

*The Camp*  
*By*  
*Sir Walter Scott*

# THE CAMP BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

## The Camp

### I

*Eustace, I said, did blithely mark  
The first notes of the merry lark.  
The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,  
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,  
And with their light and lively call,  
Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.  
Whistling they came, and free of heart,  
But soon their mood was changed;  
Complaint was heard on every part,  
Of something disarranged.  
Some clamour'd loud for armour lost;  
Some brawl'd and wrangled with the host;  
'By Becket's bones,' cried one, 'I fear,  
That some false Scot has stolen my spear!'-  
Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,  
Found his steed wet with sweat and mire;  
Although the rated horse-boy sware,  
Last night he dress'd him sleek and fair.  
While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,  
Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,-*

*'Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!*

*Bevis lies dying in his stall:*

*To Marmion who the plight dare tell,*

*Of the good steed he loves so well?'*

*Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw*

*The charger panting on his straw;*

*Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,-*

*'What else but evil could betide,*

*With that cursed Palmer for our guide?*

*Better we had through mire and bush*

*Been lantern-led by Friar Rush.'*

## **II.**

*Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guess'd,*

*Nor wholly understood,*

*His comrades' clamorous complaints suppress'd;*

*He knew Lord Marmion's mood.*

*Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,*

*And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,*

*And did his tale display*

*Simply, as if he knew of nought*

*To cause such disarray.*

*Lord Marmion gave attention cold,*

*Nor marvell'd at the wonders told,-  
Pass'd them as accidents of course,  
And bade his clarions sound to horse.*

### **III.**

*Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost  
Had reckon'd with their Scottish host;  
And, as the charge he cast and paid,  
'Ill thou deservest thy hire,' he said;  
'Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight?  
Fairies have ridden him all the night,  
And left him in a foam!  
I trust, that soon a conjuring band,  
With English cross, and blazing brand,  
Shall drive the devils from this land,  
To their infernal home:  
For in this haunted den, I trow,  
All night they trampled to and fro.'-  
The laughing host look'd on the hire,-  
'Gramercy, gentle southern squire,  
And if thou comest among the rest,  
With Scottish broadsword to be blest,  
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,*

*And short the pang to undergo.’  
Here stay’d their talk,-for Marmion  
Gave now the signal to set on.  
The Palmer showing forth the way,  
They journey’d all the morning day.*

#### **IV.**

*The green-sward way was smooth and good,  
Through Humbie’s and through Saltoun’s wood;  
A forest-glade, which, varying still,  
Here gave a view of dale and hill,  
There narrower closed, till over head  
A vaulted screen the branches made.  
‘A pleasant path,’ Fitz-Eustace said;  
‘Such as where errant-knights might see  
Adventures of high chivalry;  
Might meet some damsel flying fast,  
With hair unbound, and looks aghast;  
And smooth and level course were here,  
In her defence to break a spear.  
Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells;  
And oft, in such, the story tells,  
The damsel kind, from danger freed,*

*Did grateful pay her champion's meed.'*  
*He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind;*  
*Perchance to show his lore design'd;*  
*For Eustace much had pored*  
*Upon a huge romantic tome,*  
*In the hall-window of his home,*  
*Imprinted at the antique dome*  
*Of Caxton, or de Worde.*  
*Therefore he spoke,-but spoke in vain,*  
*For Marmion answer'd nought again.*

V.

*Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,*  
*In notes prolong'd by wood and hill,*  
*Were heard to echo far;*  
*Each ready archer grasp'd his bow,*  
*But by the flourish soon they know,*  
*They breathed no point of war.*  
*Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,*  
*Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,*  
*Some opener ground to gain;*  
*And scarce a furlong had they rode,*  
*When thinner trees, receding, show'd*

*A little woodland plain.  
Just in that advantageous glade,  
The halting troop a line had made,  
As forth from the opposing shade  
Issued a gallant train.*

## **VI.**

*First came the trumpets, at whose clang  
So late the forest echoes rang;  
On prancing steeds they forward press'd,  
With scarlet mantle, azure vest;  
Each at his trump a banner wore,  
Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore:  
Heralds and pursuivants, by name  
Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothsay, came,  
In painted tabards, proudly showing  
Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,  
Attendant on a King-at-arms,  
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,  
That feudal strife had often quell'd,  
When wildest its alarms.*

## VII.

*He was a man of middle age;  
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,  
As on King's errand come;  
But in the glances of his eye,  
A penetrating, keen, and sly  
Expression found its home;  
The flash of that satiric rage,  
Which, bursting on the early stage,  
Branded the vices of the age,  
And broke the keys of Rome.  
On milk-white palfrey forth he paced;  
His cap of maintenance was graced  
With the proud heron-plume.  
From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,  
Silk housings swept the ground,  
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,  
Embroider'd round and round.  
The double tressure might you see,  
First by Achaius borne,  
The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,  
And gallant unicorn.  
So bright the King's armorial coat,  
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,*



*In living colours, blazon'd brave,  
The Lion, which his title gave;  
A train, which well beseem'd his state,  
But all unarm'd, around him wait.  
Still is thy name in high account,  
And still thy verse has charms,  
Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,  
Lord Lion King-at-arms!*

### **VIII.**

*Down from his horse did Marmion spring,  
Soon as he saw the Lion-King;  
For well the stately Baron knew  
To him such courtesy was due,  
Whom Royal James himself had crown'd,  
And on his temples placed the round  
Of Scotland's ancient diadem:  
And wet his brow with hallow'd wine,  
And on his finger given to shine  
The emblematic gem.  
Their mutual greetings duly made,  
The Lion thus his message said:-  
"Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore*

*Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,  
And strictly hath forbid resort  
From England to his royal court;  
Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,  
And honours much his warlike fame,  
My liege hath deem'd it shame, and lack  
Of courtesy, to turn him back;  
And, by his order, I, your guide,  
Must lodging fit and fair provide,  
Till finds King James meet time to see  
The flower of English chivalry.'*

## **IX.**

*Though inly chafed at this delay,  
Lord Marmion bears it as he may.  
The Palmer, his mysterious guide,  
Beholding thus his place supplied,  
Sought to take leave in vain:  
Strict was the Lion-King's command,  
That none, who rode in Marmion's band,  
Should sever from the train:  
'England has here enow of spies  
In Lady Heron's witching eyes;'*

*To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,  
But fair pretext to Marmion made.  
The right hand path they now decline,  
And trace against the stream the Tyne.*

**X.**

*At length up that wild dale they wind,  
Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank;  
For there the Lion's care assign'd  
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.  
That Castle rises on the steep  
Of the green vale of Tyne:  
And far beneath, where slow they creep,  
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,  
Where alders moist, and willows weep,  
You hear her streams repine.  
The towers in different ages rose;  
Their various architecture shows  
The builders' various hands;  
A mighty mass, that could oppose,  
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,  
The vengeful Douglas bands.*

## XI.

*Crichtoun! though now thy miry court  
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,  
Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep,  
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.  
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,  
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,  
Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,  
Quarter'd in old armorial sort,  
Remains of rude magnificence.  
Nor wholly yet had time defaced  
Thy lordly gallery fair;  
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,  
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,  
Adorn thy ruin'd stair.  
Still rises unimpair'd below,  
The court-yard's graceful portico;  
Above its cornice, row and row  
Of fair hewn facets richly show  
Their pointed diamond form,  
Though there but houseless cattle go,  
To shield them from the storm.  
And, shuddering, still may we explore,*

*Where oft whilom were captives pent,  
The darkness of thy Massy More;  
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,  
May trace, in undulating line,  
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.*

## **XII.**

*Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,  
As through its portal Marmion rode;  
But yet 'twas melancholy state  
Received him at the outer gate;  
For none were in the Castle then,  
But women, boys, or aged men.  
With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame,  
To welcome noble Marmion, came;  
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,  
Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold;  
For each man that could draw a sword  
Had march'd that morning with their lord,  
Earl Adam Hepburn,-he who died  
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side.  
Long may his Lady look in vain!  
She ne'er shall see his gallant train,*

*Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.*

*'Twas a brave race, before the name  
Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.*

### **XIII.**

*And here two days did Marmion rest,  
With every rite that honour claims,  
Attended as the King's own guest;-  
Such the command of Royal James,  
Who marshall'd then his land's array,  
Upon the Borough-moor that lay.  
Perchance he would not foeman's eye  
Upon his gathering host should pry,  
Till full prepared was every band  
To march against the English land.  
Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit  
Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit;  
And, in his turn, he knew to prize  
Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise,-  
Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,  
And policies of war and peace.*

#### XIV.

*It chanced, as fell the second night,  
That on the battlements they walk'd,  
And, by the slowly fading light,  
Of varying topics talk'd;  
And, unaware, the Herald-bard  
Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,  
In travelling so far;  
For that a messenger from heaven  
In vain to James had counsel given  
Against the English war:  
And, closer question'd, thus he told  
A tale, which chronicles of old  
In Scottish story have enroll'd:*

**XV.**

***Sir David Lindsey's Tale.***

*'Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
In Scotland, far beyond compare  
Linlithgow is excelling;  
And in its park, in jovial June,  
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,  
How blithe the blackbird's lay!  
The wild buck bells from ferny brake,  
The coot dives merry on the lake,  
The saddest heart might pleasure take  
To see all nature gay.  
But June is to our Sovereign dear  
The heaviest month in all the year:  
Too well his cause of grief you know,  
June saw his father's overthrow.  
Woe to the traitors, who could bring  
The princely boy against his King!  
Still in his conscience burns the sting.  
In offices as strict as Lent,  
King James's June is ever spent.*



## XVI.

*'When last this ruthless month was come,  
And in Linlithgow's holy dome  
The King, as wont, was praying;  
While, for his royal father's soul,  
The chanters sung, the bells did toll,  
The Bishop mass was saying-  
For now the year brought round again  
The day the luckless King was slain-  
In Katharine's aisle the monarch knelt,  
With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt,  
And eyes with sorrow streaming;  
Around him in their stalls of state,  
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,  
Their banners o'er them beaming.  
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,  
Bedeafen'd with the jangling knell,  
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,  
Through the stain'd casement gleaming;  
But, while I mark'd what next befell,  
It seem'd as I were dreaming.  
Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight,  
In azure gown, with cincture white;*

*His forehead bald, his head was bare,  
Down hung at length his yellow hair.-  
Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,  
I pledge to you my knightly word,  
That, when I saw his placid grace,  
His simple majesty of face,  
His solemn bearing, and his pace  
So stately gliding on,-  
Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint  
So just an image of the Saint,  
Who propp'd the Virgin in her faint,-  
The loved Apostle John!*

### **XVII.**

*'He stepp'd before the Monarch's chair,  
And stood with rustic plainness there,  
And little reverence made;  
Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor bent,  
But on the desk his arm he leant,  
And words like these he said,  
In a low voice,-but never tone  
So thrill'd through vein, and nerve, and bone:-  
"My mother sent me from afar,*

*Sir King, to warn thee not to war,-  
Woe waits on thine array;  
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,  
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,  
James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware:  
God keep thee as He may!"-  
The wondering monarch seem'd to seek  
For answer, and found none;  
And when he raised his head to speak,  
The monitor was gone.  
The Marshal and myself had cast  
To stop him as he outward pass'd;  
But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,  
He vanish'd from our eyes,  
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,  
That glances but, and dies.'*

### **XVIII.**

*While Lindesay told his marvel strange,  
The twilight was so pale,  
He mark'd not Marmion's colour change,  
While listening to the tale:  
But, after a suspended pause,*

*The Baron spoke:-'Of Nature's laws  
So strong I held the force,  
That never superhuman cause  
Could e'er control their course;  
And, three days since, had judged your aim  
Was but to make your guest your game.  
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,  
What much has changed my sceptic creed,  
And made me credit aught.'-He staid,  
And seem'd to wish his words unsaid:  
But, by that strong emotion press'd,  
Which prompts us to unload our breast,  
Even when discovery's pain,  
To Lindesay did at length unfold  
The tale his village host had told,  
At Gifford, to his train.  
Nought of the Palmer says he there,  
And nought of Constance, or of Clare;  
The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems  
To mention but as feverish dreams.*

## **XIX**

*'In vain,' said he, 'to rest I spread  
My burning limbs, and couch'd my head:  
Fantastic thoughts return'd;  
And, by their wild dominion led,  
My heart within me burn'd.  
So sore was the delirious goad,  
I took my steed, and forth I rode,  
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,  
Soon reach'd the camp upon the wold.  
The southern entrance I pass'd through,  
And halted, and my bugle blew.  
Methought an answer met my ear,-  
Yet was the blast so low and drear,  
So hollow, and so faintly blown,  
It might be echo of my own.*

XX

*'Thus judging, for a little space  
I listen'd, ere I left the place;  
But scarce could trust my eyes,  
Nor yet can think they serve me true,  
When sudden in the ring I view,  
In form distinct of shape and hue,  
A mounted champion rise.-  
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,  
In single fight, and mix'd affray,  
And ever, I myself may say,  
Have borne me as a knight;  
But when this unexpected foe  
Seem'd starting from the gulf below,-  
I care not though the truth I show,-  
I trembled with affright;  
And as I placed in rest my spear,  
My hand so shook for very fear,  
I scarce could couch it right.*

## XXI

*'Why need my tongue the issue tell?  
We ran our course,-my charger fell;-  
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?  
I roll'd upon the plain.*

*High o'er my head, with threatening hand,  
The spectre shook his naked brand,-*

*Yet did the worst remain:*

*My dazzled eyes I upward cast,-  
Not opening hell itself could blast*

*Their sight, like what I saw!*

*Full on his face the moonbeam strook!-*

*A face could never be mistook!*

*I knew the stern vindictive look,*

*And held my breath for awe.*

*I saw the face of one who, fled*

*To foreign climes, has long been dead,-*

*I well believe the last;*

*For ne'er, from vizor raised, did stare*

*A human warrior, with a glare*

*So grimly and so ghast.*

*Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;*

*But when to good Saint George I pray'd,*

*(The first time e'er I ask'd his aid),*

*He plunged it in the sheath;  
And, on his courser mounting light,  
He seem'd to vanish from my sight:  
The moonbeam droop'd, and deepest night  
Sunk down upon the heath.-  
'Twere long to tell what cause I have  
To know his face, that met me there,  
Call'd by his hatred from the grave,  
To cumber upper air:  
Dead, or alive, good cause had he  
To be my mortal enemy.'*

## XXII

*Marvell'd Sir David of the Mount;  
Then, learn'd in story, 'gan recount  
Such chance had happ'd of old,  
When once, near Norham, there did fight  
A spectre fell of fiendish might,  
In likeness of a Scottish knight,  
With Brian Bulmer bold,  
And train'd him nigh to disallow  
The aid of his baptismal vow.  
'And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,*



*With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid*

*And fingers red with gore,*

*Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,*

*Or where the sable pine-tree shade*

*Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid,*

*Dromouchty, or Glenmore.*

*And yet, whate'er such legends say,*

*Of warlike demon, ghost, or lay,*

*On mountain, moor, or plain,*

*Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,*

*True son of chivalry should hold*

*These midnight terrors vain;*

*For seldom have such spirits power*

*To harm, save in the evil hour,*

*When guilt we meditate within,*

*Or harbour unrepented sin.'-*

*Lord Marmion turn'd him half aside,*

*And twice to clear his voice he tried,*

*Then press'd Sir David's hand,-*

*But nought, at length, in answer said;*

*And here their farther converse staid,*

*Each ordering that his band*

*Should bowne them with the rising day,*

*To Scotland's camp to take their way,*

*Such was the King's command.*

### **XXIII**

*Early they took Dun-Edin's road,  
And I could trace each step they trode:  
Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,  
Lies on the path to me unknown.  
Much might if boast of storied lore;  
But, passing such digression o'er,  
Suffice it that their route was laid  
Across the furzy hills of Braid.  
They pass'd the glen and scanty rill,  
And climb'd the opposing bank, until  
They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill.*

### **XXIV**

*Blackford! on whose uncultured breast,  
Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,  
A truant-boy, I sought the nest,  
Or listed, as I lay at rest,  
While rose, on breezes thin,  
The murmur of the city crowd,  
And, from his steeple jangling loud,  
Saint Giles's mingling din.*

*Now, from the summit to the plain,  
Waves all the hill with yellow grain;  
And o'er the landscape as I look,  
Nought do I see unchanged remain,  
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.  
To me they make a heavy moan,  
Of early friendships past and gone.*

## **XXV**

*But different far the change has been,  
Since Marmion, from the crown  
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene  
Upon the bent so brown:  
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,  
Spread all the Borough-moor below,  
Upland, and dale, and down:-  
A thousand did I say? I ween,  
Thousands on thousands there were seen  
That chequer'd all the heath between  
The streamlet and the town;  
In crossing ranks extending far,  
Forming a camp irregular;  
Oft giving way, where still there stood*

*Some relics of the old oak wood,  
That darkly huge did intervene,  
And tamed the glaring white with green:  
In these extended lines there lay  
A martial kingdom's vast array.*

## XXVI

*For from Hebudes, dark with rain,  
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,  
And from the southern Redswire edge,  
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge:  
From west to east, from south to north,  
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.  
Marmion might hear the mingled hum  
Of myriads up the mountain come;  
The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,  
Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,  
And charger's shrilling neigh;  
And see the shifting lines advance,  
While frequent flash'd, from shield and lance,  
The sun's reflected ray.*

**XXVII.**

*Thin curling in the morning air,  
The wreaths of failing smoke declare  
To embers now the brands decay'd,  
Where the night-watch their fires had made.  
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,  
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,  
And dire artillery's clumsy car,  
By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war;  
And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,  
And culverins which France had given.  
Ill-omen'd gift! the guns remain  
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.*

## XXVIII

*Nor mark'd they less, where in the air  
A thousand streamers flaunted fair;  
Various in shape, device, and hue,  
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,  
Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and square,  
Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there  
O'er the pavilions flew.  
Highest, and midmost, was descried  
The royal banner floating wide;  
The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,  
Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,  
Which still in memory is shown,  
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight  
Whene'er the western wind unroll'd,  
With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,  
And gave to view the dazzling field,  
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,  
The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.*

## XXIX

*Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,-  
He view'd it with a chiefs delight,-  
Until within him burn'd his heart,  
And lightning from his eye did part,  
As on the battle-day;  
Such glance did falcon never dart,  
When stooping on his prey.  
'Oh! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,  
Thy King from warfare to dissuade  
Were but a vain essay:  
For, by St. George, were that host mine,  
Not power infernal, nor divine,  
Should once to peace my soul incline,  
Till I had dimm'd their armour's shine  
In glorious battle-fray!'  
Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood:  
'Fair is the sight,-and yet 'twere good,  
That Kings would think withal,  
When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,  
'Tis better to sit still at rest,  
Than rise, perchance to fall.'*



XXX

*Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,  
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.  
When sated with the martial show  
That peopled all the plain below,  
The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
And mark the distant city glow  
With gloomy splendour red;  
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,  
That round her sable turrets flow,  
The morning beams were shed,  
And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.  
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
Where the huge Castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
Mine own romantic town!  
But northward far, with purer blaze,  
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
And as each heathy top they kiss'd,  
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.  
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;*

*Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law;  
And, broad between them roll'd,  
The gallant Frith the eye might note,  
Whose islands on its bosom float,  
Like emeralds chased in gold.  
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;  
As if to give his rapture vent,  
The spur he to his charger lent,  
And raised his bridle hand,  
And, making demi-volte in air,  
Cried, 'Where's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land!'  
The Lindesay smiled his joy to see;  
Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.*

### **XXXI**

*Thus while they look'd, a flourish proud,  
Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,  
And fife, and kettle-drum,  
And sackbut deep, and psaltery,  
And war-pipe with discordant cry,  
And cymbal clattering to the sky,  
Making wild music bold and high,*

*Did up the mountain come;  
The whilst the bells, with distant chime,  
Merrily toll'd the hour of prime,  
And thus the Lindesay spoke:  
'Thus clamour still the war-notes when  
The King to mass his way has ta'en,  
Or to Saint Katharine's of Sienne,  
Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.  
To you they speak of martial fame;  
But me remind of peaceful game,  
When blither was their cheer,  
Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,  
In signal none his steed should spare,  
But strive which foremost might repair  
To the downfall of the deer.*

**XXXII.**

*'Nor less,' he said, - 'when looking forth,  
I view yon Empress of the North  
Sit on her hilly throne;  
Her palace's imperial bowers,  
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,  
Her stately halls and holy towers-*

Nor less,' he said, 'I moan,  
To think what woe mischance may bring,  
And how these merry bells may ring  
The death-dirge of our gallant King;  
Or with the larum call  
The burghers forth to watch and ward,  
'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard  
Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall.-  
But not for my presaging thought,  
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!  
Lord Marmion, I say nay:  
God is the guider of the field,  
He breaks the champion's spear and shield,--  
But thou thyself shalt say,  
When joins yon host in deadly stowre,  
That England's dames must weep in bower,  
Her monks the death-mass sing;  
For never saw'st thou such a power  
Led on by such a King.'-  
And now, down winding to the plain,  
The barriers of the camp they gain,  
And there they made a stay.-  
There stays the Minstrel, till he fling  
His hand o'er every Border string,  
And fit his harp the pomp to sing,

*Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,  
In the succeeding lay.*

## *Edinburgh.*

*When dark December glooms the day,  
And takes our autumn joys away;  
When short and scant the sunbeam throws,  
Upon the weary waste of snows,  
A cold and profitless regard,  
Like patron on a needy bard;  
When silvan occupation's done,  
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,  
And hang, in idle trophy, near,  
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear;  
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,  
And greyhound, with his length of limb,  
And pointer, now employ'd no more,  
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor;  
When in his stall the impatient steed  
Is long condemn'd to rest and feed;  
When from our snow-encircled home,  
Scarce cares the hardiest step to roam  
Since path is none, save that to bring  
The needful water from the spring;  
When wrinkled news-page, thrice conn'd o'er,  
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,  
And darkling politician, cross'd,*

*Inveighs against the lingering post,  
And answering housewife sore complains  
Of carriers' snow-impeded wains;  
When such the country cheer, I come,  
Well pleased, to seek our city home;  
For converse, and for books, to change  
The Forest's melancholy range,  
And welcome, with renew'd delight,  
The busy day and social night.*

*Not here need my desponding rhyme  
Lament the ravages of time,  
As erst by Newark's riven towers,  
And Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers.  
True,-Caledonia's Queen is changed,  
Since on her dusky summit ranged,  
Within its steepy limits pent,  
By bulwark, line, and battlement,  
And flanking towers, and laky flood,  
Guarded and garrison'd she stood,  
Denying entrance or resort,  
Save at each tall embattled port;  
Above whose arch, suspended, hung  
Portcullis spiked with iron prong.  
That long is gone,-but not so long,*

*Since, early closed, and opening late,  
Jealous revolved the studded gate,  
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,  
A wicket churlishly supplied.  
Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,  
Dun-Edin! O, how altered now,  
When safe amid thy mountain court  
Thou sitt'st, like Empress at her sport,  
And liberal, unconfined, and free,  
Flinging thy white arms to the sea,  
For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower,  
That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,  
Thou gleam'st against the western ray  
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.*

*Not she, the Championess of old,  
In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,  
She for the charmed spear renown'd,  
Which forced each knight to kiss the ground,-  
Not she more changed, when, placed at rest,  
What time she was Malbecco's guest,  
She gave to flow her maiden vest;  
When from the corselet's grasp relieved,  
Free to the sight her bosom heaved;  
Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,*



*Erst hidden by the aventayle;  
And down her shoulders graceful roll'd  
Her locks profuse, of paly gold.  
They who whilom, in midnight fight,  
Had marvell'd at her matchless might,  
No less her maiden charms approved,  
But looking liked, and liking loved.  
The sight could jealous pangs beguile,  
And charm Malbecco's cares a while;  
And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,  
Forgot his Columbella's claims,  
And passion, erst unknown, could gain  
The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane;  
Nor durst light Paridel advance,  
Bold as he was, a looser glance.  
She charm'd, at once, and tamed the heart,  
Incomparable Britomane!*

*So thou, fair City! disarray'd  
Of battled wall, and rampart's aid,  
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far  
Than in that panoply of war.  
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne  
Strength and security are flown;  
Still as of yore, Queen of the North!*

*Still canst thou send thy children forth.  
Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call  
Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,  
Than now, in danger, shall be thine,  
Thy dauntless voluntary line;  
For fosse and turret proud to stand,  
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.  
Thy thousands, train'd to martial toil,  
Full red would stain their native soil,  
Ere from thy mural crown there fell  
The slightest knosp, or pinnacle.  
And if it come,-as come it may,  
Dun-Edin! that eventful day,-  
Renown'd for hospitable deed,  
That virtue much with Heaven may plead,  
In patriarchal times whose care  
Descending angels deign'd to share;  
That claim may wrestle blessings down  
On those who fight for The Good Town,  
Destined in every age to be  
Refuge of injured royalty;  
Since first, when conquering York arose,  
To Henry meek she gave repose,  
Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,  
Great Bourbon's relics, sad she saw.*

*Truce to these thoughts!-for, as they rise,  
How gladly I avert mine eyes,  
Bodings, or true or false, to change,  
For Fiction's fair romantic range,  
Or for Tradition's dubious light,  
That hovers 'twixt the day and night:  
Dazzling alternately and dim  
Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,  
Knights, squires, and lovely dames, to see,  
Creation of my fantasy,  
Than gaze abroad on reeky fen,  
And make of mists invading men.-  
Who loves not more the night of June  
Than dull December's gloomy noon?  
The moonlight than the fog of frost?  
But can we say, which cheats the most?*

*But who shall teach my harp to gain  
A sound of the romantic strain,  
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere  
Could win the royal Henry's ear,  
Famed Beauclerk call'd, for that he loved  
The minstrel, and his lay approved?  
Who shall these lingering notes redeem,*

*Decaying on Oblivion's stream;  
Such notes as from the Breton tongue  
Marie translated, Blondel sung?-  
O! born, Time's ravage to repair,  
And make the dying Muse thy care;  
Who, when his scythe her hoary foe  
Was poisoning for the final blow,  
The weapon from his hand could wring,  
And break his glass, and shear his wing,  
And bid, reviving in his strain,  
The gentle poet live again;  
Thou, who canst give to lightest lay  
An unpedantic moral gay,  
Nor less the dullest theme bid flit  
On wings of unexpected wit;  
In letters as in life approved,  
Example honour'd, and beloved,-  
Dear ELLIS! to the bard impart  
A lesson of thy magic art,  
To win at once the head and heart,-  
At once to charm, instruct, and mend,  
My guide, my pattern, and my friend!*

*Such minstrel lesson to bestow  
Be long thy pleasing task,-but, O!*

*No more by thy example teach,-  
What few can practise, all can preach,-  
With even patience to endure  
Lingering disease, and painful cure,  
And boast affliction's pangs subdued  
By mild and manly fortitude.  
Enough, the lesson has been given:  
Forbid the repetition, Heaven!*

*Come listen, then! for thou hast known,  
And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,  
Who, like his Border sires of old,  
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,  
Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain,  
With wonder heard the northern strain.  
Come listen! bold in thy applause,  
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws;  
And, as the ancient art could stain  
Achievements on the storied pane,  
Irregularly traced and plann'd,  
But yet so glowing and so grand,-  
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,  
Field, feast, and combat, to renew,  
And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee,  
And all the pomp of chivalry.*

***Free***editorial 