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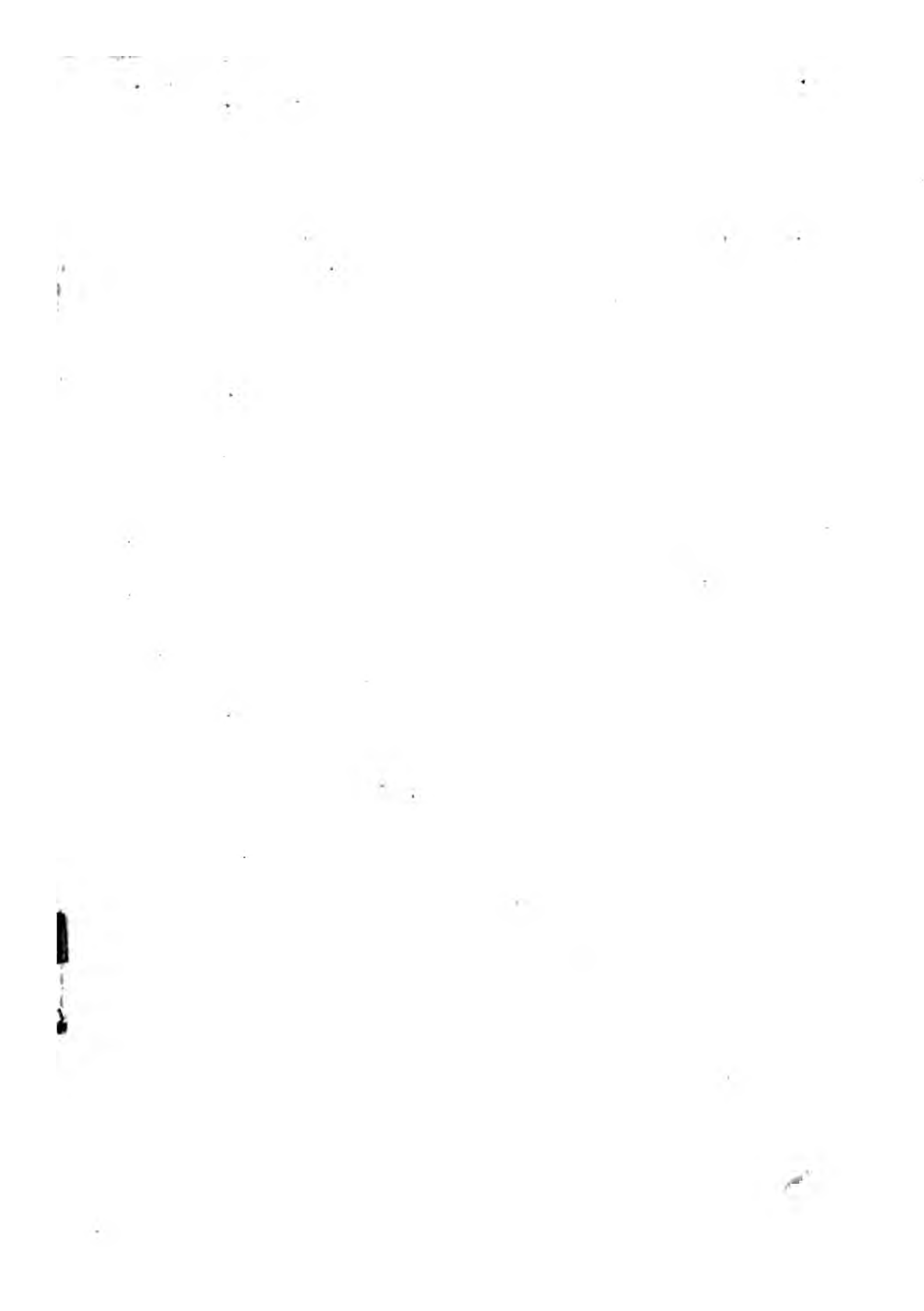
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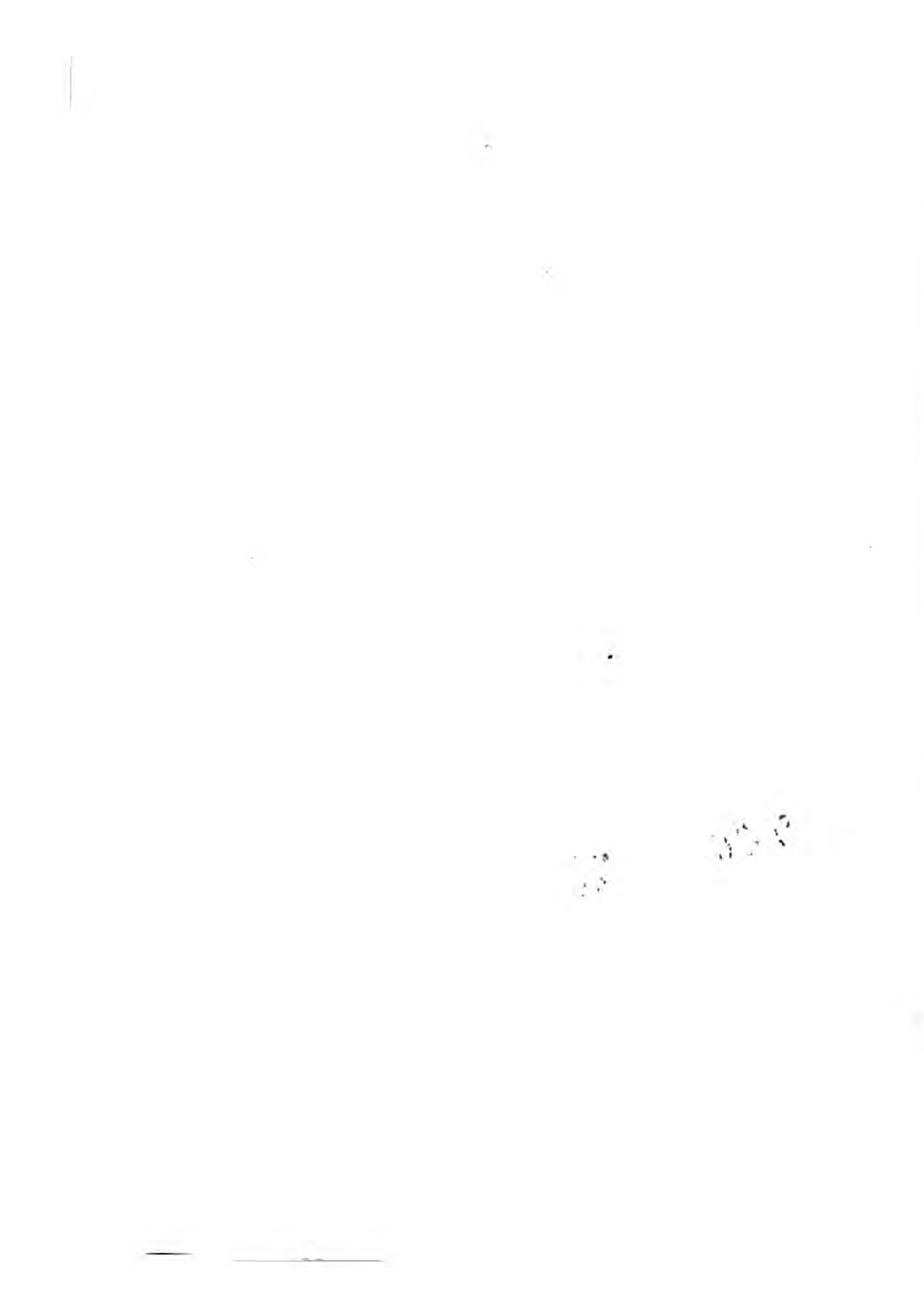
SCOTT

MOXON'S MINATURE POETS





POEMS.



MOXON'S MINIATURE POETS.

A
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THE **W** ORKS
OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

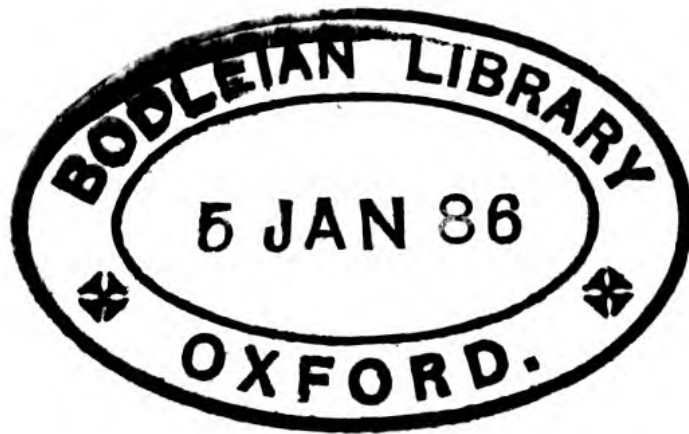
EDITED BY MORTIMER COLLINS.



WARD, LOCK, AND Co.

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PREFACE.

SURPASSING excellence in any one pursuit is not easily forgiven by those who cannot excel: wherefore Sir Walter Scott, who has been without challenge crowned king of prose romance, has suffered detraction as a poet. Not perchance among his countrymen, who have a commendable belief in their own great men, at any rate after death; but by the majority of English readers of this generation, too young to remember when quarto poetry sold in editions of thousands, and when the stirring stories of the romantic North were succeeded by narratives full of a wilder fire from the mysterious East. But the poetry of Scott, which was the vivid voice of that mountainous North, is destined to hold its own through whatsoever changes English taste may undergo. Its thorough truth, its clear unaffected flow, its embodiment of all that is noblest in the

romantic and chivalrous spirit of Scotland, will ensure its immortality. Scott was the Homer of his people.

That he was less than Homer was rather the fault of time, and race, and language, than of the man. The Greek, a star of the dawn, burns calmly above Olympus. He was the creator of deities. He gave nations their ancestry. He used a verse whose music was like the innumerable laughter of the sea—a verse which remains unrivalled for sonorous strength and divine variety, after the lapse of all the ages, and the labour of all the languages of men. To the modern critic Homer is a myth; a collector of ballads and weaver of *purpurei panni*; no one man, indeed, but rather a guild of minstrels, whose ballads became an epic by “fortuitous concurrence of atoms.” Walter Scott held this critical hypothesis not incredible only, but *irreligious*. Whether man, or myth, or multitude, Homer is to the world an idea, simple and single; shining ever clearer as laborious study brings men better to understand his age, his people, his religion.

The world can scarce again have work for a Homer, unless, indeed, there comes the ecdysis which certain philosophers predict, and fresh tribes of mightier mould sweep from its surface mankind and all which men have wrought. Scott had a lower

destiny, yet his, also, was unique. He had to embody and express that inimitable spirit which dwells in the ballads and legends of his race. Ethnic students may inquire from what far fountain sprang the strange, subtle, imperishable beauty of Scottish minstrelsy. Lovers of poetry enjoy without such investigation. Some, at least, of the minstrels are known to them. The royal Stuart who, four centuries ago, looked down upon his lady-love as she loitered in the "little garden" at Windsor, caught no faint echoes of Chaucer's clear and manly voice. His songs are lost: doubtless their melody was sad enough, as he pined for freedom, and for the land of his birth. Another King James, the gayest and least unfortunate of his doomed race, was also among the minstrels: we see him, disguised as a beggar, wooing barefooted lasses in their silken snoods, and fighting his way gallantly through the angry louts who try to punish his amorous daring. His own words have lived upon the lips of the people: and still may be heard the half-gay, half-melancholy burden of his choicest song:—

And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
A roving in the nicht;
We'll gang nae mair a roving,
Let the moon shine e'er so bricht.

That dauntless cavalier, in whom De Retz beheld an antique hero, the Marquis of Montrose, tells in one stanza of his song the secret of his life :—

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

Besides the gay adventure and lofty love of troubadours like these, there is in Scottish ballad a wealth of almost heart-breaking pathos, springing from the depths of woman's nature.

Werena my heart licht I wad dee !

exclaims Lady Grissell Baillie.

The flowers of the forest
Are a' wede awae,

sings Jane Elliot, of Minto. Simple strains, but rising fresh from the divine depths of sorrow. Comparatively modern days have produced some of the most delightful of these songs, yet they breathe the very spirit of the olden time. Even in this æra of science and of prose, the magic of their music is not lost utterly : and if Scott had lived to hear the last sweet song from the lonely banks of Quair Water, he

might well believe that it was the voice of a rare old minstrel, not of a learned professor.

And what saw ye there at the bush aboon Traquair?
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?
I heard the cushies croon through the gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing down to the vale o' Tweed.

And birks saw I three or four, wi' grey moss bearded owre,
The last that are left o' the birken shaw,
Whar mony a simmer e'en fond lovers did convene
Thae bonny bonny gloamins that are lang awa'.

By reason of their wanderings from land to land, the song of the Scots is full of tender reference to their "ain countree:" their literature gives greater individuality to city and river, village and burn, than any other, except the Greek, which also belonged to a restless race. As his island-realm of Ithaca haunted Odysseus throughout all his wanderings, so the Scot looks wistfully, even across a thousand leagues of foam, to the burn in which he paddled barefoot, and the shieling where dwelt the lassie who was his first love. Love of home dwells doubtless in the hearts of Englishmen, and we know what effect it had on the Daylesford charity-boy who rose to govern the Empire of the East: but the local feeling enters into Scottish poetry as it never enters into that of

England. We English are too cosmopolitan to understand this. We are a world-ruling race, and our island is the foundress of empires and republics.

Ubicunque pontus est ibi Britannia est.

Dwellers across the waters of Atlas, or those who listen to "the long wash of Australasian seas," may, perchance, have poetic ideas of Cheapside and Piccadilly; but they have never yet crystallized into poetry, though the Old Town of Edinburgh—ay, even "St. Rollox' stalk" at Glasgow—has found a sacred bard.

Sir Walter Scott embodies this poetry of place, in common with all other poetic tendencies of his nation. He catches the wild voices of Scotland's hills and streams. His verse is cheery and strong, like the hunter's horn upon the mountain-side. He has no false statement, no discontent with things as they are, no pitiful quarrel with Omnipotence, no desire to "shatter himself against the huge, black, cloud-topped, interminable precipice of British Philistinism." Possibly Mr. Matthew Arnold would class him even among Philistines. For he was not ill-pleased to become a country gentleman and a baronet, and did not perceive that the war of liberation of humanity required such hard fighting. And the healthier and

manlier spirits will be found commonly on Sir Walter's side. Those who deem the macrocosm all wrong are generally tormented with microcosmic disease. "All the hourly varied anodynes" of the modern poet would have aroused the wonder of Sir Walter Scott. He needed them no more than did Homer and Chaucer—healthy men, who were poets because they enjoyed life, not because it perplexed and wearied them. Poetry such as theirs will assuredly live longest, for it is founded on the health which is common to all generations of men. Odysseus, sitting in the hospitable halls of King Alcinous, would have enjoyed the story of the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu, if some minstrel could have rehearsed it. But, while health, whether of mind or body, is a state common to all mankind, the types of disease vary with race and climate, and comparative civilisation and religion: and with those types of disease will also vary subjective poetry, if in any degree morbid: and Odysseus could no more have understood Heinrich Heine (to name no living writer) than he could have experienced those nerve-tremors which vibrate through the dwellers in English cities, the travellers on English railways.

It is well, at a period like the present, to recall the manlier literature of the past. There are among us

great writers, whom I do not venture to criticise : but there is also a very copious and voluble literature, whose foundations are false and unnatural, whose phenomena are unhealthy and vile. It is a time of multitudinous books, and of very tolerant criticism. Read, who will, the latest and most popular romance—and then turn to “The Lay of the Last Minstrel.” It is like passing from the poisonous air of some crowded theatre or music-hall to the pure clear ether of Benledi’s ridge. This is not the place in which to compare the Waverley Novels with their successors of the present day : but we may not forget that the great poet was also the unrivalled master of prose romance ; and that, whether he wrote prose or verse, he was always healthy and natural, always loved purity and truth.

The last verses which Sir Walter Scott wrote were written in the album of Wordsworth’s daughter in 1831. He was about to start for Naples in vain search of health, and Wordsworth visited him at Abbotsford. The visit is marked by Wordsworth’s noble sonnet—

A trouble, not of clouds or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun’s pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o’er Eildon’s triple height.

The poem has recently been mentioned by Bishop Wordsworth, of St. Andrew's, as proving that "the MSS. of Scott's earliest poetry were submitted to Wordsworth's criticism." The influence of Wordsworth—and of Coleridge through Wordsworth—on all English poetry of the century is entirely incalculable. We are apt to under-estimate the influence which Coleridge had over Wordsworth himself. It is easy to perceive the difference in Wordsworth's poetry when he and Coleridge began to dwell apart. Coleridge possessed the rare power of inspiring other men. There are innumerable passages of Wordsworth's noblest poetry which it is impossible to read without thinking of

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature.

It has been well said that "we spend ourselves on what we *do*: God, if any word of his issues from us at all, speaks through what we *are*." In poetry Coleridge did little, but what he did was most exquisite: and in poetry, as also in philosophy and theology, he was emphatically the *stimulus* of the age. He spoke through Wordsworth, Scott, Byron—through Hazlitt, Irving, even the recalcitrant, rebellious Carlyle. Coleridge was greater than his work: others have

been his interpreters. His influence is untraceable in its ultimate ramifications. But in Scott it is distinctly traceable, and Sir Walter himself frankly acknowledged it. He tells us that Mr. Stoddart repeated to him many long pieces of unpublished poetry, among which was "Christabel." The metre of that marvellous poem appeared to him well fitted for the legend of Gilpin Horner, which the young Countess of Dalkeith had desired him to versify. Hence arose "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was the first, and in some respects the best, of the long series of narrative poems produced by Scott, Byron, and others of less note. "It is to Mr. Coleridge," says Scott, "that I am bound to make the acknowledgment due from the pupil to his master." Still, Scott never caught, even in "The Bridal of Triermain," the delicate rhythm of "Christabel." He and Byron had excellent reason to mourn that fatal facility of the octosyllabic metre: it was well for the one when he took to prose, for the other when he learnt the rhythm of Pulci and Frere. But the metre of "Christabel" has no fatal facility. It is not merely octosyllabic. It is a tetrameter. And though, as Milton longed

To call up him who left half-told
The story of Cambuscan old,

we also may long for the unuttered ending of Coleridge's marvellous tale; yet will that fragment remain without parallel for its mystic beauty amid the literature of the world.

But Sir Walter Scott, bidden to minstrelsy by a beautiful young countess, the wife of his chieftain, and borrowing as much as he could borrow of Coleridge's magic music, found for himself a free and buoyant form of song. Scotland's wild wars and wilder legends were his delight. His bugle-call rang cheerily through the free forest. In his three great poems, whatever may be the amount of contemporary influence, his own independent and original vein is dominant. At a later date he attempted closer imitation of Coleridge, in "The Bridal of Triermain," which was anonymously issued: and an acute critic in "Blackwood" remarked that this poem, though "not exactly Coleridge, was precisely such an imitation of Coleridge as, we conceive, another poet of our acquaintance would write." Such passages as—

And light they fell, as when earth receives
In morn of frost the withered leaves
That drop when no winds blow—

justify the critic's subtle distinction. But in definite contrast herewith, "The Bridal of Triermain" con-

tains numerous outbursts characteristic of the northern minstrel, and entirely beyond the region which Coleridge occupied. When he exclaims—

And Liddesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Tarras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland—

we recognise Sir Walter's natural note, the music of the Border. It may be recollected that Byron, in a letter to Murray in 1816, accused himself of unintentional coincidence with Scott. The passages of resemblance are the descriptions of Constance before her judges in "Marmion," and of Parisina when denounced by Azo. The similarity is not sufficient to be remarked by any but those who would "charitably derive every rill they behold flowing from a perforation made in some other man's tank:" and it is noticeable that there are phrases and cadences in both descriptions which remind the reader of "Christabel," the first and most original of the modern ballad-poems.

It was Sir Walter's delight to come into the literary tournament a nameless knight, like Sir Launcelot of the Lake, or the Black Knight in "Ivanhoe." The author of "Waverley" was once as mysterious as

Junius: but it soon became obvious that there was but one man living who combined a wide knowledge and enthusiastic love of the past, with such various humour and keen insight into character. When he dined at Galashiels, a song was sung which parodied his own ballad of Donald Caird: and the Sheriff of Selkirkshire and “author-suspect” of “Rob Roy” laughed to hear its chorus—

Think ye, does the Shirra ken
Rob M'Gregor's come again?

He was not more successful with his poetic attempts in the same direction. He tried to make the public believe that William Erskine was the author both of “The Bridal of Triermain,” and of “Harold the Dauntless:” thus, the third canto of the latter opens with an invocation to the grey towers of Durham,—

Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot,—

and an intimation that the poet once dreamt of filling a prebendary's stall in the cathedral there—a notion which Sir Walter himself could at no time have entertained, as he was peculiarly unclerical in his character. Hogg, at about the same time, published an imitation of Scott in a volume of such proflusions, called the “Poetic Mirror,” and people were a good

deal puzzled by the coincidence. These later productions of Sir Walter's, partly by reason of his attempts to disguise his style, have not the fine freedom and sonorous strength of their predecessors: but the intermediate Spenserian stanzas of "Harold the Dauntless" deserve notice as being pregnant with a pleasant humour, which would have been out of place in the wilder and simpler legends. If one could wish any alteration in Scott's literary career, it would be that he had pursued this vein farther, and left unwritten a few of the later and weaker novels. No poet can do himself justice who uses the octosyllabic metre only.

Among the most characteristic of Sir Walter's poems are those six epistles to friends, which, originally intended for publication alone, found a place between the cantos of "Marmion." Poets seldom understand friendship; they are too fond of isolation; the current of their own individuality runs too strong. The ministrations of fair spirits are often more to their taste than communion with men, their equals. But Scott was as good a friend even as Montaigne. In those six epistles he has, to quote Lockhart, painted his friends almost as fully as himself: and his portraiture of himself is a delightful revelation of "genius exulting in its own energies." The perfect

health, which is Scott's special characteristic, is visible in every line of them. The first is addressed to William Stewart Rose, at whose residence, Gundimore, near Christchurch, in Hampshire, a considerable portion of "Marmion" appears to have been written. Rose refers to the visit in his poem of "Gundimore":—

Here Walter Scott has woo'd the northern Muse ;
 Here he with me has joyed to walk or cruise ;
 And hence has pricked through Stene's holt, where we
 Have called to mind how, under greenwood tree,
 Pierced by the partner of his woodland craft,
 King Rufus fell by Tyrell's random shaft.
 Hence have we ranged by Celtic camps and barrows,
 Or climbed the expectant bark, to thread the Narrows
 Of Hurst, bound westward to the gloomy bower
 Where Charles was prisoned in yon island tower.

The lines might be better: but they conjure up a delightful vision of the mighty minstrel wandering through the New Forest in search of rare scenes and rarer legends, and treading the courts of the island-castle, which the imprisonment of the Royal Martyr had to him made sacred. At Sunninghill, near Windsor, where dwelt George Ellis, to whom was addressed another of these charming epistles, a part also of "Marmion" was written: and under the great

trees of Windsor Forest Scott recited the sonorous stanzas to his friend—

Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain,
With wonder heard the northern strain.

Ellis lived in a classic vicinage : Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Burke, each planted a tree in the vicarage-garden at Sunninghill.

Questionless, the purest poetry is lyrical : and the "lyric cry" is the truest utterance of the poet's heart. Sir Walter Scott's lyrical poetry is energetic and various. A subtle critic has noted his success in "the Homeric manner" in Madge Wildfire's song of "Proud Maisie;" observing that this beautiful lyric "unites simplicity and dramatic power to a wildwood music of the rarest quality." It would be easy to enumerate other songs of equal beauty ; and we should not lose sight of the dramatic faculty which gives appropriate verse to Madge Wildfire, to Davie Gellatly, to Meg Merrilies, and Dirk Hatteraick, and Wamba the Jester. And how the lyrics light up the legends ! What gay daring in the raid of young Lochinvar ! What a wild wail of sorrow in the coronach that but for a moment delays the fleet passage of the Fiery Cross ! What a burst of rough melody as Roderick Dhu's barge steers proudly up the lengthened lake ! What plaintive

prophetic sadness in the songs Fitz-Eustace sings as Lord Marmion and the mysterious Palmer sit by the hostel fire! Such dramatic variety of lyrical utterance has been seen in no poetry since Shakespeare's.

The songs which are found elsewhere have equal variety. The wild, fierce "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu" is in strong contrast with the melancholy music of the "Maid of Neidpath." In one mood Sir Walter gives us that divine song—

The sun upon the Weirllaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet ;
The westland wind is hushed and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet :

in another he gaily chaffs the claret-loving bibliomaniacs of the Bannatyne Club with pleasant after-dinner personalities—

As bitter as gall, and as sharp as a razor,
And feeding on herbs like a Nebuchadnezzar,
His diet too acid, his temper too sour,
Little Ritson came out with his two volumes more.
But one volume more, my friends, one volume more ;
We'll dine on roast beef and print one volume more :

while in a third he catches "the wild war-notes of bonny Dundee," and, as that fierce cavalier and his followers hurry through Edinburgh streets, gives to

the stirring picture a vague and visionary background in the marvellous line—

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth.

Scarcely less remarkable than Scott's lyrics are the mottoes which he prefixed to the chapters of his novels. Lockhart tells us that he first fabricated mottoes when reading the proofs of "The Antiquary." He had asked John Ballantyne to find him a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. The lines were not discoverable. "Hang it, Johnnie," said Scott, "I believe I can make a motto sooner than you can find one." So he made a motto: and from that time, whenever he did not think of an appropriate quotation, some imaginary "old play" or "old ballad" afforded the requisite rhyme. Many of these impromptu scraps are racy of the rich poetic soil whence they sprang. The free and manly spirit of Sir Walter breathes through such an "anonymous" quatrain as this:—

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.

There is no possibility, in making a selection from the works of any poet, of satisfying either selector or

reader. The difficulty increases when it becomes necessary to extract passages from a narrative work whose architectonice is of the highest order. The constructive power of Sir Walter Scott is no ordinary faculty: and it is with real regret that I sever from his poems the episodes and lyrics which are as deftly fitted to their place as the symmetric columns and divine statues of some temple that overhung the fair-flowing river by which Helen dwelt before there was war in Troy. But the function of a selection is to guide those who read it to the complete works of the poet; to quicken a desire to enter the temple whose statues have the true Olympian air, whose capitals mock the acanthus with their marble wreathing. And Sir Walter Scott's poetry contains elements very needful to this generation. He is manly, healthy, courageous, loyal, pure. The chief poet of Scotland—the most passionate lover of her old romantic legends—he is yet a thorough Englishman, in the widest sense of the word. Even so, though perchance the Ionian maidens sang truly of Homer—

*Τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ, οἰκεῖ δὲ Χίῳ ἔνι παιπαλοέσση·
Τοῦ πᾶσαι μετόπισθεν ἀριστεύουσιν αἰοδαί—*

he must always be to us the representative of all Greece in the age of heroes.

It only remains for me to acknowledge the courteous permission of Mr. James Hope Scott, of Abbotsford, to publish the last verses which Sir Walter wrote, and the kindness of Miss Priscilla Wordsworth in furnishing a copy of them. They are extremely interesting to all who delight in the poetry of Scott and of Wordsworth, although they scarcely prove the statement of the Bishop of St. Andrew's, that Scott received from Wordsworth "warm encouragement." Wordsworth wrote thus to the author of "Marmion:" "I think your end has been attained. That it is not the end which I should wish you to propose to yourself, you will be well aware from what you know of my notions of composition, both as to matter and manner." How could the great meditative philosophic poet sympathise with the master of old romance? Did Hesiod admire the "Iliad"?

MORTIMER COLLINS.

KNOWL HILL, BERKS,
April, 1866.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
THE VIOLET	1
HELLVELLYN	2
THE MAID OF NEIDPATII	5
WANDERING WILLIE	7
HUNTING SONG	10
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL :—	
THE LAST MINSTREL	12
THE KNIGHTS OF BRANKSOME	16
WILLIAM OF DELORAINE	17
MELROSE ABBEY	19
MICHAEL SCOTT	20
LOVE	23
THE GOBLIN PAGE	24
THE HEIR OF BUCCLEUCH	26

	PAGE
WATT TINLINN	27
HOW THE SCOTTS WON ESKDALE	29
THE POET'S DEATH	33
DELORAINE'S LAMENT	34
SCOTLAND	35
ALBERT GRÆME'S SONG	37
"FOUND!"	38
"DIES IRÆ"	41
MARMION :—	
NOVEMBER	42
NELSON, PITT, AND FOX	43
LORD MARMION	49
THE PALMER	51
SAINT HILDA AND SAINT CUTHBERT	53
THE LAST SCENE	56
"NEVER, O NEVER!"	58
THE HOST'S TALE	60
SIR DAVID LINDESAY	67
SIR DAVID'S TALE	69
MARMION'S TALE	73
THE ARMY OF SCOTLAND	75
KING JAMES IV.	80
LADY HERON'S SONG	83

CONTENTS.

xxvii

	PAGE
DOUGLAS	85
THE SUMMONS TO FLODDEN	90
CHRISTMAS	93
MARMION AND DOUGLAS	97
BEFORE FLODDEN	100
THE BATTLE	103
THE DEATH OF MARMION	109
THE DEATH OF KING JAMES	110
THE LADY OF THE LAKE :—	
PROLOGUE	113
ELLEN	114
ELLEN'S SONG	117
THE SONG OF RODERICK DHU	119
THE FIERY CROSS	121
BLANCHE'S SONG	130
THE BIVOUCAC	131
THE COMBAT	136
THE DEEDS OF THE DOUGLAS	152
LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN	159
THE KNIGHT OF SNOWDOUN	160
EPILOGUE	162
THE VISION OF DON RODERICK :—	
THE BRITISH ARMY AT WATERLOO	164

	PAGE
ROKEBY :—	
BRIGNALL BANKS	166
“ADIEU FOR EVERMORE”	169
HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS :—	
ENNUI	171
WAVERLEY :—	
“THE KNIGHT’S TO THE MOUNTAIN”	173
DAVIE GELLATLEY’S SONG	173
“YOUNG MEN WILL LOVE THEE,” ETC.	174
PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU	175
THE ANTIQUARY :—	
TIME	177
EPITAPH ON JON O’ YE GIRNELL	178
MOTTOES	178
THE BLACK DWARF :—	
MOTTO	182
OLD MORTALITY :—	
MAJOR BELLENDEN’S SONG	183
EPITAPH ON BALFOUR OF BURLEY	183
MOTTOES	184
THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL	185
ROB ROY :—	
EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE	187

	PAGE
THE HEART OF MID LOTHIAN :—	
MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONGS	189
MOTTOES	194
IVANHOE :—	
REBECCA'S HYMN	196
MOTTOES	198
THE MONASTERY :—	
SONGS OF THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL	202
BORDER BALLAD	207
MOTTOES	208
THE ABBOT :—	
THE PARDONER'S ADVERTISEMENT	216
MOTTOES	217
KENILWORTH :—	
GOLDTHRED'S SONG	220
MOTTOES	221
THE PIRATE :—	
CLAUD HALCRO'S SONG	223
HAROLD HARFAGER'S SONG	224
CLEVELAND'S SONGS	226
CLAUD HALCRO'S RHYMES	228
MOTTOES	230
ETTRICK FOREST	233

	PAGE
FAREWELL TO THE MUSE	235
THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL :—	
MOTTOES	237
PEVERIL OF THE PEAK :—	
MOTTOES	245
QUENTIN DURWARD :—	
COUNTY GUY	249
MOTTOES	250
ST. RONAN'S WELL :—	
MOTTOES	253
LINES WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT IN MISS WORDS- WORTH'S ALBUM	255





THE VIOLET.

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 longer in my false love's eye
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.



HELLVELLYN.

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 requiem 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?

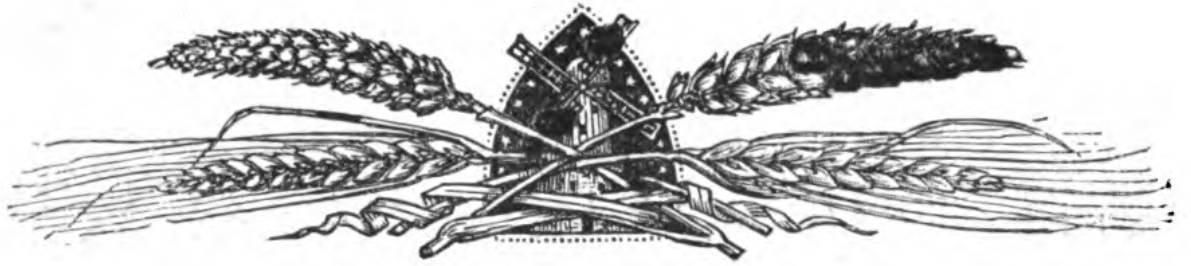
When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,

And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, 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 grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam





THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

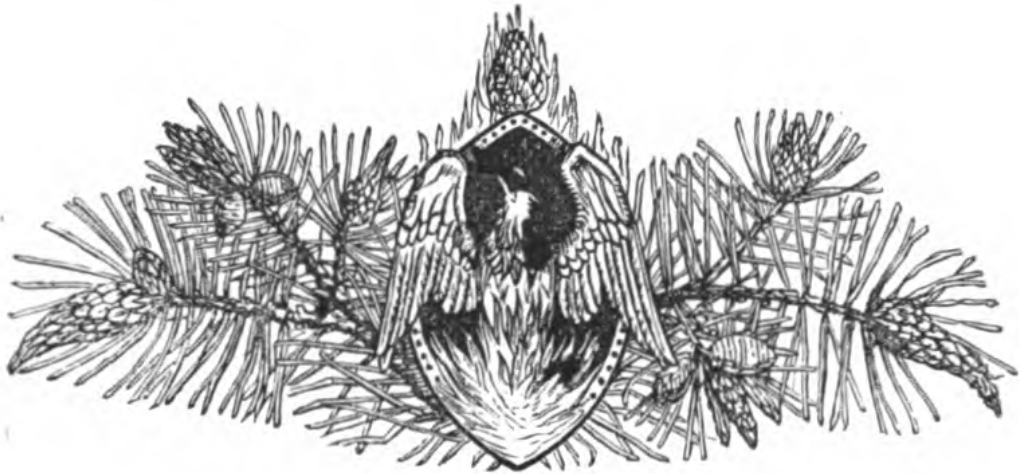
O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing ;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

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 were 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 waved 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.

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.





HUNTING SONG.

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 grey,
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.





FROM

“THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.”

THE LAST MINSTREL.

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 gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners 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,

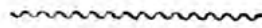
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

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 supplied ;
 And, while his harp responsive rung,
 'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.



THE KNIGHTS OF BRANKSOME.

NINE-AND-TWENTY knights of fame
 Hung their shields in Branksome-Hall ;
 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 Buccleuch.

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.



WILLIAM OF DELORAINE.

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.

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 ;
In Eske or Liddell, fords were none,
But he would ride them, one by one ;

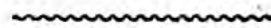
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride ;
Alike to him was tide or time,
Moonless midnight, or matin prime :
Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
As ever drove prey from Cumberland ;
Five times outlawed had he been,
By England's King, and Scotland's Queen.

“ 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 Tweedside ;
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.

“ 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."—

“ 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 Hairibee.”



MELROSE ABBEY.

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 ;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair !

MICHAEL SCOTT.

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.

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.

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
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.

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.

“ 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.



LOVE.

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 !

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.

THE GOBLIN PAGE.

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 :
He thought not to search or stanch the wound,
Until the secret he had found.

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.

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 dismay'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.

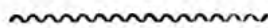
THE HEIR OF BUCCLEUCH.

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 degree.”—

“ 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 !”—

“ 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."



WATT TINLINN.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
“ Prepare ye all for blows and blood !
Watt Tinlinn, 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."

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.
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 ellis in length,
Seem'd newly dyed with gore ;
His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
His hardy partner bore.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
The tidings of the English foe :—

“Belted Will Howard is marching here,
And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,
And all the German hackbut-men,
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 of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme,
Fast upon my traces came,
Until I turn’d at Priesthaugh 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.”



HOW THE SCOTTS WON ESKDALE.

SCOTTS of Eskdale, a stalwart band,
Came trooping down the Todshawhill ;
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 Branksome gate.

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 Beattisons' 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 spurr'd 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."—

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.

THE POET'S DEATH.

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.

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.



DELORAINÉ'S LAMENT.

“ 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 !
 I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
 Dark Musgrave were alive again."



SCOTLAND.

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 unsung.

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.



ALBERT GRÆME'S SONG.

It was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
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 !

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 !



“ FOUND ! ”

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 neighbour'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 ! ”

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 !

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.

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 baldrick bound,
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea ;
 And knew—but how it matter'd not—
 It was the wizard, Michael Scott.



“DIES IRÆ.”

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 !



FROM "MARMION."

NOVEMBER.

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.

NELSON, PITT, AND FOX.

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!

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 emprise,
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 suppress'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 ?”



LORD MARMION.

“ 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.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,
His helm hung at the saddlebow ;
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.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
 In mail and plate of Milan steel ;
 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 forward 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.
 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.



THE PALMER.

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.

SAINT HILDA AND SAINT CUTHBERT.

THEN Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How to their House three Barons bold
Must menial service do ;
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 ;
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,
And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint.

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 ;
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.

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.

'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
And turn'd the Conqueror back again,
When, with his Norman bowyer band,
He came to waste Northumberland.

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 :
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 gathering storm
 And night were closing round.
 But this, as tale of idle fame,
 The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

THE LAST SCENE.

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 cell
Of sin and misery.

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 ;
 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.



“NEVER, O NEVER !”

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 !

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 !



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.
 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.

“ 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,
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,
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 ;
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.

“ 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.

““ 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
When yawning graves, and dying groan,
Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrown,—
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.'

“ 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.

“ 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.

“ 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 Dunfermline'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 ;
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.”



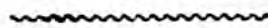
SIR DAVID LINDESAY.

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, Rothsay, came,
In painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,
 Attendant on a King-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held
That feudal strife had often quell'd,
 When wildest its alarms.

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.
So bright 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!



SIR DAVID'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 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.
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.

“ When last this ruthful month was come,
And in Linlithgow's holy dome
 The King, as wont, was praying ;
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 streaming ;
Around him in their stalls of state,
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
 Their banners o'er them beaming.
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
Bedeafen'd with the jangling knell,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
 Through the stain'd casement gleaming ;
But, while I mark'd 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 lov'd Apostle John!

“ 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, beware :
 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.”

MARMION'S TALE.

“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.

“ 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.

“ 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 threatening 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."



THE ARMY OF SCOTLAND.

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,
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.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire 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 advance,
While frequent flash'd, from shield and lance,
The sun's reflected ray.

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

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.

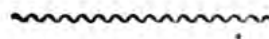
Highest and midmost, was descried
 The royal banner floating wide ;
 The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,
 Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
 Which still in memory is shown,
 Yet bent beneath the standard's weight
 Whene'er the western wind unroll'd,
 With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,
 And gave to view the dazzling field,
 Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
 The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,—
 He view'd it with a chief's delight,—
 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 dissuade
 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.”

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,
 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.



KING JAMES IV.

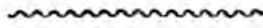
THROUGH this mix'd crowd of glee and game,
 The King to greet Lord Marmion came
 While, reverent, all made room.

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 Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown :
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldric 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.

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.
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
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.



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 dauntless 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, [all :
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
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?"—

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
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
 clan ;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, 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 dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?



DOUGLAS.

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 ;
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.

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 ;
Your host shall be the Douglas bold,—
A chief unlike his sires of old.
He wears their motto on his blade,
Their blazon o’er his towers display’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.

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.

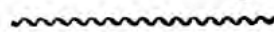
To seize the moment Marmion tried,
And whisper'd to the King aside :

“ 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 !”

Displeased 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."



THE SUMMONS TO FLODDEN.

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 !"—

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
 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 :—

“ 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 Scriverbaye ;
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.



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 ;
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.
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 misletoe.
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 Christmas 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 ;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
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.

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

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.”—

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.”—

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.

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,

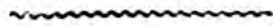
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,

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 clerkly 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.



BEFORE FLODDEN.

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.

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.
 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 disappearing ;
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.

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 Bannockbourne!—
 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.

 THE BATTLE.

FAR on the left, unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
 Though there the western mountaineer
 Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the feeble targe aside,
 And with both hands the broadsword plied.

'Twas vain :—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland'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.

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 Marmion ! . . .
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 !"

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 spotless 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 ! ”

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.

THE DEATH OF MARMION.

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.



THE DEATH OF KING JAMES.

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 squadrons 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 serried 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 commands
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 ceaseless 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 prolong :
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 !

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 mistrustfully,
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.



FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

PROLOGUE.

HARP of the North ! that mouldering 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
matchless eye.

O wake once more ! how rude so'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 ! Enchantress, wake again !

~~~~~  
ELLEN.

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-twig 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.

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 !

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 combined  
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 confess'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 !

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ELLEN'S 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 fife 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-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.”

“ 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.

Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,  
Think not of the rising sun,  
For at dawning to assail ye,  
Here no bugles sound reveillé."



## THE SONG OF RODERICK DHU.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances !  
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green 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 !"

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 ! ”

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.  
 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 ever-green 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 ! ”

## THE FIERY CROSS

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.

Speed, Malise, speed ! the dun deer's hide  
On fleeter foot was never tied.  
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 footstep pass  
The trembling bog and false morass ;  
Across the brook like roebuck bound,  
And thread the brake like questing 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 greenwood 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 !

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.

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 mournful by,  
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;  
The village maids and matrons round  
The dismal coronach resound.

## 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 !

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 ! clansmen, speed ! ”

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 gathering 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.



Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,  
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.  
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.



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 rude, but glad procession, came  
Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame ;  
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,  
Which snoo'd 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.

Who meets them at the churchyard 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 Chieftain's trust,  
 Her summons dread, brook no delay ;  
 Stretch to the race—away ! away !



#### BLANCHE'S SONG.

" FOR O my sweet William was forester true,  
 He stole poor Blanche's heart away !  
 His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,  
 And so blithely he trill'd the Lowland lay !

“ 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.”



## THE BIVOUAC.

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 couch me here till evening grey,  
Then darkling try my dangerous way.”

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.

Beside its embers red and clear,  
Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer ;  
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 darest 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 ?  
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."

He gave him of his Highland cheer,  
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer;  
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 overborne;  
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.



#### THE COMBAT.

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 threatening 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 heather 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.

“ 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 yon 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.”—

“ Thy secret keep, I urge thee not ;—  
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,  
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland 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.”

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,  
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.”

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.

Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold  
That plundering Lowland field and fold  
Is aught but retribution true?  
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."—

Answer'd Fitz-James,—“ And, if I sought,  
Think'st thou no other could be brought?  
What deem ye of my path waylaid?  
My life given o'er to ambuscade?”—  
“ 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!"—

"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—"How say'st thou now?  
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;  
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart  
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,  
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,  
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,  
His back against a rock he bore,  
And firmly placed his foot before:—  
"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 surprise,  
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.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believe !  
The witness that his sight received ;  
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.”  
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 behind  
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.

The Chief in silence strode before,  
And reach'd that torrent's sounding 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 unfurl'd.  
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 ruthless 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 :

For this is Coilantogle ford,  
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused :—" 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 preserved,  
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 foeman'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."

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.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
That on the field his targe he threw,  
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.

“ 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.”  
—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.



#### THE DEEDS OF THE DOUGLAS.

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.

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 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 wight,  
The monarch gave the arrow bright.

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,  
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 moralize on the decay  
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

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 !

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 bark 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.



## 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 bloodhound 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 !”

## THE KNIGHT OF SNOWDOUN.

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 Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King !  
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 suppliant 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 dismiss'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 slanderous 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."



#### EPILOGUE.

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,  
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;  
 In twilight copse 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 wearier day,  
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.  
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress ! 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 !—Enchantress, fare thee well !







*FROM*

*“THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.”*

THE BRITISH ARMY AT WATERLOO.

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 port, 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.

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 !

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 ! tameless, 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





*FROM "ROKEBY."*

BRIGNALL BANKS.

O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there,  
Would grace a summer 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.

“I read you, by your bugle-horn,  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a ranger sworn,  
To keep the king's greenwood.”—

“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!

“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.”



“ADIEU FOR EVERMORE.”

“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."





*FROM "HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS."*

ENNUI.

ENNUI!—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 rattling 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 Edgeworth wrote,  
That bears thy name, and is thine antidote;

And not of such the strain my Thomson sung,  
Delicious dreams inspiring by his note,  
What time to Indolence his harp he strung ;—  
Oh ! might my lay be rank'd that happier list among !





*FROM "WAVERLEY."*

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.



DAVIE GELLATLEY'S SONG.

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.



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.*

## PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

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 uninterr'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 !



*FROM "THE ANTIQUARY."*

TIME.

"WHY sitt'st thou by that ruin'd hall,  
Thou aged carle so stern and grey?  
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!"

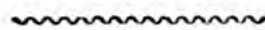
"Before my breath, like blazing flax,  
Man and his marvels pass away!  
And changing empires wane and wax,  
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

“ 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 shalt part for ever !”



EPITAPH ON JŌN O' YE GIRNELL.

HEIR lyeth Jōn o' ye Girnell.  
 Erth has ye nit and heuen ye kirnell.  
 In hys tyme ilk wyfe's hennis clokit,  
 Ilka 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.



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.

## CHAPTER IX.

“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.”



## CHAPTER XI.

SOMETIMES he thinks that heaven this vision sent,  
 And order’d all the pageants as they went ;  
 Sometimes that only ’twas wild Fancy’s play,  
 The loose and scatter’d relics of the day.



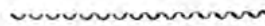
## CHAPTER XXI.

—— 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——



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

REMORSE—she ne'er forsakes us!—  
 A bloodhound stanch—she tracks our rapid step  
 Through the wild labyrinth of youthful 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.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

——— 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.



## CHAPTER XLIII.

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.—



## CHAPTER XLIV.

NAY, 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.





*FROM "THE BLACK DWARF."*

MOTTO.

CHAPTER V.

THE bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath  
Feels, in its barrenness, some touch of spring ;  
And, in the April dew, or beam of May,  
Its moss and lichen freshen and revive ;  
And thus the heart, most sear'd to human pleasure,  
Melts at the tear, joys in the smile of woman.





*FROM "OLD MORTALITY."*

MAJOR BELLENDEN'S SONG.

AND what though winter will pinch severe  
Through locks of grey 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 overthrow ?



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,  
 Then drowned in Clyde near this saam spot.



### MOTTOES.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

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 !



#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife !  
 To all the sensual world proclaim,  
 One crowdèd hour of glorious life  
 Is worth an age without a name.





## THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

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.





*FROM "ROB ROY."*

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 astounding,  
    Such are the notes should say  
How Britain's hope, and France's fear,  
Victor of Cressy and Poitier,  
    In Bourdeaux 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, Garonne,  
    And Blaye’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.”





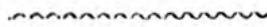
FROM "THE HEART OF MID LOTHIAN."

MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONGS.

WHEN the gledd's in the blue cloud,  
The lavrock lies still ;  
When the hound's in the green-wood,  
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.



HEY for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers,  
Dub a dub, dub a dub ;  
Have at old Beëlzebub,—  
Oliver's running for fear.—

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—brida-  
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.

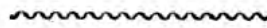
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GOOD even, good fair moon, good even to thee;  
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me  
The form and the features, the speech and degree,  
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

---

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.



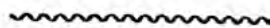
UP in the air,  
On my bonnie grey mare,  
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet.



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 wild-fire that flashes so fair and so free  
Was never so bright, or so bonnie as me.

~~~~~

HE that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

Fulness to such a burthen is
That go on pilgrimage ;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

~~~~~

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 shall 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 grey-headed sexton  
That delves the grave duly.

“The glow-worm o’er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady.

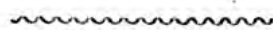
The owl from the steeple sing,  
‘Welcome, proud lady.’”



#### MOTTOES.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

To man, in this his trial state,  
The privilege is given,  
When lost by tides of human fate,  
To anchor fast in Heaven.



#### CHAPTER XXIII.

LAW, take thy victim!—May she find the mercy  
In yon mild heaven which this hard world denies her!

## CHAPTER XXVII.

AND Need and Misery, Vice and Danger, bind  
In sad alliance, each degraded mind.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

———— I BESEECH you—

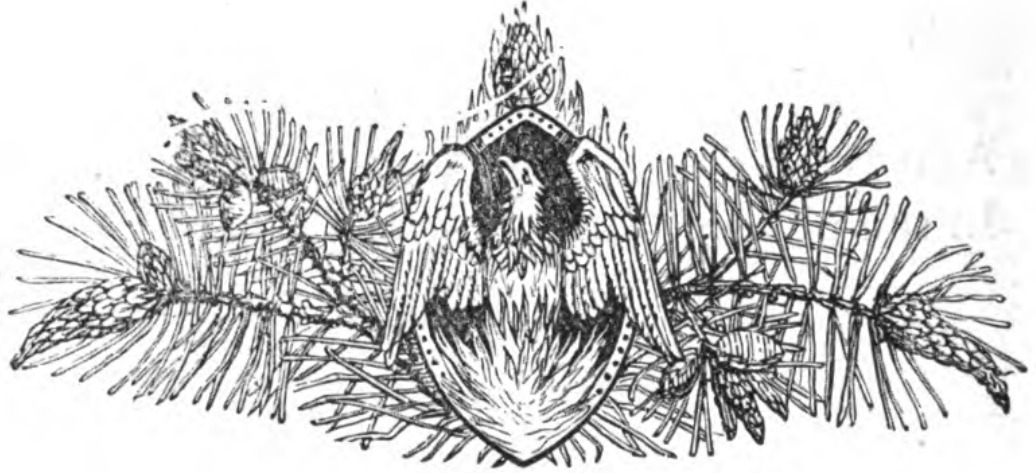
These tears beseech you, and these chaste hands woo  
you,  
That never yet were heaved but to things holy—  
Things like yourself—You are a God above us ;  
Be as a God, then, full of saving mercy !



## CHAPTER XLVI.

HAPPY thou art ! then happy be,  
Nor envy me my lot ;  
Thy happy state I envy thee,  
And peaceful cot.





*FROM "IVANHOE."*

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 prosperous 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 !

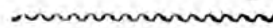
Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;  
No censer round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.  
But THOU hast said, The blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams I will not prize ;  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice.



## MOTTOES.

## CHAPTER XIX.

AWAY! our journey lies through dell and dingle,  
 Where the blithe fawn trips by its timid mother,  
 Where the broad oak, with intercepting boughs,  
 Chequers the sun-beam 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.



## CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN autumn nights were long and drear,  
 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.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

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.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

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.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

APPROACH the chamber, lock 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.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

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 discipline.  
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.

~~~~~  
CHAPTER XXXVI.

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.

~~~~~  
CHAPTER XXXVII.

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.

~~~~~  
CHAPTER XXXVIII.

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 forebade to smile ;
But sterner still, when high the iron-rod
Of tyrant power she shook, and call'd that power of
God.





FROM "THE MONASTERY."

SONGS OF THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.

ON TWEED RIVER.

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 fathomless 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 swimming with me.

TO THE SUB-PRIOR.

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.

“In the name of MY Master,” said the astonished
 Monk, “that name before which all things created

tremble, I conjure thee to say what thou art that
hauntest me thus?"

The same voice replied,—

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,
'Twixt 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,
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.

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 wood,
And scornest the nurture of gentle blood.

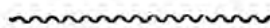
WITHIN that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries !
Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way ;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

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.



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.



BORDER BALLAD.

MARCH, march, Etrick and Teviotdale,
 Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order ?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
 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.



MOTTOES.

CHAPTER I.

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 broom-
 stick,
 And raised the last night's thunder.



CHAPTER II.

IN yon lone vale his early youth was bred.
 Not solitary then—the bugle-horn
 Of fell Alecto often waked its windings,
 From where the brook joins the majestic river,
 To the wild northern bog, the curliou's haunt,
 Where oozes forth its first and feeble streamlet.



CHAPTER V.

A PRIEST, ye cry, a priest!—lame shepherds they,
 How shall they gather in the straggling 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.

CHAPTER VI.

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.



CHAPTER VIII.

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.



CHAPTER XI.

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 green-sward,
While all the blows, the oaths, the indignation,
Fall on the croupe of the ill-fated laggard
That cripples in the rear.

CHAPTER XII.

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.



CHAPTER XIV.

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.

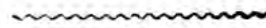


CHAPTER XV.

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.

CHAPTER XVI.

A COURTIER extraordinary, who by diet
 Of meats and drinks, his temperate exercise,
 Choice music, frequent bath, his horary shifts
 Of shirts and waistcoats, means to immortalize
 Mortality itself, and makes the essence
 Of his whole happiness the trim of court.



CHAPTER XIX.

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!



CHAPTER XXI.

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.

CHAPTER XXII.

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.



CHAPTER XXIII.

'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.



CHAPTER XXIV.

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.



CHAPTER XXVII.

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.

~~~~~  
 CHAPTER XXX.

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.

~~~~~  
 CHAPTER XXXI.

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.

~~~~~  
 CHAPTER XXXIII.

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.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

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 hogsheads—Turn them out  
Thus primed with your good cheer, to guard your wall,  
And they will venture for't.—







*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 espieth,  
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.



## MOTTOES.

## CHAPTER V.

—————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.



## CHAPTER VI.

THOU hast each secret of the household, 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.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE sacred tapers' lights are gone,  
 Grey 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 !



## CHAPTER XVI.

YOUTH ! thou wear'st to manhood now,  
 Darker lip and darker brow,  
 Statelier step, more pensive mien,  
 In thy face and gait are seen :  
 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.



## CHAPTER XIX.

IT is and is not—'tis the thing I sought for,  
 Hays kneel'd for, pray'd for, risk'd my fame and life 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 lineament.





*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.



## MOTTOES.

## CHAPTER IV.

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.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

Now God be good to me in this wild pilgrimage !  
 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 ingrates.



## CHAPTER XXV.

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?

~~~~~  
 CHAPTER XXX.

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.

~~~~~  
 CHAPTER XXXII.

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.



FROM "THE PIRATE."

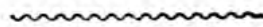
CLAUD HALCRO'S SONG.

FAREWELL to Northmaven,  
Grey 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.



#### HAROLD HARFAGER'S SONG.

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, yelling,  
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 horsemen,  
 Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen !”



#### 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 RHYMES.

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 grey 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 ro<sup>o</sup> ;

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.



## MOTTOES.

## CHAPTER XI.

—— 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 !



## CHAPTER XIV.

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

## CHAPTER XXV.

—— I DO love these ancient ruins !  
 We never tread upon them but we set  
 Our foot upon some reverend history,  
 And questionless, here in this open court,  
 (Which now lies naked to the injuries  
 Of stormy weather,) some men lie interr'd,  
 Loved the Church so well, and gave so largely to it,  
 They thought it should have canopied their bones  
 Till doomsday ;—but all things have their end—  
 Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,  
 Must have like death which we have.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

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.

## CHAPTER XXX.

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.





## ETTRICK FOREST.

ON Ettrick 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 grey-hair'd shepherds 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 Alwyn's lordly meal,  
Or lowlier board of 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.

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me,  
At the close of the evening through woodlands to  
roam,  
Where the forester, lated, with wonder 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 chillness 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 !





*FROM "THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL."*

MOTTOES.

CHAPTER I.

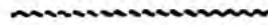
Now Scot and English are agreed,  
And Saunders hastes to cross the Tweed,  
Where, such the splendours that attend him,  
His very mother scarce had ken'd him.  
His metamorphosis behold,  
From Glasgow frieze to cloth of gold ;  
His back-sword, with the iron-hilt,  
To rapier, fairly hatch'd and gilt ;  
Was ever seen a gallant braver !  
His very bonnet's grown a beaver.



CHAPTER II.

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.



CHAPTER IV.

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.



CHAPTER V.

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.

## CHAPTER VI.

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 gruntes,  
 For two-legg'd things are weary on't.

## CHAPTER VII.

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.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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.

~~~~~  
 CHAPTER X.

BID not thy fortune troll upon the wheels
 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.

~~~~~  
 CHAPTER XII.

—— 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.

## CHAPTER XVI.

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 grey-beard Law denies me.



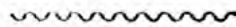
## CHAPTER XVII.

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.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

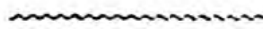
*Mother.* WHAT! dazzled by a flash of Cupid's mirror,  
With which the boy, as mortal urchins wont,  
Flings back the sunbeams in the eye of passengers—  
Then laughs to see them stumble!

*Daughter.* Mother! no—  
It was a lightning-flash which dazzled me,  
And never shall these eyes see true again.



## CHAPTER XIX.

By this good light, a wench of matchless 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.



## CHAPTER XX.

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.

## CHAPTER XXI.

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*.



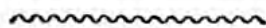
## CHAPTER XXVI.

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.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

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.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

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.





*FROM "PEVERIL OF THE PEAK."*

MOTTOES.

CHAPTER II.

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 :



CHAPTER IV.

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.



## CHAPTER XVI.

*Ascasto.* CAN she not speak ?

*Oswald.* If speech be only in accented 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.



## CHAPTER XXII.

HE was a fellow in a peasant's garb ;  
 Yet one could censure you a woodcock's carving,  
 Like any courtier at the ordinary.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

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.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE course of human life is changeful still  
As is the fickle wind and wandering rill ;  
Or, like the light dance which the wild-breeze weaves  
Amidst the faded race of fallen 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 !



## CHAPTER XXVII.

——— 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 restless 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.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

I FEAR the devil worst when gown and cassock,  
Or, in the lack of them, old Calvin's cloak,  
Conceals his cloven hoof.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“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.”



## CHAPTER XLVI.

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.





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!

## MOTTOES.

## CHAPTER XI.

PAINTERS show Cupid blind—Hath Hymen eyes?  
 Or is his sight warp'd by those spectacles  
 Which parents, guardians, and advisers, 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.



## CHAPTER XII.

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.



## CHAPTER XIV.

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.

## CHAPTER XV.

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—matching rod  
With his the sons of Levi's—and encountering  
Jehovah's miracles with incantations,  
Till upon Egypt came the avenging Angel,  
And those proud sages wept for their first-born,  
As wept the unletter'd peasant.

## CHAPTER XXV.

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 shepherd's cur,  
A wise man so demean him, drivelling idiocy  
Had well nigh 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.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN Princes meet, astrologers may mark it  
An ominous conjunction, full of boding,  
Like that of Mars with Saturn.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

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.



## CHAPTER XXX.

OUR counsels waver like the unsteady bark,  
 That reels amid the strife of meeting currents.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

HOLD fast thy truth, young soldier.—Gentle maiden,  
 Keep you your promise plight—leave age its subtleties,  
 And grey-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.





*FROM "ST. RONAN'S WELL."*

MOTTOES.

CHAPTER III.

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.



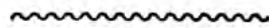
CHAPTER XI.

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.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

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.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

*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.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

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.



## LINES

WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT IN MISS WORDSWORTH'S  
ALBUM.

'Tis well the gifted eye which saw  
The first light sparks of fancy burn  
Should mark its latest flash with awe,  
Low glimmering from its funeral urn.

And thou mayest mark the hint, fair maid,  
How vain is worldly esteem ;  
Good fortune turns, affections fade,  
And fancy is an idle (*dream ?*).

Yet not on this poor form alone,  
My palsied hand and deafened ear,  
But on my country's fate  
The bolts of fate seem doom'd to speed.

The storm might whistle round my head,  
 I would not deprecate the ill,  
 So I might say when it was sped,  
 My country, be thou glorious still!

(Signed)

W. SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD,  
 22nd September, 1831.

*The following Note is added by MRS. QUILLINAN or her  
 husband.*

“WRITTEN by Sir Walter Scott the day he quitted Abbotsford for Italy. Mr. Wordsworth and his daughter had been with him a few days, having come at his request to pay him what he foresaw would be their last visit. In the first quatrain he alludes to his early friendship with Wordsworth. In the second he addresses himself to the daughter. The third is very imperfect, and shows what an effort it cost him to write. When he returned this book to the owner he said, ‘I would have done this for no one but your father’s daughter.’”

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