANT leaning upon QUENTIN.*]

## SCENE II.

*Scene changes to the Front of the Old Tower. ISABEL comes forward with her Mother, — MARION speaking as they advance.*

MAR. I blame thee not, my child,  
for bidding wanderers  
Come share our food and shelter, if  
thy father  
Were here to welcome them; but,  
Isabel,  
He waits upon his lord at Auchin-  
drane,  
And comes not home to-night.

ISA. What then, my mother?  
The travellers do not ask to see my  
father;

Food, shelter, rest, is all the poor  
men want,  
And we can give them these without  
my father.

MAR. Thou canst not understand,  
nor I explain,  
Why a lone female asks not visitants  
What time her husband's absent.—  
(*Apart.*) My poor child,  
And if thou'rt wedded to a jealous  
husband,  
Thou'lt know too soon the cause.

ISA. (*partly overhearing what her  
mother says.*) Ay, but I know  
already—Jealousy

Is, when my father chides, and you  
sit weeping.

MAR. Out, little spy! thy father  
never chides;

Or, if he does, 'tis when his wife  
deserves it.—

But to our strangers; they are old  
men, Isabel,

That seek this shelter? are they not?

ISA. One is old—  
Old as this tower of ours, and worn  
like that,

Bearing deep marks of battles long  
since fought.

MAR. Some remnant of the wars;  
he's welcome, surely,  
Bringing no quality along with him

Which can alarm suspicion.—Well,  
the other?

ISA. A young man, gentle-voiced  
and gentle-eyed,  
Who looks and speaks like one the  
world has frown'd on;  
But smiles when you smile, seeming  
that he feels  
Joy in your joy, though he himself is  
sad.

Brown hair, and downcast looks.

MAR. (*alarmed.*) 'Tis but an idle  
thought—it cannot be! [*Listens.*]  
I hear his accents—It is all too true—  
My terrors were prophetic! I'll com-  
pose myself,  
And then accost him firmly. Thus  
it must be.

[*She retires hastily into the  
Tower.*

[*The voices of the SERGEANT  
and QUENTIN are heard  
ascending behind the Scenes.*

QUE. One effort more—we stand  
upon the level.

I've seen thee work thee up glacis  
and cavalier

Steeper than this ascent, when  
cannon, culverine,

Musket, and hackbut, shower'd their  
shot upon thee,

And form'd, with ceaseless blaze, a  
fiery garland

Round the defences of the post you  
storm'd.

[*They come on the Stage, and  
at the same time MARION re-  
enters from the Tower.*

SER. Truly thou speak'st. I am  
the tardier,

That I, in climbing hither, miss the  
fire,

Which wont to tell me there was  
death in loitering.—

Here stands, methinks, our hostess.

[*He goes forward to address  
MARION. QUENTIN, struck  
on seeing her, keeps back.*

SER. Kind dame, you little lass  
hath brought you strangers,

Willing to be a trouble, not a charge  
to you



We are disbanded soldiers, but have means

Ample enough to pay our journey homeward.

MAR. We keep no house of general entertainment,

But know our duty, sir, to locks like yours,

Whiten'd and thinn'd by many a long campaign.

Ill chances that my husband should be absent—

(*Apart.*)—Courage alone can make me struggle through it—

For in your comrade, though he hath forgot me,

I spy a friend whom I have known in school-days,

And whom I think MacLellan well remembers.

[*She goes up to* QUENTIN.

You see a woman's memory is faithfuller than yours; for Quentin

Blane

Hath not a greeting left for Marion Harkness.

QUE. (*with effort.*) I seek, indeed, my native land, good Marion,

But seek it like a stranger.—All is changed.

And thou thyself—

MAR. You left a giddy maiden, And find, on your return, a wife and mother.

Thine old acquaintance, Quentin, is my mate—

Stout Niel MacLellan, ranger to our lord,

The Knight of Auchindrane. He's absent now,

But will rejoice to see his former comrade,

If, as I trust, you tarry his return.

(*Apart.*) Heaven grant he understand my words by contraries!

He must remember Niel and he were rivals;

He must remember Niel and he were foes;

He must remember Niel is warm of temper,

And think, instead of welcome, I would blithely

Bid him, God speed you. But he is as simple

And void of guile as ever.

QUE. Marion, I gladly rest within your cottage,

And gladly wait return of Niel MacLellan,

To clasp his hand, and wish him happiness.

Some rising feelings might perhaps prevent this—

But 'tis a peevish part to grudge our friends

Their share of fortune because we have miss'd it;

I can wish others joy and happiness, Though I must ne'er partake them.

MAR. But if it grieve you—

QUE. No! do not fear. The brightest gleams of hope

That shine on me are such as are reflected

From those which shine on others.

[*The SERGEANT and QUENTIN enter the Tower with the little Girl.*

MAR. (*comes forward, and speaks in agitation.*) Even so! the simple

youth has miss'd my meaning.

I shame to make it plainer, or to say, In one brief word, Pass on—Heaven

guide the bark,

For we are on the breakers!

[*Exit into the Tower.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

*A withdrawing Apartment in the Castle of Auchindrane. Servants place a Table, with a Flask of Wine and Drinking-Cups.*

*Enter MURE of AUCHINDRANE, with ALBERT GIFFORD, his Relation and Visitor. They place themselves by the Table after some complimentary ceremony. At some distance is heard the noise of revelling.*

AUCH. We're better placed for confidential talk,  
 Than in the hall fill'd with disbanded soldiers,  
 And fools and fiddlers gather'd on the highway,—  
 The worthy guests whom Philip crowds my hall with,  
 And with them spends his evening.

GIF. But think you not, my friend, that your son Philip  
 Should be participant of these our councils,  
 Being so deeply mingled in the danger—  
 Your house's only heir—your only son?

AUCH. Kind cousin Gifford, if thou lack'st good counsel  
 At race, at cockpit, or at gambling table,  
 Or any freak by which men cheat themselves  
 As well of life, as of the means to live,  
 Call for assistance upon Philip Mure ;  
 But in all serious parley spare invoking him.

GIF. You speak too lightly of my cousin Philip ;  
 All name him brave in arms.

AUCH. A second Bevis ;  
 But I, my youth bred up in graver fashions,  
 Mourn o'er the mode of life in which he spends,  
 Or rather dissipates, his time and substance.  
 No vagabond escapes his search—  
 The soldier  
 Spurn'd from the service, henceforth to be ruffian  
 Upon his own account, is Philip's comrade ;  
 The fiddler, whose crack'd crowd has still three strings on't ;  
 The balladeer, whose voice has still two notes left ;  
 Whate'er is roguish and whate'er is vile,  
 Are welcome to the board or Auchindrane,

And Philip will return them shout for shout,  
 And pledge for jovial pledge, and song for song,  
 Until the shamefaced sun peep at our windows,

And ask, "What have we here?"  
 GIF. You take such revel deeply—we are Scotsmen,  
 Far known for rustic hospitality,  
 That mind not birth or titles in our guests ;  
 The harper has his seat beside our hearth,  
 The wanderer must find comfort at our board,  
 His name unask'd, his pedigree unknown ;  
 So did our ancestors, and so must we.

AUCH. All this is freely granted, worthy kinsman ;  
 And prithe do not think me churl enough  
 To count how many sit beneath my salt.

I've wealth enough to fill my father's hall

Each day at noon, and feed the guests who crowd it.

I am near mate with those whom men call Lord,

Though a rude western knight. But mark me, cousin,

Although I feed wayfaring vagabonds,

I make them not my comrades. Such as I,

Who have advanced the fortunes of my line,

And swell'd a baron's turret to a palace,

Have oft the curse awaiting on our thrift,

To see, while yet we live, the things which must be

At our decease—the downfall of our family,

The loss of land and lordship, name and knighthood,

The wreck of the fair fabric we have built.

By a degenerate heir. Philip has that

Of inborn meanness in him, that he  
loves not

The company of betters, nor of equals ;  
Never at ease, unless he bears the  
bell,

And crows the loudest in the company.  
He's mesh'd, too, in the snares of  
every female

Who deigns to cast a passing glance  
on him—

Licentious, disrespectful, rash, and  
profligate.

GIF. Come, my good coz, think  
we too have been young,  
And I will swear that in your father's  
lifetime

You have yourself been trapp'd by  
toys like these.

AUCH. A fool I may have been—  
but not a madman ;

I never play'd the rake among my  
followers,

Pursuing this man's sister, that man's  
wife ;

And therefore never saw I man of  
mine,

When summon'd to obey my hest,  
grow restive,

Talk of his honour, of his peace  
destroy'd,

And, while obeying, mutter threats  
of vengeance.

But now the humour of an idle youth,  
Disgusting trusted followers, sworn  
dependents,

Plays football with his honour and  
my safety.

GIF. I'm sorry to find discord in  
your house,

For I had hoped, while bringing you  
cold news,

To find you arm'd in union 'gainst  
the danger.

AUCH. What can man speak that  
I would shrink to hear,

And where the danger I would deign  
to shun ?

What should appal a man inured to  
perils,

Like the bold climber on the crags of  
Ailsa ?

Winds whistle past him, billows rage  
below,

The sea-fowl sweep around, with  
shriek and clang,

One single slip, one unadvised pace,  
One qualm of giddiness—and peace  
be with him !

But he whose grasp is sure, whose  
step is firm,

Whose brain is constant—he makes  
one proud rock

The means to scale another, till he  
stand

Triumphant on the peak.

GIF. And so I trust  
Thou wilt surmount the danger now

approaching,

Which scarcely can I frame my  
tongue to tell you,

Though I rode here on purpose.

AUCH. Cousin, I think thy heart  
was never coward,

And strange it seems thy tongue  
should take such semblance.

I've heard of many a loud-mouth'd,  
noisy braggart,

Whose hand gave feeble sanction to  
his tongue ;

But thou art one whose heart can  
think bold things,

Whose hand can act them—but who  
shrinks to speak them !

GIF. And if I speak them not, 'tis  
that I shame

To tell thee of the calumnies that load  
thee.

Things loudly spoken at the city  
Cross—

Things closely whisper'd in our  
Sovereign's ear—

Things which the plumed lord and  
flat-capp'd citizen

Do circulate amid their different  
ranks—

Things false, no doubt ; but, false-  
hoods while I deem them,

Still honouring thee, I shun the  
odious topic.

AUCH. Shun it not, cousin ; 'tis a  
friend's best office

To bring the news we hear un-  
willingly.

The sentinel, who tells the foe's approach,

And wakes the sleeping camp, does but his duty :

Be thou as bold in telling me or danger,

As I shall be in facing danger told or.

GIF. I need not bid thee recollect the death-feud

That raged so long betwixt thy house and Cassilis ;

I need not bid thee recollect the league, When royal James himself stood mediator

Between thee and Earl Gilbert.

AUCH. Call you these news?—You might as well have told me

That old King Coil is dead, and grav'd at Kylesfeld.

I'll help thee out—King James commanded us

Henceforth to live in peace, made us clasp hands too.

O, sir, when such an union hath been made,

In heart and hand conjoining mortal foes,

Under a monarch's royal mediation, The league is not forgotten. And with this

What is there to be told? The king commanded—

“ Be friends.” No doubt we were so—Who dare doubt it?

GIF. You speak but half the tale.

AUCH. By good Saint Trimon, but I'll tell the whole!

There is no terror in the tale for me—Go speak of ghosts to children!—

This Earl Gilbert

(God sain him) loved Heaven's peace as well as I did,

And we were wondrous friends whene'er we met

At church or market, or in burrows town.

Midst this, our good Lord Gilbert, Earl of Cassilis,

Takes purpose he would journey forth to Edinburgh.

The King was doling gifts of abbey-lands,

Good things that thrifty house was wont to fish for.

Our mighty Earl forsakes his sea-wash'd castle,

Passes our borders some four miles from hence ;

And, holding it unwholesome to be fasters

Long after sunrise, lo ! The Earl and train

Dismount, to rest their nags and eat their breakfast.

The morning rose, the small birds caroll'd sweetly—

The corks were drawn, the pasty brooks incision—

His lordship jests, his train are choked with laughter

When,—wondrous change of cheer, and most unlook'd for,

Strange epilogue to bottie and to baked meat!—

Flash'd from the greenwood half a score of carabines

And the good Earl of Cassilis, in his breakfast,

Had nooning, dinner, supper, all at once,

Even in the morning that he closed his journey ;

And the grim sexton, for his chamberlain,

Made him the bed which rests the head for ever.

GIF. Told with much spirit, cousin—some there are

Would add, and in a tone resembling triumph.

And would that with these long establish'd facts

My tale began and ended ! I must tell you,

That evil-deeming censures of the events,

Both at the time and now, throw blame on thee—

Time, place, and circumstance, they say, proclaim thee,

Alike, the author of that morning's ambush.

AUCH. Ay, 'tis an old belief in Carrick here,

Where natives do not always die in bed,  
That if a Kennedy shall not attain  
Methuselah's last span, a Mure has  
slain him.

Such is the general creed of all their  
clan.

Thank Heaven, that they're bound to  
prove the charge

They are so prompt in making. They  
have clamour'd

Enough of this before, to show their  
malice.

But what said these coward pick-  
thanks when I came

Before the King, before the Justicers,  
Rebutting all their calumnies, and  
daring them

To show that I knew aught of  
Cassilis' journey—

Which way he meant to travel—  
where to halt—

Without which knowledge I possess'd  
no means

To dress an ambush for him? Did  
I not

Defy the assembled clan of Kennedys  
To show, by proof direct or inferen-  
tial,

Wherefore they slander'd me with  
this foul charge?

My gauntlet rung before them in the  
court,

And I did dare the best of them to  
lift it,

And prove such charge a true one—  
Did I not?

GIF. I saw your gauntlet lie before  
the Kennedys,

Who look'd on it as men do on an  
adder,

Longing to crush, and yet afraid to  
grasp it.

Not an eye sparkled—not a foot ad-  
vanced—

No arm was stretch'd to lift the fatal  
symbol.

AUCH. Then, wherefore do the  
hildings murmur now?

Wish they to see again, how one  
bold Mure

Can baffle and defy their assembled  
valour?

GIF. No; but they speak of evi-  
dence suppress'd.

AUCH. Suppress'd!—what evi-  
dence?—by whom suppress'd?

What Will-o'-Wisp—what idiot of  
a witness,

Is he to whom they trace an empty  
voice,

But cannot show his person?

GIF. They pretend,  
With the King's leave, to bring it to  
a trial;

Averring that a lad, named Quentin  
Blane,

Brought thee a letter from the  
murder'd Earl,

With friendly greetings, telling of  
his journey,

The hour which he set forth, the  
place he halted at

Affording thee the means to form  
the ambush,

Of which your hatred made the  
application.

AUCH. A prudent Earl, indeed, if  
such his practice,

When dealing with a recent enemy!

And what should he propose by such  
strange confidence

In one who sought it not?

GIF. His purposes were kindly,  
say the Kennedys—

Desiring you would meet him where  
he halted,

Offering to undertake whate'er  
commissions

You listed trust him with, for court  
or city:

And, thus apprised of Cassilis' pur-  
posed journey,

And of his halting place, you placed  
the ambush,

Prepared the homicides—

AUCH. They're free to say their  
pleasure. They are men

Of the new court—and I am but a  
fragment

Of stout old Morton's faction. It is  
reason

That such as I be rooted from the  
earth

That they may have full room to  
spread their branches.

No doubt, 'tis easy to find strolling  
vagrants

To prove whate'er they prompt. This  
Quentin Blane—

Did you not call him so?—why comes  
he now?

And wherefore not before? This  
must be answer'd—*(abruptly)*—

Where is he now?

GIF. Abroad—they say—  
kidnapp'd,

By you kidnapp'd, that he might die  
in Flanders.

But orders have been sent for his  
discharge,

And his transmission hither.

AUCH. *(assuming an air of com-  
posure.)* When they produce such  
witness, cousin Gifford,

We'll be prepared to meet it. In the  
meanwhile,

The King doth ill to throw his royal  
sceptre

In the accuser's scale, ere he can  
know

How justice shall incline it.

GIF. Our sage prince  
Resents, it may be, less the death of  
Cassilis,

Than he is angry that the feud  
should burn,

After his royal voice had said, "Be  
quenched:"

Thus urging prosecution less for  
slaughter,

Than that, being done against the  
King's command,

Treason is mix'd with homicide.

AUCH. Ha! ha! most true, my  
cousin.

Why, well consider'd, 'tis a crime so  
great

To slay one's enemy, the King for-  
bidding it,

Like parricide, it should be held  
impossible.

'Tis just as if a wretch retain'd the  
evil,

When the King's touch had bid the  
sores be heal'd;

And such a crime merits the stake at  
least.

What! can there be within a Scottish  
bosom

A feud so deadly, that it kept its  
ground

When the King said, Be friends! It  
is not credible.

Were I King James, I never would  
believe it:

I'd rather think the story all a dream,  
And that there was no friendship,  
feud, nor journey,

No halt, no ambush, and no Earl of  
Cassilis,

Than dream anointed Majesty has  
wrong!—

GIF. Speak within door, coz.

AUCH. O, true—*(aside)*—I shall  
betray myself

Even to this half-bred fool.—I must  
have room,

Room for an instant, or I suffocate.—  
Cousin, I prithee call our Philip  
hither—

Forgive me; 'twere more meet I  
summon'd him

Myself; but then the sight of yonder  
revel

Would chafe my blood, and I have  
need of coolness.

GIF. I understand thee—I will  
bring him straight. [*Exit.*]

AUCH. And if thou dost, he's lost  
his ancient trick

To fathom, as he wont, his five-pint  
flagons.—

This space is mine—O for the power  
to fill it,

Instead of senseless rage and empty  
curses,

With the dark spell which witches  
learn from fiends,

That smites the object of their hate  
afar,

Nor leaves a token of its mystication,  
Stealing the soul from out the un-  
scathed body,

As lightning melts the blade, nor  
harms the scabbard!

—'Tis vain to wish for it—Each  
curse of mine

Falls to the ground as harmless as  
the arrows  
Which children shoot at stars! The  
time for thought,  
If thought could aught avail me,  
melts away,  
Like to a snowball in a schoolboy's  
hand,  
That melts the faster the more close  
he grasps it!—  
If I had time, this Scottish Solomon,  
Whom some call son of David the  
Musician,  
Might find it perilous work to march  
to Carrick.  
There's many a feud still slumbering  
in its ashes,  
Whose embers are yet red. Nobles  
we have,  
Stout as old Graysteel, and as hot as  
Bothwell;  
Here too are castles look from crags  
as high  
On seas as wide as Logan's. So the  
King—  
Pshaw! He is here again—

*Enter GIFFORD.*

GIFF. I heard you name  
The King, my kinsman; know, he  
comes not hither.

AUCH. (*affecting indifference.*) Nay,  
then we need not broach our  
barrels, cousin,  
Nor purchase us new jerkins. —  
Comes not Philip?

GIFF. Yes, sir. He tarries but to  
drink a service  
To his good friends at parting.

AUCH. Friends for the beadle or  
the sheriff-officer.

Well, let it pass. Who comes, and  
how attended,  
Since James designs not westward?

GIFF. O you shall have, instead, his  
fiery functionary,

George Home that was, but now  
Dunbar's great Earl;

He leads a royal host, and comes to  
show you

How he distributes justice on the  
Border,

Where judge and hangman oft re-  
verse their office,  
And the noose does its work before  
the sentence.

But I have said my tidings best and  
worst.

None but yourself can know what  
course the time

And peril may demand. To lift your  
banner,

If I might be a judge, were desperate  
game:

Ireland and Galloway offer you con-  
venience

For flight, if flight be thought the  
better remedy;

To face the court requires the con-  
sciousness

And confidence of innocence. You  
alone

Can judge if you possess these  
attributes.

[*A noise behind the scenes.*]

AUCH. Philip, I think, has broken  
up his revels;

His ragged regiment are dispersing  
them,

Well liquor'd, doubtless. They're  
disbanded soldiers,

Or some such vagabonds. — Here  
comes the gallant.

[*Enter PHILIP. He has a buff-  
coat and head-piece, wears a  
sword and dagger, with  
pistols at his girdle. He  
appears to be affected by  
liquor, but to be by no means  
intoxicated.*]

AUCH. You scarce have been made  
known to one another.

Although you sate together at the  
board.—

Son Philip, know and prize our  
cousin Gifford.

PHI. (*tastes the wine on the table.*)  
If you had prized him, sir, you  
had been loth

To have welcomed him in bastard  
Alicant:

I'll make amends, by pledging his  
good journey

In glorious Burgundy.—The stirrup-cup, ho !  
And bring my cousin's horses to the court.

AUCH. (*draws him aside.*) The stirrup-cup ! He doth not ride to-night—

Shame on such churlish conduct to a kinsman !

PHI. (*aside to his father.*) I've news of pressing import.

Send the fool off.—Stay, I will start him for you.

(*To GIF.*) Yes, my kind cousin, Burgundy is better,

On a night-ride, to those who thread our moors,

And we may deal it freely to our friends,

For we came freely by it. Yonder ocean

Rolls many a purple cask upon our shore,

Rough with embossed shells and shagged sea-weed,

When the good skipper and his careful crew

Have had their latest earthly draught of brine,

And gone to quench, or to endure their thirst,

Where nectar's plenty, or even water's scarce,

And filter'd to the parched crew by dropsfull.

AUCH. Thou'rt mad, son Philip !—Gifford's no intruder,

That we should rid him hence by such wild rants :

My kinsman hither rode at his own danger,

To tell us that Dunbar is hasting to us,

With a strong force, and with the King's commission,

To enforce against our house a hateful charge,

With every measure of extremity.

PHI. And is this all that our good cousin tells us ?

I can say more, thanks to the ragged regiment,

With whose good company you have upbraided me,

On whose authority, I tell thee, cousin,

Dunbar is here already.

GIF. Already ?

PHI. Yes, gentle coz. And you, my sire, be hasty

In what you think to do.

AUCH. I think thou darest not jest on such a subject.

Where hadst thou these fell tidings ?

PHI. Where you, too, might have heard them, noble father,

Save that your ears, nail'd to our kinsman's lips,

Would list no coarser accents. O, my soldiers,

My merry crew of vagabonds, for ever !

Scum of the Netherlands, and wash'd ashore

Upon this coast like unregarded seaweed,

They had not been two hours on Scottish land,

When, lo ! they met a military friend, An ancient fourier, known to them

of old,

Who, warm'd by certain stoups of searching wine,

Inform'd his old companions that Dunbar

Left Glasgow yesterday, comes here to-morrow ;

Himself, he said, was sent a spy before,

To view what preparations we were making.

AUCH. (*to GIF.*) If this be sooth, good kinsman, thou must claim

To take a part with us for life and death,

Or speed from hence, and leave us to our fortune.

GIF. In such dilemma, Believe me, friend, I'd choose upon the instant—

But I lack harness, and a steed to charge on,

For mine is overtired, and, save my page,



There's not a man to back me. But  
I'll lie  
To Kyle, and raise my vassals to  
your aid.

PHI. 'Twill be when the rats,  
That on these tidings fly this house  
of ours,  
Come back to pay their rents.—  
(*apart.*)

AUCH. Courage, cousin—  
Thou goest not hence ill mounted for  
thy need  
Full forty coursers feed in my wide  
stalls,  
The best of them is yours to speed  
your journey.

PHI. Stand not on ceremony, good  
our cousin,  
When safety signs, to shorten  
courtesy.

GIF. (*to AUCH.*) Farewell, then  
cousin, for my tarrying here  
Were ruin to myself, small aid to  
you ;  
Yet loving well your name and  
family,

I'd fain—  
PHI. Be gone?—that is our object,  
too—  
Kinsman, adieu.

[*Exit GIFFORD. PHILIP  
calls after him.*]

You yeoman of the stab'e,  
Give Master Gifford there my fleetest  
steed,  
Yon cut-tail'd roan that trembles at  
a spear.—

[*Trampling of the horse heard  
going off.*]

Hark ! he departs. How swift the  
dastard rides,  
To shun the neighbourhood of  
jeopardy !

[*He lays aside the appearance of  
levity which he has hitherto  
worn, and says very seriously,*  
And now, my father—

AUCH. And now, my son—thou'st  
ta'en a perilous game  
Into thine hands, rejecting elder  
counsel,—  
How dost thou mean to play it ?

PHI. Sir, good gamesters play not  
Till they review the cards which fate  
has dealt them,  
Computing thus the chances of the  
game ;

And wofully they seem to weigh  
against us.

AUCH. Exile's a passing ill, and  
may be borne ;  
And when Dunbar and all his  
myrmidons

Are eastward turn'd, we'll seize our  
own again.

PHI. Would that were all the risk  
we had to stand to !

But more and worse,—a doom of  
treason, forfeiture,  
Death to ourselves, dishonour to our  
house,

Is what the stern Justiciary menaces ;  
And, fatally for us, he hath the  
means

To make his threatenings good.

AUCH. It cannot be. I tell thee,  
there's no force  
In Scottish law to raze a house like  
mine,

Coeval with the time the Lords of  
Galloway  
Submitted them unto the Scottish  
sceptre,

Renouncing rights of Tanistry and  
Brehon.

Some dreams they have of evidence ;  
some suspicion.

But old Montgomery knows my  
purpose well,

And long before their mandate reach  
the camp

To crave the presence of this mighty  
witness,

He will be fitted with an answer to it.

PHI. Father, what we call great, is  
often ruin'd  
By means so ludicrously dispropor-  
tion'd,

They make me think upon the  
gunner's linstock,

Which, yielding forth a light about  
the size

And semblance of the glow-worm,  
yet applied

To powder, blew a palace into atoms,  
 Sent a young King—a young Queen's mate at least—  
 Into the air, as high as e'er flew night-hawk,  
 And made such wild work in the realm of Scotland,  
 As they can tell who heard,—and you were one  
 Who saw, perhaps, the night-flight which began it.

AUCH. If thou hast nought to speak but drunken folly,  
 I cannot listen longer.

PHI. I will speak brief and sudden.  
 —There is one  
 Whose tongue to us has the same perilous force  
 Which Bothwell's powder had to Kirk of Field;  
 One whose least tones, and those but peasant accents,  
 Could rend the roof from off our fathers' castle,  
 Level its tallest turret with its base;  
 And he that doth possess this wondrous power  
 Sleeps this same night not five miles distant from us.

AUCH. (*who had looked on PHILIP with much appearance of astonishment and doubt, exclaims*) Then thou art mad indeed!—Ha! ha! I'm glad on't.

I'd purchase an escape from what I dread,  
 Even the frenzy of my only son!

PHI. I thank you, but agree not to the bargain.  
 You rest on what yon civet cat has said:

Yon silken doublet, stuff'd with rotten straw,  
 Told you but half the truth, and knew no more.

But my good vagrants had a perfect tale:

They told me, little judging the importance,

That Quentin Blane had been discharged with them.

They told me, that a quarrel happ'd at landing,

And that the youngster and an ancient sergeant

Had left their company, and taken refuge

In Chapelodnan, where our ranger dwells;

They saw him scale the cliff on which it stands,

Ere they were out of sight; the old man with him.

And therefore laugh no more at me as mad;

But laugh, if thou hast list for merriment,

To think he stands on the same land with us,

Whose absence thou wouldst deem were cheaply purchased

With thy soul's ransom and thy body's danger.

AUCH. 'Tis then a fatal truth!  
 Thou art no yelper

To open rashly on so wild a scent;  
 Thou'rt the young bloodhound, which careers and springs,

Frolics and fawns, as if the friend of man,

But seizes on his victim like a tiger.

PHI. No matter what I am—I'm as you bred me;

So let that pass till there be time to mend me,

And let us speak like men, and to the purpose.

This object of our fear and of our dread,

Since such our pride must own him, sleeps to-night

Within our power:—to-morrow in Dunbar's,

And we are then his victims.

AUCH. He is in *ours* to-night.

PHI. He is. I'll answer that MacLellan's trusty.

AUCH. Yet he replied to you to-day full rudely.

PHI. Yes! The poor knave has got a handsome wife,  
 And is gone mad with jealousy.

AUCH. Fool!—When we need the  
utmost faith, allegiance,  
Obedience, and attachment in our  
vassals,

Thy wild intrigues pour gall into  
their hearts,

And turn their love to hatred!

PHI. Most reverend sire, you talk  
of ancient morals,

Preach'd on by Knox, and practis'd  
by Glencairn;

Respectable, indeed, but somewhat  
musty

In these our modern nostrils. In  
our days,

If a young baron chance to leave his  
vassal

The sole possessor of a handsome  
wife,

'Tis sign he loves his follower; and,  
if not,

He loves his follower's wife, which  
often proves

The surer bond of patronage. Take  
either case:

Favour flows in of course, and vassals  
rise.

AUCH. Philip, this is infamous,  
And, what is worse, impolitic. Take  
example:

Break not God's laws or man's for  
each temptation

That youth and blood suggest. I  
am a man—

A weak and erring man;—full well  
thou know'st

That I may hardly term myself a  
pattern

Even to my son;—yet thus far will I  
say,

I never swerved from my integrity,  
Save at the voice of strong

necessity,  
Or such o'erpowering view of high  
advantage

As wise men liken to necessity,  
In strength and force compulsive.

No one saw me

Exchange my reputation for my  
pleasure,

Or do the Devil's work without his  
wages.

I practis'd prudence, and paid tax to  
virtue,

By following her behests, save where  
strong reason

Compell'd a deviation. Then, if  
preachers

At times look'd sour, or elders shook  
their heads,

They could not term my walk  
irregular;

For I stood up still for the worthy  
cause,

A pillar, though a flaw'd one, of the  
altar,

Kept a strict walk, and led three  
hundred horse.

PHI. Ah, these three hundred horse  
in such rough times

Were better commendation to a  
party

Than all your efforts at hypocrisy,  
Betray'd so oft by avarice and  
ambition,

And dragg'd to open shame. But,  
righteous father,

When sire and son unite in mutual  
crime,

And join their efforts to the same  
enormity,

It is no time to measure other's faults,  
Or fix the amount of each. Most  
moral father,

Think if it be a moment now to weigh  
The vices of the Heir of Auchindrane,  
Or take precaution that the ancient  
house

Shall have another heir than the sly  
courtier

That's gaping for the forfeiture.

AUCH. We'll disappoint him,  
Philip,—

We'll disappoint him yet. It is a  
folly,

A willful cheat, to cast our eyes  
behind,

When time, and the fast flitting  
opportunity,

Call loudly, nay, compel us to look  
forward:

Why are we not already at Mac-  
Lellan's,

Since there the victim sleeps?

PHI. Nay, soft, I pray thee.  
I had not made your piety my  
confessor.  
Nor enter'd in debate on these sage  
councils,  
Which you're more like to give than  
I to profit by,  
Cou'd I have used the time more  
usefully;  
But first an interval must pass  
between  
The fate of Quentin and the little  
artifice  
That shall detach him from his  
comrade,  
The stout old soldier that I told  
you of.

AUCH. How work a point so  
difficult—so dangerous?

PHI. 'Tis cared for. Mark, my  
father, the convenience  
Arising from mean company. My  
agents  
Are at my hand, like a good work-  
man's tools,  
And if I mean a mischief, ten to  
one  
That they anticipate the deed and  
guilt.

Well knowing this, when first the  
vagrant's tattle  
Gave me the hint that Quentin was  
so near us,  
Instant I sent MacLellan, with  
strong charges  
To stop him for the night, and bring  
me word,  
Like an accomplish'd spy, how all  
things stood,  
Lulling the enemy into security.

AUCH. There was a prudent  
general!

PHI. MacLellan went and came  
within the hour.  
The jealous bee, which buzzes in his  
nightcap,  
Had humm'd to him, this fellow,  
Quentin Blane,  
Had been in schoolboy days an  
humble lover  
Of his own pretty wife—

AUCH. Most fortunate!

The knave will be more prompt to  
serve our purpose.

PHI. No doubt on't. 'Mid the  
tidings he brought back  
Was one of some importance. The  
old man  
Is flush of dollars; this I caused him  
tell  
Among his comrades, who became  
as eager  
To have him in their company,  
as e'er

They had been wild to part with  
him. And in brief space  
A letter's framed by an old hand  
amongst them,  
Familiar with such feats. It bore  
the name

And character of old Montgomery,  
Whom he might well suppose at no  
great distance,  
Commanding his old Sergeant Hilde-  
brand,  
By all the ties of late authority,  
Conjuring him by ancient soldier-  
ship,

To hasten to his mansion instantly,  
On business of high import, with a  
charge  
To come alone—

AUCH. Well, he sets out, I doubt  
it not,—what follows?

PHI. I am not curious into others'  
practices,—  
So far I'm an economist in guilt,  
As you my sire advise. But on the  
road  
To old Montgomery's he meets his  
comrades,

They nourish grudge against him  
and his dollars,  
And things may hap, which counsel,  
learn'd in law,  
Call Robbery and Murder. Should  
he live,  
He has seen nought that we would  
hide from him.

AUCH. Who carries the forged  
letter to the veteran?

PHI. Why, Niel MacLellan, who,  
return'd again

To his own tower, as it to pass the night there.

They pass'd on him, or tried to pass, a story,

As if they wish'd the sergeant's company,

Without the young comptroller's—that is Quentin's,

And he became an agent of their plot, That he might better carry on our own.

AUCH. There's life in it—yes, there is life in't;

And we will have a mounted party ready

To scour the moors in quest of the banditti

That kill'd the poor old man—they shall die instantly.

Dunbar shall see us use sharp justice here,

As well as he in Teviotdale. You are sure

You gave no hint nor impulse to their purpose?

PHI. It needed not. The whole pack oped at once

Upon the scent of dollars.—But time comes

When I must seek the tower, and act with Niel

What farther's to be done.

AUCH. Alone with him thou goest not. He bears grudge—

Thou art my only son, and on a night

When such wild passions are so free abroad,

When such wild deeds are doing, 'tis but natural

I guarantee thy safety.—I'll ride with thee.

PHI. E'en as you will, my lord. But, pardon me,—

Ir you will come, let us not have a word

Of conscience, and of pity, and forgiveness;

Fine words to-morrow, out of place to-night.

Take counsel then, leave all this work to me;

Call up your household, make fit preparation,

In love and peace, to welcome this Earl Justiciar,

As one that's free of guilt. Go, deck the castle

As for an honour'd guest. Hallow the chapel

(If they have power to hallow it) with thy prayers.

Let me ride forth alone, and ere the sun

Comes o'er the eastern hill, thou shalt accost him:

“Now do thy worst, thou oft-returning spy,

Here's nought thou canst discover.”

AUCH. Yet goest thou not alone with that MacLellan!

He deems thou bearest will to injure him,

And seek'st occasion suiting to such will.

Philip, thou art irreverent, fierce, ill-nurtured,

Stain'd with low vices, which disgust a father;

Yet ridest thou not alone with yonder man,—

Come weal come woe, myself will go with thee.

*[Exit, and calls to horse behind the scene.]*

PHI. (alone) Now would I give my fleetest horse to know

What sudden thought roused this paternal care,

And if 'tis on his own account or mine:

'Tis true, he hath the deepest share in all

That's likely now to hap, or which has happen'd.

Yet strong through Nature's universal reign,

The link which binds the parent to the offspring:

The she-wolf knows it, and the tigress owns it.

So that dark man, who, shunning what is vicious,

Ne'er turn'd aside from an atrocity,

Hath still some care left for his hapless offspring.

Therefore 'tis meet, though wayward, light, and stubborn,

That I should do for him all that a son

Can do for sire—and his dark wisdom join'd

To influence my bold courses, 'twill be hard

To break our mutual purpose.—  
Horses there! [Exit.

### ACT III.—SCENE I.

*It is moonlight. The scene is the Beach beneath the Tower which was exhibited in the first scene,—the Vessel is gone from her anchorage. AUCHINDRANE and PHILIP, as if dismounted from their horses, come forward cautiously.*

PHI. The nags are safely stow'd.

Their noise might scare him;

Let them be safe, and ready when we need them,

The business is but short. We'll call MacLellan,

To wake him, and in quiet bring him forth,

If he be so disposed, for here are waters

Enough to drown, and sand enough to cover him.

But if he hesitate, or fear to meet us,

By heaven I'll deal on him in Chapel-donan

With my own hand!—

AUCH. Too furious boy!—alarm or noise undoes us,

Our practice must be silent as 'tis sudden.

Bethink thee that conviction of this slaughter

Confirms the very worst of accusations

Our foes can bring against us. Wherefore should we,

Who by our birth and fortune mate with nobles,

And are allied with them, take this lad's life,—

His peasant life,—unless to quash his evidence,

Taking such pains to rid him from the world,

Who would, if spared, have fix'd a crime upon us?

PHI. Well, I do own me one of those wise folks,

Who think that when a deed of fate is plann'd,

The execution cannot be too rapid.

But do we still keep purpose? Is't determined

He sails for Ireland—and without a wherry?

Salt water is his passport—is it not so?

AUCH. I would it could be otherwise.

Might he not go there while in lite and limb,

And breathe his span out in another air?

Many seek Ulster never to return—

Why might this wretched youth not harbour there?

PHI. With all my heart. It is small honour to me

To be the agent in a work like this.—

Yet this poor caitiff, having thrust himself

Into the secrets of a noble house

And twined himself so closely with our safety,

That we must perish, or that he must die,

I'll hesitate as little on the action,

As I would do to slay the animal

Whose flesh supplies my dinner. 'Tis as harmless,

That deer or steer, as is this Quentin Blane,

And not more necessary is its death

To our accommodation—so we slay it

Without a moment's pause or hesitation.

AUCH. 'Tis not, my son, the feeling call'd remorse,

That now lies tugging at this heart  
of mine,  
Engendering thoughts that stop the  
lifted hand.

Have I not heard John Knox pour  
forth his thunders

Against the oppressor and the man  
of blood,

In accents of a minister of vengeance?  
Were not his fiery eyeballs turn'd on  
me,

As if he said expressly, "Thou'rt the  
man?"

Yet did my solid purpose, as I listen'd,  
Remain unshaken as that massive  
rock.

PHI. Well, then, I'll understand  
'tis not remorse,—

As 'tis a foible little known to thee,—  
That interrupts thy purpose. What,  
then, is it?

Is't scorn, or is't compassion? One  
thing's certain,

Either the feeling must have free in-  
dulgence,

Or fully be subjected to your reason—  
There is no room for these same

treacherous courses,  
Which men call moderate measures.

We must confide in Quentin, or must  
slay him.

AUCH. In Ireland he might live  
afar from us.

PHI. Among Queen Mary's faithful  
partisans,

Your ancient enemies, the haughty  
Hamiltons,

The stern MacDonnells, the resentful  
Græmes—

With these around him, and with  
Cassilis' death

Exasperating them against you,  
think, my father,

What chance of Quentin's silence.

AUCH. Too true—too true. He is  
a silly youth too,

Who had not wit to shift for his own  
living—

A bashful lover, whom his rivals  
laugh'd at—

Of pliant temper, which companions  
play'd on—

A moonlight waker, and a noontide  
dreamer—

A torturer of phrases into sonnets,—  
Whom all might lead that chose to  
praise his rhymes.

PHI. I marvel that your memory  
has room

To hold so much on such a worthless  
subject.

AUCH. Base in himself, and yet so  
strangely link'd

With me and with my fortunes, that  
I've studied

To read him through and through,  
as I would read

Some paltry rhyme of vulgar pro-  
phesy,

Said to contain the fortunes of my  
house;

And, let me speak him truly—He is  
grateful,

Kind, tractable, obedient—a child  
Might lead him by a thread—He

shall not die!

PHI. Indeed!—then have we had  
our midnight ride

To wondrous little purpose.

AUCH. By the blue heaven,  
Thou shalt not murder him, cold  
selfish sensualist!

Yon pure vault speaks it—yonder  
summer moon,

With its ten million sparklers, cries,  
Forbear!

The deep earth sighs it forth—Thou  
shalt not murder!—

Thou shalt not mar the image of thy  
Maker!

Thou shalt not from thy brother take  
the life,

The precious gift which God alone  
can give!—

PHI. Here is a worthy guerdon  
now, for stuffing

His memory with old saws and holy  
sayings!

They come upon him in the very  
crisis,

And when his resolution should be  
firmest,

They shake it like a palsy—Let it  
be,

He'll end at last by yielding to  
temptation,  
Consenting to the thing which must  
be done,  
With more remorse the more he  
hesitates.—

[*To his Father, who has stood  
fixed after his last speech.*]

Well, sir, 'tis fitting you resolve at  
last,  
How the young clerk shall be dis-  
posed upon ;  
Unless you would ride home to  
Auchindrane,  
And bid them rear the Maiden in the  
court-yard,  
That when Dunbar comes, he have  
nought to do  
But bid us kiss the cushion and the  
headsman.

AUCH. It is too true—There is no  
safety for us,  
Consistent with the unhappy wretch's  
life !

In Ireland he is sure to find my  
enemies.

Arran I've proved—the Netherlands  
I've tried,  
But wilds and wars return him on  
my hands.

PHI. Yet fear not, father, we'll  
make surer work ;  
The land has caves, the sea has  
whirlpools,

Where that which they suck in  
returns no more.

AUCH. I will know nought of it,  
hard-hearted boy !

PHI. Hard-hearted ! Why—my  
heart is soft as yours ;  
But then they must not feel remorse  
at once,

We can't afford such wasteful tender-  
ness :

I can mouth forth remorse as well as  
you.

Be executioner, and I'll be chap-  
lain,

And say as mild and moving things  
as you can ;

But one of us must keep his steely  
temper.

AUCH. Do thou the deed—I cannot  
look on it.

PHI. So be it—walk with me—  
MacLellan brings him.

The boat lies moor'd within that  
reach of rock,

And 'twill require our greatest  
strength combined

To launch it from the beach. Mean-  
time, MacLellan

Brings our man hither.—See the  
twinkling light

That glances in the tower.

AUCH. Let us withdraw—for should  
he spy us suddenly,

He may suspect us, and alarm the  
family.

PHI. Fear not, MacLellan has his  
trust and confidence,

Bought with a few sweet words and  
welcomes home.

AUCH. But think you that the  
Ranger may be trusted ?

PHI. I'll answer for him.—Let's go  
float the shallop.

[*They go off, and as they leave  
the Stage, MACLELLAN is  
seen descending from the  
Tower with QUENTIN. The  
former bears a dark lantern.  
They come upon the Stage.*]

MAC. (*showing the light*) So—  
bravely done—that's the last  
ledge of rocks,

And we are on the sands.—I have  
broke your slumbers  
Somewhat untimely.

QUE. Do not think so, friend.  
These six years past I have been used  
to stir

When the réveille rung ; and that,  
believe me,

Chooses the hours for rousing me at  
random,

And, having given its summons,  
yields no license

To indulge a second slumber. Nay,  
more, I'll tell thee,

That, like a pleased child, I was e'en  
too happy

For sound repose.



MAC. The greater fool were you.  
Men should enjoy the moments given  
to slumber ;  
For who can tell how soon may be  
the waking,  
Or where we shall have leave to sleep  
again ?

QUE. The God of Slumber comes  
not at command.  
Last night the blood danced merry  
through my veins :  
Instead of finding this our land of  
Carrick

The dreary waste my fears had ap-  
prehended,

I saw thy wife, MacLellan, and thy  
daughter,

And had a brother's welcome ;—saw  
thee, too,

Renew'd my early friendship with  
you both,

And felt once more that I had friends  
and country.

So keen the joy that tingled through  
my system,

Join'd with the searching powers of  
yonder wine,

That I am glad to leave my feverish  
lair,

Although my hostess smooth'd my  
couch herself,

To cool my brow upon this moonlight  
beach,

Gaze on the moonlight dancing on  
the waves.

Such scenes are wont to soothe me  
into melancholy ;

But such the hurry of my spirits  
now,

That everything I look on makes me  
laugh.

MAC. I've seen but few so game-  
some, Master Quentin,

Being roused from sleep so suddenly  
as you were.

QUE. Why, there's the jest on't.  
Your old castle's haunted.

In vain the host—in vain the lovely  
hostess,

In kind addition to all means of rest,  
Add their best wishes for our sound  
repose,

When some hobgoblin brings a press-  
ing message :

Montgomery presently must see his  
sergeant,

And up gets Hildebrand, and off he  
trudges.

I can't but laugh to think upon the  
grin

With which he doff'd the kerchief he  
had twisted

Around his brows, and put his morion  
on—

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

MAC. I'm glad to see you merry,  
Quentin.

QUE. Why, faith, my spirits are  
but transitory,

And you may live with me a month  
or more,

And never see me smile. Then some  
such trifle

As yonder little maid of yours would  
laugh at,

Will serve me for a theme of merri-  
ment—

Even now, I scarce can keep my  
gravity ;

We were so snugly settled in our  
quarters,

With full intent to let the sun be high  
Ere we should leave our beds—and  
first the one

And then the other's summon'd briefly  
forth,

To the old tune, " Black Bandsmen,  
up and march ! "

MAC. Well ! you shall sleep anon  
—rely upon it—

And make up time misspent. Mean-  
time, methinks,

You are so merry on your broken  
slumbers,

You ask'd not why I call'd you.

QUE. I can guess,  
You lack my aid to search the weir  
for seals,

You lack my company to stalk a  
deer.

Think you I have forgot your silvan  
tasks.

Which oft you have permitted me to  
share,

Till days that we were rivals ?

MAC. You have memory  
Of that too ?—

QUE. Like the memory of a  
dream,  
Delusion far too exquisite to last.

MAC. You guess not then for what  
I call you forth,

It was to meet a friend—

QUE. What friend ? Thyself ex-  
cepted,

The good old man who's gone to see  
Montgomery,

And one to whom I once gave dearer  
title,

I know not in wide Scotland man or  
woman

Whom I could name a friend.

MAC. Thou art mistaken,  
There is a Baron, and a powerful  
one—

QUE. There flies my fit of mirth.  
You have a grave

And alter'd man before you.

MAC. Compose yourself, there is  
no cause for fear,—

He will and must speak with you.

QUE. Spare me the meeting, Niel,  
I cannot see him.

Say, I'm just landed on my native  
earth ;

Say, that I will not cumber it a day ;

Say, that my wretched thread of poor  
existence

Shall be drawn out in solitude and  
exile,

Where never memory of so mean a  
thing

Again shall cross his path—but do  
not ask me

To see or speak again with that dark  
man !

MAC. Your fears are now as  
foolish as your mirth—

What should the powerful Knight  
of Auchindrane

In common have with such a man as  
thou ?

QUE. No matter what—Enough,  
I will not see him.

MAC. He is thy master, and he  
claims obedience.

QUE. My master ? Ay, my task-  
master—Ever since

I could write man, his hand hath  
been upon me,

No step I've made but cumber'd with  
his chain,

And I am weary on't—I will not see  
him.

MAC. You must and shall—there  
is no remedy.

QUE. Take heed that you compel  
me not to find one.

I've seen the wars since we had strife  
together ;

To put my late experience to the test  
Were something dangerous—Ha, I  
am betray'd !

[While the latter part of this  
dialogue is passing, AUCHIN-  
DRANE and PHILIP enter on  
the Stage from behind, and  
suddenly present themselves.

AUCH. What says the runaway ?

QUE. (laying aside all appearance  
of resistance) Nothing, you are  
my fate ;

And in a shape more fearfully resist-  
less,

My evil angel could not stand before  
me.

AUCH. And so you scruple, slave,  
at my command,

To meet me when I deign to ask thy  
presence ?

QUE. No, sir ; I had forgot—I am  
your bond-slave ;

But sure a passing thought of in-  
dependence,

For which I've seen whole nations  
doing battle,

Was not, in one who has so long  
enjoy'd it,

A crime beyond forgiveness.

AUCH. We shall see :  
Thou wert my vassal, born upon my  
land,

Bred by my bounty—It concern'd me  
highly,

Thou know'st it did—and yet against  
my charge

Again I find thy worthlessness in  
Scotland.

QUE. Alas! the wealthy and the powerful know not  
 How very dear to those who have least share in't,  
 Is that sweet word of country!  
 The poor exile  
 Feels, in each action of the varied day,  
 His doom of banishment. The very air  
 Cools not his brow as in his native land;  
 The scene is strange, the food is loathly to him;  
 The language, nay, the music iars his ear.  
 Why should I, guiltless of the slightest crime,  
 Suffer a punishment which, sparing life,  
 Deprives that life of all which men hold dear?  
 AUCH. Hear ye the serf I bred,  
 begin to reckon  
 Upon his rights and pleasure! Who am I—  
 Thou abject, who am I, whose will thou thwartest?  
 PHI. Well spoke, my pious sire.  
 There goes remorse!  
 Let once thy precious pride take fire,  
 and then,  
 MacLellan, you and I may have small trouble.  
 QUE. Your words are deadly, and your power resistless;  
 I'm in your hands—but, surely, less than life  
 May give you the security you seek,  
 Without commission of a mortal crime.  
 AUCH. Who is't would deign to think upon thy life?  
 I but require of thee to speed to Ireland,  
 Where thou mayst sojourn for some little space,  
 Having due means of living dealt to thee,  
 And, when it suits the changes of the times,  
 Permission to return.

QUE. Noble my lord,  
 I am too weak to combat with your pleasure;  
 Yet, O, for mercy's sake, and for the sake  
 Of that dear land which is our common mother,  
 Let me not part in darkness from my country!  
 Pass but an hour or two, and every cape,  
 Headland, and bay, shall gleam with new-born light,  
 And I'll take boat as gaily as the bird  
 That soars to meet the morning.  
 Grant me but this—to show no darker thoughts  
 Are on your heart than those your speech expresses!  
 PHI. A modest favour, friend, is this you ask!  
 Are we to pace the beach like watermen,  
 Waiting your worship's pleasure to take boat?  
 No, by my faith! you go upon the instant.  
 The boat lies ready, and the ship receives you  
 Near to the point of Turnberry.—  
 Come, we wait you;  
 Bestir you!  
 QUE. I obey.—Then farewell, Scotland,  
 And Heaven forgive my sins, and grant that mercy,  
 Which mortal man deserves not!  
 AUCH. (*speaks aside to his Son*)  
 What signal  
 Shall let me know 'tis done?  
 PHI. When the light is quenched,  
 Your fears for Quentin Blane are at an end.—  
 (To QUE.) Come, comrade, come, we must begin our voyage.  
 QUE. But when, O when to end it!  
 [*He goes off reluctantly with PHILIP and MACLELLAN. AUCHINDRANE stands looking after them. The Moon becomes overclouded, and the Stage dark.* AUCHINDRANE,

*who has gazed fixedly and eagerly after those who have left the Stage, becomes animated, and speaks.*

AUCH. It is no fallacy!—The night is dark,  
The moon has sunk before the deepening clouds;  
I cannot on the murky beach distinguish  
The shallop from the rocks which lie beside it;  
I cannot see tall Philip's floating plume,  
Nor trace the sullen brow of Niel MacLellan;  
Yet still that caitiff's visage is before me,  
With chattering teeth, mazed look, and bristling hair,  
As he stood here this moment!—Have I changed  
My human eyes for those of some night prowler,  
The wolf's, the tiger-cat's, or the hoarse bird's,  
That spies its prey at midnight? I can see him—  
Yes, I can see him, seeing no one else,—  
And well it is I do so. In his absence,  
Strange thoughts of pity mingled with my purpose,  
And moved remorse within me—But they vanish'd  
Whene'er he stood a living man before me;  
Then my antipathy awaked within me,  
Seeing its object close within my reach,  
Till I could scarce forbear him.—How they linger!  
The boat's not yet to sea!—I ask myself,  
What has the poor wretch done to wake my hatred—  
Docile, obedient, and in sufferance patient?—  
As well demand what evil has the hare  
Done to the hound that courses her in sport.

Instinct infallible supplies the reason—  
And that must plead my cause.—The vision's gone!  
Their boat now walks the waves; a single gleam,  
Now seen, now lost, is all that marks her course;  
That soon shall vanish too—then all is over!—  
Would it were o'er, for in this moment lies  
The agony of ages!—Now, 'tis gone—  
And all is acted!—no—she breaths again  
The opposing wave, and bears the tiny sparkle  
Upon her crest—(*A faint cry heard as from seaward.*)  
Ah! there was fatal evidence,  
All's over now, indeed!—The light is quench'd—  
And Quentin, source of all my fear, exists not.—  
The morning tide shall sweep his corpse to sea,  
And hide all memory of this stern night's work.  
*[He walks in a slow and deeply meditative manner towards the side of the Stage, and suddenly meets MARION, the wife of MACLELLAN, who has descended from the Castle.*  
Now, how to meet Dunbar—Heaven guard my senses!  
Stand! who goes there?—Do spirits walk the earth  
Ere yet they've left the body!  
MAR. Is it you,  
My lord, on this wild beach at such an hour!  
AUCH. It is MacLellan's wife, in search of him,  
Or of her lover—of the murderer,  
Or of the murder'd man.—Go to, Dame Marion,  
Men have their hunting-gear to give an eye to,  
Their snares and trackings for their game. But women  
Should shun the night air. A young wife also,

Still more a handsome one, should  
keep her pillow  
Till the sun gives example for her  
wakening.

Come, dame, go back—back to your  
bed again.

MAR. Hear me, my lord! there  
have been sights and sounds  
That terrified my child and me—  
Groans, screams,  
As if of dying seamen, came from  
ocean—

A corpse-light danced upon the  
crested waves  
For several minutes' space, then  
sunk at once.

When we retired to rest we had two  
guests,

Besides my husband Niel—I'll tell  
your lordship

Who the men were—

AUCH. Pshaw, woman, can  
you think  
That I have any interest in your  
gossips?

Please your own husband, and that  
you may please him,  
Get thee to bed, and shut up doors,  
good dame.

Were I MacLellan, I should scarce  
be satisfied

To find thee wandering here in mist  
and moonlight,

When silence should be in thy habita-  
tion,

And sleep upon thy pillow.

MAR. Good my lord,  
This is a holyday.—By an ancient  
custom

Our children seek the shore at break  
of day,

And gather shells, and dance, and  
play, and sport them

In honour of the Ocean. Old men  
say

The custom is derived from heathen  
times. Our Isabel

Is mistress of the feast, and you may  
think

She is awake already, and impatient  
To be the first shall stand upon the  
beach,

And bid the sun good-morrow.

AUCH. Ay, indeed?  
Linger such dregs of heathendom  
among you?

And hath Knox preach'd, and  
Wishart died, in vain?

Take notice, I forbid these sinful  
practices,

And will not have my followers  
mingle in them.

MAR. If such your honour's  
pleasure, I must go

And lock the door on Isabel; she is  
wilful,

And voice of mine will have small  
force to keep her

From the amusement she so long  
has dream'd of.

But I must tell your honour, the old  
people,

That were survivors of the former  
race,

Prophesied evil if this day should  
pass

Without due homage to the mighty  
Ocean.

AUCH. Folly and Papistry—  
Perhaps the ocean

Hath had his morning sacrifice  
already;

Or can you think the dreadful  
element,

Whose frown is death, whose roar  
the dirge of navies,

Will miss the idle pageant you  
prepare for?

I've business for you, too—the dawn  
advances—

I'd have thee lock thy little child in  
safety,

And get to Auchindrane before the  
sun rise;

Tell them to get a royal banquet  
ready,

As if a king were coming there to  
feast him.

MAR. I will obey your pleasure.  
But my husband—

AUCH. I wait him on the beach,  
and bring him in

To share the banquet.

MAR. But he has a friend,

Whom it would ill become him to intrude

Upon your hospitality.

AUCH. Fear not; his friend shall be made welcome too,

Should he return with Niel.

MAR. He must—he will return—he has no option.

AUCH. (*apart*) Thus rashly do we deem of others' destiny—

He has indeed no option—but he comes not.

Begone on thy commission—I go this way

To meet thy husband.

[MARION goes to her Tower, and after entering it, is seen to come out, lock the door, and leave the Stage, as if to execute AUCHINDRANE'S commission. He, apparently going off in a different direction, has watched her from the side of the Stage, and on her departure speaks.

AUCH. Fare thee well, fond woman,

Most dangerous of spies—thou prying, prating,

Spying, and telling woman! I've cut short

Thy dangerous testimony—hated word!

What other evidence have we cut short,

And by what fated means, this dreary morning!—

Bright lances here and helmets?—I must shift

To join the others. [*Exit.*

*Enter from the other side the SERGEANT, accompanied with an Officer and two Pikemen.*

SER. 'Twas in good time you came; a minute later

The knaves had ta'en my dollars and my life.

OFF. You fought most stoutly. Two of them were down,

Ere we came to your aid.

SER. Gramercy, halberd!

And well it happens, since your leader seeks

This Quentin Blane, that you have fall'n on me;

None else can surely tell you where he hides,

Being in some fear, and bent to quit this province.

OFF. 'Twill do our Earl good service. He has sent

Despatches into Holland for this Quentin.

SER. I left him two hours since in yonder tower,

Under the guard of one who smoothly spoke,

Although he look'd but roughly—I will chide him

For bidding me go forth with yonder traitor.

OFF. Assure yourself 'twas a concerted stratagem.

Montgomery's been at Holyrood for months,

And can have sent no letter—'twas a plan

On you and on your dollars, and a base one,

To which this Ranger was most likely privy;

Such men as he hang on our fiercer barons,

The ready agents of their lawless will;

Boys of the belt, who aid their master's pleasures,

And in his moods ne'er scruple his injunctions.

But haste, for now we must unkennel Quentin;

I've strictest charge concerning him.

SER. Go up, then, to the tower. You've younger limbs than mine—

there shall you find him lounging and snoring, like a lazy cur

Before a stable door; it is his practice.

[*The OFFICER goes up to the Tower, and after knocking without receiving an answer, turns the key which MARION*

*had left in the lock, and enters; ISABEL, dressed as if for her dance, runs out and descends to the Stage; the OFFICER follows.*

OFF. There's no one in the house, this little maid

Excepted—

ISA. And for me, I'm there no longer,

And will not be again for three hours good :

I'm gone to join my playmates on the sands.

OFF. (*detaining her*) You shall, when you have told to me distinctly

Where are the guests who slept up there last night.

ISA. Why, there is the old man, he stands beside you,

The merry old man, with the glistening hair ;

He left the tower at midnight, for my father

Brought him a letter.

SER. In ill hour I left you, I wish to Heaven that I had stay'd with you ;

There is a nameless horror that comes o'er me.—

Speak, pretty maiden, tell us what chanced next,

And thou shalt have thy freedom.

ISA. After you went last night, my father

Grew moody, and refused to doff his clothes,

Or go to bed, as sometimes he will do

When there is aught to chafe him. Until past midnight,

He wander'd to and fro, then call'd the stranger,

The gay young man, that sung such merry songs,

Yet ever look'd most sadly whilst he sung them,

And forth they went together.

OFF. And you've seen Or heard nought of them since ?

ISA. Seen surely nothing, and I cannot think

That they have lot or share in what I heard.

I heard my mother praying, for the corpse-lights

Were dancing on the waves ; and at one o'clock,

Just as the Abbey steeple toll'd the knell,

There was a heavy plunge upon the waters,

And some one cried aloud for mercy ! —mercy !

It was the water-spirit, sure, which promised

Mercy to boat and fisherman, if we Perform'd to-day's rites duly. Let me go—

I am to lead the ring.

OFF. (*to SER.*) Detain her not. She cannot tell us more ;

To give her liberty is the sure way To lure her parents homeward.—

Strahan, take two men, And should the father or the mother come,

Arrest them both, or either. Auchindrane

May come upon the beach ; arrest him also,

But do not state a cause. I'll back again,

And take directions from my Lord Dunbar.

Keep you upon the beach, and have an eye

To all that passes there.

[*Exeunt separately.*]

## SCENE II.

*Scene changes to a remote and rocky part of the Sea-beach. Enter AUCHINDRANE meeting PHILIP.*

AUCH. The devil's brought his legions to this beach,

That wont to be so lonely ; morions, lances,

Show in the morning beam as thick  
as glowworms  
At summer midnight.

PHI. I'm right glad to see them,  
Be they who'er they may, so they  
are mortal;

For I've contended with a lifeless foe,  
And I have lost the battle. I would  
give

A thousand crowns to hear a mortal  
steel

Ring on a mortal harness.

AUCH. How now!—Art mad, or  
hast thou done the turn—

The turn we came for, and must live  
or die by?

PHI. 'Tis done, if man can do it;  
but I doubt

If this unhappy wretch have Heaven's  
permission

To die by mortal hands.

AUCH. Where is he?—where's  
MacLellan?

PHI. In the deep—

Both in the deep, and what's  
immortal of them

Gone to the judgment-seat, where  
we must meet them.

AUCH. MacLellan dead, and  
Quentin too?—So be it

To all that menace ill to Auchindrane,  
Or have the power to injure him!—  
Thy words

Are full of comfort, but thine eye and  
look

Have in this pallid gloom a ghastli-  
ness,

Which contradicts the tidings of thy  
tongue.

PHI. Hear me, old man—There *is*  
a heaven above us,

As you have heard old Knox and  
Wishart preach,

Though little to your boot. The  
dreaded witness

Is slain, and silent. But his misused  
body

Comes right ashore, as if to cry for  
vengeance;

It rides the waters like a living thing,  
Erect, as if he trode the waves which  
bear him.

AUCH. Thou speakest frenzy, when  
sense is most required.

PHI. Hear me yet more!—I say  
I did the deed

With all the coolness of a practised  
hunter

When dealing with a stag. I struck  
him overboard,

And with MacLellan's aid I held his  
head

Under the waters, while the Ranger  
tied

The weights we had provided to his  
feet.

We cast him loose when life and  
body parted,

And bid him speed for Ireland. But  
even then,

As in defiance of the words we spoke,  
The body rose upright behind our  
stern,

One half in ocean, and one half in  
air,

And tided after as in chase of us.

AUCH. It was enchantment!—Did  
you strike at it?

PHI. Once and again. But blows  
avail'd no more

Than on a wreath of smoke, where  
they may break

The column for a moment, which  
unites

And is entire again. Thus the dead  
body

Sunk down before my oar, but rose  
unharm'd,

And dogg'd us closer still, as in  
defiance.

AUCH. 'Twas Hell's own work!—

PHI. MacLellan then grew restive  
And desperate in his fear, blasphemed  
aloud,

Cursing us both as authors of his  
ruin.

Myself was wellnigh frantic while  
pursued

By this dead shape, upon whose  
ghastly features

The changeful moonbeam spread a  
grisly light;

And, baited thus, I took the nearest  
way



To ensure his silence, and to quell  
his noise ;

I used my dagger, and I flung him  
overboard,

And half expected his dead carcass  
also

Would join the chase—but he sunk  
down at once.

AUCH. He had enough of mortal  
sin about him,

To sink an argosy.

PHI. But now resolve you what  
defence to make,

If Quentin's body shall be recognised ;  
For 'tis ashore already ; and he bears  
Marks of my handiwork ; so does  
MacLellan.

AUCH. The concourse thickens still  
—Away, away !

We must avoid the multitude.

*[They rush out.]*

SCENE III.

*Scene changes to another part of the  
Beach. Children are seen dancing,  
and Villagers looking on. ISABEL  
seems to take the management of  
the Dance.*

VIL. WOM. How well she queens  
it, the brave little maiden !

VIL. Ay, they all queen it from  
their very cradle,

These willing slaves of haughty  
Auchindrane.

But now I hear the old man's reign  
is ended ;—

'Tis well—he has been tyrant long  
enough.

SECOND VIL. Finlay, speak low,  
you interrupt the sports.

THIRD VIL. Look out to sea—  
There's something coming  
yonder,

Bound for the beach, will scare us  
from our mirth.

FOURTH VIL. Pshaw, it is but a  
sea-gull on the wing,

Between the wave and sky.

THIRD VIL. Thou art a fool,  
sc.

Standing on solid land—'tis a dead  
body.

SECOND VIL. And if it be, he bears  
him like a live one,

Not prone and weltering like a  
drowned corpse,

But bolt erect, as if he trode the  
waters,

And used them as his path.

FOURTH VIL. It is a merman,  
And nothing of this earth, alive or  
dead.

*[By degrees all the Dancers  
break off from their sport, and  
stand gazing to seaward,  
while an object, imperfectly  
seen, drifts towards the Beach,  
and at length arrives among  
the rocks which border the  
tide.]*

THIRD VIL. Perhaps it is some  
wretch who needs assistance ;

Jasper, make in and see.

SECOND VIL. Not I, my friend ;  
E'en take the risk yourself, you'd put  
on others.

*[HILDEBRAND has entered, and  
heard the two last words.]*

SER. What, are you men ?

Fear ye to look on what you must be  
one day ?

I, who have seen a thousand dead  
and dying

Within a flight-shot square, will  
teach you how in war

We look upon the corpse when life  
has left it.

*[He goes to the back scene, and  
seems attempting to turn the  
body, which has come ashore  
with its face downwards.]*

Will none of you come aid to turn  
the body ?

ISA. You're cowards all.—I'll help  
thee, good old man.

*[She goes to aid the SERGEANT  
with the body, and presently  
gives a cry, and faints.]*

*HILDEBRAND comes forward.  
All crowd round him ; he  
speaks with an expression of  
horror.*

SER. 'Tis Quentin Blane! Poor youth, his gloomy bodings  
Have been the prologue to an act of darkness;  
His feet are manacled, his bosom stabb'd,  
And he is foully murder'd. The proud Knight  
And his dark Ranger must have done this deed,  
For which no common ruffian could have motive.

A PEA. Caution were best, old man  
—Thou art a stranger,

The Knight is great and powerful.

SER. Let it be so.  
Call'd on by Heaven to stand forth an avenger,  
I will not blench for fear of mortal man.

Have I not seen that when that innocent  
Had placed her hands upon the murder'd body,  
His gaping wounds, that erst were soak'd with brine,  
Burst forth with blood as ruddy as the cloud

Which now the sun doth rise on?

PEA. What of that?

SER. Nothing that can affect the innocent child,  
But murder's guilt attaching to her father,  
Since the blood musters in the victim's veins  
At the approach of what holds lease from him  
Of all that parents can transmit to children.  
And here comes one to whom I'll vouch the circumstance.

*The EARL OF DUNBAR enters with Soldiers and others, having AUCHINDRANE and PHILIP prisoners.*

DUN. Fetter the young ruffian and his trait'rous father!

{*They are made secure.*

AUCH. 'Twas a lord spoke it—I have known a knight,  
Sir George of Home, who had not dared to say so.

DUN. 'Tis Heaven, not I, decides upon your guilt.  
A harmless youth is traced within your power,  
Sleeps in your Ranger's house—his friend at midnight  
Is spirited away. Then lights are seen,

And groans are heard, and corpses come ashore  
Mangled with daggers, while (*to PHILIP*) your dagger wears  
The sanguine livery of recent slaughter:

Here, too, the body of a murder'd victim,  
(Whom none but you had interest to remove,)

Bleeds on a child's approach, because the daughter  
Of one the abettor of the wicked deed.

All this, and other proofs corroborative,  
Call on us briefly to pronounce the doom

We have in charge to utter.

AUCH. If my house perish, Heaven's will be done!

I wish not to survive it; but, O Philip,  
Would one could pay the ransom for us both!

PHI. Father, 'tis fitter that we both should die,  
Leaving no heir behind.—The piety of a bless'd saint, the morals of an anchorite,

Could not atone thy dark hypocrisy,  
Or the wild profligacy I have practised.

Ruin'd our house, and shatter'd be our towers,  
And with them end the curse our sins have merited!

# NOTES.

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

1. The feast was over in Branksome tower.

In the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Brankholm, lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Etrick Forest and in Teviotdale. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he dryly remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanche for the payment of a red rose.

After the period of the exchange with Sir Thomas Inglis. Branksome became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family.

2. Nine-and-twenty knights of fame  
Hung their shields in Brank-  
some Hall.

The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendour and from their frontier situation, retained in their

household at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle.

3. . . . with Jedwood-axe at saddle-  
bow.

The Jedwood-axe was a sort of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.

4. They watch, against Southern  
force and guile,  
    Lest Scroop, or Howard, or  
    Percy's powers,  
    Threaten Branksome's lordly  
    towers,  
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or  
merry Carlisle.

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbours.

5. Bards long shall tell,  
How Lord Walter fell.

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. His death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs.

6. While Cessford owns the rule of  
Carr,  
    While Etrick boasts the line  
    of Scott,  
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal  
jar  
The havoc of the feudal war,  
Shall never, never be forgot!

Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scotts and the Kerrs, there was a bond executed in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

7. With Carr in arms had stood.

The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr, was very powerful on the Border. Fynes Morrison remarks, in his *Travels*, that their influence extended from the village of Preston-Grange, in Lothian, to the limits of England.

8. Lord Cranstoun.

The Cranstouns, Lord Cranstoun, are an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was at Crailing, in Teviotdale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott; for it appears that the Lady of Buccleuch, in 1557, beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady.

9. Of Bethune's line of Picardie.

The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighbouring province of Picardy; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated Duc de Sully; and the name was accounted among the most noble in France.

10. He learn'd the art that none may name,

In Padua, far beyond the sea.

Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necromancy.

11. His form no darkening shadow traced  
Upon the sunny wall!

The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Glycas informs us that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit.—HEYWOOD'S *Hierarchy*, p. 475.

12. The viewless forms of air.

The Scottish vulgar, without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of spirits, residing in the air, or in the waters; to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views.

13. A fancied moss-trooper, etc.

This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleuch's clan. Long after the union of the crowns the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling.

14. . . . tame the Unicorn's pride,  
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.

The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford were, *Vert* on a chevron, betwixt three unicorns' heads erased *argent*, three mullets *sable*; crest, a unicorn's head, erased *proper*. The Scotts of Buccleuch bore, *Or*, on a bend azure; a star of six points betwixt two crescents of the first.

15. William of Deloraine.

The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch in Ettrick Forest. They were immemorially possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong

title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1545. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinsmen, for Border service. I have endeavoured to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterised the Borderers of his day.

16. By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds.

The lawless life of the Border-riders obliged them to study how to evade the pursuit of blood-hounds.

17. . . . the Moat-hill's mound,  
Where Druid shades still flitted round.

This is a round artificial mount near Hawick, which, from its name (*Abot. Ang. Sax. Concilium, Conventus*), was probably anciently used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes. There are many such mounds in Scotland, and they are sometimes, but rarely, of a square form.

18. . . . the tower of Hazeldean.

The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendean, belonged formerly to a family of Scotts.

19. On Minto-crag the moonbeams glint.

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family-seat, from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhills' Bed*.

20. Ancient Riddel's fair domain.

The family of Riddel have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddel, or Ryedale, part of which still bears the latter name. Tradition carries their antiquity to a point extremely remote.

21. But when Melrose he reach'd,  
'twas silence all ;  
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,  
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast.

22. When buttress and buttress,  
alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;

Then view St. David's ruin'd pile.

The buttresses ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished.

23. For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,  
Save to patter an Ave Mary,  
When I ride on a Border foray.

The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. But we learn, from Lesley, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition.

24. So had he seen, in fair Castile,  
The youth in glittering squadrons start ;  
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,  
And hurl the unexpected dart.

The use of the dart, or light javelin, in mimic warfare was borrowed by the Castilians from the Moors, among whom it was a favourite weapon.

25. And there the dying lamps did burn,

Before thy low and lonely urn,  
O gallant Chief of Otterburne !

The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame. The issue of the conflict is well known : Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar.

#### 26. Dark Knight of Liddesdale.

William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II., and was so distinguished by his valour, that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The King had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. Liddesdale was soon after slain, while hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder. His body was carried to Linclean church the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shown.

#### 27. The moon on the east oriel shone.

It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when

in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey.

#### 28. The wondrous Michael Scott.

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries.

#### 29. Salamanca's cave.

Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern ; the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand.

#### 30. The bells would ring in Notre Dame.

Michael Scott, according to one of the traditions current concerning him, was chosen to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect, and the King was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring ; the

second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the King rather chose to dismiss Michael, with the most ample concessions, than to stand to the probable consequences.

31. The words that cleft Eildon hills  
in three.

Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered, that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

32. That lamp shall burn un-  
quenchably,  
Until the eternal doom shall be.

Baptista Porta, and other authors who treat of natural magic, talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres. Fortunius Licetus investigates the subject in a treatise, *De Lucernis Antiquorum Reconditis*, published at Venice, 1621. One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero. The wick was supposed to be composed of asbestos. Kircher enumerates three different recipes for constructing such lamps; and wisely concludes, that the thing is nevertheless impossible. — *Mundus Subterraneus*, p. 72.

33. Then Deloraine, in terror, took  
From the cold hand the Mighty  
Book,

He thought, as he took it, the  
dead man frown'd.

William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled; and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became Christian.

34. The Baron's Dwarf his courser  
held.

The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a popular superstition long current on the Borders.

35. But the Ladye of Branksome  
gather'd a band

Of the best that would ride at  
her command.

This attempt is really historical. It took place in 1557.

36. Like a book-bosom'd priest.

In the olden times, in the parish of Ewes, the friars were called *Book-a-bosomes*, from their habit of carrying their mass-books in their bosoms.

37. All was delusion, nought was  
truth.

*Glamour*, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality.

38. Now, if you ask who gave the  
stroke,

I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;  
It was not given by man alive.

Dr. Henry More, in a letter prefixed to Glanville's *Saducismus Triumphatus*, mentions a similar phenomenon.

"I remember an old gentleman in the country, of my acquaintance, an excellent justice of peace, and a piece of

a mathematician; but what kind of a philosopher he was, you may understand from a rhyme of his own making, which he commended to me at my taking horse in his yard, which rhyme is this:—

“Ens is nothing till sense finds out:  
Sense ends in nothing, so naught goes about.

“Which rhyme of his was so rapturous to himself, that, on the reciting of the second verse, the old man turned himself about upon his toe as nimbly as one may observe a dry leaf whisked round the corner of an orchard-walk by some little whirlwind. With this philosopher I have had many discourses concerning the immortality of the soul and its distinction; when I have run him quite down by reason, he would but laugh at me, and say this is logic, H. (calling me by my Christian name,) to which I replied, this is reason, father L. (for so I used and some others to call him;) but it seems you are for the new lights, and immediate inspiration, which I confess he was as little for as for the ether; but I said so only in the way of drollery to him in those times, but truth is, nothing but palpable experience would move him: and being a bold man, and fearing nothing, he told me he had used all the magical ceremonies of conjuration he could, to raise the devil or a spirit, and had a most earnest desire to meet with one, but never could do it. But this he told me, when he did not so much as think of it, while his servant was pulling off his boots in the hall, some invisible hand gave him such a clap upon the back, that it made all ring again; ‘so,’ thought he now, ‘I am invited to the converse of my spirit,’ and therefore, so soon as his boots were off, and his shoes on, out he goes into the yard and next field, to find out the spirit that had given him this familiar clap on the back, but found none neither in the yard nor field next to it.

“But though he did not feel this stroke, albeit he thought it afterwards (finding nothing came of it) a mere delusion; yet not long before his death, it had more force with him than all the philosophical arguments I could use to him,

though I could wind him and nonplus him as I pleased; but yet all my arguments, how solid soever, made no impression upon him; wherefore, after several reasonings of this nature, whereby I would prove to him the soul’s distinction from the body, and its immortality, when nothing of such subtle consideration did any more execution on his mind than some lightning is said to do, though it melts the sword, on the fuzzy consistency of the scabbard,—‘Well,’ said I, ‘father L., though none of these things move you, I have something still behind, and what yourself has acknowledged to be true, that may do the business:—Do you remember the clap on your back when your servant was pulling off your boots in the hall? Assure yourself, says I, father L., that goblin will be the first to bid you welcome into the other world.’ Upon that his countenance changed most sensibly, and he was more confounded with this rubbing up his memory, than with all the rational or philosophical argumentations that I could produce.”

39. The running stream dissolved the spell.

It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns’s inimitable *Tam o’ Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity.

40. He never counted him a man,  
Would strike below the knee.

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was reckoned contrary to the law of arms.

41. She drew the splinter from the wound,  
And with a charm she stanch’d the blood.

See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scott’s *Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 273.



42. But she has ta'en the broken lance,  
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,  
And salv'd the splinter o'er and o'er.

This so-called cure by sympathy was believed in even at the beginning of the 17th century.

43. On Penchryst glows a bale of fire.

*Bale*, beacon-fagot. The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh.

44. Our kin, and clan, and friends,  
to raise.

The speed with which the Borderers collected great bodies of horse is a fact familiar to every reader of Border history.

45. On many a cairn's gray pyramid,  
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed.

46. For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,  
The peasant left his lowly shed.

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army.—(*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. p. 393.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaws, upon the Ale at Ancram, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the

*Eske*, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar recesses.

47. Show'd southern ravage was begun.

Embittered by mutual cruelties, and the personal hatred of the wardens, or leaders, the war waged upon the Borders was not unfrequently of the most sanguinary character.

48. Watt Tinlinn.

This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale.

49. Billhope stag.

There is an old rhyme, which thus celebrates the places in Liddesdale remarkable for game:

Billhope braes for bucks and raes,  
And Carit haugh for swine,  
And Tarras for the good bull-trout,  
If he be ta'en in time.

The bucks and roes, as well as the old swine, are now extinct; but the good bull-trout is still famous.

50. Belted Will Howard.

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches: and, from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions.

51. Lord Dacre.

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur de Lion.

## 52. The German hackbut-men.

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky, there were in the English army six hundred hackbutters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners.

## 53. "Ready, aye ready," for the field.

Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gamescleuch, etc., lying upon the river of Etrick, and extending to St. Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears, that when James had assembled his nobility, and their feudal followers, at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest; motto, *Ready, aye ready.*

## 54. An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,

With many a moss-trooper,  
came on;

And azure in a golden field,

The stars and crescent graced  
his shield,

Without the bend of Murdieston.

The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murdieston was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1296. Hence they bear the cognisance of the Scotts upon the field; whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage.

## 55. Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band.

In this, and the following stanzas, some account is given of the mode in

which the property in the valley of Esk was transferred from the Beattisons, its ancient possessors, to the name of Scott.

## 56. Their gathering word was Bellenden.

Bellenden is situated near the head of Borthwick water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.—*Survey of Selkirkshire, in Macfarlane's MSS., Advocates' Library.*

## 57. The camp their home, their law the sword,

They knew no country, own'd no lord.

The mercenary adventurers, whom, in 1380, the Earl of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, mutinied for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Sir John Soltier, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them: "I counsaile, let us be alle of one alliance, and of one accorde, and let us among ourselves reyse up the banner of St. George, and let us be frendes to God, and enemyes to alle the worlde; for without we make ourselfe to be feared, we gete nothyng."

"By my fayth," quod Sir William Helmon, 'ye saye right well, and so let us do.' They all agreed with one voyce, and so regarded among them who shulde be their capitayne. Then they advysed in the case how they coude nat have a better capitayne than Sir John Soltier. For they sulde than have good leyser to do yvel, and they thought he was more metelyer thereto than any other. Then they raised up the penon of St. George, and cried, 'A Soltier! a Soltier! the valyaunt bastarde! frendes to God, and enemyes to all the worlde!'—*FROISSART, vol. i. ch. 393.*

## 58. That he may suffer march-treason pain.

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was

called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce.

59. . . . Deloraine  
Will cleanse him, by oath, of  
march-treason stain.

In dubious cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of excusing bills, or indictments, by Border-oath, ran thus: "You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are whart out sackless of art, part, way, witting, ridd, kenning, having, or recetting of any of the goods and cattels named in this bill. So help you God."

60. Knighthood he took of Douglas'  
sword.

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement.

61. When English blood swell'd  
Ancram's ford.

The battle of Ancram Moor, or Penielheuch, was fought A.D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesley.

62. For who, in field or foray slack,  
Saw the blanche lion e'er fall  
back?

This was the cognisance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches.

The crest, or bearing, of a warrior was often used as a *nomme de guerre*.

63. Let Musgrave meet fierce  
Deloraine  
In single fight. . . .

It may easily be supposed, that trial by single combat, so peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the Borders.

64. He, the jovial Harper.

The person here alluded to is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This *soubriquet* was probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy, as is frequently mentioned in old plays.

65. He knew each ordinance and  
clause  
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-  
laws,  
In the Old Douglas' day.

The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus:—"Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of December 1468, Earl *William Douglas* assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of *Lincluden*; and there he caused these lords and Borderers bodily to be sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they, justly and truly, after their cunning, should decree, decern, deliver, and put in order and writing, the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche, that were ordained in *Black Archibald of Douglas's* days, and Archibald his son's days, in time of warfare; and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes and ordinances, which were in time of warfare before. The said Earl *William*, seeing the statutes in writing decreed and delivered by the said lords and Borderers, thought them right speedful and profitable to the Borders; the which statutes, ordinances, and points of warfare, he took, and the whole lords and Borderers he caused bodily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him at their goodly

power, to do the law upon those that should break the statutes underwritten. Also, the said Earl *William*, and lords, and eldest Borderers, made certain points to be treason in time of warfare to be used, which were not treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming."

66. The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,  
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name!

The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The Bloody Heart was the well-known cognisance of the House of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land.

67. And Swinton laid his lance in rest,  
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest,  
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.

At the battle of Beaugé, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors.

68. And shouting still, A Home! a Home!

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbars, ancient Earls of March, carried a lion rampant, argent; but, as a difference, changed the colour of the shield from gules to vert, in allusion to Greenlaw, their ancient possession. The slogan, or war-cry, of this powerful family, was, "A Home! a Home!"

69. And some, with many a merry shout,  
In riot, revelry, and rout,  
Pursued the foot-ball play.

The foot-ball was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders.

70. 'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change  
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,  
In the old Border-day.

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads, the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity, which might have been expected.

71. . . . on the darkening plain,  
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,  
As bands, their stragglers to regain,  
Give the shrill watchword of their clan.

Patten remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the Protector Somerset on his expedition against Scotland.

72. To see how thou the chase could'st wind,  
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,  
And with the bugle rouse the fray.

The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with blood-hounds and bugle-horn, and was called the *hot-trod*. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom; a privilege which often occasioned bloodshed.

73. She wrought not by forbidden spell.

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians, and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or

at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind.

74. A merlin sat upon her wrist  
Held by a leash of silken twist.

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight or baron.

75. And princely peacock's gilded train,  
And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave.

The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour.

76. Smote, with his gauntlet, stout  
Hunthill.

The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, remarkable for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champion.

77. Bit his glove.

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge.

78. Since old Buccleuch the name  
did gain,  
When in the cleuch the buck  
was ta'en.

A tradition preserved by Scott of Satchells, who published, in 1688, *A true History of the Right Honourable name of Scott*, gives the following romantic origin of that name. Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having

been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankleburn, in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth MacAlpin, then King of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrick-heugh to the glen now called Buckleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rankleburn with the river Ettrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the King and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and, now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracra-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet.

79. . . . old Albert Græme,  
The Minstrel of that ancient  
name.

“John Græme, second son of *Malice*, Earl of *Monteith*, commonly surnamed *John with the Bright Sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves; and many of their posterity have continued there ever since.

80. The sun shines fair on Carlisle  
wall.

This burden is adopted, with some alteration, from an old Scottish song.

81. Who has not heard of Surrey's  
fame?

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour

to a more polished age. He was be-headed on Tower Hill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

82. . . . The storm-swept Orcades ;  
Where erst St. Clairs held  
princely sway  
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay.

The St. Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St. Clair, second son of Walderne Comte de St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair deportment, the Seemly St. Clair; and, settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Caenmore, obtained large grants of land in Mid-Lothian.—These domains were increased by the liberality of succeeding monarchs to the descendants of the family, and comprehended the baronies of Rosline, Pentland, Cowsland, Cardaine, and several others.

83. Still nods their palace to its fall,  
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirk-  
wall.

The Castle of Kirkwall was built by the St. Clairs, while Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the Earl of Caithness about 1615, having been garrisoned against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son to the Earl of Orkney.

Its ruins afforded a sad subject of contemplation to John, Master of St. Clair, who, flying from his native country, on account of his share in the insurrection, 1715, made some stay at Kirkwall.

84. Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous  
curl'd,  
Whose monstrous circle girds the  
world.

The *jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarockr*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

85. Of those dread Maids, whose  
hideous yell.

These were the *Valcyriur*, or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They were well known to the English reader as Gray's Fatal Sisters.

86. Of Chiefs, who, guided through  
the gloom  
By the pale death-lights of the  
tomb,  
Ransack'd the graves of warriors  
old,  
Their falchions wrench'd from  
corpses' hold.

The northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms, and their other treasures.

87. Castle Ravensheuch.

A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated betwixt Kirkaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Firth of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III. dated in 1471, and is now the property of Sir James St. Clair Erskine (now Earl of Rosslyn), representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin.

88. Seem'd all on fire within, around,  
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;  
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
 And glimmer'd all the dead  
 men's mail.

The beautiful chapel of Roslin was founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburgh, Earl of Caithness and Stratherne, Lord St. Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish Seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentlandmoor, etc., Knight of the Cockle, and of the Garter (as is affirmed), High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connection ; the etymology being Rosslinhe, the promontory of the linn,

or water-fall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezer, in his *Theatrum Scotiae*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian dominions. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas.

89. For he was speechless, ghastly,  
 wan,  
 Like him of whom the story ran,  
 Who spoke the spectre-hound in  
 Man.

In a ruined church at Peeltown, in the Isle of Man, it was reported that a soldier, who had dared to challenge a spectre which appeared in the form of a large black spaniel, died in the extremest agony, without being able to relate what had happened to him.

#### 90. St. Bride of Douglas

This was a favourite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular.

### MARMION.

91. As when the Champion of the  
 Lake  
 Enters Morgana's fated house,  
 Or in the Chapel Perilous,  
 Despising spells and demons'  
 force,  
 Holds converse with the unburied  
 corse.

Sir Launcelot, the most renowned of the Knights of the Round Table whose exploits are recorded in the romance of Morte Arthur, was the Champion of the Lake. Some of his adventures, and his illicit love for Queen Guenever, or Ganore, are referred to in the text.

92. A sinful man, and unconfess'd,  
 He took the Sangreal's holy  
 quest,

And, slumbering, saw the vision  
 high,  
 He might not view with waking  
 eye.

One day, when Arthur was holding a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreal, or vessel out of which the last passover was eaten (a precious relic, which had long remained concealed from human eyes, because of the sins of the land), suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was, that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal. But, alas ! it could only be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry, and pure and guiltless of evil conversation. All Sir Launcelot's noble accomplishments

were therefore rendered vain by his guilty intrigue with Queen Guenever, or Ganore.

93. And Dryden, in immortal strain,  
Had raised the Table Round  
again.

Dryden's melancholy account of his projected Epic Poem, blasted by the selfish and sordid parsimony of his patrons, is contained in an "Essay on Satire," addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to the Translation of Juvenal.

94. Their theme the merry minstrels  
made,  
Of Ascart, and Bevis bold.

The "History of Bevis of Hampton" is abridged by my friend Mr. George Ellis, with that liveliness which extracts amusement even out of the most rude and unpromising of our old tales of chivalry. Ascart is a most important personage in the romance.

95. Day set on Norham's castled  
steep,  
And Tweed's fair river, broad  
and deep, etc.

The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Ubbanford) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any happened, in which it had not a principal share.

96. The battled towers, the donjon  
keep.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers, that the *donjon*, in its proper signification, means the strongest part of a feudal castle; a high square tower, with walls of tremendous thickness, situated in the centre of the

other buildings, from which, however, it was usually detached.

97. Well was he arm'd from head to  
heel,  
In mail and plate of Milan steel.

The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armoury.

98. Who checks at me, to death is  
dight.

The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story:— Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crauford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended, during a visit to London, in 1390, by Sir William Dalzell, who was, according to my authority, Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme,—

I bear a falcon, fairest of flight,  
Whoso pinches at her, his death is dight  
In graith.

The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of the falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers:—

I bear a pie picking at a piece,  
Whoso picks at her, I shall pick at his nose,  
In faith.

This affront could only be expiated by a just with sharp lances. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice:—in the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the



hand of the King two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalisation of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit; which, after much altercation, the King appointed to be paid to him, saying he surpassed the English both in wit and valour.

99. They hail'd Lord Marmion;  
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,  
Of Lutterward, and Scivelbaye,  
Of Tamworth tower and town.

Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, was highly distinguished, but it became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 20th Edward I. without issue male.

100. Largesse, largesse.

This was the cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights.

101. Sir Hugh the Heron bold,  
Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,  
And Captain of the Hold.

Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan's name ought to have been William; for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford, whose siren charms are said to have cost our James IV. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII., on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at

the Court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own Castle at Ford.

102. "How the fierce Thirwalls, and  
Ridleys all," etc.

An old Northumbrian ballad.

103. James back'd the cause of that  
mock prince,  
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,  
Who on the gibbet paid the  
cheat.  
Then did I march with Surrey's  
power,  
What time we razed old Ayton  
tower.

The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, Duke of York, is well known. In 1496, he was received honourably in Scotland; and James IV., after conferring upon him in marriage his own relation, the Lady Catharine Gordon, made war on England in behalf of his pretensions.

104. . . . I trow,  
Norham can find you guides  
enow,  
For here be some have prick'd  
as far,  
On Scottish ground, as to  
Dunbar;  
Have drunk the monks of St.  
Bothan's ale,  
And driven the beeves of Lauder-  
dale;  
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's  
goods,  
And given them light to set  
their hoods.

The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Norham, and Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very troublesome neighbours to Scotland.

105. The priest of Shoreswood—he  
could rein  
The wildest war-horse in your  
train.

This churchman seems to have been akin to Welsh, the vicar of St. Thomas

of Exeter, a leader among the Cornish insurgents in 1549. "This man," says Hollinshed, "had many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set, and mightilie compact: He was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the long-bow and also in the cross-bow; he handled his hand-gun and peece very well; he was a very good woodman, and a hardie, and such a one as would not give his head for the polling, or his beard for the washing."

106. . . . that Grot where Olives  
nod,  
Where, darling of each heart and  
eye,  
From all the youth of Sicily,  
Saint Rosalie retired to God.

"Sante Rosalia was of Palermo, and born of a very noble family, and, when very young, abhorred so much the vanities of this world, and avoided the converse of mankind, resolving to dedicate herself wholly to God Almighty, that she, by divine inspiration, forsook her father's house, and never was more heard of till her body was found in that cleft of a rock, on that almost inaccessible mountain, where now the chapel is built."

107. Friar John . . . . .  
Himself still sleeps before his  
beads  
Have mark'd ten aves and two  
creeds.

Friar John understood the soporific virtue of his beads and breviary, as well as his namesake in Rabelais. "But Gargantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he turned himself. Whereupon the monk said to him, 'I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers: Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep.' The conceit pleased Gargantua very well; and beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as they came to *Beati quorum*, they fell asleep, both the one and the other."

108. The summon'd Palmer came in  
place.

A *Palmer*, opposed to a *Pilgrim*, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity: whereas the *Pilgrim* retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage.

109. To fair St. Andrews bound,  
Within the ocean-cave to pray,  
Where good Saint Rule his  
holy lay,  
From midnight to the dawn of  
day,  
Sung to the billows' sound.

St. Regulus (*Scottice*, St. Rule), a monk of Patræ, in Achaia, warned by a vision, is said, A.D. 370, to have sailed westward, until he landed at St. Andrews in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. A cave, nearly fronting the ruinous castle of the Archbishops of St. Andrews, bears the name of this religious person.

110. . . . Saint Fillan's blessed  
well,  
Whose spring can frenzied  
dreams dispel,  
And the crazed brain restore.

There were in Perthshire several wells and springs dedicated to St. Fillan, which were held powerful in cases of madness, and which, even in Protestant times, were places of pilgrimage and offerings.

111. The scenes are desert now, and  
bare,  
Where flourish'd once a forest  
fair.

Ettrick Forest, now a range of mountainous sheep-walks, was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase.

112. By lone Saint Mary's silent lake.

This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir from which the Yarrow

takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. Near the lower extremity of the lake are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birthplace of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow.

113. . . . in feudal strife, a foe,  
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel  
low.

The chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes (*de lacubus*) was situated on the eastern side of the lake, to which it gives name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Cranstouns; but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced, but the burial-ground is still used as a cemetery.

114. . . . the Wizard's grave;  
That Wizard Priest's, whose  
bones are thrust  
From company of holy dust.

At one corner of the burial-ground of the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called *Binram's Corse*, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry.

115. Some ruder and more savage  
scene,  
Like that which frowns round  
dark Loch-skene.

Loch-skene is a mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height, and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the "Gray Mare's Tail." The "Giant's Grave," afterwards mentioned, is a sort of trench, which bears that name, a little way from

the foot of the cataract. It has the appearance of a battery, designed to command the pass.

116. . . . high Whitby's cloister'd  
pile.

The Abbey of Whitby, in the Arch-deaconry of Cleaveland, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A.D. 657, in consequence of a vow of Oswy, King of Northumberland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes, and rebuilt by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in Henry the Eighth's time, nor long before it. The ruins of Whitby Abbey are very magnificent.

117. . . . St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle.

Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity.

118. Then Whitby's nuns exulting  
told,  
How to their house three Barons  
bold  
Must menial service do.

The following is an account of this curious service: "In the year 1159, the Lord of Uglebarnby, then called William de Bruce; the Lord of Smeaton, called Ralph de Percy; with a gentleman and freeholder called Allatson, did appoint to meet and hunt the wild-boar, in a certain wood belonging to the Abbot of Whitby. Then, these young gentlemen being met, with their hounds and boar-staves, in the place before mentioned, and there having found a great wild-boar, the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where was a monk of Whitby, who was an hermit. The boar, being very sorely pursued, and dead-run, took in at the chapel

door, there laid him down, and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen, in the thick of the wood, being just behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door and came forth; and within they found the boar lying dead: for which, the gentlemen, in a very great fury, because the hounds were put from their game, did most violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereby he soon after died. Thereupon the gentlemen, knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough: But at that time the abbot being in very great favour with the King, removed them out of the sanctuary; whereby they came in danger of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit, being a holy and devout man, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him. The abbot so doing, the gentlemen came; and the hermit, being very sick and weak, said unto them, 'You and yours shall hold your lands of the Abbot of Whitby, and his successors, in this manner: That, upon Ascension-day, you shall come to the wood of the Stray-heads, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day at sun-rising, and there shall the abbot's officer deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, eleven strout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, with a knife: and you, Ralph de Percy, shall take twenty-one of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid, and to be taken on your backs and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before nine of the clock the same day before mentioned. At the same hour of nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labour and service shall cease; and if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yether them on each side with your yethers; and so stake on each side with your strout stowers,

that they may stand three tides without removing by the force thereof. You shall faithfully do this, in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me; and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow, *Out on you! Out on you! Out on you!* for this heinous crime. If you, or your successors, shall refuse this service, you or yours shall forfeit your lands to the Abbot of Whitby, or his successors.' Part of the lands charged with the above service was latterly held by a gentleman of the name of Herbert."

119. . . . in their convent cell  
A Saxon princess once did dwell,  
The lovely Edelfled.

She was the daughter of King Oswy, who, in gratitude to Heaven, for the great victory which he won in 655, against Penda, the Pagan King of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, then but a year old, to the service of God, in the monastery of Whitby, of which St. Hilda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence.

120. . . . of thousand snakes, each  
one  
Was changed into a coil of  
stone.  
When holy Hilda pray'd;  
They told, how sea-fowls' pinions  
fail,  
As over Whitby's towers they  
sail.

These two miracles are much insisted upon by all ancient writers who have occasion to mention either Whitby or St. Hilda.

121. His body's resting-place, of old,  
How oft their patron changed,  
they told.

St. Cuthbert was, in the choice of his sepulchre, one of the most mutable and unreasonable saints in the Calendar. He died A. D. 688, in a hermitage upon the Farne Islands, having resigned

the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before. His body was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 793, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland with what they deemed their chief treasure, the relics of St. Cuthbert. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithern, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham; from thence he went to Melrose, where he remained stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed, and landed at Tilmouth, in Northumberland. From Tilmouth, Cuthbert wandered into Yorkshire; and at length made a long stay at Chester-le-street, to which the bishop's see was transferred. At length, the Danes, continuing to infest the country, the monks removed to Rippon for a season; and it was in return from thence to Chester-le-street, that, passing through a forest called Dunholme, the Saint and his carriage became immovable at a place named Wardlaw, or Wardilaw. Here the Saint chose his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must admit, that, if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in at length fixing it.

122. Even Scotland's dauntless king,  
and heir, etc.

Before his standard fled.

Every one has heard, that when David I., with his son Henry, invaded Northumberland in 1136, the English host marched against them under the holy banner of St. Cuthbert; to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton, or Cutonmoor.

123. 'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,  
Edged Alfred's falchion on the  
Dane,  
And turn'd the Conqueror back  
again.

Cuthbert, we have seen, had no great reason to spare the Danes, when oppor-

tunity offered. Accordingly, I find, in Simeon of Durham, that the Saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marshes of Glastonbury, and promised him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies; a consolation which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the victory of Ashendown, rewarded, by a royal offering at the shrine of the Saint. As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians, in 1066, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the north; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the Saint's body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a panic terror, that he fled, and never drew his bridle till he got to the river Tees.

124. Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to  
frame

The sea-born beads that bear  
his name.

Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging those *Entrochi* which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert's Beads.

125. Old Colwulf.

Ceolwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning; for the venerable Bede dedicates to him his "Ecclesiastical History." He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odour of sanctity.

126. Tynemouth's haughty Prioress.

That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow was made to the shrine by the distressed mariners

who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a nunnery, but the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth in the reign of Henry VIII. is an anachronism.

127. On those the wall was to enclose,

Alive, within the tomb.

It is well known that the religious, who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, VADE IN PACE, were the signal for immuring the criminal.

128. The village inn.

The Scottish hostelrie, or inn, of the sixteenth century, though the subject of some peculiar enactments of the legislature, appears at best to have afforded but a rude comfort.

129. The death of a dear friend.

Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the "dead-bell," explained by my friend James Hogg, to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease.

130. The Goblin-Hall.

A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford or Yester (for it bears either name indifferently), the construction of which has from a very remote period been ascribed to magic.

131. There floated Haco's banner trim

Above Norweyan warriors grim.

In 1263, Haco, King of Norway, came into the Firth of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 2nd October, by Alexander III.

132. The wizard habit strange.

"Magicians, as is well known, were very curious in the choice and form of their vestments. Their caps are oval, or like pyramids, with lappets on each side, and fur within. Their gowns are long, and furred with fox-skins, under which they have a linen garment reaching to the knee. Their girdles are three inches broad, and have many cabalistical names, with crosses, trines, and circles inscribed on them. Their shoes should be of new russet leather, with a cross cut upon them. Their knives are dagger-fashion; and their swords have neither guard nor scabbard."—See these, and many other particulars, in the Discourse concerning Devils and Spirits, annexed to REGINALD SCOTT'S *Discovery of Witchcraft*, edition 1665.

133. Upon his breast a pentacle.

A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with characters. This the magician extends towards the spirits which he invokes, when they are stubborn and rebellious, and refuse to be conformable unto the ceremonies and rites of magic.

134. As born upon that blessed night,  
When yawning graves, and  
dying groan,  
Proclaim'd hell's empire over-  
thrown.

It is a popular article of faith, that those who are born on Christmas, or Good Friday, have the power of seeing spirits, and even of commanding them. The Spaniards imputed the haggard and downcast looks of their Philip II. to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him.

135. Yet still the knightly spear and  
shield

The Elfin warrior doth wield  
Upon the brown hill's breast.

The northern champions of old were accustomed peculiarly to search for,

and delight in, encounters with such military spectres.

136. Close to the hut, no more his own,  
Close to the aid he sought in vain,  
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain.

I cannot help here mentioning, that, on the night in which these lines were written, suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sunset, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashestiel.

137. . . . Forbes.

Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet; unequalled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His "Life of Beattie," whom he befriended and patronised in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melancholy event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend, to whom this introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters.

138. Friar Rush.

*Alias*, "Will o' the Wisp." This personage is a strolling demon, or *esprit follet*, who, once upon a time, got admittance into a monastery as a scullion, and played the monks many pranks. He was also a sort of Robin Goodfellow, and Jack o' Lanthorn.

139. Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,  
Lord Lion King-at-arms.

I am uncertain if I abuse poetical licence, by introducing Sir David Lindesay in the character of Lion-

Herald, sixteen years before he obtained that office. At any rate, I am not the first who has been guilty of the anachronism; for the author of "Flodden Field" despatches *Dalla-mount*, which can mean nobody but Sir David de la Mont, to France, on the message of defiance from James IV. to Henry VIII. It was often an office imposed on the Lion King-at-arms, to receive foreign ambassadors; and Lindesay himself did this honour to Sir Ralph Sadler, in 1539-40. Indeed, the oath of the Lion, in its first article, bears reference to his frequent employment upon royal messages and embassies.

140. Crichtoun Castle.

A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about ten miles from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it was built at different times, and with a very differing regard to splendour and accommodation.

141. Earl Adam Hepburn.

He was the second Earl of Bothwell, and fell in the field of Flodden, where he distinguished himself by a furious attempt to retrieve the day.

Adam was grandfather to James, Earl of Bothwell, too well known in the history of Queen Mary.

- 141a. For that a messenger from heaven,  
In vain to James had counsel given,  
Against the English war.

This story is told by Pitscottie with characteristic simplicity:—"The King, seeing that France could get no support of him for that time, made a proclamation through all the realm of Scotland, to all manner of men between sixty and sixteen years, that they should be ready, within twenty days, to pass with him, with forty days' victual, and to meet at the Burrow-muir of Edinburgh, and there to pass forward where he pleased.

"The King came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the Council, very sad and dolorous, making

his devotion to God, to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this meantime there came a man, clad in a blue gown, in at the kirk door, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth; a pair of brotikings on his feet, to the great of his legs; with all other hose and clothes conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head, but syde red yellow hair behind, and on his haffets, which wan down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speiring for the King, saying, he desired to speak with him. While, at the last, he came where the King was sitting in the desk at his prayers; but when he saw the King, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down groffling on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as after follows: 'Sir King, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass, at this time, where thou art purposed; for if thou does, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee mell with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for, if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.'

"By this man had spoken thir words unto the King's grace, the evening-song was near done, and the King paused on thir words, studying to give him an answer; but, in the meantime, before the King's eyes, and in the presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen."

#### 142. The wild-buck bells.

I am glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer by another word than *braying*, although the latter has been sanctified by the use of the Scottish metrical translation of the Psalms. *Bell* seems to be an abbreviation of *bellow*. This sylvan sound conveyed great delight to our ancestors,

chiefly, I suppose, from association. A gentle knight in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas Wortley, built Wantley Lodge, in Wancliffe Forest, for the pleasure (as an ancient inscription testifies) of "listening to the hart's bell."

#### 143. June saw his father's overthrow.

The rebellion against James III. was signalised by the cruel circumstance of his son's presence in the hostile army. When the King saw his own banner displayed against him, and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he had ever possessed, fled out of the field, fell from his horse as it started at a woman and water-pitcher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV., after the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing the monks of the chapel-royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. See a following Note on stanza ix. of canto v. The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th June, 1488.

#### 144. The Borough-moor.

The Borough, or Common Moor of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills.

#### 145. Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there

O'er the pavilions flew.

These various ensigns proclaimed the rank of those who displayed them.

#### 146. . . . in proud Scotland's royal shield,

The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

The well-known arms of Scotland.

#### 147. Caledonia's Queen is changed.

The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745.



The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down, in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city.

148. Since first, when conquering  
York arose,  
To Henry meek she gave repose.

Henry VI., with his Queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, fled to Scotland after the fatal battle of Towton.

149. . . . the romantic strain,  
Whose Anglo-Norman tones  
whilere  
Could win the royal Henry's  
ear.

Mr. Ellis, in his Introduction to the "Specimens of Romance," has proved, by the concurring testimony of La Ravaillere, Tressan, but especially the Abbé de la Rue, that the courts of our Anglo-Norman Kings, rather than those of the French monarch, produced the birth of Romance literature.

150. The cloth-yard arrows.

This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used.

151. To pass, to wheel, the croupe  
to gain,  
And high curvett, that not in  
vain  
The sword sway might descend  
amain  
On foeman's casque below.

"The most useful *air*, as the Frenchmen term it, is *terrèrr*; the *courbettes*, *cabrioles*, or *un pas et un sault*, being fitter for horses of parade and triumph than for soldiers: yet I cannot deny but a *demi-volte* with *courbettes*, so that they be not too high, may be useful in a fight or *meslee*; for, as Labroue hath it, in his Book of Horsemanship, Monsieur de Montmorency having a

horse that was excellent in performing the *demi-volte*, did, with his sword, strike down two adversaries from their horses in a tourney, where divers of the prime gallants of France did meet; for, taking his time, when the horse was in the height of his *courbette*, and discharging a blow then, his sword fell with such weight and force upon the two cavaliers, one after another, that he struck them from their horses to the ground."—*Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Life*, p. 48.

152. He saw the hardy burghers  
there  
March arm'd on foot with faces  
bare.

The Scottish burgesses were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth £100: their armour to be of white or bright harness. They wore *white hats*, i.e. bright steel caps, without crest or visor.

153. On foot the yeoman too . . .  
Each at his back (a slender  
store)  
His forty days' provision bore,  
His arms were halbert, axe, or  
spear.

When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course. Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the Border-prickers, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted upon foot.

154. A banquet rich, and costly  
wines,  
To Marmion and his train.

In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem that a present of wine was a uniform and indispensable preliminary.

155. . . . his iron-belt,  
That bound his breast in pen-  
ance pain,  
In memory of his father slain.

Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain ounces every year that he lived.

156. Sir Hugh the Heron's wife.

It has been already noticed [see note to stanza xiii. of canto i.], that King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our historians impute to the King's infatuated passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden.

157. The fair Queen of France  
Sent him a turquois ring and  
glove,  
And charged him, as her knight  
and love,  
For her to break a lance.

A turquois ring, probably this fatal gift, is, with James's sword and dagger, preserved in the College of Heralds, London.

158. Archibald Bell-the-Cat.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of *Bell-the-Cat*, upon the following remarkable occasion:—James the Third, of whom Pitscottie complains, that he delighted more in music, and "policies of building," than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill advised, as to make favourites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathise in the King's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honours conferred on those persons, particularly on Cochrane, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar; and, seizing the opportunity, when, in 1482, the King had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a mid-

night council in the church of Lauder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the King's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of this measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the apologue of the Mice, who had formed a resolution, that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. "I understand the moral," said Angus, "and, that what we propose may not lack execution, I will *bell-the-cat*."

159. Against the war had Angus  
stood,  
And chafed his royal Lord.

Angus was an old man when the war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement; and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting, that the King said to him, with scorn and indignation, "if he was afraid he might go home." The Earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his sons George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenbervie, to command his followers.

160. Tantallon Hold.

The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German Ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick.

161. Their motto on his blade.

A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwixt them, and the date 1329, being the year in which Bruce charged the Good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land.

## 162. Martin Swart.

A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-moor.

163. Perchance some form was unobserved ;

Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved.

It was early necessary for those who felt themselves obliged to believe in the divine judgment being enunciated in the trial by duel, to find salves for the strange and obviously precarious chances of the combat.

## 164. . . . The Cross.

The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. Above this rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, in 1756, with consent of the Lords of Session (*proh pudor!*), destroyed this curious monument, under a wanton pretext that it encumbered the street. From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the acts of Parliament.

165. This awful summons came.

This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition at Linlithgow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV.

166. One of his own ancestry  
Drove the Monks forth or  
Coventry.

This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Stephen. This Baron, having

expelled the Monks from the church of Coventry, was not long of experiencing the divine judgment, as the same monks, no doubt, termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion's horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop, against a body of the Earl's followers: the rider's thigh being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common foot-soldier, ere he could receive any succour.

167. . . . the savage Dane  
At Iol more deep the mead did  
drain.

The Iol of the heathen Danes (a word still applied to Christmas in Scotland) was solemnised with great festivity. The humour of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones.

168. On Christmas eve.

In Roman Catholic countries, mass is never said at night, except on Christmas eve.

169. Who lists may in their mumm-  
ing see  
Traces of ancient mystery.

It seems certain, that the *Mummers* of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighbouring houses, bearing the then useless ploughshare; and the *Guisards* of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama.

170. Where my great-grandsire came  
of old,  
With amber beard and flaxen  
hair.

The reference is to a cadet of the Harden family, whose veneration for the exiled house of Stuart was so great that he swore he would not shave his beard until they were restored.

## 171. The spirit's Blasted Tree.

This passage finds illustration in "*Ceubren yr Ellyll*, or The Spirit's Blasted Tree," a legendary tale, by the Reverend George Warrington.

## 172. The Highlander . . . .

Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,  
If ask'd to tell a fairy tale.

The belief in the existence of the *Daoine shí*, or *Men of Peace*, is deeply impressed on the Scottish Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended at mortals who talk of them, who wear their favourite colour green, or in any respect interfere with their affairs. This is especially to be avoided on Friday, when, whether as dedicated to Venus, with whom, in Germany, this subterraneous people are held nearly connected, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power.

## 173. The towers of Franchémont.

The journal of the friend to whom the Fourth Canto of the Poem is inscribed, furnished the material for the legend that follows.

174. The very form of Hilda fair,  
Hovering upon the sunny air,  
And smiling on her votaries' prayer.

"I shall only produce one instance more of the great veneration paid to Lady Hilda, which still prevails even in these our days; and that is, the constant opinion that she rendered, and still renders, herself visible, on some occasions, in the Abbey of Streanshall or Whitby, where she so long resided. At a particular time of the year (viz. in the summer months), at ten or eleven in the forenoon, the sunbeams fall in the inside of the northern part of the choir; and 'tis then that the spectators, who stand on the west side of Whitby churchyard, so as just to see the most northerly part of the abbey pass the north end of Whitby church, imagine they perceive, in one of the highest

windows there, the resemblance of a woman arrayed in a shroud. Though we are certain this is only a reflection caused by the splendour of the sunbeams, yet fame reports it, and it is constantly believed among the vulgar, to be an appearance of Lady Hilda in her shroud, or rather in a glorified state; before which, I make no doubt, the Papists, even in these our days, offer up their prayers with as much zeal and devotion as before any other image of their most glorified saint."—CHARLTON'S *History of Whitby*.

## 175. . . . the huge and sweeping brand

Which wont of yore, in battle fray,  
His foeman's limbs to shred away,  
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.

The Earl of Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage.

## 176. And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—

No! by St. Bride of Bothwell,  
no!  
Up drawbridge, grooms!—  
What, Warder, ho!  
Let the portcullis fall.

This ebullition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus is not without its example in the real history of the house of Douglas, whose chieftains possessed the ferocity, with the heroic virtues of a savage state.

## 177. A letter forged!—Saint Jude to speed!

Did ever knight so foul a deed!

Lest the reader should partake of the Earl's astonishment, and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into

England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward VI. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs.

#### 178. Lennel's convent.

This was a Cistercian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished.

#### 179. Twisel Bridge.

On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's head-quarters were at Barmoor Wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, wined between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel-bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford.

180. Hence might they see the full array,

Of either host, for deadly fray.

The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden; but, so far as is necessary to understand the romance, I beg to remind him, that, when the English army, by their skilful countermarch, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight; and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighbouring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other. The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the Admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the Knight Marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at

the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person; the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacres, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve. When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence. The Earls of Huntley and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The Admiral, however, stood firm; and Dacre advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the interval of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies; and their leader is branded by the Scottish historians with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntley, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said by the English historians to have left the field after the first charge. Meanwhile the Admiral, whose flank these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed. On the left, the success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers. The King and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his

reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder, before dawn. They lost, perhaps, from eight to ten thousand men; but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note.

The spot from which Clara views the battle must be supposed to have been on a hillock commanding the rear of the English right wing, which was defeated, and in which conflict Marmion is supposed to have fallen.

181. . . . Brian Tunstall, stainless knight.

Sir Brian Tunstall, called in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall

the Undeified, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden.

182. Reckless of life, he desperate fought,  
And fell on Flodden plain :  
And well in death his trusty brand,  
Firm clenched within his manly hand,  
Beseeemed the monarch slain.

There can be no doubt that King James fell in the battle of Flodden. He was killed, says the curious French Gazette, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey. An unhewn column marks the spot where James fell, still called the King's Stone.

183. The fair cathedral storm'd and took.

This storm of Lichfield cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the King, took place in the Great Civil War. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the visor of his helmet. The royalists remarked, that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's cathedral, and upon St. Chad's Day, and received his death-wound in the very eye with which, he had said, he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England.

## THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

184. . . . the heights of Uam-Var,  
And roused the cavern, where  
'tis told,  
A giant made his den of old.

Ua-var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Uaighmor*, is a mountain to the north-east of the village of Callender in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant.

185. Two dogs of black Saint  
Hubert's breed,  
Unmatch'd for courage, breath,  
and speed.

"The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds are commonly all blacke, yet neuertheless, the race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of St. Hubert haue always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the

saint, which was a hunter with S. Eustace."

186. For the death-wound and death-halloo,  
Muster'd his breath, his whin-yard drew.

When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horn being then deemed poisonous, and more dangerous than one from the tusks of a boar.

187. And now, to issue from the glen,  
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
Unless he climb, with footing nice,  
A far projecting precipice.

Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees.

188. To meet with Highland plunderers here,  
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.

The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neighbours.

189. A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent,  
Was on the vision'd future bent.

If force of evidence could authorise us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the Second-sight. It is called in Gaelic *Taishitaraugh*, from *Taish*, an

unreal or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called *Taishatrin*, which may be aptly translated visionaries.

190. Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,  
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation.

191. My sire's tall form might grace the part  
Of Ferragus or Ascabart.

These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by the name of Ferrau. Ascapart, or Ascabart, makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered.

192. Though all unask'd his birth and name.

The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish, to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment.

193. . . . and still a harp unseen,  
Fill'd up the symphony between.

"The harp and clairschoes are now only heard of in the Highlands in ancient song. At what period these instruments ceased to be used, is not on record; and tradition is silent on this head. But, as Irish harpers occasionally visited the Highlands and Western Isles till lately, the harp might have been extant so late as the middle of the last century. How it happened that the noisy and unharmonious bagpipe banished the soft and expressive harp, we cannot say; but certain it is,

that the bagpipe is now the only instrument that obtains universally in the Highland districts."—CAMPBELL'S *Journey through North Britain*.

194. Morn's genial influence roused  
a minstrel grey.

That Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service the bard, as a family officer, admits of very easy proof.

195. . . . The Græme.

The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which, for metrical reasons, is here spelt after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals. Sir John the Græme, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labours and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, in 1293. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw realised his abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies. And, notwithstanding the severity of his temper, and the rigour with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the princes whom he served, I do not hesitate to name as a third, John Græme of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, whose heroic death in the arms of victory may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the non-conformists, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

196. This harp, which erst Saint  
Modan sway'd.

I am not prepared to show that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsaintly accomplishment; for Saint Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound.

197. Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,  
Were exiled from their native  
heaven.

The downfall of the Douglasses of the house of Angus during the reign of James V. is the event alluded to in the text.

198. In Holy-Rood a knight he slew.

This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the Court of Scotland; nay, the presence of the sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility.

199. The Douglas, like a stricken  
deer,  
Disown'd by every noble peer.

The exile state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate, that numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes.

200. . . . Maronnan's cell.

The parish of Kilmaronock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Maronock, or Maronock, or Maronnan.

201. . . . Bracklinn's thundering  
wave.

This is a beautiful cascade made by a mountain stream called the Keltie, at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn.



202. For Tine-man forged by fairy lore.

Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of **TINEMAN**, because he *tined*, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought.

203. Did, self-unscabbarded, fore-show

The footstep of a secret foe.

The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time.

204. Those thrilling sounds that call the might  
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.

The connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to discover in a well-composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the "current of a heady fight."

205. Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho !  
ieroe !

Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharaoh to the kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia. This name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. But besides this title, which belonged to his office and dignity, the chieftain had usually another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as *dhu* or *roy*; sometimes from size as *beg* or *more*; at other times from some peculiar exploit, or from some peculiarity of

SC.

habit or appearance. The line of the text therefore signifies,

Black Roderick the descendant  
of Alpine.

206. The best of Loch Lomond lie  
dead on her side.

The Lennox, as the district is called, which encircles the lower extremity of Loch Lomond, was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers, who inhabited the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the lake, and the neighbouring district of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity.

207. . . . The King's vindictive  
pride

Boasts to have tamed the  
Border-side.

In 1529, James V. made a convention at Edinburgh for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the license of his minority, and the troubles which followed, had committed many exorbitances. Accordingly, he assembled a flying army of ten thousand men, who were directed to bring their hawks and dogs with them, that the monarch might refresh himself with sport during the intervals of military execution. With this array he swept through Ettrick Forest, where he hanged over the gate of his own castle, Piers Cockburn of Henderland, who had prepared, according to tradition, a feast for his reception. He caused Adam Scott of Tushielaw also to be executed, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border. But the most noted victim of justice, during that expedition, was John Armstrong of Gilnockie, who, confiding in his own supposed innocence, met the King, with a retinue of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Carlenrig, near the source of the Teviot.

208. What grace for Highland Chiefs,  
judge ye  
By fate of Border chivalry.

James was in fact equally attentive to restrain rapine and feudal oppression in every part of his dominions.

209. Rest safe till morning; pity  
'twere

Such cheek should feel the mid-  
night air.

Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him.

210. . . . his henchman came.

This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready, upon all occasions, to venture his life in defence of his master; and at drinking-bouts he stands behind his seat, at his haunch, from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation, to see if any one offends his patron.

211. And while the Fiery Cross  
glanced, like a meteor, round.

When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, also *Crean Tarigh*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal.

212. That monk, of savage form and  
face.

The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain, Friar Tuck.

213. Of Brian's birth strange tales  
were told.

The legend which follows is not of the author's invention, but is transcribed, with the variation of a very few words, from the geographical collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane.

214. Yet ne'er again to braid her  
hair

The virgin snood did Alice  
wear.

The *snood*, or riband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character.

215. The desert gave him visions  
wild,

Such as might suit the spectre's  
child.

In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the Founder of the Church of Kilmalie, the author has endeavoured to trace the effects which such a belief was likely to produce, in a barbarous age, on the person to whom it related. It seems likely that he must have become a fanatic or an impostor, or that mixture of both which forms a more frequent character than either of them, as existing separately. In truth, mad persons are frequently more anxious to impress upon others a faith in their visions, than they are themselves confirmed in their reality; as, on the other hand, it is difficult for the most cool-headed impostor long to personate an enthusiast, without in

some degree believing what he is so eager to have believed. It was a natural attribute of such a character as the supposed hermit, that he should credit the numerous superstitions with which the minds of ordinary Highlanders are almost always imbued. A few of these are slightly alluded to in this stanza.

216. The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream.

Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelary, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated, by its wailings, any approaching disaster. The Ban-Schie implies a female Fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain of particular families.

217. Sounds, too, had come in mid-night blast,  
Of charging steeds, careering fast  
Along Benharrow's shingly side,  
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride.

A presage of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of M'Lean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity.

218. Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave  
Their shadowso'er Clan-Alpine's grave.

*Inch-Cailliach*, the Isle of Nuns, or of Old Women, is a most beautiful island at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. The church belonging to the former nunnery was long used as the place of worship for the parish of Buchanan.

219. . . . the dun deer's hide  
On fleeter foot was never tied.

The present *brogue* of the Highlanders is made of half-dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry-shod is a matter altogether out of the question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of undressed deer's hide, with the hair outwards; a circumstance which procured the Highlanders the well-known epithet of *Red-shanks*.

220. The dismal coronach.

The *Coronach* of the Highlanders, like the *Ualatus* of the Romans, and the *Ululoo* of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend.

221. Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,  
It glanced like lightning up  
Strath-Ire.

Inspection of the provincial map of Perthshire, or any large map of Scotland, will trace the progress of the signal through the small district of lakes and mountains, which, in exercise of my poetical privilege, I have subjected to the authority of my imaginary chieftain, and which, at the period of my romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine; a clan the most unfortunate, and most persecuted, but neither the least distinguished, least powerful, nor least brave, of the tribes of the Gael.

The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Duncraggan, a place near the Brigg of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch Achray from Loch Vennachar. From thence, it passes towards Callender, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Leny, is consigned to Norman at the chapel of Saint Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley, called Strath-Ire. Tombea and Arnandave, or Armandave, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lubnaig, and through the various glens in the district of Balquidder, including the neighbouring tracts of Glenfinlas and Strathgartney.

222. Not faster o'er thy heathery  
braes,  
Balquidder, speeds the midnight  
blaze.

It may be necessary to inform the southern reader, that the heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced, in room of the tough old heather plants.

223. No oath, but by his chieftain's  
hand,  
No law, but Roderick Dhu's  
command.

The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief rendered this both a common and a solemn oath.

224. . . . a low and lonely cell.  
By many a bard, in Celtic  
tongue,  
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been  
sung.

This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the south-eastern extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oaks, the spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil. A dale in so wild a situation, and amid a people whose genius bordered on the romantic, did not remain without appropriate deities. The name literally implies the Corri, or Den, of the Wild or Slaggy men.

225. The wild pass of Beal-nam-bo.

Bealach-nam-bo, or the pass of cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch-trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Coir-nan-Uriskin, treated of in a former note. The whole composes the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination can conceive.

226. A single page, to bear his sword,  
Alone attended on his lord.

A Highland chief, being as absolute in his patriarchal authority as any prince, had a corresponding number of officers attached to his person. He had his body-guards, called *Luichtach*, picked from his clan for strength, activity, and entire devotion to his person. These, according to his deserts, were sure to share abundantly in the rude profusion of his hospitality.

227. The Taghairm call'd; by which,  
afar,  
Our sires foresaw the events of  
war.

The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm*, mentioned in the text.

228. The choicest of the prey we had,  
When swept our merry-men  
Gallangad.

I know not if it be worth observing, that this passage is taken almost literally from the mouth of an old Highland Kern or Ketteran, as they were called.

229. . . . That huge cliff, whose  
ample verge  
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.

There is a rock so named in the Forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuary cataract takes its course.

230. Raven . . . .  
That, watching while the deer  
is broke,  
His morsel claims with sullen  
croak?

Broke—*Quartered*.—Everything belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, *breaking*, the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also.

231. "Which spills the foremost foe-  
man's life,  
That party conquers in the strife."

Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants, by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion, that, on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor, they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party.

232. Alice Brand.

This little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the *Kæmpe Viser*, a collection of heroic songs, first published in 1591, and reprinted in 1695, inscribed by Anders Soffensen, the collector and editor, to Sophia, Queen of Denmark.

233. . . . the moody Elfin King.

The *Daoine Shi*, or Men of Peace of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to enjoy in their subterraneous recesses a sort of shadowy happiness,—a tinsel grandeur; which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality.

234. Why sounds yon stroke on beech  
and oak,  
Our moonlight circle's screen?  
Or who comes here to chase the  
deer,  
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?

It has been already observed, that fairies, if not positively malevolent, are capricious, and easily offended. They are, like other proprietors of forests,

peculiarly jealous of their rights of *vert* and *venison*.

235. . . . Who may dare on wold  
to wear  
The fairies' fatal green?

As the *Daoine Shi*, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour. Indeed, from some reason which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition, *green* is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties.

236. For thou wert christen'd man.

The elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction.

237. And gaily shines the Fairy-  
land—  
But all is glistening show.

No fact respecting Fairy-land seems to be better ascertained than the fantastic and illusory nature of their apparent pleasure and splendour.

238. . . . I sunk down in a sinful  
fray,  
And, 'twixt life and death, was  
snatch'd away  
To the joyless Elfin bower.

The subjects of Fairy-land were recruited from the regions of humanity by a sort of *crimping* system, which extended to adults as well as to infants. Many of those who were in this world supposed to have discharged the debt of nature, had only become denizens of the "Londe of Faery."

239. Who ever reck'd, where, how,  
or when,  
The prowling fox was trapp'd  
or slain?

St. John actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of

law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford: "It was true, we gave laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey. In a word, the law and humanity were alike; the one being more fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been vented in such an authority."—CLARENDON'S *History of the Rebellion*.

240. . . . his Highland cheer,  
The harden'd flesh of mountain  
deer.

The Scottish Highlanders in former times had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprised the French whom chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame of Charters, when a hostage in England, during the reign of Edward VI., was permitted to travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to the remote Highlands (*au fin fond des Sauvages*). After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw these *Scottish Savages* devour a part of their venison raw, without any farther preparation than compressing it between two batons of wood, so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. This they reckoned a great delicacy; and when the Vidame partook of it, his compliance with their taste rendered him extremely popular.

241. Not then claim'd sovereignty  
his due;  
While Albany, with feeble hand,  
Held borrow'd truncheon of  
command.

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V.

242. The Gael, of plain and river  
heir,  
Shall, with strong hand, redeem  
his share.

The Gael, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach.

243. . . . I only meant  
To show the reed on which you  
leant,  
Deeming this path you might  
pursue  
Without a pass from Roderick  
Dhu.

This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy.

244. On Bochastle the mouldering  
lines,  
Where Rome, the Empress of  
the world,  
Of yore her eagle wings un-  
furl'd.

The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the *Dun* of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been thought Roman.

245. See here, all vantageless I stand,  
Arm'd, like thyself, with single  
brand.

The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilios respecting equality of arms, which are now judged essential to fair combat. It is true, that in former combats in the lists, the parties were, by the judges of the field, put as nearly as possible in

the same circumstances. But in private duel it was often otherwise.

246. Ill fared it then with Roderick  
 Dhu,  
 That on the field his targe he  
 threw,  
 For train'd abroad his arms to  
 wield  
 Fitz-James's blade was sword  
 and shield.

A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops, they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the encumbered soldier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front rank of the clans were thus armed.

247. Thy threats, thy mercy I defy!  
 Let recreant yield, who fears to  
 die.

Duels even more desperate than that of the text might easily be found in the records of the Highland chieftains.

248. Ye towers! within whose circuit  
 dread  
 A Douglas by his sovereign  
 bled;  
 And thou, O sad and fatal  
 mound!  
 That oft hast heard the death-  
 axe sound.

An eminence on the north-east of the Castle, where state criminals were executed. Stirling was often polluted with noble blood.

The fate of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, whom James II. stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hand, and while under his royal safe-conduct, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. Murdock Duke of Albany, Duncan Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart, were executed at Stirling, in 1425.

249. The burghers hold their sports  
 to-day.

Every burgh of Scotland, of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn *play*, or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V. was very partial to them.

#### 250. Robin Hood.

The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favourite frolic at such festivals as we are describing.

251. Indifferent as to archer wight,  
 The monarch gave the arrow  
 bright.

The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus. But the King's behaviour during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspindie, one of the banished Douglasses, under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story told by Hume of Godscroft. I would have availed myself more fully of the simple and affecting circumstances of the old history, had they not been already woven into a pathetic ballad by my friend Mr. Finlay.

252. Prize of the wrestling match,  
 the King  
 To Douglas gave a golden  
 ring.

The usual prize of a wrestling was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed my story.

253. Adventurers they, from far who  
 roved,  
 To live by battle which they  
 loved.

The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who held lands under them, for military service by themselves and their tenants. The patriarchal influence

exercised by the heads of clans in the Highlands and Borders was of a different nature, and sometimes at variance with feudal principles. It flowed from the *Patria Potestas*, exercised by the chieftain as representing the original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the feudal superior.

254. Thou now hast glee-maiden  
and harp!

Get thee an ape, and trudge the  
land,

The leader of a juggler band.

The jongleurs, or jugglers, as we learn from the elaborate work of the late Mr. Strutt, on the sports and pastimes of the people of England, used to call in the aid of various assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant.

255. That stirring air that peals on  
high.

There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes, as to require to hear them on their deathbed. Such an anecdote is mentioned by the late Mr. Riddel of Glenriddel, in his collection of Border tunes, respecting an air called the "Dandling of the Bairns," for which a certain Gallovidian laird is said to have evinced this strong mark of partiality.

256. Battle of Beal' an Duine.

A skirmish actually took place at a

pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V.

257. And Snowdown's Knight is  
Scotland's King.

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of *Il Bondocani*. Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition. James V., of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the *King of the Commons*. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs, entitled, "the Gaberlunzie man," and "We'll gae nae mair a roving," are said to have been founded upon the success of his amorous adventures when travelling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the best comic ballad in any language.

258. . . . Stirling's tower  
Of yore the name of Snowdown  
claims.

William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdown.

## THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

259. And Cattræth's glens with  
voice of triumph rung,  
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and  
gray-hair'd Llywarch sung!

This locality may startle those readers who do not recollect that much of the ancient poetry preserved in Wales refers less to the history of the Principality to

which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the north-west of England, and south-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Cattleath, lamented by the celebrated Aneurin, is supposed, by the learned Dr. Leyden, to have been fought on the skirts of Ettrick



Forest. Llywarch, the celebrated bard and monarch, was Prince of Argoed, in Cumberland; and his youthful exploits were performed upon the Border, although in his age he was driven into Powys by the successes of the Anglo-Saxons. As for Merlin Wyllt, or the Savage, his name of Caledonia, and his retreat into the Caledonian wood, appropriate him to Scotland.

260. Minchmore's haunted spring.

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire.

261. . . . The rude villager, his labour done,

In verse spontaneous chants some favour'd name.

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvisation, which is found even among the lowest of the people.

262. Kindling at the deeds of Græme.

Over a name sacred for ages to heroic verse, a poet may be allowed to exercise some power. I have used the freedom, here and elsewhere, to alter the orthography of the name of my gallant countryman, in order to apprise the Southern reader of its legitimate sound: —Grahame being, on the other side of the Tweed, usually pronounced as a dissyllable.

263. What! will Don Roderick here till morning stay,

To wake in shrift and prayer the night away?

And are his hours in such dull penance past,

For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay?

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors, *Caba* or *Cava*. She was the daughter of

Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the Caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors.

264. And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room.

The transition of an incident from history to tradition, and from tradition to fable and romance, becoming more marvellous at each step from its original simplicity, is not ill exemplified in the account of the "Fated Chamber" of Don Roderick, as given by his namesake, the historian of Toledo, contrasted with subsequent and more romantic accounts of the same subterranean discovery.

265. The Tecbir war-cry, and the Lelie's yell.

The Tecbir (derived from the words *Alla acbar*, God is most mighty) was the original war-cry of the Saracens. The *Lelie*, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of *Alla illa Alla*, the Mahomedan confession of faith.

266. By Heaven, the Moors prevail!  
the Christians yield!—

Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!

The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field—

Is not yon steed Orelia?—  
Yes, 'tis mine!

"Count Julian, the father of the injured Florinda, with the connivance and assistance of Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, invited, in 713, the Saracens

into Spain. A considerable army arrived under the command of Tarik, or Tarif. He was joined by Count Julian, ravaged Andalusia, and took Seville. In 714, they returned with a still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalusia at the head of a great army, to give them battle. The field was chosen near Xeres, and the action resulted in the defeat and flight of the king.

267. When for the light bolero ready stand,

The mozo blithe, with gay muchacha met.

The bolero is a very light and active dance, much practised by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. *Mozo* and *muchacha* are equivalent to our phrase of lad and lass.

268. While trumpets rang, and heralds cried "Castile!"

The heralds, at the coronation of a Spanish monarch, proclaim his name three times, and repeat three times the word *Castilla*, *Castilla*, *Castilla*; which, with all other ceremonies, was carefully copied in the mock inauguration of Joseph Bonaparte.

269. High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide.

Those who were disposed to believe that mere virtue and energy are able of themselves to work forth the salvation of an oppressed people, surprised in a moment of confidence, deprived of their officers, armies, and fortresses, who had every means of resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous treasons among the higher orders deprived of confidence in their natural leaders,—those who entertained this enthusiastic but delusive opinion may be pardoned for expressing their disappointment at the protracted warfare in the Peninsula. There are, however, another class of persons, who, having themselves the highest dread or veneration, or something allied to both, for the power of the modern Attila, will nevertheless give the

heroical Spaniards little or no credit for the long, stubborn, and unsubdued resistance of three years to a power before whom their former well-prepared, well-armed, and numerous adversaries fell in the course of as many months. While these gentlemen plead for deference to Bonaparte, it may not be altogether unreasonable to claim some modification of censure upon those who have been long and to a great extent successfully resisting this great enemy of mankind.

270. They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.

The defence of Zaragoza is one of the most heroic incidents in modern history. The inhabitants, led by Palafox, offered the most determined resistance, some 60,000 in all perishing.

271. The Vault of Destiny.

Before finally dismissing the enchanted cavern of Don Roderick, it may be noticed, that the legend occurs in one of Calderon's plays, entitled, *La Virgen del Sagrario*. The scene opens with the noise of the chase, and Recisundo, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, enters pursuing a stag. The animal assumes the form of a man, and defies the king to enter the cave, which forms the bottom of the scene, and engage with him in single combat. The king accepts the challenge, and they engage accordingly, but without advantage on either side, which induces the Genie to inform Recisundo, that he is not the monarch for whom the adventure of the enchanted cavern is reserved, and he proceeds to predict the downfall of the Gothic monarchy, and of the Christian religion, which shall attend the discovery of its mysteries. Recisundo, appalled by these prophecies, orders the cavern to be secured by a gate and bolts of iron. In the second part of the same play, we are informed that Don Roderick had removed the barrier, and transgressed the prohibition of his ancestor, and had been apprised by the prodigies which he discovered of the approaching ruin of his kingdom.

272. The rudest sentinel, in Britain  
born,

With horror paused to view  
the havoc done,

Gave his poor crust to feed some  
wretch forlorn.

Even the unexampled gallantry of the British army in the campaign of 1810-11, although they never fought but to conquer, will do them less honour in history than their humanity, attentive to soften to the utmost of their power the horrors which war, in its mildest aspect, must always inflict upon the defenceless inhabitants of the country in which it is waged, and which, on this occasion, were tenfold augmented by the barbarous cruelties of the French.

273. Vainglorious fugitive !

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much of the *farronade* proper to their country, by which they attempt to impose upon others, and perhaps on themselves, a belief that they are triumphing in the very moment of their discomfiture. On the 30th March 1811, their rear-guard was overtaken near Pega by the British cavalry. Being well posted, and conceiving themselves safe from infantry (who were indeed many miles in the rear), and from artillery, they indulged themselves in parading their bands of music, and actually performed "God save the King." Their minstrelsy was, however, deranged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.

274. Vainly thy squadrons hide  
Assuava's plain,

And front the flying thunders as  
they roar.

With frantic charge and ten-  
fold odds, in vain !

In the severe action of Fuentes d'Honoro, upon 5th May, 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horse-artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt at formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-pieces with the desperation of drunken fury. They were in no-wise checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsay, who commanded the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, sabre-in-hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons, contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy already disconcerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons: and the appearance of some small reinforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them to absolute rout.

275. And what avails thee that, for  
Cameron slain,

Wild from his plaided ranks  
the yell was given.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes d'Honoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 71st and 79th, who raised a dreadful shriek of grief and rage. They charged, with irresistible fury, the finest body of French grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Bonaparte's selected guard. The officer who led the French, a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron was also bayoneted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by

the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, bore the enemy out of the contested ground at the point of the bayonet.

276. But you, ye heroes of that well-fought day, etc.

The *Edinburgh Review* criticised severely the omission of the name of Sir John Moore from this part of the poem.

277. O who shall grudge him  
Albuera's bays,  
Who brought a race regenerate  
to the field,  
Roused them to emulate their  
fathers' praise,  
Temper'd their headlong rage,  
their courage steel'd,  
And raised fair Lusitania's  
fallen shield.

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems more deserving of praise, than the self-devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hazard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in the highly important experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline.

278. . . . a race renown'd of old,  
Whose war-cry oft has waked  
the battle-swell.

. . . the conquering shout of  
Græme.

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the warlike family of Græme, or Grahame.

### ROKEBY.

279. On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream, etc.

"Barnard Castle," saith old Leland, "standeth stately upon Tees." It is founded upon a very high bank, and its ruins impend over the river, including within the area a circuit of six acres and upwards. This once magnificent fortress derives its name from its founder, Barnard Baliol, the ancestor of the short and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I. and Edward III. Baliol's Tower, afterwards mentioned in the poem, is a round tower of great size, situated at the western extremity of the building. The prospect from the top of Baliol's Tower commands a rich and magnificent view of the wooded valley of the Tees.

280. . . . no human ear,  
Unsharpen'd by revenge and  
fear,  
Could e'er distinguish horse's  
clank.

I have had occasion to remark, in real life, the effect of keen and fervent anxiety in giving acuteness to the organs of sense.

281. The morion's plumes his visage  
hide,  
And the buff-coat, in ample  
fold,  
Mantles his form's gigantic  
mould.

The use of complete suits of armour was fallen into disuse during the Civil War, though they were still worn by leaders of rank and importance.

282. On his dark face a scorching  
clime,  
And toil, had done the work of  
time.

Death had he seen by sudden  
blow,  
By wasting plague, by tortures  
slow.

In this character, I have attempted to sketch one of those West Indian adventurers, who, during the course of the seventeenth century, were popularly known by the name of Bucaniers.

283. . . . On Marston heath  
Met, front to front, the ranks  
of death.

The well-known and desperate battle of Long-Marston Moor, which terminated so unfortunately for the cause of Charles, seems to have commenced with every prospect of success for the Royalist forces.

284. Monckton and Mitton told the  
news,  
How troops of roundheads  
choked the Ouse,  
And many a bonny Scot, aghast,  
Spurring his palfrey northward,  
past,  
Cursing the day when zeal or  
meed  
First lured their Lesley o'er the  
Tweed.

Monckton and Mitton are villages near the field of battle. The particulars of the action were violently disputed.

285. With his barb'd horse, fresh  
tidings say,  
Stout Cromwell has redeem'd  
the day.

Cromwell, with his regiment of cuirassiers, had a principal share in turning the fate of the day at Marston Moor.

286. Do not my native dales prolong  
Of Percy Rede the tragic song,  
Train'd forward to his bloody  
fall,  
By Girsonfield, that treacherous  
Hall?

In a poem, entitled "The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel," Newcastle, 1809, this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Reed, is commemorated:—"The particulars of the traditional story of Percy Reed of Troughend, and the Halls of Girsonfield, the author had from a descendant of the family of Reed. From his account, it appears that Percival Reed, Esquire, a keeper of Reedsdale, was betrayed by the Halls

(hence denominated the false-hearted Ha's) to a band of moss-troopers of the name of Crosier, who slew him at Batinghope, near the source of the Reed.

287. And near the spot that gave me  
name,  
The moated mound of Rising-  
ham,  
Where Reed upon her margin  
sees  
Sweet Woodburne's cottages  
and trees,  
Some ancient sculptor's art has  
shown  
An outlaw's image on the stone.

Risingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, formerly called Habitancum. About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch-trees and fragments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in *alto relievo*, a remarkable figure, called Robin of Risingham, or Robin of Reedsdale. It presents a hunter, with his bow raised in one hand, and in the other what seems to be a hare. There is a quiver at the back of the figure, and he is dressed in a long coat, or kirtle, coming down to the knees, and meeting close, with a girdle bound round him. Dr. Horseley, who saw all monuments of antiquity with Roman eyes, inclines to think this figure a Roman archer: and certainly the bow is rather of the ancient size than of that which was so formidable in the hand of the English archers of the middle ages. But the rudeness of the whole figure prevents our founding strongly upon mere inaccuracy of proportion. The popular tradition is, that it represents a giant, whose brother resided at Woodburn, and he himself at Risingham. It adds, that they subsisted by hunting, and that one of them, finding the game become too scarce to support them, poisoned his companion, in whose memory the monument was engraved.

288. . . . Do thou revere  
The statutes of the Bucanier.

The "statutes of the Bucaniers" were, in reality, more equitable than

could have been expected from the state of society under which they had been formed. They chiefly related, as may readily be conjectured, to the distribution and the inheritance of their plunder.

### 289. The course of Tees.

The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and magnificent valley of Tees. Immediately adjacent to the river, the banks are thickly wooded; at a little distance they are more open and cultivated; but, being interspersed with hedge-rows and isolated trees of great size and age, they retain the richness of woodland scenery.

### 290. Egliston's grey ruins.

The ruins of this abbey or priory are beautifully situated upon the angle, formed by a little dell called Thorsgill, at its junction with the Tees.

291. . . . the mound,  
 Raised by that Legion long  
 renown'd,  
 Whose votive shrine asserts  
 their claim,  
 Of pious, faithful, conquering  
 fame.

Close behind the George Inn at Greta Bridge, there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple ditch, lying between the river Greta and a brook called the Tutta. Very many Roman altars and monuments have been found in the vicinity. Among others is a small votive altar, with the inscription, LEG. VI. VIC. P. F. F., which has been rendered, *Legio. Sexta. Victrix. Pia. Fortis. Fidelis.*

### 292. Rokeby's turrets high.

This ancient manor long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been possessed from the Conquest downward, and who are at different times distinguished in history. The Rokeby, or Rokesby family, continued to be distinguished until the great Civil War, when, having embraced the cause of Charles I., they suffered fines and confiscations. The estate then passed

to the family of the Robinsons, from whom it was purchased by the father of the present proprietor.

293. A stern and lone, yet lovely  
 road,  
 As e'er the foot of Minstrel  
 trode.

What follows is an attempt to describe the romantic glen, or rather ravine, through which the Greta finds a passage between Rokeby and Mortham; the former situated upon the left bank, the latter on the right, about half a mile nearer to its junction with the Tees.

294. How whistle rash bids tempests  
 roar.

That this is a general superstition, is well known to all who have been on ship-board, or who have conversed with seamen.

### 295. Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light.

"This Ericus, King of Sweden, in his time was held second to none in the magical art; and he was so familiar with the evil spirits, which he exceedingly adored, that which way soever he turned his cap, the wind would presently blow that way. From this occasion he was called Windy Cap; and many men believed that Regnerus, King of Denmark, by the conduct of this Ericus, who was his nephew, did happily extend his piracy into the most remote parts of the earth, and conquered many countries and fenced cities by his cunning, and at last was his coadjutor; that by the consent of the nobles, he should be chosen King of Sweden, which continued a long time with him very happily, until he died of old age."

### 296. The Demon Frigate.

This is an allusion to a well-known nautical superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, called by sailors the Flying Dutchman, supposed to be seen about the Cape of Good Hope.

297. . . . By some desert isle or  
 key.

What contributed much to the security of the Bucaniers about the Windward

Islands, was the great number of little islets, called in that country *keys*. Such little uninhabited spots afforded the pirates good harbours, either for re-fitting or ambush; they were occasionally the hiding-place of their treasure.

298. Before the gate of Mortham stood.

The castle of Mortham is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farm-house and offices. The battlements of the tower itself are singularly elegant, the architect having broken them at regular intervals into different heights; while those at the corners of the tower project into octangular turrets. They are also from space to space covered with stones laid across them, as in modern embrasures, the whole forming an uncommon and beautiful effect. At some distance is most happily placed, between the stems of two magnificent elms, the monument alluded to in the text. It is said to have been brought from the ruins of Egliston Priory, and, from the armoury with which it is richly carved, appears to have been a tomb of the Fitz-Hughs.

299. There dig, and tomb your precious heap,  
And bid the dead your treasure keep.

If time did not permit the Bucaniers to lavish away their plunder in their usual debaucheries, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and keys which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind are often the most superstitious; and these pirates are said to have had recourse to a horrid ritual, in order to secure an unearthly guardian to their treasures. They killed a Negro or Spaniard, and buried him with the treasure, believing that his spirit would terrify away all intruders.

300. The power . . . .  
That unsubdued and lurking lies

To take the felon by surprise,  
And force him, as by magic spell,  
In his despite his guilt to tell.

All who are conversant with the administration of criminal justice must remember many occasions in which malefactors appear to have conducted themselves with a species of infatuation, either by making unnecessary confidences respecting their guilt, or by sudden and involuntary allusions to circumstances by which it could not fail to be exposed.

301. . . . Brackenbury's dismal tower.

This tower has been already mentioned. It is situated near the north-eastern extremity of the wall which encloses Barnard Castle, and is traditionally said to have been the prison.

302. Nobles and knights, so proud of late,  
Must fine for freedom and estate.

Right heavy shall his ransom be,  
Unless that maid compound with thee!

After the battle of Marston Moor, the Earl of Newcastle retired beyond sea in disgust, and many of his followers laid down their arms, and made the best composition they could with the Committees of Parliament. Fines were imposed upon them in proportion to their estates and degrees of delinquency. In some circumstances the oppressed cavaliers were fain to form family alliances with some powerful person among the triumphant party.

303. The Indian, prowling for his prey,  
Who hears the settlers track his way.

The patience, abstinence, and ingenuity, exerted by the North American Indians, when in pursuit of plunder or vengeance, is the most distinguished feature in their character; and the

activity and address which they display in their retreat is equally surprising.

304. In Redesdale his youth had heard  
 Each art her wily dalesmen dared,  
 When Rookan-edge, and Redswair high,  
 To bugle rung and blood-hound's cry.

Redswair is on the very edge of the Carter-fell, which divides England from Scotland. The Rookan is a place upon Reedwater. Bertram, being described as a native of these dales, where hostile depredation long survived the union of the crowns, may have been, in some degree, prepared for a similar trade in the wars of the Bucaniers.

305. Hiding his face, lest foemen spy  
 The sparkle of his swarthy eye.

After one of the recent battles, in which the Irish rebels were defeated, one of their most active leaders was found in a bog, up to the shoulders, while his head was concealed by a ledge of turf. Being detected and seized, he became solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered. "I caught," answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he was taken, "the sparkle of your eye." Those who are accustomed to mark hares upon their form usually discover them by the same circumstance.

306. Here stood a wretch, prepared to change  
 His soul's redemption for revenge!

It is agreed by all the writers upon magic and witchcraft, that revenge was the most common motive for the pretended compact between Satan and his vassals.

307. Of my marauding on the clowns  
 Of Calverley and Bradford downs.

The troops of the King, when they first took the field, were as well disciplined as could be expected. But as the circumstances of Charles became less favourable, and his funds decreased,

habits of military license prevailed among them in greater excess.

308. . . . Brignall's woods, and  
 Scargill's, wave,  
 E'en now, o'er many a sister cave.

The banks of the Greta, below Rutherford Bridge, abound in seams of greyish slate, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth under ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which are gradually hidden by the underwood. In times of public confusion, they might be well adapted to the purposes of banditti.

309. When Spain waged warfare  
 with our land.

There was a short war with Spain in 1625-6, which will be found to agree with the chronology of the poem.

310. . . . Our comrades' strife.

The laws of the Bucaniers, and their successors the Pirates, however severe and equitable, were, like other laws, often set aside by the stronger party. Their quarrels about the division of the spoil fill their history, and they as frequently arose out of mere frolic, or the tyrannical humour of their chiefs.

311. . . . my rangers go,  
 Even now to track a milk-white doe.

The reference, of course, is to Matilda.

312. Song . . . Adieu for evermore.

The last verse of this song is taken from an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollected two verses when the first edition of Rokeby was published.

313. Rere-cross on Stanmore.

This is a fragment of an old cross, with its pediment, surrounded by an intrenchment, upon the very summit of the waste ridge of Stanmore, near a small house of entertainment called the Spittal. The situation of the cross, and the pains taken to defend it, seem to indicate that it was intended for a landmark of importance.



314. Hast thou lodged our deer ?

The duty of the ranger, or pricker, was first to lodge or harbour the deer ; *i.e.* to discover his retreat.

315. When Denmark's raven soar'd  
on high,

Triumphant through Northum-  
brian sky,  
Till, hovering near, her fatal  
croak

Bade Reged's Britons dread the  
yoke.

About the year of God 866, the Danes, under their celebrated leaders Inguar (more properly Agnar) and Hubba, sons, it is said, of the still more celebrated Regnar Lodbrog, invaded Northumberland, bringing with them the magical standard, so often mentioned in poetry, called REAFEN, or Rumfan, from its bearing the figure of a raven.

316. Beneath the shade the North-  
men came,

Fix'd on each vale a Runic  
name.

The heathen Danes have left several traces of their religion in the upper part of Teesdale. Balder-garth, which derives its name from the unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract of waste land on the very ridge of Stanmore ; and a brook, which falls into the Tees near Barnard Castle, is named after the same deity. A field upon the banks of the Tees is also termed Woden-Croft, from the supreme deity of the Edda.

317. Who has not heard how brave  
O'Neale

In English blood imbrued his  
steel ?

The O'Neale here meant, for more than one succeeded to the chieftainship during the reign of Elizabeth, was Hugh, the grandson of Con O'Neale, called Con Bacco, or the Lamé. His father, Matthew O'Kelly, was illegitimate, and, being the son of a blacksmith's wife, was usually called Matthew the Blacksmith. His father, neverthe- less, destined his succession to him ; and he was created, by Elizabeth,

Baron of Dungannon. Upon the death of Con Bacco, this Matthew was slain by his brother. Hugh narrowly escaped the same fate, and was protected by the English. Shane O'Neale, his uncle, called Shane Dymas, was succeeded by Turlough Lynogh O'Neale ; after whose death Hugh, having assumed the chieftainship, became nearly as formidable to the English as any by whom it had been possessed. He rebelled repeatedly, and as often made submissions, of which it was usually a condition that he should not any longer assume the title of O'Neale ; in lieu of which he was created Earl of Tyrone.

318. But chief arose his victor pride,  
When that brave Marshal fought  
and died.

The chief victory which Tyrone obtained over the English was in a battle fought near Blackwater, while he besieged a fort garrisoned by the English, which commanded the passes into his country. Tyrone is said to have entertained a personal animosity against the knight-marshal Sir Henry Bagnal, whom he accused of detaining the letters which he sent to Queen Elizabeth, explanatory of his conduct, and offering terms of submission.

319. The Tanist he to great O'Neale.

The Tanist of O'Neale was the heir-apparent of his power.

320. His plaited hair in elf-locks  
spread, etc.

There is here an attempt to describe the ancient Irish dress.

321. With wild majestic port and tone,  
Like envoy of some barbarous  
throne.

The Irish chiefs, in their intercourse with the English, and with each other, were wont to assume the language and style of independent royalty.

322. His foster-father was his guide.

There was no tie more sacred among the Irish than that which connected the foster-father, as well as the nurse her- self, with the child they brought up.

In the Vale of St. John's is a massive pile of rocks, which at a distance has so much the real form and resemblance of a castle that it bears the name of the Castle Rocks of St. John.

#### 344. The flower of Chivalry.

The characters named are more or less distinguished in the romances of King Arthur and his Round Table, and their names are strung together according to the established custom of minstrels upon such occasions.

#### 345. Lancelot that ever more Look'd stolen-wise on the Queen.

An allusion to the guilty intrigue between Sir Lancelot and Guenever, wife of King Arthur.

346. There were two who loved their  
neighbours' wives,  
And one who loved his own.

In which booke (*La Morte d'Arthur*) they be counted the noblest knightes, that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adouleries by sutlest shiftes; as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at; or honest men to take pleasure at; yet I know when God's Bible was banished the Court, and *La Morte d'Arthure* received into the Prince's chamber." — ASCHAM'S *Schoolmaster*.

### THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

#### 347. Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung.

The ruins of the Castle of Artornish are situated upon a promontory, on the Morven, or mainland side of the Sound of Mull, a name given to the deep arm of the sea which divides that island from the continent. The situation is wild and romantic in the highest degree. In former days, it was a place of great consequence, being one of the principal strongholds of the Lords of the Isles, during the period of their stormy independence.

It is only further necessary to say of the Castle of Artornish that it is almost opposite to the Bay of Aros, in the Island of Mull, where there was another castle, the occasional residence of the Lords of the Isles.

#### 348. Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark, Will long pursue the minstrel's bark.

The seal displays a taste for music, which could scarcely be expected from his habits and local predilections. They will long follow a boat in which any musical instrument is played.

#### 349. . . . a turret's airy head, Slender and steep, and battled round, O'erlook'd, dark Mull! thy mighty Sound.

The Sound of Mull, which divides that island from the continent of Scotland, is one of the most striking scenes which the Hebrides afford to the traveller. Many ruinous castles, situated generally upon cliffs overhanging the ocean, add interest to the scene.

#### 350. . . . "these seas behold, Round twice a hundred islands roll'd, From Hirt, that hears their northern roar, To the green Ilay's fertile shore."

The number of the western isles of Scotland exceeds two hundred, of which St. Kilda is the most northerly, anciently called Hirth, or Hirt, probably from "earth," being in fact the whole globe to its inhabitants. Ilay is by far the most fertile of the Hebrides. This was in ancient times the principal abode of the Lords of the Isles, being, if not the largest, the most important island of their archipelago.

351. . . . Mingarry, sternly placed,  
O'erawes the woodland and the  
waste.

The Castle of Mingarry is situated on the sea-coast of the district of Ardnamurchan.

352. The heir of mighty Somerled.

Somerled was thane of Argyle and Lord of the Isles, about the middle of the twelfth century. He seems to have exercised his authority in both capacities, independent of the crown of Scotland.

353. Lord of the Isles.

The representative of this independent principality was, at the period of the poem, Angus, called Angus Og; but the name had been, *euphonia gratia*, exchanged for that of Ronald, which frequently occurs in the genealogy. Angus was a protector of Robert Bruce, whom he received in his Castle of Dunnaverty, during the time of his greatest distress.

354. The House of Lorn.

The House of Lorn was, like the Lord of the Isles, descended from a son of Somerled, slain at Renfrew, in 1164. This son obtained the succession of his mainland territories, comprehending the greater part of the three districts of Lorn, in Argyleshire, and of course might rather be considered as petty princes than feudal barons. They assumed the patronymic appellation of Mac-Dougal, by which they are distinguished in the history of the middle ages. The Lord of Lorn, who flourished during the wars of Bruce, was Allaster (or Alexander) Mac-Dougal, called Allaster of Argyle. He had married the third daughter of John, called the Red Comyn, who was slain by Bruce in the Dominican Church at Dumfries, and hence he was a mortal enemy of that prince, and more than once reduced him to great straits during the early and distressed period of his reign.

355. Awaked before the rushing prow,  
The mimic fires of ocean glow,  
Those lightnings of the wave.

The phenomenon called by sailors Sea-fire, is one of the most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the Hebrides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent coruscations are perpetually bursting upon the sides of the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness.

356. . . . The dark fortress.

The fortress of a Hebridean chief was almost always on the sea-shore, for the facility of communication which the ocean afforded.

357. That keen knight, De Argentine.

Sir Egidius, or Giles de Argentine, was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxemburg with high reputation.

358. "Fill me the mighty cup!" he  
said,

"Erst own'd by royal Somerled."

A Hebridean drinking cup, of the most ancient and curious workmanship, has been long preserved in the castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, the romantic seat of Mac-Leod of Mac-Leod, the chief of that ancient and powerful clan.

359. With solemn step, and silver  
wand,

The Seneschal the presence  
scann'd

Of these strange guests.

The Sewer, to whom, rather than the Seneschal, the office of arranging the guests of an island chief appertained, was an officer of importance in the family of a Hebridean chief.

360. . . . the rebellious Scottish  
crew,

Who to Rath-Erin's shelter  
drew,

With Carrick's outlaw'd  
Chief?

It must be remembered by all who have read the Scottish history, that after he had slain Comyn at Dumfries, and asserted his right to the Scottish

crown, Robert Bruce was reduced to the greatest extremity by the English and their adherents.

### 361. The Brooch of Lorn.

It has been generally mentioned in the preceding notes, that Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Methven, being hard pressed by the English, endeavoured, with the dispirited remnant of his followers, to escape from Breadalbane and the mountains of Perthshire into the Argyleshire Highlands. But he was encountered and repulsed, after a very severe engagement, by the Lord of Lorn. Bruce's personal strength and courage were never displayed to greater advantage than in this conflict. There is a tradition in the family of the Mac-Dougals of Lorn, that their chieftain engaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, while the latter was employed in protecting the retreat of his men; that Mac-Dougal was struck down by the king, whose strength of body was equal to his vigour of mind, and would have been slain on the spot, had not two of Lorn's vassals, a father and son, whom tradition terms Mac-Keoch, rescued him, by seizing the mantle of the monarch, and dragging him from above his adversary. Bruce rid himself of these foes by two blows of his redoubted battle-axe, but was so closely pressed that he was forced to abandon the mantle and brooch in the dying grasp of the Mac-Keochs.

362. Wrought and chased with fair device,  
Studded fair with gems of price.

Great art and expense was bestowed upon the *fibula*, or brooch, which secured the plaid, when the wearer was a person of importance.

363. Vain was then the Douglas brand—  
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand.

The gallant Sir James, called the Good Lord Douglas, the most faithful and valiant of Bruce's adherents, was wounded at the battle of Dalry. Sir Nigel, or Neil Campbell, was also in

that unfortunate skirmish. He married Marjorie, sister to Robert Bruce, and was among his most faithful followers.

364. Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,  
Making sure of murder's work.

Every reader must recollect that the proximate cause of Bruce's asserting his right to the crown of Scotland, was the death of John, called the Red Comyn. The causes of this act of violence, equally extraordinary from the high rank both of the perpetrator and sufferer, and from the place where the slaughter was committed, are variously related by the Scottish and English historians.

365. Barendown fled fast away,  
Fled the fiery De la Haye.

These knights are enumerated by Barchin among the small number of Bruce's adherents, who remained in arms with him after the battle of Methven.

366. Well hast thou framed, Old Man, thy strains,  
To praise the hand that pays thy pains.

The character of the Highland bards, however high in an earlier period of society, seems soon to have degenerated. The Irish affirm, that in their kindred tribes severe laws became necessary to restrain their avarice.

367. Was't not enough to Ronald's bower  
I brought thee, like a paramour.

It was anciently customary in the Highlands to bring the bride to the house of the husband.

368. Since matchless Wallace first had been  
In mock'ry crown'd with wreaths of green.

There is something singularly doubtful about the mode in which Wallace was taken. That he was betrayed to the English is indubitable; and popular fame charges Sir John Menteith with the indelible infamy. But John de Menteith was all along a zealous favourer of the English interest, and

was governor of Dumbarton Castle by commission from Edward the First; and therefore, as the accurate Lord Hailes has observed, could not be the friend and confidant of Wallace, as tradition states him to be. The truth seems to be, that Menteith, thoroughly engaged in the English interest, pursued Wallace closely, and made him prisoner through the treachery of an attendant, whom Peter Langtoft calls Jack Short.

369. Where's Nigel Bruce? and De  
la Haye,  
And valiant Seton—where are  
they?

Where Somerville, the kind and  
free?

And Fraser, flower of chivalry?

The fate of all these companions-in-arms was unfortunate. Nigel Bruce, the younger brother of the king, Seton, and Fraser, were executed. De la Haye and Somerville were made prisoners after the Battle of Methven, but were not executed.

370. Was not the life of Athole shed,  
To soothe the tyrant's sickened  
bed.

John de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole, had attempted to escape out of the kingdom, but a storm cast him upon the coast, when he was taken, sent to London, and executed. Matthew of Westminster tells us that King Edward, then extremely ill, received great ease from the news that his relative was apprehended.

371. And must his word, till dying  
day,  
Be nought but quarter, hang,  
and slay.

The allusion is to an order of Edward I., while in his mortal sickness at Burgh-upon-Sands, to hang and draw certain Scottish prisoners, who had surrendered upon condition that they should be at King Edward's disposal.

372. While I the blessed cross  
advance,  
And expiate this unhappy chance,  
In Palestine, with sword and  
lance.

Bruce uniformly professed, and probably felt compunction for having violated the sanctuary of the church by the slaughter of Comyn; and finally, in his last hours, in testimony of his faith, penitence, and zeal, he requested James Lord Douglas to carry his heart to Jerusalem, to be there deposited in the Holy Sepulchre.

373. De Bruce! I rose with purpose  
dread  
To speak my curse upon thy  
head.

So soon as the notice of Comyn's slaughter reached Rome, Bruce and his adherents were excommunicated.

374. I feel within mine aged breast  
A power that will not be  
repress'd.

See Numbers, xxiii. 14-20.

375. A hunted wanderer on the wild,  
On foreign shores a man exiled.

This is not metaphorical. The echoes of Scotland did actually

. . . "ring  
With the bloodhounds that bayed for  
her fugitive king."

376. For, glad of each pretext for  
spoil,  
A pirate sworn was Cormac  
Doil.

A sort of persons common in the isles until the introduction of civil polity.

377. "Alas! dear youth, the un-  
happy time,"  
Answer'd the Bruce, "must  
bear the crime,  
Since, guiltier far than you,  
Even I"—he paused; for Fal-  
kirk's woes  
Upon his conscious soul arose.

I have followed the vulgar and inaccurate tradition, that Bruce fought against Wallace at the battle of Falkirk.

378. These are the savage wilds that  
lie  
North of Strathnardill and Dun-  
skye.

The extraordinary piece of scenery which I have here attempted to describe is, I think, unparalleled in any part of Scotland, at least in any which I have happened to visit.

379. Men were they all of evil mien,  
Down-look'd, unwilling to be  
seen.

The story of Bruce's meeting the banditti is copied, with such alterations as the fictitious narrative rendered necessary, from an incident told by Barbour.

380. And mermaid's alabaster grot,  
Who bathes her limbs in sunless  
well  
Deep in Strathaird's enchanted  
cell.

Imagination can hardly conceive anything more beautiful than the extraordinary grotto discovered not many years since upon the estate of Strathaird.

381. Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs,  
Bear witness with me, Heaven,  
belongs  
My joy o'er Edward's bier.

The generosity which does justice to the character of an enemy, often marks Bruce's sentiments, as recorded by the faithful Barbour. He seldom mentions a fallen enemy without praising such good qualities as he might possess.

382. Such hate was his on Solway's  
strand,  
When vengeance clench'd his  
palsied hand,  
That pointed yet to Scotland's  
land.

To establish his dominion in Scotland had been a favourite object of Edward's ambition, and nothing could exceed the pertinacity with which he pursued it, unless his inveterate resentment against the insurgents, who so frequently broke the English yoke when he deemed it most firmly riveted.

383. . . . Canna's tower, that, steep  
and gray,  
Like falcon-nest o'erhangs the  
bay.

The little island of Canna, or Cannay, adjoins to those of Rum and Muick,

with which it forms one parish. In a pretty bay opening towards the east, there is a lofty and slender rock detached from the shore. Upon the summit are the ruins of a very small tower, scarcely accessible by a steep and precipitous path. Here, it is said, one of the kings, or Lords of the Isles, confined a beautiful lady, of whom he was jealous. The ruins are of course haunted by her restless spirit, and many romantic stories are told by the aged people of the island concerning her fate in life, and her appearances after death.

384. And Ronin's mountains dark  
have sent  
Their hunters to the shore.

Ronin (popularly called Rum, a name which a poet may be pardoned for avoiding if possible) is a very rough and mountainous island, adjacent to those of Eigg and Cannay.

385. On Scoreigg next a warning  
light  
Summon'd her warriors to the  
fight;  
A numerous race, ere stern  
MacLeod  
O'er their bleak shores in ven-  
geance strode.

Scoor-Eigg is a high peak in the centre of the small Isle of Eigg, or Egg. It is well known to mineralogists, as affording many interesting specimens, and to others whom chance or curiosity may lead to the island, for the astonishing view of the mainland and neighbouring isles, which it commands.

386. . . . that wondrous dome,  
Where, as to shame the temples  
deck'd  
By skill of earthly architect,  
Nature herself, it seem'd, would  
raise  
A Minster to her Maker's praise!

It would be unpardonable to detain the reader upon a wonder so often described, and yet so incapable of being understood by description.

387. Scenes sung by him who sings  
no more.

The ballad, entitled "Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrie-vrekin," was composed by John Leyden, from a tradition which he found while making a tour through the Hebrides about 1801.

388. Up Tarbat's western lake they  
bore,  
Then dragg'd their bark the  
isthmus o'er.

The peninsula of Cantire is joined to South Knapdale by a very narrow isthmus, formed by the western and eastern Loch of Tarbat. These two saltwater lakes, or bays, encroach so far upon the land, and the extremities come so near to each other, that there is not above a mile of land to divide them.

389. The sun, ere yet he sunk behind  
Ben-Ghoil, "the Mountain of  
the Wind,"

Gave his grim peaks a greeting  
kind,  
And bade Loch Ranza smile.

Loch Ranza is a beautiful bay, on the northern extremity of Arran, opening towards East Tarbat Loch. Ben-Ghaoil, "the mountain of the winds," is generally known by its English, and less poetical name, of Goatfield.

390. Each to Loch Ranza's margin  
spring;  
That blast was winded by the  
King!

The passage in Barbour, describing the landing of Bruce, and his being recognised by Douglas and those of his followers who had preceded him, by the sound of his horn, is in the original singularly simple and affecting.

391. . . . his brother blamed,  
But shared the weakness, while  
ashamed,  
With haughty laugh his head  
he turn'd,  
And dash'd away the tear he  
scorn'd.

Edward Bruce is depicted by Barbour as a man of kind yet fiery character.

392. A woman in her last distress.

This incident illustrates happily the chivalrous generosity of Bruce's character.

393. O'er chasms he pass'd, where  
fractures wide  
Craved wary eye and ample  
stride.

The interior of the island of Arran abounds with beautiful Highland scenery. The hills, being very rocky and precipitous, afford some cataracts of great height, though of inconsiderable breadth.

394. He cross'd his brow beside the  
stone  
Where Druids erst heard victims  
groan.

The isle of Arran, like those of Man and Anglesea, abounds with many relics of heathen, and probably Druidical, superstition.

395. Old Brodick's gothic towers  
were seen,  
From Hastings, late their  
English lord,  
Douglas had won them by the  
sword.

Brodick or Brathwick Castle, in the Isle of Arran, is an ancient fortress, near an open roadstead called Brodick-Bay, and not far distant from a tolerable harbour, closed in by the Island of Lamash. This important place had been assailed a short time before Bruce's arrival in the island.

396. Oft, too, with unaccustom'd  
ears,  
A language much unmeet he  
hears.

Barbour, with great simplicity, gives an anecdote, from which it would seem that the vice of profane swearing, afterwards too general among the Scottish nation, was, at this time, confined to military men. As Douglas, after Bruce's return to Scotland, was roving about the mountainous country of Tweeddale, near the water of Line, he chanced to hear some persons in a farm-house say "*the devil*." Concluding, from this hardy expression, that

the house contained warlike guests, he immediately assailed it, and had the good fortune to make prisoners Thomas Randolph, afterwards the famous Earl of Murray, and Alexander Stuart, Lord Bonkle. Both were then in the English interest, and had come into that country with the purpose of driving out Douglas. They afterwards ranked among Bruce's most zealous adherents.

397. For, see! the ruddy signal made,  
That Clifford, with his merry-  
men all,  
Guards carelessly our father's  
hall.

The remarkable circumstances by which Bruce was induced to enter Scotland, under the false idea that a signal-fire was lighted upon the shore near his maternal castle of Turnberry—the disappointment which he met with, and the train of success which arose out of that very disappointment, are elaborately narrated by Barbour.

398. Now ask you whence that  
wondrous light,  
Whose fairy glow beguiled their  
sight?—  
It ne'er was known.

In Carrick, the belief was long entertained that the fire seen by Bruce from the Isle of Arran was really the work of supernatural power, unassisted by the hand of any mortal being; and that, for several centuries, the flame rose yearly on the same hour of the same night of the year, on which the king first saw it from the turrets of Brodick Castle.

399. They gain'd the Chase, a wide  
domain  
Left for the Castle's silvan reign.

The Castle of Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire, was the property of Robert Bruce, in right of his mother.

400. The Bruce hath won his father's  
hall!

I have followed the flattering and pleasing tradition, that the Bruce, after his descent upon the coast of Ayrshire, gained possession of his maternal castle. But the tradition is not accurate.

401. "Bring here," he said, "the  
mazers four,  
My noble fathers loved of yore."  
These mazers were large drinking-  
cups, or goblets.

402. Arouse old friends, and gather  
new.

As soon as it was known in Kyle, says ancient tradition, that Robert Bruce had landed in Carrick, with the intention of recovering the crown of Scotland, the Laird of Craigie, and forty-eight men in his immediate neighbourhood, declared in favour of their legitimate prince.

403. When Bruce's banner had vic-  
torious flow'd,  
O'er Loudoun's mountain, and  
in Ury's vale.

The first important advantage gained by Bruce, after landing at Turnberry, was over Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, the same by whom he had been defeated near Methven. They met at Loudonhill, in the west of Scotland. Pembroke sustained a defeat; and from that time Bruce was at the head of a considerable flying army.

404. When English blood oft deluged  
Douglas-dale.

The "good Lord James of Douglas," during these commotions, often took from the English his own castle of Douglas, but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications, and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again arise more magnificent from its ruins.

405. And fiery Edward routed stout  
St. John.

"John de St. John, with 15,000 horse-men, had advanced to oppose the inroad of the Scots. By a forced march he endeavoured to surprise them, but intelligence of his motions was timely received. The courage of Edward Bruce, approaching to temerity, frequently enabled him to achieve what men of more judicious valour would



never have attempted. He ordered the infantry, and the meaner sort of his army, to intrench themselves in strong narrow ground. He himself, with fifty horsemen well harnessed, issued forth under cover of a thick mist, surprised the English on their march, attacked and dispersed them." —DALRYMPLE'S *Annals of Scotland*.

406. When Randolph's war-cry  
swell'd the southern gale.

Thomas Randolph, Bruce's sister's son, a renowned Scottish chief, was in the early part of his life not more remarkable for consistency than Bruce himself. He espoused his uncle's party when Bruce first assumed the crown, and was made prisoner at the fatal battle of Methven, in which his relative's hopes appeared to be ruined. Randolph accordingly not only submitted to the English, but took an active part against Bruce; appeared in arms against him; and, in the skirmish where he was so closely pursued by the bloodhound, it is said his nephew took his standard with his own hand. But Randolph was afterwards made prisoner by Douglas in Tweeddale, and brought before King Robert. Some harsh language was exchanged between the uncle and nephew, and the latter was committed for a time to close custody. Afterwards, however, they were reconciled, and Randolph was created Earl of Moray about 1312. After this period he eminently distinguished himself, first by the surprise of Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards by many similar enterprises, conducted with equal courage and ability.

407. . . . Stirling's towers,  
Beleaguer'd by King Robert's  
powers:  
And they took term of truce.

When a long train of success, actively improved by Robert Bruce, had made him master of almost all Scotland, Stirling Castle continued to hold out. The care of the blockade was committed by the king to his brother Edward, who concluded a treaty with Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, that he should surrender the fortress, if it were not

succoured by the King of England before St. John the Baptist's day. The King severely blamed his brother for the impolicy of a treaty, which gave time to the King of England to advance to the relief of the castle with all his assembled forces, and obliged himself either to meet them in battle with an inferior force, or to retreat with dishonour.

408. To summon prince and peer,  
At Berwick-bounds to meet  
their Liege.

There is printed in Rymer's *Fœdera* the summons issued upon this occasion to the sheriff of York; and he mentions eighteen other persons to whom similar ordinances were issued.

409. And Cambria, but of late sub-  
dued,  
Sent forth her mountain-multi-  
tude.

Edward the First, with the usual policy of a conqueror, employed the Welsh, whom he had subdued, to assist him in his Scottish wars, for which their habits, as mountaineers, particularly fitted them. But this policy was not without its risks. Previous to the battle of Falkirk, the Welsh quarrelled with the English men-at-arms, and after bloodshed on both parts, separated themselves from his army, and the feud between them, at so dangerous and critical a juncture, was reconciled with difficulty. Edward II. followed his father's example in this particular, and with no better success.

410. And Connoght pour'd from  
waste and wood  
Her hundred tribes, whose  
sceptre rude  
Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.

There is in the *Fœdera* an invitation to Eth O'Connor, chief of the Irish of Connaught, setting forth that the king was about to move against his Scottish rebels, and therefore requesting the attendance of all the force he could muster, either commanded by himself in person, or by some nobleman of his race. These auxiliaries were to be commanded by Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster.

## 411. Their chief, Fitz-Louis.

Fitz-Louis, or Mac-Louis, otherwise called Fullarton, is a family of ancient descent in the Isle of Arran. They attached themselves to Bruce upon his first landing.

412. In battles four beneath their eye,  
The forces of King Robert lie.

The arrangements adopted by King Robert for the decisive battle of Bannockburn, are given very distinctly by Barbour, and form an edifying lesson to tacticians.

413. Beyond, the Southern host  
appears.

Upon the 23rd June, 1314, the alarm reached the Scottish army of the approach of the enemy. Douglas and the Marshal were sent to reconnoitre with a body of cavalry.

The two Scottish commanders were cautious in the account which they brought back to their camp. To the king in private they told the formidable state of the enemy; but in public reported that the English were indeed a numerous host, but ill commanded, and worse disciplined.

414. With these the valiant of the  
Isles

Beneath their chieftains rank'd  
their files.

The men of Argyle, the islanders, and the Highlanders in general, were ranked in the rear. They must have been numerous, for Bruce had reconciled himself with almost all their chieftains, excepting the obnoxious MacDougals of Lorn.

415. The Monarch rode along the  
van.

The English vanguard, commanded by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, came in sight of the Scottish army upon the evening of the 23rd of June. Bruce was then riding upon a little palfrey, in front of his foremost line, putting his host in order. It was then that the personal encounter took place betwixt him and Sir Henry de Bohun, a gallant English knight, the issue of which had a great effect upon the spirits of both armies.

416. What train of dust, with trumpet  
sound,  
And glimmering spears, is  
wheeling round  
Our leftward flank?

While the van of the English army advanced, a detached body attempted to relieve Stirling.

417. Responsive from the Scottish  
host,  
Pipe-clang and bugle-sound  
were toss'd.

The tradition that a certain old Scottish tune was Bruce's march at Bannockburn has been the means of securing to Scotland one of the finest lyrics in the language, the celebrated war-song of Burns,—“Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.”

418. Now onward, and in open view,  
The countless ranks of England  
drew.

Upon the 24th of June, the English army advanced to the attack. The narrowness of the Scottish front, and the nature of the ground, did not permit them to have the full advantage of their numbers, nor is it very easy to find out what was their proposed order of battle. The vanguard, however, appeared a distinct body, consisting of archers and spearmen on foot, and commanded, as already said, by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford.

419. See where yon barefoot Abbot  
stands,  
And blesses them with lifted  
hands.

“Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, placing himself on an eminence, celebrated mass in sight of the Scottish army. He then passed along the front bare-footed, and bearing a crucifix in his hands, and exhorting the Scots, in few and forcible words, to combat for their rights and their liberty. The Scots kneeled down. ‘They yield,’ cried Edward; ‘see, they implore mercy.’—‘They do,’ answered Ingelram de Umfraville, ‘but not ours. On that field they will be victorious, or die.’”

420. Forth, Marshal, on the peasant  
foe!

We'll tame the terrors of their  
bow,  
And cut the bow-string loose!

The English archers commenced the attack with their usual bravery and dexterity. But against a force, whose importance he had learned by fatal experience, Bruce was provided. A small but select body of cavalry were detached from the right, under command of Sir Robert Keith. They rounded, as I conceive, the marsh called Milntown bog, and, keeping the firm ground, charged the left flank and rear of the English archers. As the bowmen had no spears nor long weapons fit to defend themselves against horse, they were instantly thrown into disorder, and spread through the whole English army a confusion from which they never fairly recovered.

421. Each braggart churl could boast  
before,  
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric  
bore!

Roger Ascham quotes a similar Scottish proverb, "whereby they give the whole praise of shooting honestly to Englishmen, saying thus, 'that every English archer beareth under his girdle twenty-four Scottes.'"

422. Down! down! in headlong  
overthrow,  
Horseman and horse, the fore-  
most go.

It is generally alleged by historians that the English men-at-arms fell into the hidden snare which Bruce had prepared for them.

423. And steeds that shriek in agony.

I have been told that this line requires an explanatory note; and, indeed, those who witness the silent patience with which horses submit to the most cruel usage, may be permitted to doubt, that, in moments of sudden and intolerable anguish, they utter a most melancholy cry. It was my fortune, upon one occasion, to hear a horse, in a moment of agony, utter a thrilling scream,

which I still consider the most melancholy sound I ever heard.

424. Lord of the Isles, my trust in  
thee  
Is firm as Ai'sa Rock;  
Rush on with Highland sword  
and targe,  
I, with my Carrick spearmen  
charge.

When the engagement between the main bodies had lasted some time, Bruce made a decisive movement by bringing up the Scottish reserve. It is traditionally said that at this crisis he addressed the Lord of the Isles in a phrase used as a motto by some of his descendants, "My trust is constant in thee."

425. To arms they flew,—axe, club,  
or spear,—  
And mimic ensigns high they  
rear.

The followers of the Scottish camp observed, from the Gillies' Hill in the rear, the impression produced upon the English army by the bringing up of the Scottish reserve, and, prompted by the enthusiasm of the moment, or the desire of plunder, assumed, in a tumultuary manner, such arms as they found nearest, fastened sheets to tent-poles and lances, and showed themselves like a new army advancing to battle.

426. O! give their hapless prince his  
due.

Edward II., according to the best authorities, showed, in the fatal field of Bannockburn, personal gallantry not unworthy of his great sire and greater son. He remained on the field till forced away by the Earl of Pembroke, when all was lost. He then rode to the Castle of Stirling and demanded admittance; but the governor remonstrating upon the imprudence of shutting himself up in that fortress, which must so soon surrender, he assembled around his person five hundred men-at-arms, and, avoiding the field of battle and the victorious army, fled towards Linlithgow, pursued by Douglas with about sixty horse.

427. Nor for De Argentine alone,  
Through Ninian's church these  
torches shone,  
And rose the death-prayer's  
awful tone.

### THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

428. The peasant, at his labour  
blithe,  
Plies the hook'd staff and  
shorten'd scythe.

The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short scythe, which he holds in his right hand.

429. Pale Brussels! then what  
thoughts were thine.

It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Bonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours' plunder of the city of Brussels.

430. "On! On!" was still his stern  
exclaim.

The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles.

431. The fate their leader shunn'd to  
share.

It has been reported that Bonaparte charged at the head of his guards, at the last period of this dreadful conflict. This, however, is not accurate. He came down indeed to a hollow part of the high road, leading to Charleroi, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Haye Sainte, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he harangued the guards, and informed them that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and

Besides this renowned warrior, there fell many representatives of the noblest houses in England, which never sustained a more disastrous defeat. Barbour says two hundred pairs of gilded spurs were taken from the field.

cavalry, and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet. This exhortation was received with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, which were heard all over our line, and led to an idea that Napoleon was charging in person. But the guards were led on by Ney; nor did Bonaparte approach nearer the scene of action than the spot already mentioned.

432. England shall tell the fight!

In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the Duke called to the men, "Soldiers, we must never be beat,—what will they say in England?" It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

433. As plies the smith his clanging  
trade.

A private soldier of the 95th regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to "*a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles.*"

434. The British shock of levell'd  
steel.

No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The Imperial Guards, in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although a French author has put into their mouths the magnanimous sentiment, "The Guards never yield—they die."

### GLENFINLAS.

435. How blazed Lord Ronald's  
beltane-tree.

The fires lighted by the Highlanders, on the first of May, in compliance with

a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed *The Beltane-tree*. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

## 436. The sea's prophetic spirit found.

I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr. Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present."

## 437. Will good St. Oran's rule prevail?

St. Oran was a friend and follower of St. Columba, and was buried at Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of

the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called *Relig Ouran*; and in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

## 438. And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer.

St. Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, etc., in Scotland. He was, according to Cameronius, an Abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A.D. 649.

## THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

## 439. Battle of Ancram Moor.

Lord Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the King of England.

## 440. That nun who ne'er beholds the day.

The circumstance of the nun, "who never saw the day," is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr. Haliburton of Newmains,

the Editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr. Erskine of Sheilfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity, she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbours that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fatlips*; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned.

## CADYOW CASTLE.

## 441. . . . sound the pryse!

*Pryse*—The note blown at the death of the game.

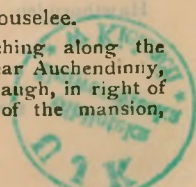
## 442. Stern Claud replied.

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the

van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the Queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present Marquis of Abercorn.

## 443. Woodhouselee.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion,



from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river.

444. Drives to the leap his jaded steed.

Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, "after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth his dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke [*z.e.* ditch], by whilk means he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses."

445. From the wild Border's humbled side.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders.

446. With hackbut bent.

*Hackbut bent*—Gun cock'd.

447. The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the Regent Murray.

448. Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh.

The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the Regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural

brother of the Earl of Morton, whose horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

449. . . . haggard Lindsay's iron eye,

That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the Regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation presented to her in Lochleven castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

450. So close the minions crowded nigh.

Not only had the Regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infatuation at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.

## THE GRAY BROTHER.

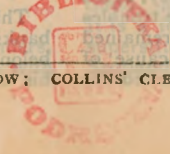
451. By blast of bugle free.

The barony of Pennycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the King shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence the family have adopted as their crest a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a Blast*.

452. And classic Hawthornden.

Hawthornden, the residence of the

poet Drummond. A house of more modern date is enclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which in former times were a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London on foot in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured of late years by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bowler.





from which she was expelled by the  
 brutal monks, which occasioned her  
 death, and she is buried in a hollow  
 rock beneath the cross.

414. Drives to the leap, his jaded  
 steed.

Bowd informs us, that Bothwell though  
 being closely pursued, "after that hour  
 and wand had killed him, he drew with  
 his dagger, and struck his horse  
 behind, which caused the horse to stop  
 a very broad mark (a ditch) by which  
 means he escaped, and got away from  
 all the rest of the horses."

415. From the wild Border's slumber'd  
 side.

Murray's death took place shortly  
 after an expedition to the Borders.

416. With hackbut bear.

*Hackbut*—Gun cocked.

417. The wild Mackintoshes' started  
 din.

The name of Mackintoshes  
 belongs to the Regent Murray.

418. Glencairn and stour Parkhead  
 were nigh.

The Earl of Glencairn was a steady  
 adherent of the Regent, Charles  
 Douglas of Parkhead was a general

THE GRAY FREEMAN.

419. By blast of magic fire.

The house of Kenneth, the pro-  
 perty of Mr George Clerk, Esq., is  
 known by a singular feature, the pro-  
 pector being bound out upon a large  
 rocky fragment called the Backstane,  
 and when three blasts of a horn, when  
 the King shall come to hunt on the  
 hills of Muir near Edinburgh, hence  
 the Gray have a tradition that next a  
 gun-shooter proper, winding a horn,  
 with the motto, *Blow for a Blow*.

420. And classie, Hawthornes.

Hawthornes, the residence of the

Steward of the Earl of Murray,  
 being killed by the party  
 which Murray led.

419. ... haggard Lindsay  
 eye.

That raw fair Mary  
 rain.

Lord Lindsay, of the Borders, was  
 most ferocious and devoted to  
 Regent's faction, and was  
 employed to exterminate  
 to the head of resistance, and  
 to her in Lochmaben, which  
 charged his comrade with  
 savage rigor, and it is  
 when the wedding ceremony  
 signing, were the ceremony  
 can be pointed out in  
 of his last place.

450. So nice the danger  
 high.

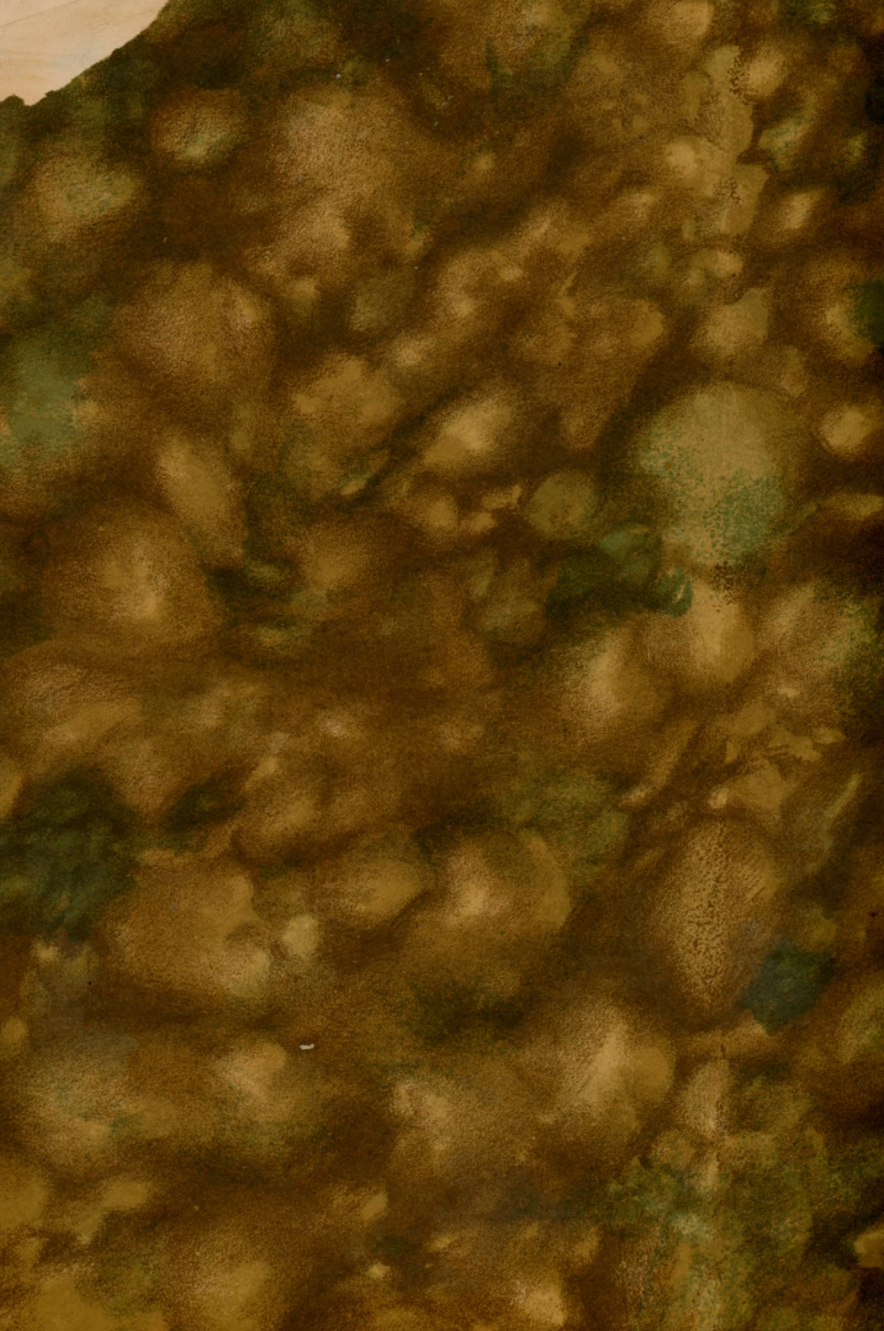
Ned ... the Regent ...  
 ... upon his ...  
 of his very house from ...  
 descended. With that ...  
 which ... wounds, ...  
 have ... he ...  
 a sufficient precaution to ...  
 put the dangerous spot ...  
 this was prevented by the ...  
 that Bothwell had ...  
 deliberate aim.

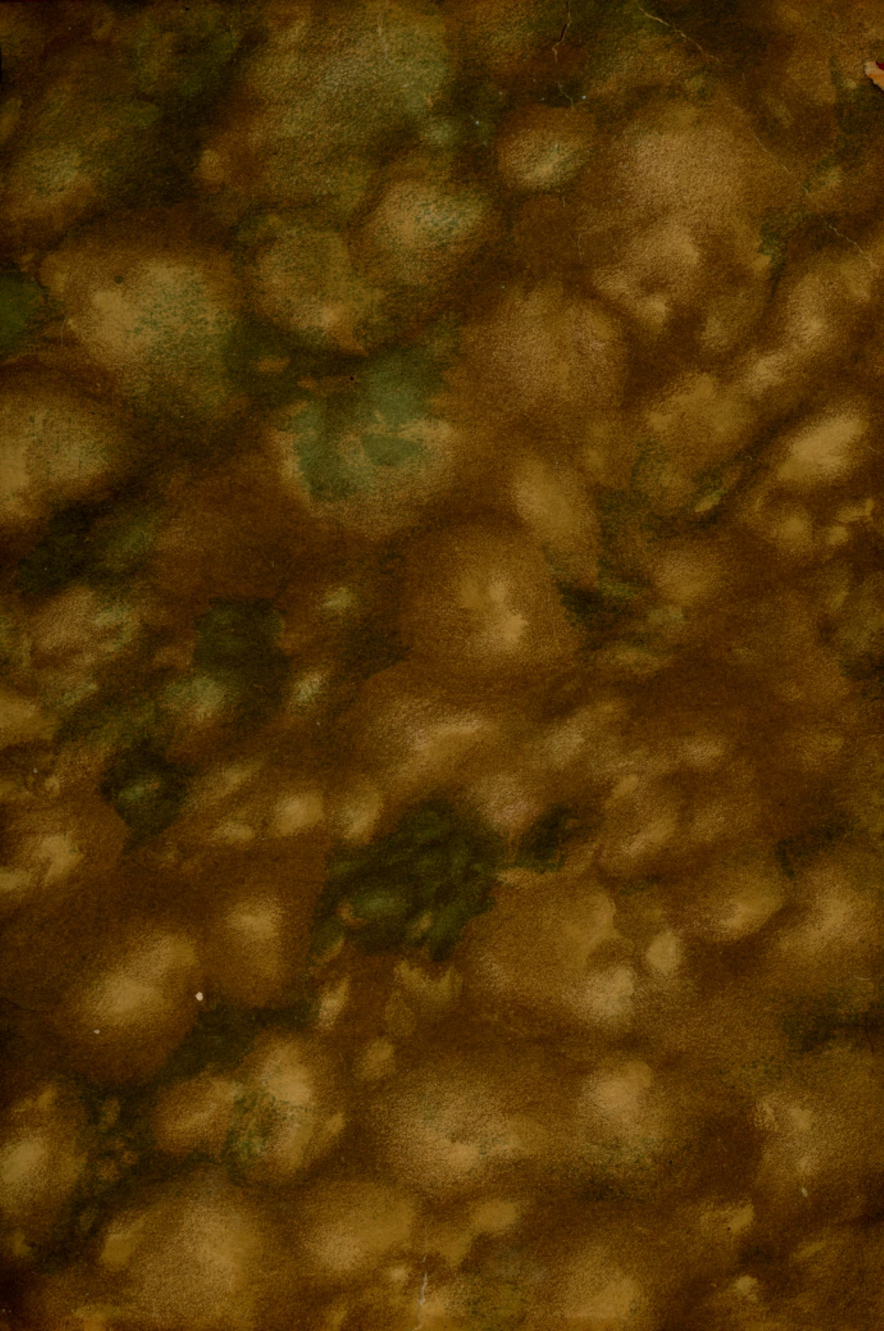
post, Edinburgh. A ...  
 modern date is ...  
 the ruins of the ...  
 overhangs tremendous ...  
 the banks of the ...  
 winding ... which ...  
 were a refuge to the ...  
 of Scotland. Here ...  
 Ben ... who ...  
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