

The sweetly-blooming hawthorn bush,  
That shadow'd from the summer shower,  
Its bowering branches still I see;  
But wither'd is the hawthorn flower.

Where are my sire and mother now?  
Sweet brothers, charming sisters, where?  
Gone, gone to heaven—my heart be still—  
I lost them here, to find them there.

Youth promis'd fair at early dawn;  
Alas! what does my manhood know?  
That youth was but a pleasing dream,  
And now I wake to find it so.

Sweet scenes! tho' past, I still recall  
The thrilling raptures you bestow'd;

The tide of health, that swell'd my veins,  
The fire with which my bosom glow'd.

Tho' doom'd, like these, to pass away,  
Some care the lingering eye detains;  
And, tho' life's latest ember burns,  
Fond memory of our bliss remains.

Alas! 'tis all—vain is the wish,  
The eager hope, the ardent sigh;  
What can the drooping heart sustain!  
Has man no cheering comfort nigh!

Yes! tho' the heart should faint and fail,  
And faint and fail I ween it will;  
FAITH can the sick-bed pillow smooth,  
And, even in death, can comfort still.

## JAMES HOGG.

BORN 1770—DIED 1835.

If his own testimony could be accepted as trustworthy, the peasant poet James Hogg, commonly called the Ettrick Shepherd, was born in Ettrick Forest, Selkirkshire, January 25, 1772, the same day of the same month that, thirteen years earlier, gave birth to Robert Burns: but so completely did he live out of the world as a young man, that he never even heard of the Ayrshire Bard until the year after he died. The date of his birth, as given by the poet, was probably a slip of memory, the parish register recording his baptism as having taken place December 9th, 1770. Hogg's ancestors as far back as he could trace them had been shepherds. His father, who followed the same humble calling, had been so successful in it as to save some money, which he invested in a farming speculation soon after James was born. The young poet, the second of four sons, was sent to the parish school, and would probably have received the usual amount of education bestowed upon the children of the Scottish peasantry, had it not been for his father, Robert Hogg's, reverse of fortune, by which he was stripped of all his earnings. This happened when James was six years old, and he was taken from school in consequence, as

he tells us, of his parents being "turned out of doors," without "a farthing in the world." At the early age of seven he was hired to herd cows, his wages being a ewe lamb and a pair of shoes every six months.

After a year spent in this kind of servitude he was sent once more to school, where he learned to read the Bible, and write what was called "big text," every letter of which was at least an inch long. A quarter of a year spent at his second school completed his education; for whatever he subsequently acquired he was indebted to his own exertions. He records with pleasure the time when he was promoted from herding cows to the more honourable employment of tending sheep. The shepherd having reached the age of fourteen, he laid out the sum of five shillings which he had saved from his wages in the purchase of an old violin, on which he learned to play many Scotch airs: and often, after all the people on the place had gone to bed, he would be heard in his only dormitory, which was a small stable or shed, addressing the drowsy ear of night. He ever afterwards retained his love of music, and ultimately became a good violinist. Who can read his poems and lyrics without feeling that

Hogg was a musician? "Kilmeny," as illustrative of the melody of language, has never been surpassed, if, indeed, it has been equalled.

In his eighteenth year *The Life of Sir William Wallace*, modernized by Hamilton, and Ramsay's popular pastoral of the *Gentle Shepherd*, fell into his hands; and strange to say he was disappointed that they were not written in prose. Partly from having almost forgotten the art of reading, which he had learned imperfectly, and partly from his scanty reading having been hitherto limited to English, the Scottish dialect of the books above mentioned was so new and difficult that he often lost the sense altogether. His love of reading having been noticed by his employers, books were lent him, chiefly of a theological character, and newspapers. He composed verses long before he attempted to put them in writing; and if they were of indifferent merit ("bitterly bad," as he calls them), they were at all events voluminous and varied, as they consisted of epistles, comedies, pastorals, *et hoc genus omne*. It was an easy matter for the young shepherd, who became known throughout the district as "Jamie the poet," to compose verses; they sprang up in his mind as rapidly as prose does with ordinary mortals; but to get them on paper was a serious difficulty. His writing at best was but laborious printing letter by letter, while his model was the Italian alphabet, for want of a more concise character; and to add to his difficulties, his chief opportunities for writing were derived from the chance intervals that occurred in the management of his flock.

He draws this fine picture of himself at this period: "With my plaid about me, best mantle of inspiration, a buik of auld ballants as yellow as the cowslips in my hand or bosom, and maybe, sir, my inkhorn dangling at a button-hole, a bit stump o' pen, nae bigger than an auld wife's pipe, in my mouth, and a piece o' paper, torn out o' the hinder end of a volume, crunkling on my knee," dreaming those glorious visions which have rendered the name of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, second only to that of Robert Burns. When an opportunity for writing occurred the young poet would strip off coat and vest like one preparing for a desperate deed, and square his elbows for the struggle. In this way his earliest poems

were committed to paper. One great advantage of this slow and toilsome process was that it afforded sufficient time for reflection and correction; so that his manuscripts, however uncouth, were not defiled with those numerous alterations that disfigure the writing of many men of genius. When a word was once "pit doun" it was irrevocable. The habit thus formed was of great service to our author when he acquired greater facility in penmanship, and to this, perhaps, we may attribute the ready accuracy he afterwards acquired both in prose and verse.

The year after Burns died Hogg heard for the first time "Tam o' Shanter," and was so delighted with it that he learned every line by heart, and from that time was possessed with an ambition to rival the Ayrshire ploughman. In any other mortal but James Hogg such a lofty ambition would have been kept a profound secret, but not so with him. He uttered what he felt, so that his best friends and admirers could only view him in the light of a vain-glorious and silly shepherd. For this, however, he cared not, while he felt within himself the "stirrings of a gift divine."

The Ettrick Shepherd's appearance at this period of his career is thus described by his friend William Laidlaw, well known as Sir Walter Scott's steward, and the author of the exquisite ballad, "Lucy's Flittin'":—"Hogg was rather above the middle height, of faultless symmetry of form; he was of almost unequalled agility and swiftness. His face was then round and full, and of a ruddy complexion, with bright blue eyes that beamed with gaiety, glee, and good humour, the effect of the most exuberant animal spirits. His head was covered with a singular profusion of light brown hair, which he was obliged to wear coiled up under his hat. On entering church on a Sunday (where he was all his life a regular attender) he used, on lifting his hat, to raise his right hand to assist a graceful shake of his head in laying back his long hair, which rolled down his back, and fell almost to his loins. And every female eye was upon him, as, with light step, he ascended the stair to the gallery where he sat."

In the year 1800 the poet leased a small farm, to which he removed with his aged parents, after having lived with Mr. Laidlaw—father of

William—for a period of ten years. It was during a visit which he made to Edinburgh this year that he may be said to have first become known beyond his district as a poet, by the publication of his admirable song of “Donald M'Donald.” Within a few months it was sung in all parts of Scotland, and for many years maintained its popularity. At a period when there was great excitement in the land owing to Napoleon's threatened invasion, it was hailed as an admirable stimulus to patriotism. “Donald M'Donald” holds the place of honour in a volume of songs issued by the Shepherd in 1831, who says: “I place this song the first, not on account of any intrinsic merit that it possesses,—for there it ranks rather low,—but merely because it was my first song, and exceedingly popular when it first appeared. I wrote it when a barefooted lad herding lambs on the Blackhouse Heights, in utter indignation at the threatened invasion from France. But after it had run through the Three Kingdoms, like fire set to heather, for ten or twelve years, no one ever knew or inquired who was the author. It is set to the old air, ‘Woo'd an' married an' a'.” In the following year, 1801, he made another visit to Edinburgh, with a flock of sheep for sale, and being encumbered with several days of interval, he resolved to devote the time to writing out such of his compositions as he could remember and publishing them in a book or pamphlet. Before his departure he gave the manuscripts to a printer, and shortly after was informed that the edition of a thousand copies was ready for delivery. The little *brochure*, notwithstanding he had the mortification of discovering that it was one mass of mistakes, “many of the stanzas omitted, others misplaced, and typographical errors abounding on every page,” sold very well in his native district, where he had troops of friends and admirers. A copy is preserved in the Advocate's Library of Edinburgh; it consists of sixty-two pages octavo, and is entitled, “*Scottish Pastorals, Poems, Songs, &c.*,” mostly written in the Dialect of the South, by James Hogg. Edinburgh: printed by John Taylor, Grassmarket. 1801. Price one shilling.”

It was during this year that Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd met for the first time. Sir Walter was engaged in making collections for the third volume of the *Minstrelsy of the Scot-*

*tish Border*, and desiring to visit Ettrick and Yarrow, procured a letter of introduction from Dr. Leyden to young Laidlaw. To his visitor Laidlaw commended Hogg as the best qualified of any person in the Forest to assist him in his researches. Scott accompanied his future steward to Ettrickhouse, the farm occupied by him and his parents, and was charmed with his new acquaintance. “He found,” says Lockhart, “a brother poet, a true son of nature and genius, hardly conscious of his powers.” Scott remained for several days, visiting many places of historic interest in company with Laidlaw and the Shepherd Bard, and gleaning a rich harvest of ballad lore from Hogg's mother and other old people of the district. The friendship thus formed continued unbroken till Sir Walter's death.

Our author was soon compelled to give up his farm, which he regretted deeply as affording a comfortable home for his aged and venerated parents, and he then made several unsuccessful visits to the Highlands in search of a situation as superintendent of an extensive sheep farm. Hogg being unemployed and his money exhausted, Sir Walter advised him to publish a volume of poetry. The materials were at hand, his collection was soon ready for the printer, and he was introduced by Scott to Constable, who published the volume under the title of *The Mountain Bard*. From the proceeds of this publication, which contained the fine ballads of “Sir David Graeme,” “Farewell to Ettrick,” &c., and the sum of eighty-six pounds paid to him by Constable for the copyright of two treatises on sheep, he became master of three hundred pounds. With this to him enormous sum he was to undertake farming on a large scale. He leased two places in Dumfriesshire, paying much more than their value for them, and rushed into agricultural experiments requiring at least ten times the amount of his capital. Of course his scheme failed, and in less than three years the Shepherd Bard, who had embarked so hopefully in his career of a farmer, found himself penniless and in debt.

After struggling on, impeded at every step by the new character he had acquired of a man who could win, but not keep, he cast about for some new occupation. Some idea of the estimation in which he was held as a man

of business at this time by the gentry and farmers, may be obtained from the reply of the editor's grandmother—the poet's "Bonnie Jean"—to an ardent young admirer of Hogg's from Edinburgh, who, during a visit in Roxburghshire, full of enthusiasm for the author of the "Mountain Bard," inquired about him, and was answered, "He's just a poor, good-for-nothing body;" and from that of another lady residing in the same neighbourhood, who, in answer to a similar inquiry made by my father, said the Shepherd was "but a pair, drunken, leein body!" But the *profanum vulgus* are apt to be harsh in their judgments of the "eccentricities of genius."

Failing in his attempts to obtain a captaincy in the militia, and also of a place in the excise, he proceeded to Edinburgh to enter upon the career of a man of letters. His first publication was the *Forest Minstrel*, a collection of songs, of which two-thirds were his own. Being chiefly the productions of his early days they acquired no popularity and brought him no profit, if we except the kindness of the Countess of Dalkeith, to whom the volume was dedicated, who sent him a present of a hundred guineas. His next literary undertaking was the publication on his own account of a weekly newspaper, called the *Spy*, devoted to *belles-lettres*, morals, and criticism, which departed this life before it had existed a twelvemonth. The wonder was, not that it died so soon, but that it lived so long. That a Shepherd without capital, who could only read at eighteen and write at twenty-six, who had read very little contemporary literature, and who, to quote his own words, "knew no more of human life or manners than a child," should have carried on unaided such an enterprise for nearly a year, is certainly remarkable.

At this time, the darkest period of his life, when his literary speculations, from which he had anticipated so much, had all failed, harassed and disappointed, poor and comparatively friendless—that hour when mediocrity sinks and genius overcomes—he suddenly startled not only the expectations of a few steady admirers, but the whole reading public, by the production of "The Queen's Wake," one of the finest poetical compositions in the language. Criticism and panegyric are alike unneeded: the world has pronounced upon this poem a

judgment of almost unanimous admiration, and it now occupies a permanent place in British poetry. Christopher North, who intended to have written Hogg's life, said in reviewing "The Queen's Wake," "Kilmenny alone places our Shepherd among the Undying Ones."

By its publication in the spring of 1813 Hogg was recognized as a poet of the highest order. As it rapidly passed through five editions, he derived considerable pecuniary advantage from its sale. In 1815 the "Pilgrims of the Sun" appeared, but notwithstanding its many powerful descriptions and poetical passages, it failed to receive the same cordial reception extended to the "Wake." So much was it admired in the United States and Canada, that ten thousand copies were sold, which, however, was of no benefit pecuniarily to the poet. It was soon followed by "Mador of the Moor," a poem in the Spenserian stanza.

It was at this period of his career, and when in the spring-tide of his fame, that the Ettrick Shepherd penned the following magnificent strain, in an unpublished letter addressed to an old friend: "I rode through the whole of Edinburgh yesterday in a barouche by myself, having four horses and two postillions. Never was there a poet went through it before in such style since the world began!" As a pendant to this may be added Dr. Johnson's exclamation on learning that poor Goldsmith had died two thousand pounds in debt—"Was ever a poet so trusted before!"

Hogg's next literary undertaking was to collect poems from the great living bards of Britain; but as many of them declined to be contributors, he changed his plans, and determined on the bold step of writing imitations of all the poets. The refusal of Sir Walter Scott especially incensed him, and led to the only estrangement that ever occurred between them. The Shepherd, in an angry letter which he wrote on the occasion, changed the prefatory "dear sir," into "damned sir," and closed with "yours in disgust," &c. A quarrel of some weeks' standing was the consequence between the hot-headed, reckless, but warm-hearted Shepherd, and equally warm-hearted but wiser friend and patron. The work finally appeared under the title of *The Poetic Mirror, or Living Bards of Britain*. This volume,

singularly illustrative of the versatility of his genius, was a success, the first edition being exhausted in six weeks. *Dramatic Tales* was his next work, followed by *The Brownie of Bodsbeck and other Tales*—among the most popular of his works.

In 1820, having received from the Duke of Buccleuch a life lease of the farm of Altrive Lake in Yarrow, at a merely nominal rent, no part of which was ever exacted, and his circumstances being otherwise improved, he married Margaret Phillips. Her portion and his literary earnings made him the possessor of about a thousand pounds, so he decided to lease the large farm of Mount Benger and embark in agriculture, expending his entire capital in stocking it. The adventure was of course a failure, and the poor poet was again penniless. In 1821 he published the second volume of his *Jacobite Relics*, the first having appeared two years previously. When the coronation of George IV. occurred, Sir Walter Scott obtained a place for himself and Hogg in the Hall and Abbey of Westminster, accompanied by an invitation from Lord Sidmouth to dine with him after the solemnity, when the two poets would meet the Duke of York and other distinguished personages. Here was an opportunity of princely patronage such as few peasant poets have enjoyed; and Scott accordingly announced the affair to Hogg, requesting him to join him at Edinburgh, and set off with him to the great metropolis. But poor Hogg!—he wrote “with the tear in his eye,” as he declared, to say that his going was impossible, because the great yearly Border fair held at St. Boswell’s in Roxburghshire happened at the same period, and he could not absent himself from the meeting.

In 1822 he published a new edition of his best poems, for which he received two hundred pounds, and in 1826 gave to the world his long narrative poem of “Queen Hynde.” For many years he was a contributor in prose and verse to *Blackwood’s Magazine*, of which he, with Thomas Pringle and William Blackwood the publisher, were the founders. No one who has read the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, can fail to remember the Ettrick Shepherd’s portrait as drawn by Christopher North. Of James Hogg’s other prose works my space forbids me to speak.

After a severe illness of four weeks he died, November 21st, 1835, “departing this life,” writes his life-long friend Laidlaw, “as calmly, and, to appearance, with as little pain as if he had fallen asleep in his gray plaid on the side of the moorland rill.” He was buried in the churchyard of Ettrick, within a few minutes’ walk of the spot where lately stood the cottage of his birth; and after all others had retired, one mourner still remained there uncovered to consecrate with his tears the new-made grave of his friend. That man was John Wilson. He left a family of five children, and after a lapse of twenty years his widow received a pension of £100 from government, which she enjoyed up to her death, 15th November, 1870, in the eighty-first year of her age. In 1824 Christopher North predicted, in the ever-memorable *Noctes*, that a monument would be erected to his honour. “My beloved Shepherd, some half-century hence your effigy will be seen on some bonnie green knowe in the Forest, with its honest freestone face looking across St. Mary’s Loch, and up towards the Gray Mare’s Tail, while by moonlight all your own fairies will weave a dance around its pedestal.” His prediction was verified June 28, 1860, when a handsome freestone statue, executed by Andrew Currie, was erected in the Vale of Yarrow, on the hillside between St. Mary’s Loch and the Loch of the Lowes, and immediately opposite to Tibby Shiel’s cottage. His works, of which I have not enumerated the full amount, in prose and poetry, have been issued, with a memoir of his life, in two elegant 8vo volumes, by the publishers of this work.

When the songs of Scotland are sung

“By cottar’s ingle or in farmer’s ha’,”

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, holds his place there, and holds it well, with Ramsay, and Burns, and Tannahill. In conclusion, I may add, that with two exceptions, never did Scottish poet receive more elegies or poetical tributes to his memory. Among the number were the subjoined extemporaneous lines from the pen of William Wordsworth:—

“When first descending from the moorlands,  
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide  
Along a bare and open valley,  
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

“When last along its banks I wander’d,  
Through groves that had begun to shed  
Their golden leaves upon the pathway,  
My steps the Border minstrel led.

“The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,  
’Mid mouldering ruins low he lies,

And death upon the Braes of Yarrow  
Has closed the Shepherd poet’s eyes.

“No more of old romantic sorrows,  
For slaughter’d youth or love-lorn maid,  
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
And Ettrick mourns with her their Shepherd dead.”

## KILMENY.<sup>1</sup>

(FROM THE QUEEN’S WAKE.)

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen,  
But it wasna to meet Duneira’s men,  
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,  
And pu’ the cross-flower round the spring;  
The scarlet hipp and the hindberrye,  
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
But lang may her minny look o’er the wa’,  
And lang may she seek i’ the greenwood shaw;  
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,  
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,  
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,  
When mess for Kilmeny’s soul had been sung,  
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the dead-  
bell rung,  
Late, late in a gloamin when all was still,  
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,  
The wood was sere, the moon i’ the wane,  
The reek o’ the cot hung over the plain,  
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;  
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,  
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

“Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?  
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;

By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,  
Yet you are halesome and fair to see,  
Where gat you that joup o’ the lilly scheen?  
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?  
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?  
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?”

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,  
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny’s face;  
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,  
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,  
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.  
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,  
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not de-  
clare;  
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,  
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never  
blew,  
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung.  
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,  
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,  
And a land where sin had never been;  
A land of love, and a land of light,  
Withouten sun, or moon, or night:  
Where the river swa’d a living stream,  
And the light a pure celestial beam:  
The land of vision it would seem,  
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon greenwood there is a waik,  
And in that waik there is a wene,  
And in that wene there is a maikie,  
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;  
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,  
Her bosom happed wi’ the lloverets gay;  
But the air was soft and the silence deep,  
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.  
She kend nae mair nor opened her ee,  
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She ’wakened on couch of the silk sae slim,  
All striped wi’ the bars of the rainbow’s rim;

<sup>1</sup> The story of the Fair Kilmeny, for true simplicity, and graceful and original fancy, cannot be matched in the whole compass of British song.—*Allan Cunningham*.

Kilmeny has been the theme of universal admiration, and deservedly so, for it is what Wharton would have denominated “pure poetry.” It is, for the most part, the glorious emanation of a sublime fancy,—the spontaneous sprouting forth of amarantline flowers of sentiment,—the bubbling out and welling over of inspiration’s fountain.—*Dr. D. M. Moir*.

The legend of Kilmeny is as beautiful as anything in the department of poetry. It contains a fine moral:—that purity of heart makes an earthly creature a welcome denizen of heaven; and the tone and imagery are all fraught with a tenderness and grace that are as unearthly as the subject of the legend.—*William Howitt*.

And lovely beings round were rife,  
Who erst had travelled mortal life;  
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,  
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?"

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"  
A meek and reverend fere replied;  
"Baith night and day I hae watched the fair,  
Eident a thousand years and mair.  
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,  
Wherever blooms feminitye;  
But sinless virgin, free of stain  
In mind and body, fand I nane.  
Never, since the banquet of time,  
Found I a virgin in her prime,  
Till late this bonny maiden I saw  
As spotless as the morning snaw;  
Full twenty years she has lived as free  
As the spirits that sojourn this countrie.  
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,  
That sin or death she never may ken."

They clasped her waiste and her hands sae fair,  
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair,  
And round came many a blooming fere,  
Saying "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!  
Women are freed of the littand scorn;  
O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!  
Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!  
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,  
Many a lang year through the world we've gaue,  
Committed to watch fair womankind,  
For it's they who nurice th' immortal mind.  
We have watched their steps as the dawning  
shone,

And deep in the greenwood walks alone;  
By lily bower and silken bed,  
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;  
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,  
Or left the couch of love to weep.  
We have seen! we have seen! but the time must  
come,  
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

"O, would the fairest of mortal kind  
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,  
That kindred spirits their motions see,  
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,  
And grieve for the guilt of humanite!  
O, sweet to heaven the maiden's prayer,  
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!  
And dear to Heaven the words of truth,  
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!  
And dear to the viewless forms of air  
The minds that kyth as the body fair!

"O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,  
If ever you seek the world again,  
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear,  
O, tell of the joys that are waiting here;

And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;  
Of the times that are now, and the times that  
shall be."—

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,  
And she walked in the light of a sunless day:  
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,  
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:  
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,  
And the flowers of everlasting blow.  
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,  
That her youth and beauty never might fade;  
And they smiled on heaven when they saw her  
lie

In the stream of life that wandered bye.  
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,  
She kend not where; but sae sweetly it rung,  
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn:

"O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!  
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,  
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;  
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,  
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,  
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,  
And the angels shall miss them travelling the  
air.

But lang, lang after baith night and day,  
When the sun and world have died away;  
When the sinner has gane to his wasesome doom,  
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"—

They bore her away she wist not how,  
For she felt not arm nor rest below;  
But so swift they wained her through the light,  
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;  
They seemed to split the gales of air,  
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.  
Unnumbered groves below them grew,  
They came, they past, and backward flew,  
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,  
In moment seen, in moment gone.  
O, never vales to mortal view  
Appeared like those o'er which they flew!  
That land to human spirits given,  
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;  
From whence they can view the world below,  
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,  
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,  
To see what mortal never had seen;  
And they seated her high on the purple sward,  
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,  
And note the changes the spirits wrought,  
For now she lived in the land of thought.  
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,  
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies.  
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,  
But an endless whirl of glory and light.

And radiant beings went and came  
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.  
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;  
She looked again and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,  
And clouds of amber sailing bye;  
A lovely land beneath her lay,  
And that land had glens and mountains gray;  
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,  
And marled seas, and a thousand isles.  
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,  
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,  
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay  
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray,  
Which heaved and trembled and gently swung,  
On every shore they seemed to be hung;  
For there they were seen on their downward  
plain  
A thousand times and a thousand again;  
In winding lake and plaiced firth,  
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,  
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;  
She saw the corn wave on the vale,  
She saw the deer run down the dale;  
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,  
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;  
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,  
The fairest that ever the sun shone on!  
A lion licked her hand of milk,  
And she held him in a leish of silk;  
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,  
With a silver wand and melting ee;  
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,  
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedeman eame,  
And hndit the lion on his dame:  
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,  
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;  
An' she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,  
Till bonniest flower of the world lay dead.  
A coffin was set on a distant plain,  
And she saw the red blood fall like rain;  
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,  
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,  
And they trampled him down, but he rose again,  
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,  
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;  
And weening his head was danger-proof,  
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,  
He growled at the carle, and chased him away  
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.  
He growled at the carle, and he geeked at heaven,  
But his mark was set and his arles given.

Kilmeny awhile her een withdrew;  
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled  
One half of all the glowing world,  
Where oceans rolled and rivers ran,  
To bound the aims of sinful man.  
She saw a people, fierce and fell,  
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;  
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,  
And she herked on her ravening crew,  
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,  
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the  
seas.  
The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,  
And she threatened an end to the race of man:  
She never lened, nor stood in awe,  
Till claught by the lion's deadly paw.  
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,  
And brainzelled up a mortal strife;  
But flew she north, or flew she south,  
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,  
The eagle sought her eerie again;  
But lang may she cour in her bloody nest,  
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,  
Before she sey another flight,  
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,  
So far surpassing nature's law,  
The singer's voice wad sink away,  
And the string of his harp would cease to play.  
But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye,  
And all was love and harmony;  
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,  
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see  
The friends she had left in her own country,  
To tell of the place where she had been,  
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;  
To warn the living maidens fair,  
The loved of Heaven, the spirit's care,  
That all whose minds unmeled remain  
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,  
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;  
And when she awakened she lay her lane,  
All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.  
When seven lang years had come and fled,  
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;  
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,  
Late, late in gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!  
And O, her beauty was fair to see,  
But still and steadfast was her ee!  
Such beauty bard may never declare,  
For there was no pride nor passion there;

And the soft desire of maiden's e'en  
 In that mild face could never be seen.  
 Her seymar was the lily flower,  
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;  
 And her voice like the distant melodye,  
 That floats along the twilight sea.  
 But she loved to raike the lanely glen,  
 And keeped afar frae the haunts of men;  
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
 To suck the flowers and drink the spring.  
 But wherever her peaceful form appeared,  
 The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;  
 The wolf played blithely round the field,  
 The lordly byson lowed and kneled;  
 The dun-deer wooed with manner bland,  
 And coverd aneath her lily hand.  
 And when at even the woodlands rung,  
 When hymns of other worlds she sung,  
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,  
 O, then the glen was all in motion.  
 The wild beasts of the forest came,  
 Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,  
 And goved around, charmed and amazed;  
 Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,  
 And murmured and looked with anxious pain,  
 For something the mystery to explain.  
 The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;  
 The corby left her houf in the rack;  
 The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;  
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew;  
 The wolf and the kid their raike began,  
 And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;  
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,  
 And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their  
 young;  
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:  
 It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane,  
 Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene;  
 There laid her down on the leaves sae green,  
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.  
 But O, the words that fell from her mouth,  
 Were words of wonder and words of truth!  
 But all the land were in fear and dread,  
 For they kendna whether she was living or dead.  
 It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;  
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,  
 And returned to the land of thought again.

#### SIR DAVID GRAEME.<sup>1</sup>

The dow flew east, the dow flew west,<sup>2</sup>  
 The dow flew far ayont the fell;

<sup>1</sup> This beautiful ballad was suggested to the author by the ancient one "The Twa Corbies."

<sup>2</sup> Hogg remarks, "I borrowed the above line from a beautiful old rhyme which I often heard my mother

An' sair at e'en she seemed distrest,  
 But what perplex'd her could not tell.

But aye she coo'd wi' mournfu' croon,  
 An' ruffled a' her feathers fair;  
 An' lookit sad as she war boun'  
 To leave the land for evermair.

The lady wept, an' some did blame,—  
 She didna blame the bonnie dow,  
 But sair she blamed Sir David Graeme,  
 Because the knight had broke his vow.

For he had sworn by the starns sae bright,  
 An' by their bed on the dewy green,  
 To meet her there on St. Lambert's night,  
 Whatever dangers lay between;

To risk his fortune an' his life  
 In bearing her frae her father's towers,  
 To gae her a' the lands o' Dryfe,<sup>3</sup>  
 An' the Enzie-holm wi' its bonnie bowers.

The day arrived, the evening came,  
 The lady looked wi' wistful ee;  
 But, O, alas! her noble Graeme  
 Frae e'en to morn she didna see.

An' she has sat her down an' grat;  
 The world to her like a desert seemed;  
 An' she wyted this, an' she wyted that,  
 But o' the real cause never dreamed.

The sun had drunk frae Keilder fell<sup>4</sup>  
 His beverage o' the morning dew;  
 The deer had crouched her in the dell,  
 The heather oped its bells o' blue;

repeat, but of which she knew no tradition: and from this introduction the part of the dove naturally arose. The rhyme runs thus:—

"The heron flew east, the heron flew west,  
 The heron flew to the fair forest,  
 For there she saw a lovely bower,  
 Was a' clad o'er wi' lily flower;  
 And in the bower there was a bed,  
 Wi' silken sheets, an' well down spread;  
 And in the bed there lay a knight,  
 Whose wounds did bleed both day and night;  
 And by the bed there stood a stane,  
 And there was set a leal maiden,  
 With silver needle and silken thread,  
 Stemming the wounds when they did bleed."

<sup>3</sup> The river Dryfe forms the south-east district of Annandale; on its banks the ruins of the tower of Graeme still remains in considerable uniformity.

<sup>4</sup> Keilder Fells are those hills which lie eastward of the sources of North Tyne.

The lambs were skipping on the brae,  
The laverock hiehe attour them sung,  
An' aye she hailed the jocund day,  
Till the wee, wee tabors o' heaven rung.

The lady to her window hied,  
And it opened owre the banks o' Tyne;  
"An', O, alak!" she said, and sighed,  
"Sure ilka breast is blythe but mine!

"Where hae ye been, my bonnie dow,  
That I hae fed wi' the bread an' wine?  
As roving a' the country through,  
O, saw ye this fause knight o' mine?"

The dow sat down on the window tree,  
An' she carried a lock o' yellow hair;  
Then she perched upon that lady's knee,  
An' carefully she placed it there.

"What can this mean! This lock's the same  
That aince was mine. Whate'er betide,  
This lock I gae to Sir David Graeme,  
The flower of a' the Border side.

"He might hae sent it by squire or page,  
An' no letten the wily dow steal't awa;  
'Tis a matter for the lore and the counsels  
of age,  
But the thing I canna read at a'."

The dow flew east, the dow flew west,  
The dow she flew far ayont the fell,  
An' back she came wi' panting breast  
Ere the ringing o' the castle bell.

She lighted aliche on the holly-tap,  
An' she eried, "eur-dow," an' fluttered her  
wing;  
Then flew into that lady's lap,  
An' there she placed a diamond ring.

"What can this mean? This ring is the same  
That aince was mine. Whate'er betide,  
This ring I gae to Sir David Graeme,  
The flower of a' the Border side.

"He sends me back the love-tokens true!  
Was ever poor nraiden perplexed like me?  
'Twould seem he's reclaimed his faith an' his  
vow,  
But all is fauldit in mystery."

An' she has sat her down an' grat,  
The world to her a desert seemed;  
An' she wyted this, an' she wyted that,  
But o' the real cause never dreamed.

When. lo! Sir David's trusty hound,  
Wi' humbling back, an' a wacfu' ee,<sup>1</sup>  
Came crining in and lookit around,  
But his look was hopeless as could be.

He laid his head on that lady's knee,  
An' he lookit as somebody he would name,  
An' there was a language in his howe ee  
That was stronger than a tongue could frame.

She fed him wi' the milk an' the bread,  
An' ilka good thing that he wad hae;  
He lickit her hand, he coured his head,  
Then slowly, slowly he slunkered away.

But she has eyed her fause knight's hound,  
An' a' to see where he wad gae:  
He whined, an' he bowled, an' lookit around,  
Then slowly, slowly he trudged away.

Then she's casten aff her coal black shoon,  
An' her bonnie silken hose, sae glancin' an'  
sheen;  
She kiltit her wilye coat an' broidered gown,  
An' away she has linkit over the green.

She followed the hound owre muirs an' rocks,  
Through mony a dell and dowie glen,  
Till frae her brow an' bonnie god locks,  
The dewe dreepit down like the drops o' rain.

An' aye she said, "My love may be hid,  
An' darena come to the castle to me;  
But him I will find and dearly I'll chide,  
For laek o' stout heart an' courtesye.

"But ae kind press to his manly breast,  
An' ae kind kiss in the moorland glen,  
Will weel atone for a' that is past:—  
O wae to the paukie snares o' men!"

An' aye she eyed the gray sloth hound,  
As he windit owre Deadwater fell,  
Till he came to the den wi' the moss inbound,  
An' O, but it kythed a lonesome dell!

An' he waggit his tail, an' he fawned about,  
Then he coured him down sae wearilye;  
"Ah! yon's my love, I hae found him out,  
He's lying waiting in the dell for me!

"To meet a knight near the fall of night  
Alone in this untrodden wild,

<sup>1</sup> It is not long ago since a shepherd's dog watched his corpse in the snow among the mountains of this country, until nearly famished, and at last led to the discovery of the body of his disfigured master

It scarcely becomes a lady bright,  
But I'll vow that the hound my steps be-  
guiled."

Alack! whatever a maiden may say,  
True has't been said, an' often been sung,  
The ee her heart's love will betray,  
An' the secret will sirlpe frae her tongue.

"What ails my love, that he looks nae roun',  
A lady's stately step to view?  
Ah me! I hae neither stockings nor shoon,  
An' my feet are sae white wi' the moorland dew.

"Sae sound as he sleeps in his hunting gear,  
To waken him great pity would be;  
Deaf is the man that caresna to hear,  
And blind is he wha wantsna to see."

Sae saftly she treads the wee green swaird,  
Wi' the lichens an' the ling a' fringed around:  
"My een are darkened wi' some wul-weird,  
What ails my love he sleeps sae sound?"

She gae ae look, she needit but ane,  
For it left nae sweet uncertainty;  
She saw a wound through his shoulder bane  
An' in his brave breast two or three.

There wasna sic een on the Border green,  
As the piercing een o' Sir David Graeme:  
She glisked wi' her ee where these een should be,  
But the raven had been there afore she came.

There's a cloud that fa's darker than the night,  
An' darkly on that lady it came:  
There's a sleep as deep as the sleep outright,—  
'Tis without a feeling or a name;

'Tis a dull and a dreamless lethargy,  
For the spirit strays owre vale an' hill,  
An' the bosom is left a vacancy,  
An' when it comes back it is darker still.

O shepherd lift that comely corpse,  
Well you may see no wound is there;  
There's a faint rose 'mid the bright dew drops,  
An' they have not wet her glossy hair,

There's a lady has lived in Hoswood tower,  
'Tis seven years past on St. Lambert's day,  
An' aye when comes the vesper hour  
These words an' no more can she say:

"They slew my love on the wild swaird green,  
As he was on his way to me;  
An' the ravens pickel his bonnie blue een,  
An' the tongue that was formed for courtesye.

"My brothers they slew my comely knight,  
An' his grave is red blood to the brim:  
I thought to have slept out the lang, lang night,  
But they've wakened me, and wakened not  
him!"

#### TO THE COMET OF 1811.

How lovely is this wildered scene,  
As twilight from her vaults so blue  
Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,  
To sleep embalmed in midnight dew.

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,  
Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky!  
And thou, mysterious guest of night,  
Dread traveller of immensity!

Stranger of heaven! I bid thee hail!  
Shred from the pall of glory riven,  
That flashest in celestial gale,  
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death,  
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?  
Art thou the standard of his wrath  
Waved o'er a sordid sinful world?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,  
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,<sup>1</sup>  
No latent evil we can deem,  
Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,  
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—  
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,  
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years!  
Why sought these polar paths again,  
From wilderness of glowing spheres,  
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

And when thou seal'st the milky way,  
And vanishest from human view,  
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray  
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue!

O, on thy rapid prow to glide!  
To sail the boundless skies with thee,  
And plough the twinkling stars aside,  
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!

<sup>1</sup> It was reckoned by many that this was the same comet which appeared at the birth of our Saviour.

To brush the embers from the sun,  
The icicles from off the pole;  
Then far to other systems run,  
Where other moons and planets roll!

Stranger of heaven! O let thine eye  
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream;  
Eccentric as thy course on high,  
And airy as thine ambient beam!

And long, long may thy silver ray  
Our northern arch at eve adorn;  
Then, wheeling to the east away,  
Light the grey portals of the morn!

LASS, AN' YE LO'E ME, TELL  
ME NOW.

"Afore the muircock begin to craw,  
Lass, an' ye lo'e me, tell me now  
The bonniest thing that ever ye saw,  
For I canna come every night to woo."

"The gowden broom is bonny to see,  
And sae is the milk-white flower o' the haw,  
The daisy's wee freenge is sweet on the lea,  
But the bud of the rose is the bonniest of a'."

"Now, wae light on a' your flow'ry chat,  
Lass, an' ye lo'e me, tell me now;  
It's no the thing that I would be at,  
An' I canna come every night to woo!  
The lamb is bonny upon the brae,  
The leveret friskin' o'er the knowe,  
The bird is bonny upon the tree—  
But which is the dearest of a' to you?"

"The thing that I lo'e best of a',  
Lass, an' ye lo'e me, tell me now;  
The dearest thing that ever I saw,  
Though I canna come every night to woo,  
Is the kindly smile that beams on me  
Whenever a gentle hand I press,  
And the wily blink frae the dark-blue e'e  
Of a dear, dear lassie that they ca' Bess."

"Aha, young man, but I cou'dna see;  
What I lo'e best I'll tell you now,  
The compliment that ye sought frae me,  
Though ye canna come every night to woo:  
Yet I would rather hae frae you  
A kindly look, an' a word witha',  
Than a' the flowers o' the forest pu',  
Than a' the lads that ever I saw."

"Then, dear, dear Bessie, you shall be mine,  
Sin' a' the truth ye hae tauld me now,  
Our hearts an' fortunes we'll entwine,  
An' I'll aye come every night to woo;  
For O, I canna deserve to thee  
The feeling o' love's and nature's law,  
How dear this world appears to me.  
Wi' Bessie my ain for good an' for a'!"

THE LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place:  
O, to abide in the desert with thee!  
Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud;  
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth!  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying!  
Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!  
Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms,  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place,  
O to abide in the desert with thee!

DONALD MACDONALD.

My name it is Donald Macdonald,  
I leeve in the Highlands sae grand;  
I hae follow'd our banner, and will do,  
Wherever my master has land.  
When rankin' amang the blue bonnets,  
Nae danger can fear me ava;  
I ken that my brethren around me  
Are either to conquer or fa':  
Brogues an' brochin an' a',  
Brochin an' brogues an' a';  
An' is nae her very weel aff,  
Wi' her brogues an' brochin an' a'?

What though we befriendit young Charlie?  
To tell it I dinna think shame;

Poor lad! he came to us but barely,  
 An' reekon'd our mountains his bane.  
 'Twas true that our reason forbade us,  
 But tenderness carried the day;  
 Had Geordie come friendless amang us,  
 Wi' him we had a' gane away.  
 Sword an' buckler an' a',  
 Buckler an' sword an' a';  
 Now for George we'll encounter the devil,  
 Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'!

An' O, I wad eagerly press him  
 The keys o' the East to retain;  
 For should he gie up the possession,  
 We'll soon hae to foree them again.  
 Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,  
 Though it were my finishing blow,  
 He aye may depend on Macdonald,  
 Wi' his Hielanders a' in a row:  
 Knees an' elbows an' a',  
 Elbows an' knees an' a';  
 Depend upon Donald Macdonald,  
 His knees an' elbows an' a'.

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort William,  
 Auld Europe nae langer should grane;  
 I laugh when I think how we'd gall him  
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane;  
 Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Garay  
 We'd rattle him off frae our shore,  
 Or lull him asleep in a cairny,  
 An' sing him—"Lochaber no more!"  
 Stanes an' bullets an' a',  
 Bullets an' stanes an' a';  
 We'll finish the Corsican callan  
 Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'.

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,  
 An' Campbell is steel to the bane,  
 An' Grant, an' Mackenzie, an' Murray,  
 An' Cameron will hurkle to nane;  
 The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal.  
 An' sae is Macleod an' Mackay;  
 An' I, their gude-brither Macdonald,  
 Shall ne'er be the last in the fray!  
 Brogues an' brochi an' a',  
 Brochi an' brogues an' a';  
 An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,  
 The kilt an' the feather an' a'.

—  
 AH, PEGGIE, SINCE THOU'RT GANE  
 AWAY.

Ah, Peggie, since thou'rt gane away,  
 An' left me here to languish,  
 I canna fend anither day  
 In sic regretfu' anguish.

My mind's the aspen o' the vale,  
 In ceaseless waving motion;  
 'Tis like a ship without a sail,  
 On life's unstable ocean.

I downa bide to see the moon  
 Blink owre the glen sae clearly;  
 Aince on a bonny face she shone—  
 A face that I lo'ed dearly!  
 An' when beside yon water clear,  
 At e'en I'm lanely roaming,  
 I sigh and think, if ane was here,  
 How sweet wad fa' the gloaming!

When I think o' thy cheerfu' smile,  
 Thy words sae free an' kindly,  
 Thy pawkie ee's bewitching wile,  
 The unbidden tear will blind me.  
 The rose's deepest blushing hue  
 Thy cheek could eithly borrow,  
 But ae kiss o' thy cherry mou'  
 Was worth a year o' sorrow.

Oh! in the slippery paths of love,  
 Let prudence aye direct thee;  
 Let virtue every step approve,  
 An' virtue will respect thee.  
 To ilka pleasure, ilka pang,  
 Alak! I am nae stranger;  
 An' he wha aince has wander'd wrang  
 Is best aware o' danger.

May still thy heart be kind an' true,  
 A' ither maids excelling;  
 May heaven distil its purest dew  
 Aroun thy rural dwelling.  
 May flow'rets spring an' wild birds sing  
 Aroun thee late an' early;  
 An' oft to thy remembrance bring  
 The lad that lov'd thee dearly.

—  
 LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON.

Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddisdale,  
 Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on,  
 The Armstrong's are flying,  
 Their widows are erying,  
 The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone;  
 Lock the door, Lariston,—high on the weather  
 gleam,  
 See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky,  
 Yeoman and carbinceer,  
 Billman and halberdier;  
 Firce is the foray, and far is the cry.

Beweastle brandishes high his broad seimitar,  
 Ridley is riding his fleet-footed gray,  
     Hedly and Howard there,  
     Wandale and Windermere,—  
 Lock the door, Lariston, hold them at bay.  
 Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?  
 Why do the joy-candles gleam in thine eye?  
     Thou bold Border ranger  
     Beware of thy danger—  
 Thy foes are relentless, determined and nigh.

Joek Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,  
 His hand grasp'd the sword with a nervous em-  
     brace;  
     "Ah, welcome, brave foemen,  
     On earth there are no men  
 More gallant to meet in the foray or chase!  
 Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here,  
 Little know you of our moss-trooper's might,  
     Lindhope and Sorby true,  
     Sundhope and Milburn too,  
 Gentle in manner, but lions in fight!

"I've Margerton, Gornberry, Raeburn, and Ne-  
     therby,  
 Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array;  
     Come, all Northumberland,  
     Teesdale and Cumberland,  
 Here at the Breaken Tower end shall the fray."  
 Seow'l'd the broad sun o'er the links of green  
     Liddisdale,  
 Red as the beacon-light tipp'd he the wold;  
     Many a bold martial eye  
     Mirror'd that morning sky,  
 Never more oped on his orbit of gold!

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warrior  
     shout,  
 Lances and halberts in splinters were borne;  
     Halberd and hauberk then  
     Braved the claymore in vain,  
 Buckler and armet in shivers were shorn.  
 See how they wane, the proud files of Windermere,  
 Howard—ah! woe to thy hopes of the day!  
     Hear the wide welkin rend,  
     While the Scots' shouts ascend  
 "Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye!"

THE AULD HIGHLANDMAN.

Hersell pe auehty years and twa,  
     Te twenty-tird o' May, man:  
 She twell amang te Heelan hills,  
     Ayont the reefer Spey, man.  
 Tat year tey foucht the Sherra-muir,  
     She first peheld te licht, man;  
 Tey shot my father in tat stoure—  
     A plaguit, vexin' spite, man.

I've feucht in Scotland here at hame,  
     In France and Shermanie, man;  
 An' eot tree tesputr pluddy oons,  
     Beyond te 'Lantic sea, man.  
 Bot wae licht on te nasty eun,  
     Tat ever she pe porn, man;  
 Phile koot klymore te tristle caird,  
     Her leaves pe never torn, man;

Ae tay I shot, and shot, and shot,  
     Phanc'er it cam my turn, man;  
 Put a' te force tat I could gie,  
     Te powter wadna purn, man.  
 A filty loon cam wi' his eun,  
     Resolyt to te me harm, man;  
 And wi' te tirk upon her nose,  
     Ke me a pluddy arm, man.

I flang my eun wi' a' my micht,  
     And felt his nepour teit, man;  
 Tan drew my swort, and at a straik  
     Hewt aff te haf o's heit, man.  
 Be vain te tell o' a' my tricks;  
     My oons pe nae tistrace, man;  
 Ter no be yin pehint my back,  
     Ter a' before my face, man.

GANG TO THE BRAKENS WI' ME.

I'll sing of yon glen of red heather,  
     An' a dear thing that ca's it her hame,  
 Wha's a' made o' love-life thegither,  
     Frae the tie o' the shoe te the kaime;  
 Love beckons in every sweet motion,  
     Commanding due homage te gie;  
 But the shrine o' my dearest devotion  
     Is the bend o' her bonnie e'ebree.

I fleech'd an' I pray'd the dear lassie  
     To gang te the brakens wi' me;  
 But though neither lordly nor saucy,  
     Her answer was—"Laith wad I be!  
 I neither hae father nor mither,  
     Sage coun-sel or caution te gie;  
 An' prudence has whisper'd me never  
     To gang te the brakens wi' thee."

"Dear lassie, how can ye npraid me,  
     An' try your ain love te beguile?  
 For ye are the richest young lady  
     That ever gaed o'er the kirk-stile.  
 Your smile that is blither than ony,  
     The bend o' your cheerfu' e'ebree,  
 An' the sweet blinks o' love they're sae bonny,  
     Are five hundred thousand te me!"

She turn'd her around and said, smiling,  
 While the tear in her blue e'e shone clear,  
 "Ye'ar welcome, kind sir, to your mailing,  
 For, O, you have valued it dear.  
 Gae make out the lease, do not linger,  
 Let the parson indorse the decree;  
 An' then, for a wave of your finger,  
 I'll gang to the brakens wi' thee!"

There's joy in the bright blooming feature,  
 When love lurks in every young line,  
 There's joys in the beauties of nature,  
 There's joy in the dance and the wine:  
 But there's a delight will ne'er perish,  
 'Mang pleasures all fleeting and vain,  
 And that is to love and to cherish  
 The fond little heart that's our ain!

#### BONNIE JEAN.<sup>1</sup>

Sing on, sing on my bonnie bird,  
 The sang ye sang yestreen, O,  
 When here, aneath the hawthorn wild,  
 I met my bonnie Jean, O.  
 My blude ran prinklin' through my veins,  
 My hair began to steer, O;  
 My heart play'd deep against my breast,  
 As I beheld my dear, O.

O weels me on my happy lot!  
 O weels me on my dearie!  
 O weels me on the charmin' spot  
 Where a' combin'd to cheer me!  
 The mavis liltit on the bush,  
 The laverock on the green, O;  
 The lily bloom'd, the daisy blush'd,  
 But a' was nought to Jean, O.

Sing on, sing on my bonnie thrush,  
 Be neither flee'd or eerie,  
 I'll wad your love sits in the bush  
 That gars ye sing sae cheerie.  
 She may be kind, she may be sweet,  
 She may be neat and clean, O,  
 But oh she's but a drysome mate  
 Compar'd with bonnie Jean, O.

If love would open a' her stores,  
 An' a' her blooming treasures,  
 An' bid me rise, and turn and choose,  
 An' taste her chiefest pleasures;  
 My choice would be the rosy cheek,  
 The modest beaming eye, O,

<sup>1</sup> The heroine of this song was Jane Cunningham, wife of John Sibbald of Borthaugh, near Branksome Castle, Roxburghshire.

The yellow hair, the bosom fair,  
 The lips o' coral dye, O.

A bramble shade around her head,  
 A burnie poplin' by, O;  
 Our bed the swaird, our sheet the plaid,  
 Our canopy the sky, O.  
 An' here's the burn, an' there's the bush  
 Around the flowery green, O,  
 An' this the plaid, an' sure the lass  
 Wad be my bonnie Jean, O.

Hear me, thou bonnie modest moon!  
 Ye sternies twinklin' high, O!  
 An' a' ye gentle powers aboon  
 That roam athwart the sky, O!  
 Ye see me grateful for the past,  
 Ye saw me blest yestreen, O;  
 An' ever till I breathe my last  
 Ye'll see me true to Jean, O.

#### FLORA MACDONALD'S FAREWELL.<sup>2</sup>

Far over yon hills of the heather sae green,  
 An' down by the corrie that sings to the sea,  
 The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,  
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.  
 She look'd at a boat wi' the breezes that swung,  
 Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;  
 An' aye as it lessen'd she sigh'd and she sung,  
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!  
 Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young,  
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

The moorcock that craws on the brows of Ben-  
 Connal,

He kens of his bed in a sweet mossy hame;  
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald,  
 Unawed and un hunted his cryie can claim;  
 The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shore,  
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,  
 But, ah! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,  
 Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he:  
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more—  
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland  
 and me!

The target is torn from the arm of the just,  
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,  
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,  
 But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;

<sup>2</sup> Flora Macdonald's Farewell was composed to an air handed me by the late lamented Neil Gow, junr. He said it was an ancient Skye air, but afterwards told me that it was his own. When I first heard the song sung by Mr. Morrison, I never was so agreeably astonished—I could hardly believe my senses that I had made so good a song without knowing it.

The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,  
 Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue,  
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,  
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?  
 Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!  
 The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow!

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CALEDONIA.

Caledonia! thou land of the mountain and rock,  
 Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind —  
 Thou land of the torrent, the pine, and the oak,  
 Of the roebuck, the hart, and the hind;  
 Though bare are thy cliffs, and though barren  
 thy glens,  
 Though bleak thy dim islands appear,  
 Yet kind are the hearts, and undaunted the elans,  
 That roam on these mountains so dear!

A foe from abroad, or a tyrant at home,  
 Could never thy ardour restrain;  
 The marshall'd array of imperial Rome,  
 Essay'd thy proud spirit in vain!  
 Firm seat of religion, of valour, of truth,  
 Of genius unshackled and free,  
 The muses have left all the vales of the south,  
 My loved Caledonia, for thee!

Sweet land of the bay and the wild-winding deeps,  
 Where loveliness slumbers at even,  
 While far in the depth of the blue water sleeps  
 A calm little motionless heaven!  
 Thou land of the valley, the moor, and the hill,  
 Of the storm, and the proud-rolling wave —  
 Yes, thou art the land of fair liberty still,  
 And the land of my forefathers' grave!

BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE.

Cam ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,  
 Down by the Tummel or banks o' the Garry,  
 Saw ye our lads wi' their bonnets and white  
 cockades,  
 Usher their mountains to follow Prince  
 Charlie?  
 Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee!  
 Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!  
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,  
 King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince  
 Charlie!

I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald;  
 But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry!  
 Health to M'Donell and gallant Clan-Ronald  
 For these are the men that will die for their  
 Charlie!

Follow thee! follow thee! &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,  
 Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie;  
 Brave M'Intosh, he shall fly to the field with them,  
 These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie!  
 Follow thee! follow thee! &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the  
 Whigamorie!  
 Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely!  
 Ronald and Donald, drive on, wi' the broad clay-  
 more,  
 Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie!  
 Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee!  
 Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!  
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,  
 King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince  
 Charlie!

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WALTER SCOTT.

BORN 1771 — DIED 1832.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart., was born Aug. 15, 1771, in one of the duskiest parts of Edinburgh, then called the College Wynd, and now known as Chambers' Street. His father, the first of the race who was not either sailor or soldier, was a highly respectable Writer to the Signet — his mother, a worthy woman who was well acquainted with the poetry of her day, particularly that of Burns and Ramsay. In infancy, by a sudden illness Walter Scott was lamed for

life, the unformed strength of an infant having been stricken by a malady of old age. He, however, attained a good stature and great strength, and either at walking with the aid of a stick, or on horseback, he found few superiors. The Ettrick Shepherd, in his "Familiar Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott," says, he "was the best formed man I ever saw, and, laying his weak limb out of the question, a perfect model of a man for strength. The muscles of his

arms were prodigious." After various remedies had been tried without any good result, he was sent from Edinburgh to Sandy-knowe, the residence of a relative, where the country air which invigorated his tottering frame wrought manifestly on his genius. Here his education began, his first teacher being an illiterate shepherd, and his school the rough ground of a Scottish sheepfold. When the old man with his shepherd dog went forth to tend his flocks, the lame child accompanied him, and found delight in rolling "the lee lang day" among the herbage and heather of the hill sides. The fellowship he thus formed with dogs and with sheep impressed his mind with an attachment towards them which was a strong characteristic through life. Scott says that his consciousness of existence dated from Sandy-knowe, and how deep and indelible were its impressions we need not remind the reader of "Marmion," nor of his "Eve of St. John." On the summit of the crags which overhang the farmhouse stands the ruined tower of Smaylho'me, the scene of the fine ballad just alluded to, and the Avenel Castle of *The Monastery*. At a short distance is Mertoun, the principal seat of the Scotts of Harden, celebrated in a hundred Border ballads; across the Tweed, Dryburgh Abbey, surrounded with yew-trees as ancient as itself, and containing within its hallowed walls the remains of the GREAT MINSTREL and his gifted son-in-law Lockhart; the purple peaks of the Eildon Hills; the bleak wilderness of Lammermoor; the broom of the Cowdenknowes; Melrose, clasped amid the windings of the Tweed; Hume Castle, in its desolate grandeur; and in the back-ground the hills of the Gala, Etrick, and Yarrow, and many other scenes celebrated in Border song and story,—such were the objects that painted the earliest images on the eye and in the heart of Walter Scott.

At a proper age he was sent to school, where he did not attain a very high grade, occupying, notwithstanding his lameness, a much higher position among his fellows in the playground. During his vacations he resided with an uncle—a farmer on the Tweed—where he devoted himself to reading everything that came in his way, peopling his mind with old romances and legendary poetry—with the fantastic creations of oriental fiction, the gorgeous gallery of the "Fairie Queen," the miniature world of Shak-

spere, and the solemn majesty of Milton. An interesting evidence of Scott's early readings and remarkable memory may be illustrated by a pleasant anecdote. When Robert Burns paid his first visit to Edinburgh, Walter Scott was a tall lad of fifteen, and was present on one occasion when the peasant bard was entertained by the literary magnates of that city. There happened to be a print in the room representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his widow with a child in her arms on one side, on the other his faithful dog; underneath was written these lines:—

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,  
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;  
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,  
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,  
Gave the sad presage of his future years—  
The child of misery baptized in tears."

Burns was deeply affected by the print, and inquired after the author of the inscription. None could tell, when Scott whispered to a friend that they were written by Langhorne, and occurred in a neglected poem called the "Justice of Peace." Burns rewarded the future minstrel of Scotland "with a look and a word," which in after days of glory and renown were remembered and cherished with pride.

After an education at various schools, in which, among other things, he acquired a considerable amount of classical information, he entered his father's office as an apprentice, and led the life common at that time among young men of his age and rank. Soon after attaining his majority, Scott was called to the bar, where he made no great figure; for although he could speak fluently, his intellect was not of a forensic cast. He failed to win his first love, whom he has celebrated as *Matilda* in his poem of "Rokeby," and who married his friend Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo. Soon after her marriage Scott met Charlotte Charpentier, the daughter of a French royalist who had died in the beginning of the Revolution, and whose wife escaped to England with her son and daughter. Scott was in his twenty-sixth year when they were married. They spent their winters in the polished circles of Edinburgh—their summers in a beautiful cottage at Lasswade on the banks of the Esk, near the famous abbey and castle of Roslyn.

His appointment as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, with a salary of £300, together with Mrs. Scott's income, compensated for his want of practice at the bar, and enabled him to devote his time to more congenial pursuits. In their little cottage, surrounded by a beautiful garden, in which Scott delighted to cultivate shrubs and flowers, with its rustic archway overgrown with ivy, they spent many summers, receiving the visits of their chosen friends from the neighbouring city, and wandering at will among some of the most romantic scenes of Scotland.

It had long been Scott's delight to collect the ancient ballads of his native land as they fell from the lips of his companions and acquaintances, or from persons whom he sought out for that purpose. This harvest, which he gleaned at first without any ulterior object, was storing his imagination with the wealth which, at a future day, he was to pay back a thousand-fold increased. The accumulation of these relics at length led to the conception of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and the success of that work decided his future career. In January, 1802, the first two volumes of the *Minstrelsy* appeared, which may be said to have first introduced Walter Scott to the world as an author. Three years later the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which naturally grew from the *Minstrelsy*, was published, and at once placed its author in the front rank of the poets of the nineteenth century. With its publication began a career of prolific and prosperous authorship unexampled in the annals of literature. In the history of British poetry perhaps nothing has ever equalled the demand for the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The circulation of the work in Great Britain in its first flush of success was nearly thirty thousand copies. It must be remembered that at that day the reading community was not one-half what it is at present—that books were expensive, and that the great mass of readers resorted to public libraries, unable to indulge in so costly a luxury.

Next came "Marmion," which met with the same kind reception that greeted his first poem, and a few years after the "Lady of the Lake" was published. This charming story, the most successful of Scott's poetical works, in which he peopled the glades and islands of the Perthshire lakes with blue eyed maidens and

gallant warriors, and combined a faithful transcript of the natural beauties of the scenery with a romantic tale, gave an interest to this part of Scotland which otherwise it would probably never have attained. Thousands and tens of thousands visited Scotland, before unknown to the greater part of Europe and America, and made pilgrimages to the wild and picturesque Trossachs. Rocks and caves were pointed out as the spots described by the poet, pathways identified as those traversed by the chivalrous Fitz James, and "fair Ellen's isle" almost denuded of flowers and ferns by enthusiastic tourists.

In 1806 Scott was appointed a clerk of the Court of Session, which sat at Edinburgh about six months in the year; it was an honourable position, which he could hold conjointly with the sheriffdom, and was worth about £800 per annum. After the publication of the "Lady of the Lake," a poem unequal in many respects to "Marmion," but far dearer to the great mass of youthful readers, Scott found his popularity as a poet waning. This discovery set him to work upon an old unfinished manuscript which had lain for years in one of his drawers. That MS. was the first volume of *Waverley*.

There is nothing finer in literary biography than the composure, the magnanimity with which the last of the Border minstrels, aware that he was being supplanted in popular favour by Byron, tranquilly turned his genius into another channel, in which he reigned supreme. The novel which had been thrown aside as a failure was completed, the last two volumes being written in *twenty-six summer afternoons*, and published. Its success was wonderful. There never had been such a sensation book since literature began. Although, except from a few, he preserved a strict incognito, there were not many persons among the literary circles of Edinburgh who did not at once recognize the hand of Walter Scott. Professor Wilson asked if people had forgotten the prose of the *Minstrelsy*, and the Ettrick Shepherd had his copy rebound and lettered *Waverley, by Walter Scott*. A month after the publication of *Guy Mannering*, the second of the series, written in six weeks, he made his second visit to London. "Make up your mind to be stared at only a little less

than the Czar of Muscovy or old Blücher," wrote his friend Joanna Baillie, a few days before he left Scotland. Her prophecy was fulfilled—all classes, from the Prince Regent down, vied with each other in doing him honour. During this visit Scott and Byron met for the first time. Half-yearly letters passed between them ever afterwards, although they met but once again.

It was while correcting the proof-sheets of the *Antiquary*, the third of the series, published in 1816, that he first began to equip his chapters with mottoes of his own fabrication. He happened to ask John Ballantyne, his printer, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. He did as requested, but failed to find the lines. "Hang it, Johnnie," cried Scott, "I believe I can make a motto sooner than you can find one." He accordingly did so, and from that time, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigraph, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of "old play," or "old ballad." These were, indeed, happy and prosperous days with the great author. His writings were everywhere read with delight, and afforded him an income, with his salary as Sheriff and Clerk of Session, of at least £10,000 per annum. Acre after acre was added to Abbotsford—blooming daughters and stalwart sons spread sunshine under his roof, and princely hospitality was dispensed to all sorts of people. No eminent foreigner visited Scotland without seeing Scott. To those who met him under his own roof it seemed utterly impossible that he could be the author of the *Waverley Novels*, which appeared at the rate of three or four each year, for he devoted all but a hardly perceptible portion of his mornings to visitors, or to out-of-door occupations—with his factotum, Tom Purdie, planting trees, making roads, or removing fences—watching stone upon stone added to his baronial mansion, and now listening to some neighbouring squire's account of parochial plans or grievances, and devoting the whole of his evenings to the entertainment of his guests. But the secret was this: he was an early riser. A private passage conducted him from his chamber to his study, and there, with his door locked, with no other witness but his favourite stag-hound, he wrote page after page of those matchless novels with marvellous rapidity.

In 1820 he was created a baronet, and in the same year his eldest daughter Sophia was married to John Gibson Lockhart, whose name will ever be associated with that of Sir Walter Scott in the pages of that splendid biography, the most enduring monument to both. In 1825, the last year of unclouded prosperity, his eldest son was married to the niece of one of his greatest friends, on which occasion the halls of Abbotsford were displayed in all their splendour for the first time and the last. The whole range of apartments were never opened again for the reception of company, but once—on the day of Sir Walter's funeral. The great author was at this time at the climax of earthly happiness, surrounded by his family and "troops of friends," with wealth apparently inexhaustible, and fame unembittered by a single hostile voice. But before the end of the year the terrible blow fell—he was a bankrupt, and his halls no longer resounded with the merriment of the great and gay. Upon the investigation of the affairs of Constable and the Ballantynes, with whom he was connected in the publishing and printing trade, it appeared that they owed the enormous sum of one hundred and seventeen thousand pounds. Had Sir Walter been willing to go into the *Gazette*, his affairs could have been arranged in a short time by the surrender of the existing copyrights and his life interest in Abbotsford, but he felt that his honour was engaged in seeing every man receive the full amount of his claim. Full of courage and hope he set to work with wonderful industry, almost beyond the power of nature, to pay this enormous debt by the fruits of his pen. The world has never seen a grander spectacle than that old man, nearly threescore years of age, resolutely sitting down to cancel that debt. He went into humble lodgings in Edinburgh, and tasked his brain and body ten, twelve, and even fourteen hours a day, in writing reviews and carrying on his great works. Why did he submit to this terrible toil and drudgery? That his name might go down to posterity untarnished, and that a fantastic mansion and the broad acres that surrounded it might be transmitted to a long line of Scotts of Abbotsford.

On September 21, 1832, surrounded by all his children, the noble Scotchman breathed his last. "It was a beautiful day, so warm that

every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt round his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." He was buried within the picturesque ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, the tomb of his ancestors. Near him rest the remains of several members of his family, and his son-in-law Lockhart, who, with an over-worked brain and sorrow-laden heart, sought out Abbotsford—to die, similar causes producing the same disease that brought Sir Walter to the grave. As I stood a few summers since amid those venerable ruins, where the Great Minstrel, who shall strike the lyre no more, is mouldering to dust, I could not but recall his own beautiful lines, which seemed strikingly appropriate to the scene:—

“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.”

At the unveiling of Steel's bronze statue of Sir Walter, in the Central Park, New York, November, 1872, the venerable American poet Bryant, in the course of an address delivered on the occasion, remarked:

“As I look round on this assembly I perceive few persons of my own age—few who can remember, as I can, the rising and setting of this brilliant luminary of modern literature. I well recollect the time when Scott, then thirty-four years of age, gave to the world his ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel,’ the first of his works which awakened the enthusiastic admiration that afterwards attached to all he wrote. In that poem the spirit of the old Scottish ballads—the most beautiful of their class—lived again. In it we had all their fire, their rapid narrative, their unlaboured graces, their pathos, animating a story to which he had given a certain epic breadth and unity. We read with scarcely less delight his poem of ‘Marmion,’ and soon afterwards the youths and maidens of our

country hung with rapture over his ‘Lady of the Lake.’ I need not enumerate his other poems, but this I will say of them all, that no other metrical narratives in our language seem to me to possess an equal power of enchainning the attention of the reader, and carrying him on from incident to incident with such entire freedom from weariness. These works, printed in cheap editions, were dispersed all over our country; they found their way to almost every fireside, and their popularity raised up both here and in Great Britain a multitude of imitators now forgotten.”

From among several passages of acute criticism on Walter Scott as a poet, by the most eminent critics of the past fifty years, our limits prevent us from introducing more than the following vigorous passage from the pen of Professor John Wilson. “Though greatly inferior,” he writes, “in many things to his illustrious brethren (Byron and Wordsworth) Scott is, perhaps, after all, the most unequivocally original. We do not know of any model after which the form of his principal poems has been moulded. They bear no resemblance, and, we must allow, are far inferior to the heroic poems of Greece; nor do they, though he has been called the Ariosto of the North, seem to me to resemble, in any way whatever, any of the great poems of modern Italy. He has given a most intensely real representation of the living spirit of the chivalrous age of his country. He has not shrouded the figures or the characters of his heroes in high poetical lustre, so as to dazzle us by resplendent fictitious beings shining through the scenes and events of a half imaginary world. They are as much real men in his poetry as the ‘mighty earls’ of old are in our histories and annals. The incidents, too, and events are all wonderfully like those of real life; and when we add to this, that all the most interesting and impressive superstitions and fancies of the times are in his poetry incorporated and intertwined with the ordinary tissue of mere human existence, we feel ourselves hurried from this our civilized age back into the troubled bosom of semi-barbarous life, and made keen partakers in all its impassioned and poetical credulities.

“His poems are historical narrations, true in all things to the spirit of history, but everywhere overspread with those bright and

breathing colours which only genius can bestow on reality: and when it is remembered that the times in which the scenes are laid and his heroes act were distinguished by many of the most energetic virtues that can grace or dignify the character of a free people, and marked by the operation of great passions and important events, every one must feel that the poetry of Walter Scott is, in the noblest sense of the word, national; that it breathes upon us the bold and heroic spirit of perturbed

but magnificent ages, and connects us, in the midst of philosophy, science, and refinement, with our turbulent but high-minded ancestors, of whom we have no cause to be ashamed, whether looked at in the fields of war or in the halls of peace. He is a true knight in all things,—free, courteous, and brave. War, as he describes it, is a noble game, a kingly pastime. He is the greatest of all war-poets. His poetry might make a very coward fearless.”

## A BRIDAL IN BRANKSOME.

(FROM THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.<sup>1</sup>)

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 burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned.

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, concentered all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, 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 stream 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.

Not scorn'd like me! to Branksome hall  
The minstrels came at festive call;  
Trooping they came, from near and far,  
The jovial priests of mirth and war:  
Alike for feast and fight prepared,  
Battle and banquet both they shared.  
Of late, before each martial clan,  
They blew their death-note in the van,  
But now, for every merry mate,  
Rose the portcullis' iron grate:  
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,  
They dance, they revel, and they sing,  
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

Me lists not at this tide declare

The splendour of the spousal rite,  
How muster'd in the chapel fair

Both maid and matron, squire and knight:  
Me lists not tell of owches rare,  
Of mantles green, and braided hair,  
And kirtles furred with miniver;  
What plumage waved the altar round,  
How spurs, and ringing chainlets, sound:  
And hard it were for bard to speak  
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek,  
That lovely hue which comes and flies,  
As awe and shame alternate rise!

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high  
Chapel or altar came not nigh;  
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,  
So much she feared each holy place.  
False slanders these: I trust right well  
She wrought not by forbidden spell;  
For mighty words and signs have power

<sup>1</sup> Byron preferred this poem to any other of Scott's metrical romances.—Ed.

O'er sprites in planetary hour;  
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,  
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

But this for faithful truth, I say,  
The Ladye by the altar stood,  
Of sable velvet her array,

And on her head a crimson hood,  
With pearls embroidered and entwined,  
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;  
A merlin sat upon her wrist,  
Held by a leash of silken twist.

The sponsal rites were ended soon,  
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,  
And in the lofty arched hall,  
Was spread the gorgeous festival.  
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,  
Marshall'd the rank of every guest;  
Pages, with ready blade, were there,  
The mighty meal to carve and share;  
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,  
And princely peacock's gilded train.  
And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,  
And eygnet from St. Mary's wave,  
O'er ptarmigan and venison,  
The priest had spoke his benison.  
Then rose the riot and the din,  
Above, beneath, without, within!  
For, from the lofty balcony,  
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery;  
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,  
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd;  
Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild,  
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.  
The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,  
The clamour join'd with whistling scream,  
And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,  
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.  
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,  
From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine;  
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,  
And all is mirth and revelry.

### THE DEATH OF MARMION.<sup>1</sup>

(FROM MARMION.)

When, doffed 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!

<sup>1</sup> Marmion is generally conceded to be the most powerful of all Scott's poems. "No one," says Allan Cunningham, "since the days of Homer, has sung with such an impetuous and burning breath the muster, the march, the onset, and all the fiery vicissitudes of battle."—ED.

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 Daere 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 left;  
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 murmured: "Is there none  
Of all my halls have nursed,  
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 pitcons accents said,  
When, with the baron's casque, the maid  
To the high 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 side,  
Where raged the war, a dark red tide  
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.  
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark  
A little fountain-cell,  
Where water, clear as diamond spark,  
In a stone basin fell.  
Above, some half-worn letters say,  
DRINK, WEARY, PILGRIM. DRINK, AND PRAY.  
FOR THE KIND SOUL OF SYBIL GREY.  
WHO BUILT THIS CROSS, AND WELL.  
She filled the helm, and back she hied,  
And with surprise and joy espied  
A monk supporting Marmion's head:  
A pious man, whom duty brought  
To dubious verge of battle fought,  
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
 And, as she stooped his brow to lave—  
 "Is it the hand of Clare," he said,  
 "Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"

Then, as remembrance rose—  
 "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!  
 I must redress her woes.  
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare;  
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"

"Alas!" she said, "the while—  
 O think of your immortal weal!  
 In vain for Constance is your zeal;  
 She —— died at Holy Isle."—  
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,  
 As light as if he felt no wound;  
 Though in the action burst the tide,  
 In torrents, from his wounded side.  
 "Then it was truth!"—he said—"I knew  
 That the dark presage must be true.  
 I would the fiend, to whom belongs  
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,  
 Would spare me but a day!

For wasting fire, and dying groan,  
 And priests slain on the altar stone,  
 Might bribe him for delay.  
 It may not be!—this dizzy trance—  
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,  
 And doubly cursed my failing brand!  
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand!"  
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,  
 Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour Clara bound,  
 And strove to stannch the gushing wound:  
 The monk, with unavailing eyes,  
 Exhausted all the church's cares;  
 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, swelled 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.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

(FROM MARMION.)

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-dressed 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 holly green;  
 Forth to the wood did merry men go,  
 To gather in the mistletoe.  
 Then open'd wide the baron's hall  
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;  
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
 And Ceremony doff'd his pride.  
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
 That night might village partner choose.  
 The Lord, underogating, share  
 The vulgar game of "post and pair."  
 All hail'd, with uncontrol'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,  
Serubb'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 wassail 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 masquers 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 smutt'd cheeks the visors made;  
But, O! what masquers, 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.

### THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.<sup>1</sup>

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,  
He spurr'd his courser on,  
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,  
That leads to Brotherstone.

<sup>1</sup> Smaylho'me or Smallholm Tower, the scene of this ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks called Sandikow Crags. The tower is a high square building surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow

He went not with the bold Buecleuch,  
His banner broad to rear;  
He went not 'gainst the English yew,  
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack<sup>2</sup> was braeed, and his helmet  
was laeed,  
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;  
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,  
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days space  
And his looks were sad and sour;  
And weary was his courser's pace,  
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor  
Ran red with English blood;  
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buecleuch,  
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,  
His aceton pierced and tore,  
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—  
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,  
He held him close and still;  
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,  
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,  
Come hither to my knee;  
Though thou art young, and tender of age,  
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,  
And look thou tell me true!  
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,  
What did thy lady do?"—

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,  
That burns on the wild Watchfold;  
For, from height to height, the beacons bright  
Of the English foemen told.

stair; on the roof are two bartizans or platforms for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer, an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the Watchfold, and is said to have been the station of a beacon in the times of war with England. Without the tower court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ballad was first printed in Mr. Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition.

<sup>2</sup> The plate-jack is coat armour; the vaunt-brace or wau brace, armour for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

“The bittern clamour’d from the moss,  
The wind blew loud and shrill;  
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross  
To the airy Beacon Hill.

“I watch’d her steps, and silent came  
Where she sat her on a stone;—  
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,  
It burned all alone.

“The second night I kept her in sight,  
Till to the fire she came,  
And, by Mary’s might! an armed knight  
Stood by the lonely flame.

“And many a word that warlike lord  
Did speak to my lady there;  
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,  
And I heard not what they were.

“The third night there the sky was fair,  
And the mountain-blast was still,  
As again I watch’d the secret pair,  
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

“And I heard her name the midnight hour,  
And name this holy eve;  
And say, ‘Come this night to thy lady’s bower;  
Ask no bold Baron’s leave.

“‘He lifts his spear with the bold Buceleuch;  
His lady is all alone;  
The door she’ll undo, to her knight so true,  
On the eve of good St. John.’—

“‘I cannot come; I must not come;  
I dare not come to thee;  
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone:  
In thy bower I may not be.’—

“‘Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!  
Thou shouldst not say me nay;  
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,  
Is worth the whole summer’s day.

“‘And I’ll chain the blood-hound, and the warder  
shall not sound,  
And rushes shall be strew’d on the stair;  
So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John,  
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!’—

“‘Though the blood-hound be mute, and the  
rush beneath my foot,  
And the warder his bugle should not blow,  
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the  
east,  
And my footstep he would know.’—

“‘O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east,  
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta’en;  
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,  
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.’—

“‘He turn’d him around, and grimly he frown’d;  
Then he laugh’d right scornfully—  
‘He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that  
knight,  
May as well say mass for me:

“‘At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits  
have power,  
In thy chamber will I be.’—  
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,  
And no more did I see.”

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron’s brow,  
From the dark to the blood-red high;  
“Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast  
seen,  
For, by Mary, he shall die!”—

“His arms shone full bright, in the beacon’s red  
light:  
His plume it was scarlet and blue;  
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,  
And his crest was a branch of the yew.”—

“Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,  
Loud dost thou lie to me!  
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,  
All under the Eildon-tree.”—

“Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!  
For I heard her name his name;  
And that lady bright, she called the knight  
Sir Richard of Coldinghame.”—

The bold Baron’s brow then changed, I trow,  
From high blood-red to pale—  
“The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is  
stiff and stark—  
So I may not trust thy tale.

“Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,  
And Eildon slopes to the plain,  
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,  
That gay gallant was slain.

“The varying light deceived thy sight,  
And the wild winds drown’d the name;  
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white  
monks do sing,  
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!”

He pass’d the court-gate, and he oped the tower-  
gate,  
And he mounted the narrow stair,  
To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids that on  
her wait,  
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;  
Look’d over hill and vale;  
Over Tweed’s fair flood, and Mertoun’s wood,  
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"—

"Now hail, thou Baron true!  
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?  
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"—

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,  
For many a southern fell;  
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,  
To watch our beacons well."—

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said:  
Nor added the Baron a word:  
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber  
fair,  
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd  
and turn'd,  
And oft to himself he said,—  
"The worms around him creep, and his bloody  
grave is deep. . . ."  
It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,  
The night was well-nigh done,  
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,  
On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,  
By the light of a dying flame;  
And she was aware of a knight stood there—  
Sir Richard of Coldingham!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,  
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"—  
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;  
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,  
In bloody grave have I lain;  
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,  
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,  
Most foully slain, I fell;  
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,  
For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain space,  
I must wander to and fro;  
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,  
Had'st thou not conjured me so."—

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd;  
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?  
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—  
The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life;  
So bid thy lord believe:  
That lawless love is guilt above,  
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam;  
His right upon her hand;  
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,  
For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,  
Remains on that board impress'd;  
And for evermore that lady wore  
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower  
Ne'er looks upon the sun;  
There is a monk in Melrose tower,  
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,  
That monk, who speaks to none—  
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,  
That monk the bold Baron.

### THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

(FROM THE LORD OF THE ISLES.<sup>1</sup>)

The King had deem'd the maiden bright  
Should reach him long before the fight,  
But storms and fate her course delay:  
It was on eve of battle-day,  
When o'er the Gillie's-hill she rode.  
The landscape like a furnace glow'd,  
And far as e'er the eye was borne,  
The lances waved like autumn-corn.  
In battles four beneath their eye,  
The forces of King Robert lie.  
And one below the hill was laid,  
Reserved for rescue and for aid:  
And three, advanced, form'd vaward line.  
'Twixt Bannock's brook and Niuan's shrine.  
Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh  
As well might mutual aid supply.  
Beyond, the Southern host appears,  
A boundless wilderness of spears,  
Whose verge or rear the anxious eye  
Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy.  
Thick flashing in the evening beam,  
Glaires, lances, bills, and banners gleam:  
And where the heaven join'd with the hill,  
Was distant armour flashing still,  
So wide, so far, the boundless host  
Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

Down from the hill the maiden pass'd,  
At the wild show of war aghast:

<sup>1</sup> The poem is now, I believe, about as popular as "Rokeby," but it has never reached the same station in general favour with the "Lay," "Marmion," or the "Lady of the Lake."—*John Gibson Lockhart.*

And traversed first the rearward host,  
Reserved for aid where needed most.  
The men of Carrick and of Ayr,  
Lennox and Lanark, too, were there,  
And all the western land:  
With these the valiant of the Isles  
Beneath their chieftains rank'd their files,  
In many a plaided band.

There, in the centre, proudly raised,  
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,  
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore  
A galley driven by sail and oar.  
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made  
Warriors in mail and plate array'd,  
With the plumed bonnet and the plaid  
By these Hebrideans worn;  
But O! unseen for three long years,  
Dear was the garb of mountaineers  
To the fair Maid of Lorn!  
For one she look'd—but he was far  
Busied amid the ranks of war—  
Yet with affection's troubled eye  
She mark'd his banner boldly fly,  
Gave on the countless foe a glance,  
And thought on battle's desperate chance.

To centre of the vaward-line  
Fitz-Louis guided Anadine.  
Arm'd all on foot, that host appears  
A serried mass of glimmering spears.  
There stood the Marchers' warlike band,  
The warriors there of Lodon's land;  
Ettrick and Liddell bent the yew,  
A band of archers fierce, though few;  
The men of Nith and Annan's vale,  
And the bold Spears of Teviotdale;—  
The dauntless Douglas these obey,  
And the young Stuart's gentle sway.  
North-eastward by Saint Ninian's shrine,  
Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine  
The warriors whom the hardy North  
From Tay to Sutherland sent forth.  
The rest of Scotland's war-array  
With Edward Bruce to westward lay,  
Where Bannock, with his broken bank  
And deep ravine, protects their flank.  
Behind them, screen'd by sheltering wood,  
The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal, stood:  
His men-at-arms bear mace and lance,  
And plumes that wave, and helms that glance.  
Thus fair divided by the King,  
Centre, and right, and left-ward wing,  
Composed his front; nor distant far  
Was strong reserve to aid the war.  
And 'twas to front of this array,  
Her guide and Edith made their way.

Here must they pause; for, in advance  
As far as one might pitch a lance,

The Monarch rode along the van,  
The foe's approaching force to scan,  
His line to marshal and to range,  
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.  
Alone he rode—from head to heel  
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel;  
Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,  
But, till more near the shock of fight,  
Reining a palfrey low and light.  
A diadem of gold was set  
Above his bright steel basinet,  
And clasp'd within its glittering twine  
Was seen the glove of Argentine;  
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,  
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.  
He ranged his soldiers for the fight,  
Accoutred thus, in open sight  
Of either host.—Three bowshots far,  
Paused the deep front of England's war,  
And rested on their arms awhile,  
To close and rank their warlike file,  
And hold high council, if that night  
Should view the strife, or dawning light.  
O gay, yet fearful to behold,  
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,

And bristled o'er with bills and spears,  
With plumes and pennons waving fair,  
Was that bright battle-front! for there  
Rode England's King and peers:  
And who, that saw that monarch ride,  
His kingdom battled by his side,  
Could then his direful doom foretell!—  
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,  
And in his sprightly eye was set  
Some spark of the Plantagenet.  
Though light and wandering was his glance,  
It flash'd at sight of shield and lance.  
“Know'st thou,” he said, “De Argentine,  
You knight who marshals thus their line?”—  
“The tokens on his helmet tell  
The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well.”—  
“And shall the audacious traitor brave  
The presence where our banners wave?”—  
“So please my Liege,” said Argentine,  
“Were he but horsed on steed like mine,  
To give him fair and knightly chance,  
I would adventure forth my lance.”—  
“In battle-day,” the King replied,  
“Nee tonrney rules are set aside.  
—Still must the rebel dare our wrath?  
Set on him—sweep him from our path!”  
And, at King Edward's signal, soon  
Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Bonne.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,  
A race renown'd for knightly fame.  
He burn'd before his Monarch's eye  
To do some deed of chivalry.

He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance,  
 And darted on the Bruce at once.  
 —As motionless as rocks, that bide  
 The wrath of the advancing tide,  
 The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,  
 And dazzled was each gazing eye—  
 The heart had hardly time to think,  
 The eyelid scarce had time to wink,  
 While on the King, like flash of flame,  
 Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!  
 The partridge may the falcon mock,  
 If that slight palfrey stand the shock—  
 But, swerving from the Knight's career,  
 Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.  
 Onward the baffled warrior bore  
 His course—but soon his course was o'er!—  
 High in his stirrups stood the King,  
 And gave his battle-axe the swing.  
 Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,  
 Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—  
 Such strength upon the blow was put,  
 The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut;  
 The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,  
 Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.  
 Springs from the blow the startled horse,  
 Drops to the plain the lifeless corse:  
 —First of that fatal field, how soon,  
 How'sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

One pitying glance the Monarch sped,  
 Where on the field his foe lay dead;  
 Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head,  
 And, pacing back his sober way,  
 Slowly he gain'd his own array.  
 There round their King the leaders crowd,  
 And blame his recklessness advent,  
 That risk'd 'gainst each adventurous spear  
 A life so valued and so dear.  
 His broken weapon's shaft survey'd  
 The King, and careless answer made,—  
 "My loss may pay my folly's tax;  
 I've broke my trusty battle-axe."  
 'Twas then Fitz-Louis, bending low,  
 Did Isabel's commission show;  
 Edith, disguised at distance stands,  
 And hides her blushes with her hands.  
 The Monarch's brow has changed its hue,  
 Away the gory axe he threw,  
 While to the seeming page he drew,  
 Clearing war's terrors from his eye.  
 Her hand with gentle ease he took,  
 With such a kind protecting look,  
 As to a weak and timid boy  
 Might speak, that elder brother's care  
 And elder brother's love were there.

"Fear not," he said, "young Amadine!"  
 Then whisper'd, "Still that name be thine,

Fate plays her wonted fantasy,  
 Kind Amadine, with thee and me,  
 And sends thee here in doubtful hour.  
 But soon we are beyond her power;  
 For on this chosen battle-plain,  
 Victor or vanquish'd, I remain.  
 Do thou to yonder hill repair;  
 The followers of our host are there,  
 And all who may not weapons bear.—  
 Fitz-Louis, have him in thy care.—  
 Joyful we meet, if all go well;  
 If not, in Arran's holy cell  
 Thou must take part with Isabel;  
 For brave Lord Ronald, too, hath sworn,  
 Not to regain the Maid of Lorn,  
 (The bliss on earth he covets most,)  
 Would he forsake his battle-post,  
 Or shun the fortune that may fall  
 To Bruce, to Scotland, and to all.—  
 But, hark! some news these trumpets tell;  
 Forgive my haste—farewell!—farewell!"—  
 And in a lower voice he said,  
 "Be of good cheer—farewell, sweet maid!"—

"What train of dust, with trumpet-sound  
 And glimmering spears, is wheeling round  
 Our leftward flank?"—the Monarch cried,  
 To Moray's Earl who rode beside.  
 "Lo! round thy station pass the foes!  
 Randolph, thy wreath has lost a rose."  
 The Earl his visor closed, and said,  
 "My wreath shall bloom, or life shall fade.—  
 Follow, my household!"—And they go  
 Like lightning on the advancing foe.  
 "My Liege," said noble Douglas then,  
 "Earl Randolph has but one to ten:  
 Let me go forth his band to aid!"—  
 —"Stir not. The error he hath made,  
 Let him amend it as he may;  
 I will not weaken mine array."  
 Then loudly rose the conflict-cry.  
 And Douglas's brave heart swell'd high,—  
 "My Liege," he said, "with patient ear  
 I must not Moray's death-knell hear!"—  
 "Then go—but speed thee back again."—  
 Forth sprung the Douglas with his train:  
 But, when they won a rising hill,  
 He bade his followers hold them still.—  
 "See, see! the routed Southern fly!  
 The Earl hath won the victory.  
 Lo! where yon steeds run masterless,  
 His banner towers above the press.  
 Rein up; our presence would impair  
 The fame we come too late to share."  
 Back to the host the Douglas rode,  
 And soon glad tidings are abroad,  
 That, Dayneourt by stout Randolph slain,  
 His followers fled with loosen'd rein.—

That skirmish closed the busy day,  
And couch'd in battle's prompt array,  
Each army on their weapons lay.

It was a night of lovely June,  
High rode in cloudless blue the moon.

Demayet smiled beneath her ray;  
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,  
And, twined in links of silver bright,  
Her winding river lay.

Ah, gentle planet! other sight  
Shall greet thee next returning night,  
Of broken arms and banners tore,  
And marshes dark with human gore,  
And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,  
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,  
And many a wounded wretch to plain  
Beneath thy silver light in vain!  
But now, from England's host, the cry  
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,  
While from the Scottish legions pass  
The murmur'd prayer, the early mass!—  
Here, numbers had presumption given;  
There, bands o'er-match'd sought aid from  
Heaven.

On Gillie's-hill, whose height commands  
The battle-field, fair Edith stands,  
With serf and page unfit for war,  
To eye the conflict from afar.

O! with what doubtful agony  
She sees the dawning tint the sky!—  
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,  
And glistens now Demayet dun:

Is it the lark that carols shrill,  
Is it the bittern's early hum?

No!—distant, but increasing still.

The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,  
With the deep murmur of the drum.

Responsive from the Scottish host,  
Pipe-clang and bugle sound were toss'd,  
His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,  
And started from the ground;  
Arm'd and array'd for instant fight,  
Rose archer, spearman, squire and knight,  
And in the pomp of battle bright  
The dread battalia frown'd.

Now onward, and in open view,  
The countless ranks of England drew,  
Dark rolling like the ocean-tide,  
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,  
And his deep roar sends challenge wide

To all that bars his way!

In front the gallant archers trode,  
The men-at-arms behind them rode,  
And midmost of the phalanx broad  
The Monarch held his sway.

Beside him many a war-horse fumes,  
Around him waves a sea of plumes,  
Where many a knight in battle known,  
And some who spurs had first braced on,  
And deem'd that fight should see them won,  
King Edward's bests obey.

De Argentine attends his side,  
With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,  
Selected champions from the train,  
To wait upon his bridle-rein.

Upon the Scottish foe he gazed—  
—At once, before his sight amazed.

Sunk banner, spear, and shield;  
Each weapon-point is downward sent,  
Each warrior to the ground is bent.  
"The rebels, Argentine, repent!

For pardon they have kneel'd."—  
"Aye!—but they bend to other powers,  
And other pardon sue than ours!  
See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,  
And blesses them with lifted hands!  
Upon the spot where they have kneel'd,  
These men will die, or win the field."—  
—"Then prove we if they die or win!  
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,  
Just as the Northern ranks arose,  
Signal for England's archery

To halt and bend their bows.  
Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace,  
Glanced at the intervening space,  
And raised his left hand high;

To the right ear the cords they bring—  
—At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,  
Ten thousand arrows fly!

Nor paused on the devoted Scot  
The ceaseless fury of their shot;  
As fiercely and as fast,

Forth whistling came the gray-goose wing  
As the wild hailstones pelt and ring  
Adown December's blast.

Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,  
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;  
Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,  
If the fell shower may last!

Upon the right, behind the wood,  
Each by his steed dismounted, stood  
The Scottish chivalry:—

With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,  
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain  
His own keen heart, his eager train,  
Until the archers gain'd the plain:

Then, "Mount, ye gallants free!"  
He cried; and, vaulting from the ground,  
His saddle every horseman found.  
On high their glittering crests they toss,  
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;

The shield hangs down on every breast,  
Each ready lance is in the rest,

And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—  
“Forth, Marshal! on the peasant foe!  
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,  
And cut the bow-string loose!”

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks,  
They rush'd among the archer ranks.  
No spears were there the shock to let,  
No stakes to turn the charge were set;  
And how shall yeoman's armour slight  
Stand the long lance and mace of might?  
Or what may their short swords avail.  
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?  
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,  
High o'er their heads the weapons swung,  
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout  
Give note of triumph and of rout!  
Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,  
Their English hearts the strife made good.  
Borne down at length on every side,  
Compell'd to flight, they scatter wide.—  
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,  
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!  
The broken bows of Bannock's shore  
Shall in the greenwood ring no more!  
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now,  
The maids may twine the summer bough,  
May northward look with longing glance.  
For those that wot to lead the dance,  
For the blithe archers look in vain!  
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,  
Pierced through, trode down, by thousands  
slain,  
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.  
“Are these,” he said, “our yeomen wight?  
Each braggart churl could boast before,  
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!  
Fitter to plunder chase or park,  
Than make a manly foe their mark.—  
Forward, each gentleman and knight!  
Let gentle blood show generous might,  
And chivalry redeem the fight!”  
To rightward of the wild affray,  
The field show'd fair and level way:

But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care  
Had bored the ground with many a pit.  
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,  
That form'd a ghastly snare.  
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,  
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,

That panted for the shock!  
With blazing crests and banners spread,  
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,  
The wide plain thunder'd to their tread,

As far as Stirling rock.

Down! down! in headlong overthrow,  
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,  
Wild floundering on the field!  
The first are in destruction's gorge,  
Their followers wildly o'er them urge:—  
The knightly helm and shield,  
The mail, the atton, and the spear,  
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!  
Loud from the mass confused the cry  
Of dying warriors swells on high,  
And steeds that shriek in agony!  
They came like mountain-torrent red,  
That thunders o'er its rocky bed:  
They broke like that same torrent's wave  
When swallow'd by a darksome cave.  
Billows on billows burst and boil,  
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,  
And to their wild and tortured groan  
Each adds new terrors of his own!

Too strong in courage and in might  
Was England yet, to yield the fight.

Her noblest all are here:  
Names that to fear were never known,  
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,  
And Oxford's famed De Vere.  
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,  
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,  
Bottetourt and Sanzavere,  
Ross, Montague, and Manley, came,  
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame—  
Names known too well in Scotland's war,  
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,  
Blazed broader yet in after years,  
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers,  
Pembroke with these, and Argentine,  
Brought up the rearward battle-line.  
With caution o'er the ground they tread,  
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,  
Till hand to hand in battle set,  
The bills with spears and axes met,  
And, closing dark on every side,  
Raged the full contest far and wide.  
Then was the strength of Douglas tried,  
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,  
And well did Stewart's actions grace  
The sire of Scotland's royal race!  
Firmly they kept their ground;  
As firmly England onward press'd,  
And down went many a noble crest,  
And rent was many a valiant breast,  
And Slaughter revell'd round.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,  
Unceasing blow by blow was met;  
The groans of those who fell  
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang

That from the blades and harness rang,  
 And in the battle-yell.  
 Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,  
 Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;  
 And O! amid that waste of life,  
 What various motives fired the strife!  
 The aspiring Noble bled for fame,  
 The Patriot for his country's claim;  
 This Knight his youthful strength to prove,  
 And that to win his lady's love;  
 Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,  
 From habit some, or hardihood.  
 But ruffian stern, and soldier good,  
 The noble and the slave,  
 From various cause the same wild road,  
 On the same bloody morning, trode,  
 To that dark inn, the grave!

The tug of strife to flag begins,  
 Though neither loses yet nor wins.  
 High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,  
 And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.  
 Douglas leans on his war-sword now,  
 And Randolph wipes his bloody brow;  
 Nor less had toil'd each Southern knight,  
 From morn till mid-day in the fight.  
 Strong Egremont for air must gasp,  
 Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,  
 And Montague must quit his spear,  
 And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!  
 The blows of Berkley fall less fast.  
 And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast  
 Hath lost its lively tone;  
 Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,  
 And Percy's shout was fainter heard,  
 "My merry-men, fight on!"

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,  
 The slackening of the storm could spy.  
 "One effort more, and Scotland's free!  
 Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee  
 Is firm as Ailsa Rock;  
 Rush on with Highland sword and targe,  
 I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;  
 Now, forward to the shock!"  
 At once the spears were forward thrown,  
 Against the sun the broadswords shone;  
 The pibroch lent its maddening tone,  
 And loud King Robert's voice was known—  
 "Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail!  
 Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,  
 The foe is fainting fast!  
 Each strike for parent, child, and wife,  
 For Scotland, liberty, and life,—  
 The battle cannot last!"

The fresh and desperate onset bore  
 The foes three furlongs back and more,

Leaving their noblest in their gore.  
 Alone, De Argentine  
 Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,  
 Gathers the relics of the field,  
 Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,  
 And still makes good the line.  
 Brief strife, but fierce,—his efforts raise  
 A bright but momentary blaze.  
 Fair Edith heard the Southron shout,  
 Beheld them turning from the rout,  
 Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,  
 In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.  
 That rallying force, combined anew,  
 Appear'd in her distracted view,  
 To hem the Islesmen round;  
 "O God! the combat they renew,  
 And is no rescue found!  
 And ye that look thus tamely on,  
 And see your native land o'erthrown,  
 O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"

The multitude that watch'd afar,  
 Rejected from the ranks of war,  
 Had not unmoved beheld the fight,  
 When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;  
 Each heart had caught the patriot spark,  
 Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,  
 Bondsman and serf; even female hand  
 Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;  
 But, when mute Amadine they heard  
 Give to their zeal his signal-word,  
 A frenzy fired the throng;  
 "Portents and miracles impeach  
 Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—  
 And he that gives the mute his speech,  
 Can bid the weak be strong.

To us, as to our lords, are given  
 A native earth, a promised heaven;  
 To us, as to our lords, belongs  
 The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;  
 The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms  
 Our breasts as theirs—"To arms, to arms!"  
 To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—  
 And mimic ensigns high they rear,  
 And, like a banner'd host afar,  
 Bear down on England's wearied war.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain,  
 Reproof, command, and counsel vain,  
 The rearward squadrons fled away,  
 Or made but doubtful stay:—  
 But when they mark'd the seeming show  
 Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,  
 The boldest broke array.  
 O give their hapless prince his due,  
 In vain the royal Edward threw  
 His person 'mid the spears,  
 Cried, "Fight!" to terror and despair,

Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,

And cursed their caitiff fears;  
Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle-rein,  
And forced him from the fatal plain.  
With them rode Argentine, until  
They gain'd the summit of the hill,  
But quitted there the train:—

“In yonder field a gage I left,—  
I must not live of fame bereft;

I needs must turn again.  
Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace  
The fiery Douglas takes the chase,  
I know his banner well.

God send my sovereign joy and bliss,  
And many a happier field than this!—  
Once more, my Liege, farewell.”

Again he faced the battle-field,—  
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.  
“Now then,” he said, and couch'd his spear,  
“My course is run, the goal is near;  
One effort more, one brave career,  
Must close this race of mine.”

Then in his stirrups rising high,  
He shouted loud his battle-ery,  
“Saint James for Argentine!”  
And, of the bold pursuers, four  
The gallant knight from saddle bore;  
But not unharin'd—a lance's point  
Has found his breastplate's loosen'd joint,  
An axe has razed his crest;

Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,  
Who press'd the chase with gory sword,  
He rode with spear in rest,  
And through his bloody tartans bored,  
And through his gallant breast.

Nail'd to the earth, the mountaineer  
Yet writhed him up against the spear,  
And swung his broadsword round!

—Stirrup, steel-boot, and enish gave way,  
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway.

The blood gush'd from the wound;  
And the grim Lord of Colonsay  
Hath turn'd him on the ground.  
And laugh'd in death-pang, that his blade  
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done,  
To use his conquest boldly won;  
And gave command for horse and spear  
To press the Southron's scatter'd rear,  
Nor let his broken force combine,  
—When the war-ery of Argentine

Fell faintly on his ear:  
“Save, save his life,” he cried, “O save  
The kind, the noble, and the brave!”  
The squadrons round free passage gave,  
The wounded knight drew near;

He raised his red-cross shield no more,  
Helm, cuish, and breastplate stream'd with  
gore,

Yet, as he saw the king advance.  
He strove even then to couch his lance—  
The effort was in vain!

The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse;  
Wounded and weary, in mid course  
He stumbled on the plain.

Then foremost was the generous Bruce  
To raise his head, his helm to loose;—  
“Lord Earl, the day is thine!

My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,  
Have made our meeting all too late:  
Yet this may Argentine,  
As boon from ancient comrade, crave—  
A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave.”

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp  
Kindly replied; but, in his clasp,

It stiffen'd and grew cold—  
“And, O farewell!” the victor cried,  
“Of chivalry the flower and pride,  
The arm in battle bold,

The courteous mien, the noble race,  
The stainless faith, the manly face!—  
Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,  
For late-wake of De Argentine.  
O'er better knight on death-bier laid,  
Torch never gleam'd nor mass was said!”

Nor for De Argentine alone,  
Through Ninian's church these torches shone,  
And rose the death-prayer's awful tone,  
That yellow lustre glimmer'd pale,  
On broken plate and bloodied mail,  
Rent crest and shatter'd coronet,  
Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret;  
And the best names that England knew,  
Claim'd in the death-prayer dismal due.

Yet mourn not, Land of Fame!  
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield  
Retreated from so sad a field,  
Since Norman William came.

Oft may thine annals justly boast  
Of battles stern by Scotland lost;  
Grudge not her victory,  
When for her freeborn rights she strove;  
Rights dear to all who freedom love,  
To none so dear as thee!

Turn we to Bruce, whose curious ear  
Must from Fitz-Louis tidings hear;  
With him, a hundred voices tell  
Of prodigy and miracle,

“For the mute page had spoke.”—  
“Page!” said Fitz-Louis, “rather say,  
An angel sent from realms of day,  
To burst the English yoke.”

I saw his plume and bonnet drop,  
 When burrying from the mountain top;  
 A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,  
 To his bright eyes new lustre gave,  
 A step as light upon the green,  
 As if his pinions waved unseen!"—  
 "Spoke he with none?"—"With none—one  
 word  
 Burst when he saw the Island Lord,  
 Returning from the battle-field."—  
 "What answer made the Chief?"—"Hekneel'd,  
 Durst not look up, but mutter'd low.  
 Some mingled sounds that none might know,  
 And greeted him 'twixt joy and fear,  
 As being of superior sphere."

Even upon Bannock's bloody plain,  
 Heap'd then with thousands of the slain,  
 'Mid victor monarch's musings high,  
 Mirth laugh'd in good King Robert's eye.  
 "And bore he such angelic air,  
 Such noble front, such waving hair?  
 Hath Ronald kneel'd to him?" he said,  
 "Then must we call the church to aid—  
 Our will be to the Abbot known,  
 Ere these strange news are wider blown,  
 To Cambuskenneth straight ye pass,  
 And deck the church for solemn mass,  
 To pay for high deliverance given,  
 A nation's thanks to gracious Heaven.  
 Let him array, besides, such state,  
 As should on princes' nuptials wait.  
 Oursel' the cause, through fortune's spite,  
 That once broke short that spousal rite,  
 Oursel' will grace, with early morn,  
 The bridal of the Maid of Lorn."

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 CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME.<sup>1</sup>

BEING NEW WORDS TO AN AULD SPRING.

PART FIRST.

The news has flown frae mouth to mouth,  
 The North for ance has bang'd the South;  
 The deil a Scotsman's die o' drouth,  
 Carle, now the King's come!

CHORUS.

Carle, now the King's come!  
 Carle, now the King's come!  
 Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,  
 Carle, now the King's come!

Auld England held him lang and fast;  
 And Ireland had a joyfu' cast;  
 But Scotland's turn is come at last—  
 Carle, now the King's come!

Auld Reekie, in her rokelay gray,  
 Thought never to have seen the day;  
 He's been a weary time away—  
 But, Carle, now the King's come!

She's skirling frae the Castle-hill;  
 The Carlinc's voice is grown sae shrill,  
 Ye'll hear her at the Canon-mill—  
 Carle, now the King's come!

"Up, bairns!" she cries, baith grit and sma',  
 And busk ye for the weapon-shaw!  
 Stand by me, and we'll bang them a'—  
 Carle, now the King's come!

"Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,  
 Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,  
 And match the mettle of your sires—  
 Carle, now the King's come!

"You're welcome hame, my Montagu!  
 Bring in your hand the young Buccleuch;  
 I'm missing some that I may rue—  
 Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,  
 You've graced my causeway mony a day;  
 I'll weep the cause if you should stay—  
 Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, premier Duke, and carry down  
 Frae yonder craig his ancient crown;  
 It's had a lang sleep and a soun'—  
 But, Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,  
 Bring down your clansmen like a clud;  
 Come, Morton, show the Douglas' blood,—  
 Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath;  
 Come, Hopetonn, fear'd on fields of death;  
 Come, Clerk, and give your bugle breath;  
 Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids;  
 Come, Rosebery, from Dalmeny shades;  
 Breadalbane, bring your belted plaids;  
 Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,  
 Girt with the sword that Minden knew;  
 We have o'er few such lairds as you—  
 Carle, now the King's come!

<sup>1</sup> This imitation of an old Jacobite ditty was written on the appearance, in the Frith of Forth, of the fleet which conveyed his Majesty King George IV. to Scotland, in August, 1822; and was published as a broadside.—*Ed.*

“ King Arthur’s gown a common crier,  
He’s heard in Fife and far Cantire,—  
‘ Fie, lads, behold my crest of fire!’  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Saint Abb roars out. ‘ I see him pass,  
Between Tantallon and the Bass!’  
Calton, get out your keeking-glass—  
Carle, now the King’s come!”

The Carline stopp’d; and, sure I am,  
For very glee had ta’en a dwam,  
But Oman help’d her to a dram.—  
Cogie, now the King’s come!

Cogie, now the King’s come!  
Cogie, now the King’s come!  
I’se be fou’ and ye’s be toom,  
Cogie, now the King’s come!

## PART SECOND.

A Hawick gill of mountain dew,  
Heised up Auld Reekie’s heart, I trow,  
It minded her of Waterloo—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

Again I heard her summons swell,  
For, sic a dirdum and a yell,  
It drown’d Saint Giles’s jowing bell—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ My trusty Provost, tried and tight,  
Stand forward for the Good Town’s right,  
There’s waur than you been made a knight—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ My reverend Clergy, look ye say  
The best of thanksgivings ye ha’e,  
And warstle for a sunny day—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ My Doctors, look that you agree,  
Cure a’ the town without a fee;  
My Lawyers, dinna pike a plea—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Come forth each sturdy Burgher’s bairn,  
That dints on wood or clanks on airn,  
That fires the o’en, or winds the pirn—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Come forward with the Blanket Blue,  
Your sires were loyal men and true,  
As Scotland’s foemen oft might rue—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Scots downa loop, and rin, and rave,  
We’re steady folks and something grave,

We’ll keep the causeway firm and brave—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Sir Thomas, thunder from your rock,  
Till Pentland dinnales wi’ the shock,  
And lace wi’ fire my snood o’ smoke—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Melville, bring out your bands of blue,  
A’ Louden lads, baith stout and true,  
With Elcho, Hope, and Cockburn, too—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ And you, who on yon bluidy braes  
Compell’d the vauquish’d despot’s praise,  
Rank out—rank out—my gallant Grey’s—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Cock o’ the North, my Huntly bra’,  
Where are you with the Forty-twa?  
Ah! wae’s my heart that ye’re awa’—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ But yonder come my canty Celts,  
With durk and pistols at their belts,  
Thank God, we’ve still some plaids and kilts—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Lord, how the pibrochs groan and yell!  
Maedonnell’s ta’en the field himsell,  
Macleod comes branking o’er the fell—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Bend up your bow each archer spark,  
For you’re to guard him light and dark:  
Faith, lads, for ance ye’ve hit the mark—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Young Errol, take the sword of state,  
The sceptre, Panie-Morarchate;  
Knight Mareschal, see ye clear the gate—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Kind cummer, Leith, ye’ve been mis-set,  
But dinna be upon the fret—  
Ye’se hae the handsel of him yet,  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ My daughters, come with een sac blue,  
Your garlands weave, your blossoms strew;  
He ne’er saw fairer flowers than you—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ What shall we do for the propine—  
We used to offer something fine,  
But ne’er a groat’s in pouch of mine—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“Deil care—for that I’se never start,  
We’ll welcome him with Highland heart;  
Whate’er we have he’s get a part—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“I’ll show him mason-work this day—  
Name of your bricks of Babel clay,  
But towers shall stand till Time’s away—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“I’ll show him wit, I’ll show him lair,  
And gallant lads and lasses fair,  
And what wad kind heart wish for mair?  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“Step out, Sir John, of projects rife,  
Come win the thanks of an auld wife,  
And bring him health and length of life—  
Carle, now the King’s come!”

#### THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

“O tell me, Harper, wherefore flow  
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe,  
Far down the desert of Glencoe,  
Where none may list their melody?  
Say, harp’st thou to the mists that fly,  
Or to the dun-deer glancing by,  
Or to the eagle, that from high  
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?”—

“No, not to these, for they have rest,—  
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,  
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,  
Abode of lone security.  
But those for whom I pour the lay,  
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain gray,  
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,  
Could screen from treach’rous cruelty.

“Their flag was furl’d, and mute their drum,  
The very household dogs were dumb,  
Unwont to bay at guests that come  
In guise of hospitality.  
His blithest notes the piper plied,  
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,  
The dame her distaff flung aside,  
To tend her kindly housewifery.

“The hand that mingled in the meal,  
At midnight drew the felon steel,  
And gave the host’s kind breast to feel  
Need for his hospitality!  
The friendly hearth which warm’d that hand,  
At midnight arm’d it with the brand,  
That bade destruction’s flames expand  
Their red and fearful blazonry.

“Then woman’s shriek was heard in vain,  
Nor infancy’s unpitied plain,  
More than the warrior’s groan, could gain  
Respite from ruthless butchery!  
The winter wind that whistled shrill,  
The snows that night that cloked the hill,  
Though wild and pitiless, had still  
Far more than Southern clemency.

“Long have my harp’s best notes been gone,  
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,  
They can but sound in desert lone  
Their gray-hair’d master’s misery.  
Were each gray hair a minstrel string,  
Each chord should imprecations fling,  
Till startled Scotland loud should ring.  
‘Revenge for blood and treachery!’”

#### LOCHINVAR.

##### LADY HERON’S SONG (FROM MARMION).

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;  
And save his good broad-sword 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,  
Among bride’s-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,  
and all:  
Then spoke the bride’s father, his hand on his  
sword,  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a  
word.)

“O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar!”

“I long woo’d your daughter, my suit you denied;  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine,  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Loch-  
invar.”

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took  
it up,  
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the  
cup.  
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to  
sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—  
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Loch-  
invar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did  
fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet  
and plume;  
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, " 'Twere  
better by far,  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young  
Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger  
stood near;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and  
scour;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth  
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Gremes 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 Loch-  
invar!

#### HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.<sup>1</sup>

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her father's 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.

<sup>1</sup> This song of Rebecca's, from "Ivanhoe," was a great favourite with the American poet Fitz Greene Halleck, and with Professor Wilson, who considered it a perfect gem, in which dignity, pathos, and a religious spirit, at once pure and fervid, are admirably combined.—ED.

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.

#### 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.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.<sup>1</sup>

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?  
 Why weep ye by the tide?  
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
 And ye sall be his bride:  
 And ye sall be his bride, ladie,  
 Sae comely to be seen"—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale;  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
 And lord of Langley-dale;  
 His step is first in peaceful ha',  
 His sword in battle keen"—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair;  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
 And you, the foremost o' them a',  
 Shall ride our forest queen"—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,  
 The tapers glimmer'd fair;  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight are there,  
 They sought her baith by bower and ha';  
 The ladie was not seen!  
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean,

## MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,  
 And the clan has a name that is nameless by day;  
 Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach,  
 Gather, gather, gather, &c.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,  
 Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!  
 Then haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach!  
 Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach! &c.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and  
 her towers,  
 Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;

<sup>1</sup> The first stanza of this ballad is ancient. The others were written for *Albyn's Anthology*.

We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!  
 Landless, landless, landless, &c.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,  
 Macgregor has still both his heart and his word;  
 Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!  
 Courage, courage, courage, &c.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,  
 Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to  
 the eagles!  
 Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Gri-  
 galach!  
 Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, &c.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on  
 the river,  
 Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!  
 Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach!  
 Come then, come then, come then, &c.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed  
 shall career,  
 O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,  
 And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,  
 Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!  
 Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!  
 Gather, gather, gather, &c.

## HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

(FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.)

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 baek agen,  
 "Roderigh! Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroc!"

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 moutain,

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;  
 Meuteith and Breadalbane, then,  
 Echo his praise agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroc!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,  
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;

<sup>1</sup> Black Roderick, the de cendant of Alpine.

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 Glen-Alpine then  
Ring from her deepest glen,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

---

### SOLDIER, REST!

(FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.)

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
Dream of battle 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 daybreak 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.

---

### SONG.

(FROM THE PIRATE.)

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!

---

### THE HEATH THIS NIGHT.

(FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.)

The heath this night must be my bed,  
The bracken curtain for my head,  
My lullaby the warder's tread,  
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary:  
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!  
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,  
I dare not think upon thy vow.

And all it promised me, Mary.  
No fond regret must Norman know;  
When bursts Clan Alpine on the foe,  
His heart must be like bended bow,  
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,  
 For, if I fall in battle fought,  
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.  
 And if return'd from conquer'd foes,  
 How blithely will the evening close,  
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,  
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

---

PIBROCH OF DONUIL 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!

---

ALLEN-A-DALE.

(FROM ROKEBY.)

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.  
 Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!  
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.  
 The mere for his net, and the land for his game,  
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;  
 Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,  
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
 Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as  
 bright;  
 Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;  
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,  
 Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-  
 Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;  
 The mother, she ask'd of his household and home:  
 "Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on  
 the hill,  
 My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;  
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent  
 so pale,  
 And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone,  
 They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;  
 But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry:  
 He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black  
 eye.  
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,  
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!