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THE
v OF THE LAST MINSTREL

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

EDITED BY

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OF EMMANUEL COLLEGE

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PREFACE.

THE text of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* adopted in the present edition is that given in the sixth volume of the collected edition of Scott's *Poetical Works* published under the editorship of Lockhart in 1833. It is scarcely necessary to say that the substance of the notes dealing with historical and antiquarian matters is taken from Scott's own notes on the *Lay* and from his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Among other authorities of which I have made use I may mention Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, and Veitch's *History and Poetry of the Scottish Border*. I desire also to express my obligations to previous editions of the *Lay* which have been published for the use of students.

My cordial thanks are due to my friends Mr A. S. West of Trinity College and Mr W. A. J. Archbold of Peterhouse for their kindness in reading the proof-sheets and making many valuable criticisms and suggestions, and to the Rev. A. H. Dinwiddie, Minister of Teviothead, for his courtesy in furnishing me with information on a question of topography!

J. H. FLATHER.

CAMBRIDGE,
January, 1896.

INTRODUCTION.

WALTER SCOTT.

A FRIEND of Scott's who accompanied him on his youthful rambles in search of Border antiquities said many years afterwards 'He was making himself all the time, but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed' We shall find much in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* which illustrates the truth of this remark, indeed the influences of the whole of his early life and also of his ancestry may be traced in the poem. On the father's side he could claim kinship with all the Scotts whom he has introduced into the *Lay*, one of them, Walter Scott of Harden (see IV ix etc), famous in Border ballads and stories as *Auld Watt*, was his ancestor, on the mother's side he was descended from another of his characters, Sir John Swinton of Swinton (V 56) *Auld Watt's* great grandson and our author's great grandfather was Walter Scott, usually known as *Beardie*, because he had vowed never to shave his beard till the Stuarts were restored to their own, he fought at Killiecrankie (cp IV 11), and by his devotion to the Jacobite cause lost his lands, his neck was saved only by the intercession of Anne, Duchess of Burcfeuch—the Duchess before whom Scott¹ represents his Minstrel as reciting the *Lay*

Scott was born at Edinburgh in 1771. A lameness produced by a fever in infancy led to his being sent for the benefit of the country air to his grandfather's farm near Melrose, where he spent the greater part of his time until his eighth year, listening

¹ To avoid confusion the simple surname *Scott* without any prefix is reserved to distinguish the author of the *Lay*.

eagerly to all from whom he could learn the songs and tales of the Jacobite risings and the old Border feuds and raids, and, as he tells us in *Marmion*¹, peopling the neighbouring ruins of Smailholm Tower with imaginary moss-troopers :

“Methought that still, with tramp and clang,
The gateway's broken arches rang ;
Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars,
And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms ;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold ;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.”

His residence in the country made him a healthy, sturdy boy, but did not cure his lameness. When he returned to Edinburgh, his hours of leisure were usually spent in reading aloud to his mother Pope's translation of Homer. ‘My mother had good natural taste and great feeling: she used to make me pause upon those passages which expressed generous and worthy sentiments, and if she could not divert me from those which were descriptive of battle and tumult, she contrived at least to divide my attention between them. My own enthusiasm, however, was chiefly awakened by the wonderful and terrible—the common taste of children, but in which I have remained a child even unto this day. I got by heart, not as a task, but almost without intending it, the passages with which I was most pleased.’ In his eighth year he entered the Edinburgh High School, where he tells us that he made a brighter figure in the *yards*² than in the *class* and that ‘in the winter play hours my tales used to assemble an admiring

¹ *Marmion*, Introd. to Canto III. 187—201.

² play-ground.

audience round Lucky Brown's fire-side, and happy was he that could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator.' Before his fourteenth year, he had begun to read with delight Shakespeare and Spenser, and above all, Bp Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, a collection of old English and Scotch ballads and songs. When he first became acquainted with this book 'the summer day sped onward so fast that notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was found still entranced in my intellectual banquet. The first time I could scrape a few shillings together, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm.'

When Scott was fourteen years old, he entered the University of Edinburgh as a student, and at the same time was apprenticed to his father, who was a Writer to the Signet, in other words, a Scotch solicitor. In his leisure he devoted himself to the study of romantic literature in French and Italian. Long excursions on foot or horseback to visit castles or abbeys or beautiful scenery formed his favourite amusement. He was industrious in his father's office, although he disliked the work; it was however decided that he should become an Advocate¹, and he was called to the bar in 1792. Before this time he had fallen in love with the lady whose portrait he has drawn in the *Margaret of Branksome* of the *Lay*—Margaret, daughter of Sir John Stuart Belches; he had also formed a friendship with the original of his Lord Cranstoun, in the person of George Cranstoun, who afterwards became a Scotch judge. While he was slowly making his way at the bar, he carried on with undiminished ardour his study of romantic literature and of antiquities of all kinds; for seven successive years he made a raid, as he called it, into the wild district of Liddesdale, joining in the rough festivities of the farmers, and adding to the store of Border ballads and tales which he had been gathering ever since he was a child. In 1796 he published a translation of two

¹ barrister.

ballads, both dealing with the supernatural, from the German of Bürger; one of these translations had already been printed privately by some of his friends in the hope that the sight of it in print might decide Miss Stuart Belches to regard the author with favour. She however married his friend Sir William Forbes. In 1797 Scott, who was to write so many fine descriptions of fighting in verse and prose, gained his own military experience as quartermaster of a body of volunteer cavalry raised on account of the fear of a French invasion. We are told that in spite of his lameness he was a fearless rider; 'his zeal and animation served to sustain the enthusiasm of the whole corps. At every interval of exercise the order, *Sit at ease!* was the signal for the quartermaster to lead the squadron to merriment.'

In 1797 Scott married Miss Charpentier, a lady of French parentage, and took up his abode in a cottage near Edinburgh. Two years later he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire. As this office required him frequently to hold courts of justice in Ettrick Forest, he found it convenient in 1804 to remove to Ashiestiel, 'a farm-house overhanging the Tweed and situated in a wild pastoral country.' In 1802—3 he published his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a collection of the ballads which he had for so many years been collecting, with introductions giving a full account of the old Border life; to these were added ballads written after the ancient models by himself and some of his friends. We have now approached the period when the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was conceived and written; the story of its composition however throws so much light on the structure of the poem that it must be reserved for the next section. Suffice it to say here that the *Lay* was published in January 1805, when Scott was in his thirty-fourth year; that it at once made him a famous man—in the history of British poetry nothing had ever equalled the demand for the *Lay*—and that its success at once decided that literature was to form the main business of his life. In the following ten years he composed a succession of poems resembling the *Lay* in their general characteristics. It may be said that his fame, so far as

it depends on his longer poems, rests on the *Lay*, on *Marmion*, a *Tale of Flodden Field* and on the *Lady of the Lake*, a story of the western Highlands in the reign of James V.

In 1806 Scott was appointed a Clerk of the Court of Session at Edinburgh, and in 1812 he quitted Ashestiel for a farm which he purchased on the Tweed, not far from the scene of the battle of Melrose;—indeed he could point to the very spot on his own lands where

“gallant Cessford’s heart-blood dear
Reeked on dark Elliot’s Border spear¹.”

Here he built the famous house of Abbotsford, resembling in many of its features a Scotch baronial mansion, where the visitor may still see his collection of ancient arms and curiosities, and his noble library. He let slip no chance of extending his little estate by purchase, and delighted to spend there every day on which he could escape from Edinburgh, joining in the sports of the countryside and entertaining the many distinguished persons who came to Scotland to visit the scenes which he had described.

Signs however were not wanting that Scott’s narrative poems were losing their first charm for both the poet and his readers, and in 1814 he broke fresh ground by publishing anonymously *Waverley*, the earliest of his great series of novels, the authorship of which he did not acknowledge until 1827, although their popularity even exceeded that of his poems. In 1820 he was made a baronet. In 1825 on the failure of a printing firm it became known that Scott had for years been a partner, and that he was under an obligation to pay its debts to the extent of £117,000. Offers of assistance were made by his friends, and especially by his old rival, Sir William Forbes, but Scott, now in his fifty-fourth year, set himself resolutely to raise the whole amount by his pen. In eight years’ time this debt had been paid to the extent of £87,000, and the remaining £30,000 was produced by Scott’s copyrights in the following fourteen years. But the struggle overtaxed his strength, and in 1831 his health

¹ *Lay*, i, 329—30.

broke down. The government placed a frigate at his service to take him for a tour in the Mediterranean. Before he started, he spent a day in revisiting his favourite Yarrow with Wordsworth, who expressed the sympathy with which all regarded Scott in the following sonnet :

“A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun’s pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o’er Eildon’s triple height :
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight ;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners ! for the might
Of the whole world’s good wishes with him goes ;
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope !”

He could not rest abroad. In June 1832 he was brought back to Scotland in an unconscious state. But as he drew near his home, ‘his heart within him burned¹,’ and he began to gaze about him and ‘recognise the features of that familiar landscape. As the outline of the Eildons burst upon him, he became greatly excited ; and when his eye caught at length his own towers at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight.’ The 21st of September, the day of his death ‘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 around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.’

¹ See *Lay*, vi. 1—36.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

The suggestion in which the *Lay* had its origin was made to Scott while he was still occupied with his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The following account of its composition is abridged from an introduction to the poem written by Scott two years before his death: 'The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs, as well as its manners and history. Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman communicated to her the story of Gilpin Horner. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course to hear was to obey; and this goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was in fact the occasion of its being written.

Story of its
Composition.

'A chance similar to that which dictated the subject gave me also the hint of a new mode of treating it. Mr Stoddart, who had the advantage of personal friendship with the poets of the Lake school, was able to repeat to me many long specimens of their poetry which had not yet appeared in print. Among others was the striking fragment called *Christabel*, by Mr Coleridge, which from the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner. It was in *Christabel* that I first found this measure used in serious poetry, and it is to Mr Coleridge that I am bound to make the acknowledgment due from the pupil to his master.

'More than a year after Mr Stoddart's visit, by way of experiment I composed the first two or three stanzas of the

Lay of the Last Minstrel. I was shortly afterwards visited by two intimate friends¹, whom I was in the habit of consulting on my attempts at composition, having equal confidence in their sound taste and friendly sincerity. As neither of my friends said much to me on the subject of the stanzas before their departure, I had no doubt that their disgust had been greater than their good nature chose to express. Looking upon them² therefore as a failure I threw the manuscript into the fire, and thought as little more as I could of the matter. Some time afterwards I met one of my two counsellors, who enquired with considerable appearance of interest about the progress of the romance, and was greatly surprised at learning its fate. He confessed that neither had been at first able to give a precise opinion on a poem so much out of the common road, but they had talked much on the subject, and the result was an earnest desire that I would proceed with the composition. He also added, that some sort of prologue might be necessary, to place the mind of the hearers in the situation to understand and enjoy the poem, and recommended the adoption of such quaint mottoes as Spenser has used to announce the contents of the chapters of the *Faery Queen*, such as

"Babe's bloody hands may not be cleansed.
The face of golden Mean:
Her sisters two, Extremities,
Her strive to banish clean."

I entirely agreed with my friendly critic in the necessity of having some sort of pitch-pipe which might make readers aware of the object, or rather the tone, of the publication. But I doubted whether, in assuming the oracular style of Spenser's mottoes, the interpreter might not be censured as the harder to be understood of the two. I therefore introduced the Old Minstrel, as an appropriate prolocutor³, by whom the lay might be sung, or spoken, and the introduction of whom betwixt the

¹ These friends were William Erskine and George Cranstoun, both of whom afterwards became Scotch judges.

² spokesman.

cantos, might remind the reader at intervals, of the time, place, and circumstances of the recitation. This species of *cadre*, or frame, afterwards afforded the poem its name of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The work was subsequently shown to other friends during its progress, and received the *imprimatur*¹ of Mr Francis Jeffrey², who had been already for some time distinguished by his critical talent. The poem, being once licensed by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished, proceeding at about the rate of a canto per week.³

The *Lay* was illustrated by a collection of notes, considerably exceeding in length the poem itself, and containing a rich store of quotations from Border traditions and from ancient writers on history, chivalry and witchcraft; and it was preceded by a short preface³, from which we may gather what were the features of the poem on which Scott anticipated adverse criticism. The Notes.
The Preface.

Here it may be well to consider briefly Scott's relation to the various ideals of poetry of his day. In the Elizabethan period men of genius, untrammelled by rules, had expressed in poetry their passion and enthusiasm and imagination. Much of the poetry of the succeeding period had been marked by extravagance, especially in the use of the imagination, and consequently with the Restoration a reaction commenced; the subjects of poetry were such as interest the reason rather than the imagination; for instance among the poems of Pope, the great poet of the XVIIIth Century, may be mentioned *Essays on Man* and *on Criticism* and *Satires*; in style also the great objects were order, clearness and elegance. At the same time it was held to be of the greatest importance that both the topics and the language of serious poetry should be dignified, that is to say, removed from the commonplace. When Scott wrote the *Lay*, a reaction against this XVIIIth Century School was setting in:

¹ sanction.

² The *Lay* was reviewed by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*. Some references are made to his criticisms in the following pages.

³ See p. 4.

Wordsworth and Coleridge made it their aim to study what they saw around them both in mankind and in inanimate nature, and maintained that the language of poetry should be the same as that of ordinary life. In writing the *Lay*, Scott adopted the metre and some turns of expression from Coleridge's *Christabel*, but in his selection of language he often follows the models of the XVIIIth Century, which throughout his life he greatly admired. Yet the deepest influence on his poetical genius was exerted by the earlier poetry and especially the wild Border Ballads, which he had loved ever since he was a child.

It is interesting to observe that the original element in the plot, namely the part taken by the Goblin Page, has been the most severely criticised; on the other hand the Minstrel, introduced as an afterthought 'to remind us of the time, place and circumstances of the recitation' is drawn

The Min-
strel.

with so much spirit, and the story is so happily diversified by what passes between him and his auditors at the intervals of his narrative that he must rank high amongst characters invented simply in order to set off a story; indeed he seems even more real than the historical personages of whom he sings. The simple, moving passages¹ on the emotions dearest to Scott's heart are not given as part of the *Lay* proper, but are called forth by some remark of his audience, or are addressed directly to them, and they are among the best known passages in Scott's poetry.

In the *Preface* Scott tells us that his object is rather 'the description of scenery and manners' than 'a combined and regular narrative.' The scenery of the Border valleys, which to the end of his life he loved more than far grander and more beautiful landscapes, he paints in brief phrases. Of Border life we may say with Jeffrey that he has given us 'a very striking and impressive picture.' The structure of the plot

The Plot.

however by no means met with Jeffrey's approval; he condemned the whole of what Scott calls 'the supernatural machinery':—

¹ See the first two stanzas of Cantos III—VI. and V, xiii.

'The magic of the lady, the midnight visit to Melrose, and the mighty book of the enchanter, which occupy nearly one third of the whole poem, and engross the attention of the reader for a long time after the commencement of the narrative, are of no use whatsoever in the subsequent development of the fable, and do not contribute, in any degree, either to the production or explanation of the incidents that follow. The whole character and proceedings of the goblin page, in like manner, may be considered as merely episodal; for though he is employed in some of the subordinate incidents, it is remarkable that no material part of the fable requires the intervention of supernatural agency. The young Buccleuch might have wandered into the wood, although he had not been decoyed by a goblin; and the dame might have given her daughter to the deliverer of her son, although she had never listened to the prattlement of the river and mountain spirits.'

This criticism is not quite fair; the lady endeavours to arm herself with the mighty Book as a weapon in her struggle against fate, but the unalterable decree of the stars being against her, the Book falls into the hands of the mischievous spirit who serves her foe, and supplies him with a spell, by which he leads the heir astray; hence follow the combat and, by a second intervention of the goblin and his spell, Cranstoun's championship and betrothal, and the healing of the feud. It is true that the young Buccleuch might have wandered into the wood, but that is not the way in which things came to pass according to Border superstition; untoward accidents were attributed to the agency of evil spirits, and if Scott was to give us a picture of the ancient Borderers, he must needs introduce the creations of their superstition. It may however be fairly urged that if they were to be introduced, they should have been made more impressive. The Spirits of the River and the Mountain are in no way alarming; the Goblin cannot be regarded with awe; 'his tricks are the tricks of a sly mischievous truant schoolboy'¹. If we turn to *Christabel*, we find that the powers of evil impress us because they are mysterious in their nature and manifestation, and because their influence seems to extend within the

¹ Prof. Minto.

human soul; whereas in the *Lay* their action is external and physical¹.

Scott's reputation however both as a poetical narrator and as a novelist does not rest on the structure of his plots, but on his power of drawing character, on the manner in which he tells his story, and on his faculty of inspiring his readers with his own enthusiasm for the scenes which he describes. It may be admitted that the Goblin is an unpleasant character,

The Characters.

but he is the only one in the poem, which without him would contain no villain; all the men and women unwaveringly carry out their ideas of honour. The simplicity of the characters is a marked feature of the poem. The Ladye is the proud high-spirited head of the clan, who through all her sternness shows tenderness for her son and her faithful knight, when he is wounded, but never by word or look bestows sympathy on her daughter, to whom she forms a strong contrast. Margaret is the ideal of gentle maidenhood, and Cranstoun the typical knight of romance, devoted to his lady and ready to undertake desperate adventures in the hope of winning her hand; we should scarcely however have guessed that these are the characters which Scott drew from life; Cranstoun certainly is the least real of the warriors. Dacre represents the pride and haughtiness of the ancient feudal nobility, Howard is the politic noble of the Renaissance, accomplished in letters as well as arms. Deloraine presents a ruder type than these three; a moss-trooper, yet especially attached to the household of a noble, he embodies the higher strain of Border characteristics of which we hear in the *Preface*,—he 'combines habits of constant depredation with a rude spirit of chivalry,' and sums up in his person the virtues and failings of his class—courage, loyalty to his chief and clan, love of vengeance, mingled savagery and generosity towards his foe, neglect of religion. Wat Tinninn also may lay claim to all these qualities, but living in his lonely Liddesdale tower, ex-

¹ A minor difficulty with regard to the plot is discussed in the note on IV. xxxiii.

posed to every English marauder, he exhibits but a slight tincture of the spirit of chivalry which Deloraine has gained at Branksome.

Of Scott's power as a story-teller, first acquired when his school-fellows gathered round the fireside to listen to him on winter afternoons, we trust that the reader has formed his own judgment from the *Lay* itself before he turns to these introductory pages. An attempt has been made to illustrate it in detail in the notes on the *Introduction* and *Harold's Song*.

The *Songs* of the three Minstrels in Canto VI. are interesting as early specimens of Scott's genius in a department in which he is unsurpassed. Some criticism of them will be found in the Notes.

SOURCES OF THE *LAY*.

Christabel, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, which was recited to Scott by Stoddart, was written in 1797 and 1801, but was not published until 1817. It suggested to Scott the metre and some expressions in Canto I. of the *Lay*. The poem, which is a fragment, describes how a mysterious lady exerted a supernatural influence over Christabel and her father, a medieval baron. All students of Scott should read *Christabel*, which surpasses the *Lay* in the charm of its metre and in the manner in which the supernatural element is employed.

The name of *Metrical Romances* is applied to a number of poems by different authors, describing the adventures of the knights of romance, as for instance the knights of king Arthur's Round Table. The English *Romances* are mostly translations from French originals of the XIIth and XIIIth centuries. Scott was engaged in 1804 in bringing out an edition of one of these translations, *Sir Tristrem*. In the *Preface* to the *Lay* he says that he adopted from them the plan of the work, by which he means the idea of writing a poem which should consist of a succession of scenes from the life of medieval knights. Many

of the English versions of these *Romances* are written in rhymed lines of eight syllables.

The True Historie of the Name of Scott by Walter Scott, commonly called Satchells, an old soldier in the detachment raised for the Dutch service by Walter¹, Earl of Buccleuch, consists of several doggrel poems, which gave Scott the idea of 'the nine-and-twenty knights of fame' at Branksome, and much information about divers members of the Scott clan. The passage quoted in the note on I. 16 is a favourable specimen of these rambling verses.

The chief source of the *Lay* is the collection of ballads and traditions to be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*². These memorials of the past had been preserved by the strong spirit of clanship on the Scotch side of the Border down to the time of Scott's youth, although they had perished in the south part of the island. To these must be added a great mass of ancient Scotch documents and books, stored up in Scott's memory together with the romantic and chivalrous literature of other countries, among which we may especially mention the *Chronicles*³ of Froissart, a record written in French of 'the honourable and noble adventures of feats of arms, done and achieved by the wars of France and England' in the XIVth Century. Numerous quotations from the sources named above are given in the notes attached to the present edition; they have been chosen mainly from Scott's *Notes*, with the especial object of illustrating his marvellous skill in selecting his materials from his vast stores, and working them up into the fabric of the poem.

Some errors in Scott's antiquarianism have been pointed out, as for instance the wearing of heavy armour by the knights at Branksome while they ate or slept, and by Deloraine during

¹ See *Introduction to the Lay*, 50 and note.

² See p. xii.

³ The old English translation of Froissart by Lord Berners has recently been made accessible in an abridged form by Mr G. C. Macaulay in the *Globe Series*.

his ride to Melrose (i. iv. and xxix). It need scarcely be said that no one could be more fully aware that a knight would not wear armour on these occasions than was Scott; such passages are written in the spirit of the marvellous descriptions to be found in the ancient romances and ballads.

HISTORICAL BASIS OF THE LAY.

The characters and incidents for which Scott had the authority of history or tradition may generally be traced by means of the notes; it may however be convenient here to distinguish between what is historical and what is due to Scott's invention.

The Minstrel is a creation of Scott's imagination; the establishment at Branksome (i. i.-vi.) was in part as Scott describes it¹; the feud between the Scotts and the Carrs and Sir Walter Scott's death (i. 58) are historical; the Lady (Dame Janet Beatoun) was a real character, who at Sir Walter's death took the headship of the clan, and she was suspected of practising witchcraft; she was however Sir Walter's third wife, and his heir was not her son, but a grandson of his first marriage. Her daughter married either Sir Peter Cranstoun (whom the Dame Janet actually endeavoured to seize at the Chapel of the Lowes²) or his son. There was a William of Deloraine in the service of Branksome; but his character and his visit to Melrose are the work of Scott's fancy. There was a real Michael Scott, an eminent scholar and magician, but he lived about a century before the date assigned to him by Scott; there was a tradition that his magical book was buried with him. The diabolical Dwarf is said to have actually existed, but, if so, he lived much later than the date of the *Lay*, and he had no connexion with the Cranstouns. In the remaining incidents of the main story, Scott is not following any definite history or tradition, except that there appears to have been a pilgrimage to Melrose, undertaken in the hope of healing the feud in 1529. The episodes of

¹ See note on i. 16.

² See II. xxxiii.

xxiv THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

the winning of Eskdale by the Scotts (iv. x.—xii.) and of the Minstrel's Master (iv. xxxiv.—v.) are based on tradition. Watt Tirlinn, Thirlestane, Watt of Harden, Lord Dacre, and the Scotch nobles who come to the aid of Branksome are real personages, and so is Lord Howard; but he did not hold office on the Borders until 1618. The three minstrels in Canto vi. are imaginary characters.

THE BATTLE OF MELROSE.

The following account of the origin of the feud of the Scotts and the Carrs, taken from the *Border Minstrelsy*, shows how the quarrels of the Border families disturbed the government of the country:—

The earl of Angus had gained possession of the supreme power and of the person of the youthful king (James V.), whom he conducted about the country for the purpose of executing justice on thieves and traitors, although 'none were found greater than were in his own company.' In the course of a progress to the Border undertaken with this object in 1526, the king probably gave such signs of dissatisfaction as excited the laird of Buccleuch to attempt his rescue. "This powerful baron was the chief of the hardy clan of the Scotts, inhabiting Ettrick forest, Eskdale, Ewsdale, the higher part of Teviotdale, and a portion of Liddesdale. In this warlike district he easily levied a thousand horse, comprehending a large body of Elliots, Armstrongs, and other broken clans, over whom the laird of Buccleuch exercised an extensive authority, being termed by Lord Dacre 'chief maintainer of all misguided men on the Borders of Scotland.' The earl of Angus with his reluctant ward had slept at Melrose, and the clans of Home and Carr under the Lord Home and the barons of Cessford and Fairnirst, had taken their leave of the king, when in the grey of the morning Buccleuch and his band of cavalry were discovered, hanging like a thunder-cloud upon the neighbouring hill of Halidon. A herald was sent to demand his purpose, and to

charge him to retire. To the first point he answered, that he came to show his clan to the king, according to the custom of the Borders; to the second, that he knew the king's mind better than Angus.—When this haughty answer was reported to the earl, 'Sir,' said he to the king, 'yonder is Buccleuch, with the thieves of Annandale and Liddesdale, to bar your grace's passage. I vow to God they shall either fight or flee. Your grace shall tarry on this hillock with my brother George, and I will either clear your road of yonder banditti, or die in the attempt.' The earl with these words alighted and hastened to the charge, while the earl of Lennox (at whose instigation Buccleuch made the attempt), remained with the king, an inactive spectator. Buccleuch and his followers likewise dismounted, and received the assailants with a dreadful shout and a shower of lances. The encounter was fierce and obstinate; but the Homes and Carrs, returning at the noise of battle, bore down and dispersed the left wing of Buccleuch's little army. The hired banditti fled on all sides; but the chief himself, surrounded by his clan, fought desperately in the retreat. The laird of Cessford, chief of the Roxburgh Carrs, pursued the chase fiercely, till, at the bottom of a steep path, Elliot of Stobs, a follower of Buccleuch, turned and slew him with a stroke of his lance. When Cessford fell, the pursuit ceased; but his death, with those of Buccleuch's friends who fell in the action to the number of eighty, occasioned a deadly feud betwixt the names of Scott and Carr, which cost much blood upon the marches."

METRE.

Modern English metres may be classified according to (a) the number and position of the *accented*¹ *syllables* in each line, and—if the lines are rhymed—(b) the arrangement of the *rhymes*. All the metres employed in the *Lay* are rhymed.

¹ An accented syllable is a syllable uttered with more stress or force than the syllable immediately preceding or following it.

The recurrence of accented syllables divides the line into *feet*. These divisions are indicated in the specimens quoted below by bars.

I. *Regular Metres.*

All the regular metres of the *Lay* are *iambic*; that is, the foot of which they are composed is with rare exceptions the *iambus*, which consists of an unaccented syllable followed by an accented syllable (*e.g. caréss'd*).

(A.) The metre of the *Introduction* and of the passages at the ends of the Cantos which are not part of the Minstrel's *Lay*, but describe its effect on his audience, &c.

Accent. In each line there are four accented syllables, each preceded by an unaccented syllable.

Rhyme. The lines rhyme in *couplets*, that is, pairs.

The wáy | was lóng, | the wind | was *cóld*, |
The Mínst'rel wás | infirm | and *óld*. |

The following variations may be introduced:—

(a) The unaccented and the accented syllables of the first foot are transposed. (The foot thus produced is a *trochee*.)

Séem'd to | have *knówn* | a *bét*ter *dáy*. |

(b) An accented syllable is preceded by two unaccented syllables, which are pronounced closely together, or *sturred*:—

Came wíld|*lér*ing o'er | his ág'd brain. |

(c) Three consecutive lines rhyme. (*Introd.* 45-7, 84-6.)

In the lines quoted above the 2nd foot ends with a word, and the line falls into halves. Contrast the effect of lines in which a word is bisected at the end of the 4th syllable:—

No more on prancjng palfrey borne.

(B.) The metre of Graeme's and Harold's songs in Canto VI.

In accentuation this metre is identical with (A); but the different arrangement of the rhymes throws the lines not into couplets, but into groups of four, in which the 1st and the 3rd lines rhyme, and the 2nd and the 4th lines rhyme.

(C.) The metre of the *Hymn for the Dead* (vi. xxxi.) is also the same as (A) except in the arrangement of the rhymes; one rhyme is repeated in 8 of the 12 lines.

(D.) The Spenserian stanza, in which Fitztravers' song in Canto vi. is written, is so called because it is the metre of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

Accent. Each stanza is composed of 8 lines of 5 iambic feet, followed by an Alexandrine, that is, an iambic line of 6 feet. The variations described in (A) *a* and *b* are occasionally found.

That hé | should sée | her fórm | in life | and límb, |
And márk, | if stíll | she lóv'd, | and stíll | she thóught | of hím |
(Alexandrine).

• *Rhyme.* The following lines rhyme:—the 1st and the 3rd; the 2nd, the 4th, the 5th and the 7th; the 6th, the 8th and the 9th. This system may be represented by the following arrangement of letters: *a b a b b c b c a*.

II. The Metre of the *Lay* proper (as distinguished from the *Introduction*, the conclusions of the Cantos and the songs) is called an *irregular metre* because it is not subject to such strict rules with regard to accent and rhyme as the metres described above.

Accent. As in I (A), (B) and (C), each line contains 4 accented syllables, but the number and position of the unaccented syllables admit of great variety:—

The féast | was óv|er in Bránk|some Tówer¹, |
And the Lád|ye had góne | to her séc|ret bówer; |
Her bówer | that was guárd|ed by wórd | and by spéll, |
Deádly | to héar, | and deád|ly to téll— |
Jésu | Mar|ja, shiéld | us wéll! |
No lív|ing wíght, | save the Lád|ye alóne, |
Had dáred | to cróss | the thrésh|old stóne. |

¹ The vowels in *Tower* and *bower* are slurred so that the words count as monosyllables. The foot formed of 2 unaccented and 1 accented syllable (*and by spéll*) is called an *anapaest*.

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In no two consecutive lines except the 4th and 5th, is the arrangement of the accented and unaccented syllables exactly the same. This freedom in the metre is an important source of variety in a long narrative poem, and it also enables the poet to adapt the rhythm to the sense. For instance the change in the 4th and 5th lines above to trochees marks the change of topic from the feast to the terrors of witchcraft; these lines moreover contain fewer unaccented syllables than the preceding lines, and therefore have less of a lively, tripping air, and more weight and solemnity. For a similar contrast produced by varying the proportion of unaccented to accented syllables compare stanzas xxiii. and xxiv. of Canto I. The notes on that passage and also on I. 130 may be consulted.

The metre is further varied by the occasional use of (1) lines containing only two accented syllables, as I. 28, 29, 31, 32, 57, III. 347, 348, 366, 367 :—

With glóves | of stéel; |

(2) lines containing only three accented syllables, as in I. 56, 95, 97, 99, 101, 105, 107, and many lines in stanzas xi—xiv :—

Bésíde | his brók|en speár. |

Rhyme. A similar freedom is permitted in the arrangement of the rhymes; the poet is thereby enabled to combine the lines in various groups. The arrangement of the rhymes in stanzas i. and v. of Canto I. would be admissible in the metre I (A); the arrangement in stanzas ii. and xiii. is according to the rules of metre I (B); few of the stanzas however are so simply arranged.

The last accented syllables in two lines may be followed by unaccented syllables; this produces a *double rhyme*, as *baying* and *braying* (I. 44—5); cp. 46—7, 61—2, 156 and 158, 162 and 164.

In many cases the rhymes are faulty. None of our poets invariably secure an exact correspondence of sound, but for such rhymes as *void* : *supplied*, *rest* : *laced*, *Dunedin* : *red den*, *ceast* : *breast* (see *Intr.* 97, I. 28, 61, 180), Scott was taken to task by friends as well as reviewers.

ANALYSIS OF THE STORY.

The following analysis is taken from Jeffrey's review of the *Lay* which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* a month after the publication of the poem:—

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, the Lord of Branksome, was slain in a skirmish with the Carrs, about the middle of the sixteenth century. He left a daughter of matchless beauty, an infant son, and a high-minded widow, who, though a very virtuous and devout person, was privately addicted to the study of magic, in which she had been initiated by her father. Lord Cranstoun, their neighbour, was at feud with the whole clan of Scott, but had fallen desperately in love with the daughter, who returned his passion with equal sincerity and ardour, though withheld, by her duty to her mother, from uniting her destiny with his.

The poem opens with a description of the warlike establishment of Branksome Hall, and the first incident that occurs is a dialogue between the Spirits of the adjoining mountain and river, who, after consulting the stars, declare that no good fortune can ever bless the mansion "till pride be quelled, and love be free." The lady, whose forbidden studies had taught her to understand the language of such speakers, overhears their conversation, and vows, if possible, to retain her purpose in spite of it. She calls a gallant knight of her train therefore, and directs him to ride immediately to the Abbey of Melrose, and there to ask from the Monk of St Mary's Aisle the mighty book that was hid in the tomb of the Wizard, Michael Scott. The remainder of the first Canto is occupied with the night journey of the warrior. Canto I.

When he delivers his message the monk appears filled with consternation and terror, but leads him at last through many galleries and chapels to the spot where the wizard was interred; and, after some account of his life and character, the warrior heaves up the tombstone, and is dazzled by the streaming splendour of an ever-burning lamp, which illuminates the sepulchre of the enchanter. With trembling hand he takes the book from the side of the deceased, and hurries home with it in his bosom. In the meantime, Lord Canto II.

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Cranstoun and the lovely Margaret have met at dawn in the woods adjacent to the castle, and are repeating their vows of true love, when they are startled by the approach of a horseman. The lady retreats, and the lover rides away.

Advancing, he finds it to be the messenger from Branksome, with whom, as an hereditary enemy, he thinks it necessary to
Canto III. enter immediately into combat. The poor knight, fatigued with his nocturnal adventures, is dismounted at the first shock, and falls desperately wounded to the ground; while Lord Cranstoun, relenting to the kinsman of his beloved, directs his page to attend him to the castle, and gallops home before any alarm can be given. Lord Cranstoun's page is something unearthly. It is a little misshapen dwarf whom he found one day when he was hunting in a solitary glen, and took home with him. It never speaks except now and then to cry "lost! lost! lost!" and is, on the whole, a hateful, malicious little urchin, with no one good quality but his unaccountable attachment and fidelity to his master. This personage, on approaching the wounded Borderer, discovers the mighty book in his bosom, which he finds some difficulty in opening, and has hardly had time to read a single spell in it when he is struck down by an invisible hand, and the clasps of the magic volume shut suddenly more closely than ever. This one spell, however, enables him to practise every kind of illusion. He lays the wounded knight on his horse and leads him into the castle, while the warders see nothing but a wain of hay. He throws him down unperceived at the door of the lady's chamber, and turns to make good his retreat. In passing through the court, however, he sees the young heir of Buccleuch at play, and, assuming the form of one of his companions, tempts him to go out with him to the woods, where, as soon as they pass a rivulet, he assumes his own shape and bounds away. The bewildered child is met by two English archers, who make prize of him and carry him off, while the goblin page returns to the castle, where he personates the young baron to the great annoyance of the whole inhabitants. The lady finds the wounded knight, and eagerly employs charms for his recovery, that she may learn the story of the disaster. The lovely Margaret in the meantime is sitting in her turret gazing on the western star and musing on the scenes of the morning, when she discovers the blazing beacons that announce the approach of an English enemy. The alarm is immediately given, and bustling preparations made throughout the mansion for defence.

The English force, under the command of the Lords Howard and Dacre, speedily appears before the castle, leading with them the young Buccleuch, and propose that the lady should either give up Sir William of Deloraine (who had been her messenger to Melrose), as having incurred the guilt of March treason, or receive an English garrison within her walls. She answers, with much spirit, that her kinsman will clear himself of the imputation of treason by single combat, and that no foe shall ever get admittance into her fortress. The English lords being secretly apprised of the approach of powerful succours to the besieged, agree to the proposal of the combat, and stipulate that the boy shall be restored to liberty or detained in bondage according to the issue of the battle. The lists are appointed for the ensuing day, and a truce being proclaimed in the meantime, the opposing bands mingle in hospitality and friendship.

Deloraine being wounded was expected to appear by champion, and some contention arises for the honour of that substitution.

This, however, is speedily terminated by a person in the armour of the warrior himself, who encounters the English champion, slays him, and leads the captive young chieftain to the embraces of his mother. At this moment Deloraine himself appears, half clothed and unarmed, to claim the combat which has terminated in his absence; and all flock around the stranger who has personated him so successfully. He unclasps his helmet, and behold! Lord Cranstoun of Teviotdale! The lady, overcome with gratitude, and the remembrance of the Spirit's prophecy, consents to forgo the feud, and to give the fair hand of Margaret to the enamoured baron.

The rites of betrothment are then celebrated with great magnificence, and a splendid entertainment given to all the English and Scottish chieftains whom the alarm had assembled at

Branksome. Lord Cranstoun's page plays several unlucky tricks during the festival, and breeds some dissension among the warriors. To soothe their ireful mood the minstrels are introduced, who recite three ballad pieces of considerable merit. Just as their songs are ended a supernatural darkness spreads itself through the hall; a tremendous flash of lightning and peal of thunder ensue, which break just on the spot where the goblin page had been seated, who is heard to say "found! found! found!" and is no more to be seen when the darkness clears away. The whole party is chilled with terror at this extraordinary

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incident, and Deloraine protests that he distinctly saw the figure of the ancient wizard, Michael Scott, in the middle of the lightning. The lady renounces for ever the unhallowed study of magic; and all the chieftains, struck with awe and consternation, vow to make a pilgrimage to Melrose to implore rest and forgiveness for the spirit of the departed sorcerer. *With the description of this ceremony the Minstrel closes his lay.*

THE
LAY 'OF THE LAST MINSTREL,
A POEM;
IN SIX CANTOS.

*Dum relego, scripsisse pudet; quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque, qui feci, iudice, digna lini.*

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES,
EARL OF DALKEITH,

THIS
POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY
THE AUTHOR

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

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

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
Seem'd to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy, 5
Was carried by an orphan boy.
~~The last of all the Bards was he,~~
Who sung of Border chivalry ;
For, welladay ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ; 10
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caress'd, 15
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :

Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne; 20
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear, 25
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh. 30
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door 35
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess mark'd his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well : 40
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied, 45
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride :
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,

INTRODUCTION.

7

And of Earl Walter, rest him God ! 50
 A braver ne'er to battle rode ;
 And how full many a tale he knew,
 Of the old warriors of Buccleuch :
 And, would the noble Duchess deign
 To listen to an old man's strain, 55
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
 He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
 That, if she loved the harp to hear,
 He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd ; 60
 The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
 But, when he reach'd the room of state,
 Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
 Perchance he wish'd his boon denied :
 For, when to tune his harp he tried, 65
 His trembling hand had lost the ease,
 Which marks security to please :
 And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
 Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
 He tried to tune his harp in vain ! 70
 The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
 And gave him heart, and gave him time,
 Till every string's according glee
 Was blended into harmony.
 And then, he said, he would full fain 75
 He could recall an ancient strain
 He never thought to sing again.
 It was not framed for village churls,
 But for high dames and mighty earls ;
 He had play'd it to King Charles the Good, 80
 When he kept court in Holyrood ;

And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made, 85₄₁
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lighten'd up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy! 90
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost, 95
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung. 100

CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE feast was over in Branksome Tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria, shield us well! 5
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
Knight, and page, and household squire,
Loiter'd through the lofty hall, 10
Or crowded round the ample fire:
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor. 15

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall:

Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall 20
Waited, duteous, on them all:
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel: 25
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night:
 They lay down to rest,
 With corslet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard; 30
 They carved at the meal
 With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd.

V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten: 35
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddlebow;
A hundred more fed free in stall:— 40
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors, arm'd, by night?—
They watch, to hear the blood-hound baying;
They watch, to hear the war-horn braying; 45

To see St George's red cross streaming,
 To see the midnight beacon gleaming :
 They watch, against Southern force and guile,
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers, 50
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.—
 Many a valiant knight is here ;
 But he, the chieftain of them all,
 His sword hangs rusting on the wall, 55
 Beside his broken spear.
 Bards long shall tell,
 How Lord Walter fell !
 When startled burghers fled, afar,
 The furies of the Border war ; 60
 When the streets of high Dunedin
 Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
 And heard the slogan's deadly yell—
 Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal, 65
 Or stanch the death-feud's enmity ?
 Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
 Can love of blessed charity ?
 No ! vainly to each holy shrine,
 In mutual pilgrimage, they drew ; 70
 Implored, in vain, the grace divine
 For chiefs, their own red falchions slew :

While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
 While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
 The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar, 75
 The havoc of the feudal war,
 Shall never, never be forgot!

IX.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
 The warlike foresters had bent;
 And many a flower, and many a tear, 80
 Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent:
 But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
 The Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear!
 Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
 Had lock'd the source of softer woe; 85
 And burning pride, and high disdain,
 Forbade the rising tear to flow;
 Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
 Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee—
 'And if I live to be a man, 90
 My father's death revenged shall be!
 Then fast the mother's tears did seek
 To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X.

All loose her negligent attire,
 All loose her golden hair, 95
 Hung Margaret o'er her slaughter'd sire,
 And wept in wild despair.
 But not alone the bitter tear
 Had filial grief supplied;
 For hopeless love, and anxious fear, 100
 Had lent their mingled tide:

CANTO I.

13

Nor in her mother's alter'd eye
Dared she to look for sympathy.
Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
With Carr in arms had stood, 105
When Mathouse burn to Melrose ran,
All purple with their blood ;
And well she knew, her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,
Would see her on her dying bed. 110

XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came,
Her father was a clerk of fame,
Of Bethune's line of Picardie :
He learn'd the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea. 115
Men said, he changed his mortal frame
By feat of magic mystery ;
For when, in studious mood, he paced
St Andrew's cloister'd hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced 120
Upon the sunny wall !

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air. 125
And now she sits in secret bower,
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round.

Is it the roar of Teviot's tide, 130
 That chafes against the scaur's red side?
 Is it the wind, that swings the oaks?
 Is it the echo from the rocks?
 What may it be, the heavy sound,
 That moans old Branksome's turrets round? 135

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
 The ban-dogs bay and howl;
 And, from the turrets round,
 Loud whoops the startled owl.
 In the hall, both squire and knight 140
 Swore that a storm was near,
 And looked forth to view the night;
 But the night was still and clear!

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
 Chafing with the mountain's side, 145
 From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
 From the sullen echo of the rock,
 From the voice of the coming storm,
 The Ladye knew it well!
 It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke, 150
 And he call'd on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

'Sleep'st thou, brother?'

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

'Brother, nay—
 On my hills the moonbeams play.

CANTO I.

15

From Craik-cross to Skelfhill Pen,
 By every rill, in every glen, 155
 Merry elves their morris pacing,
 'To aërial minstrelsy,
 Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
 Trip it deft and merrily.
 Up, and mark their nimble feet! 160
 Up, and list their music sweet!'

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

'Tears of an imprison'd maiden
 • Mix with my polluted stream;
 Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
 Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam. 165
 Tell me, thou, who view'st the stars,
 When shall cease these feudal jars?
 What shall be the maiden's fate?
 Who shall be the maiden's mate?'

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

'Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll, 170
 In utter darkness round the pole;
 The Northern Bear lowers black and grim:
 Orion's studded belt is dim;
 Twinkling faint, and distant far,
 Shimmers through mist each planet star; 175
 Ill may I read their high decree!
 But no kind influence deign they shower
 On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
 Till pride be quell'd, and love be free.'

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast, 180
 And the heavy sound was still;
 It died on the river's breast,
 It died on the side of the hill.
 But round Lord David's tower
 The sound still floated near; 185
 For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
 And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
 She raised her stately head,
 And her heart throbb'd high with pride:
 'Your mountains shall bend, 190
 And your streams ascend,
 Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!'

XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
 Where many a bold retainer lay,
 And, with jocund din, among them all, 195
 Her son pursued his infant play.
 A fancied moss-trooper, the boy
 The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
 And round the hall, right merrily,
 In mimic foray rode. 200
 Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
 Share in his frolic gambols bore,
 Albeit their hearts of rugged mould,
 Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
 For the gray warriors prophesied, 205
 How the brave boy, in future war,
 Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
 Exalt the Crescent and the Star.

XX.

The Ladye forgot her purpose high,
 One moment, and no more ; 210
 One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
 As she paused at the arched door :
 Then from amid the armed train,
 She called to her William of Deloraine.

XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he, 215
 As e'er couch'd Border lance by knee :
 Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
 Blindfold he knew the paths to cross ;
 By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
 Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds ; 220
 In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,
 But he would ride them, one by one ;
 Alike to him was time or tide,
 December's snow, or July's pride ;
 Alike to him was tide or time, 225
 Moonless midnight, or matin prime :
 ' Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
 As ever drove prey from Cumberland ;
 Five times outlawed had he been,
 By England's King, and Scotland's Queen. 230

XXII.

'Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
 Mount thee on the wightest steed ;
 Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
 Until thou come to fair Tweedside ;

And in Melrose's holy pile 235
 Seek thou the Monk of St Mary's aisle.
 Greet the Father well from me;
 Say that the fated hour is come,
 And to-night he shall watch with thee,
 To win the treasure of the tomb : 240
 For this will be St Michael's night,
 And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright;
 And the Cross, of bloody red,
 Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

XXIII.

'What he gives thee, see thou keep; 245
 Stay not thou for food or sleep:
 Be it scroll, or be it book,
 Into it, Knight, thou must not look;
 If thou readest, thou art lorn!
 Better hadst thou ne'er been born.' 250

XXIV.

'O swiftly can speed my dapple-gray steed,
 Which drinks of the Teviot clear;
 Ere break of day,' the Warrior 'gan say,
 'Again will I be here:
 And safer by none may thy errand be done, 255
 Than, noble dame, by me;
 Letter nor line know I never a one,
 Were't my neck-verse at Hairibee.'

XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
 And soon the steep descent he past, 260
 Soon cross'd the sounding barbican,
 And soon the Teviot side he won.

Eastward the wooded path he rode,
 Green hazels o'er his basnet nod;
 He pass'd the Peel of Goldiland, 265
 And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring strand;
 Dimly he view'd the Moat-hill's mound,
 Where Druid shades still flitted round:
 In Hawick twinkled many a light;
 Behind him soon they set in night; 270
 And soon he spurr'd his courser keen
 Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark:
 'Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark.'
 'For Branksome, ho!' the knight rejoin'd, 275
 And left the friendly tower behind.
 He turn'd him now from Teviotside,
 And, guided by the tinkling rill,
 Northward the dark ascent did ride,
 And gained the moor at Horsliehill; 280
 Broad on the left before him lay,
 For many a mile, the Roman way.

XXVII.

A moment now he slack'd his speed,
 A moment breathed his panting steed;
 Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band, 285
 And loosen'd in the sheath his brand.
 On Minto-crag the moonbeams glint,
 Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint;
 Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest,
 Where falcons hang their giddy nest, 290

Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
 For many a league his prey could spy;
 Cliffs, doubling on their echoes borne
 The terrors of the robber's horn;
 Cliffs, which, for many a later year, 295
 The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
 When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
 Ambition is no cure for love!

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence pass'd Deloraine,
 To ancient Riddel's fair domain, 300
 Where Aill, from mountains freed,
 Down from the lakes did raving come;
 Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
 Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
 In vain! no torrent, deep or broad, 305
 Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
 And the water broke o'er the saddlebow;
 Above the foaming tide, I ween,
 Scarce half the charger's neck was seen: 310
 For he was barded from counter to tail,
 And the rider was armed complete in mail;
 Never heavier man and horse
 Stemm'd a midnight torrent's force.
 The warrior's very plume, I say, 315
 Was daggled by the dashing spray:
 Yet, through good heart, and Our Ladye's grace,
 At length he gain'd the landing-place.

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
And sternly shook his plumèd head, 320
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon:
For on his soul the slaughter red
Of that unhallow'd morn arose,
When first the Scott and Carr were foes;
When royal James beheld the fray, 325
Prize to the victor of the day;
When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border spear. . 330

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran:
Like some tall rock with lichens gray, 335
Seem'd dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.
The sound, upon the fitful gale,
In solemn wise did rise and fail, 340
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is waken'd by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reach'd, 'twas silence all:
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall. 345

HERE paused the harp ; and with its swell
The Master's fire and courage fell :
Dejectedly, and low, he bow'd,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seem'd to seek, in every eye, 350
If they approved his minstrelsy ;
And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age, and wandering long,
Had done his hand and harp some wrong. 355
The Duchess, and her daughters fair,
And every gentle lady there,
Each after each, in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody ;
His hand was true, his voice was clear, 360
And much they long'd the rest to hear :
Encouraged thus, the Aged Man,
After meet rest, again began.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day,
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night, 5
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory; 10
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while— 15
Then view St David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there;
Little reck'd he of the scene so fair; 20
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long.

The porter hurried to the gate—
‘Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?’
‘From Branksome I,’ the warrior cried; 25
And straight the wicket open’d wide:
For Branksome’s Chiefs had in battle stood,
 To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
 Had gifted the shrine for their souls’ repose. 30

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod;
The arched cloister, far and wide, 35
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle,
To hail the Monk of St Mary's aisle. 40

IV.

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

V.

And strangely on the Knight look'd he,
And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide; 50
'And darest thou, Warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn;
For threescore years, in penance spent, 55
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Would'st thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance drie, 60
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring Warrior, follow me!'

VI.

'Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry, 65
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray.
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me be gone.'

VII.

Again on the Knight look'd the Churchman old, 70
And again he sighed heavily;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was high:— 75

Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
 Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay;
 The pillar'd arches were over their head,
 And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,	80
Glisten'd with the dew of night;	
Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,	
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.	
The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,	
Then into the night he looked forth;	85
And red and bright the streamers light	
Were dancing in the glowing north.	
So had he seen, in fair Castile,	
The youth in glittering squadrons start;	
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,	90
And hurl the unexpected dart.	
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,	
That spirits were riding the northern light.	

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,	
They enter'd now the chancel tall;	95
The darken'd roof rose high aloof	
On pillars lofty and light and small:	
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,	
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;	
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim;	100
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,	
With base and with capital flourish'd around,	
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.	

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven,
 Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven, 105
 Around the screened altar's pale ;
 And there the dying lamps did burn,
 Before thy low and lonely urn,
 O gallant chief of Otterburne !
 And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale ! 110
 O fading honours of the dead !
 O high ambition, lowly laid !

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
 By foliated tracery combined ; 115
 Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
 'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
 In many a freakish knot, had twined ;
 Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
 And changed the willow-wreaths to stone. 120
 The silver light, so pale and faint,
 Show'd many a prophet, and many a saint,
 Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
 Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
 Triumphant Michael brandished, 125
 And trampled the Apostate's pride.
 The moon-beam kiss'd the holy pane,
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

They sate them down on a marble stone,
(A Scottish monarch slept below;) 130
Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone:
‘I was not always a man of woe;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God:
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear, 135
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

'In these far climes it was my lot
 To meet the wondrous Michael Scott;
 A wizard, of such dreaded fame,
 That when, in Salamanca's cave, 140
 Him listed his magic wand to wave
 The bells would ring in Notre Dame!
 Some of his skill he taught to me;
 And, Warrior, I could say to thee
 The words that cleft Eildon hills in three, 145
 And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone:
 But to speak them were a deadly sin;
 And for having but thought them my heart within,
 A treble penance must be done.

'When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened;
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed:

I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close. 155
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid;
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.

'I swore to bury his Mighty Book, 160
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need:
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore. 165
I buried him on St Michael's night,
When the bell toll'd one, and the moon was bright,
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave, 170
And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.

XVI.

'It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!
Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,
The banners waved without a blast'— 175
—Still spoke the Monk, when the bell toll'd one!—
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread, 180
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

'Lo, Warrior! now, the Cross of Red
 Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
 Within it burns a wondrous light,
 To chase the spirits that love the night: 185
 That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
 Until the eternal doom shall be.—
 Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,
 Which the bloody Cross was traced upon
 He pointed to a secret nook; 190
 An iron bar the Warrior took;
 And the Monk made a sign with his wither'd hand,
 The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went;
 His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent: 195
 With bar of iron heaved amain,
 Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.
 It was by dint of passing strength,
 That he moved the massy stone at length.
 I would you had been there, to see 200
 How the light broke forth so gloriously,
 Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
 And through the galleries far aloof!
 No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright:
 It shone like heaven's own blessed light, 205
 And, issuing from the tomb,
 Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,
 Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail
 And kiss'd his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay, 210
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
He seem'd some seventy winters old ;
 A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round,
 With a wrought Spanish baldric bound, 215
 Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea :
 His left hand held his Book of Might ;
 A silver cross was in his right ;
 The lamp was placed beside his knee :
High and majestic was his look, 220
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face :
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain, 225
And trampled down the warriors slain,
 And neither known remorse nor awe ;
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd ;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
 When this strange scene of death he saw, 230
Bewilder'd and unnerv'd he stood,
And the priest pray'd fervently and loud :
With eyes averted pray'd he ;
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly. 235

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd,
Thus unto Deloraine he said :—
'Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue ;
For those, thou may'st not look upon, 240
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone !'—
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound :
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd ; 245
But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night return'd in double gloom ; 249
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few ;
And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said, as through the aisles they pass'd,
They heard strange noises on the blast ; 255
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man ;
As if the fiends kept holiday, 260
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be ;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

XXIII.

'Now, hie thee hence,' the Father said,
'And when we are on death-bed laid, 265
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St John,
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!'
The Monk return'd him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped;
When the convent met at the noontide bell— 270
The Monk of St Mary's aisle was dead!
Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd.

XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find: 275
He was glad when he pass'd the tombstones gray,
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;
For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,
Felt like a load upon his breast;
And his joints, with nerves of iron twined, 280
Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.
Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot gray;
He joy'd to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might. 285

XXV.

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot gray,
The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome Towers and Teviot's tide.

The wild birds told their warbling tale, 290
 And waken'd every flower that blows ;
 And peeped forth the violet pale,
 And spread her breast the mountain rose.
 And lovelier than the rose so red,
 Yet paler than the violet pale, 305
 She early left her sleepless bed,
 The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
 And don her kirtle so hastily ; 299
 And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,
 Why tremble her slender fingers to tie ;
 Why does she stop, and look often around,
 As she glides down the secret stair ;
 And why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound,
 As he rouses him up from his lair ; 305
 And, though she passes the postern alone,
 Why is not the watchman's bugle blown ?

XXVII.

The ladye steps in doubt and dread,
 Lest her watchful mother hear her tread ;
 The ladye caresses the rough blood-hound, 310
 Lest his voice should waken the castle round ;
 The watchman's bugle is not blown,
 For he was her foster-father's son ;
 And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light
 To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight. 315

XXVIII.

The Knight and ladye fair are met,
 And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
 A fairer pair were never seen
 To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
 He was stately, and young, and tall; 320
 Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall:
 And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
 Lent to her cheek a livelier red;
 When the half sigh her swelling breast
 Against the silken ribbon prest; 325
 When her blue eyes their secret told,
 Though shaded by her locks of gold—
 Where would you find the peerless fair,
 With Margaret of Branksome might compare!

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see 330
 You listen to my minstrelsy;
 Your waving locks ye backward throw,
 And sidelong bend your necks of snow:
 Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
 Of two true lovers in a dale; 335
 And how the Knight, with tender fire,
 To paint his faithful passion strove;
 Swore he might at her feet expire,
 But never, never cease to love;
 And how she blush'd and how she sigh'd, 340
 And, half consenting, half denied,
 And said that she would die a maid;—
 Yet, might the bloody feud be stay'd,
 Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
 Margaret of Branksome's choice should be. 345

XXX.

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

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,
The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,
And held his crested helm and spear:
That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man, 355
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border, far and near.
'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode
Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trod,
He heard a voice cry, 'Lost! lost! lost!' 360
And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd,
A leap, of thirty feet and three,
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee. 365
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd;
'Tis said that five good miles he rade,
To rid him of his company;
But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four,
And the Dwarf was first at the castle door. 370

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said :
 This elvish Dwarf with the Baron staid ;
 Little he ate, and less he spoke,
 Nor mingled with the menial flock :
 And oft apart his arms he toss'd, 375
 And often mutter'd 'Lost' lost' lost !'
 He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
 But well Lord Cranstoun servéd he .
 And he of his service was full fain ,
 For once he had been ta'en or slain, 380
 An it had not been for his ministry
 All between Home and Hermitage,
 Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
 And took with him this elvish Page, 385
 To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes :
 For there, beside our Lady's lake,
 An offering he had sworn to make,
 And he would pay his vows
 But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd a band 390
 Of the best that would ride at her command :
 The trysting place was Newark Lee.
 Wat of Harden came thither amain,
 And thither came John of Thirlestane,
 And thither came William of Deloraine ; 395
 They were three hundred spears and three.
 Through Douglas burn, up Yarrow stream,
 Their horses prance, their lances gleam

They came to St Mary's lake ere day;
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away. 400
They burn'd the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good greenwood,
As under the aged oak he stood,
The Baron's courser pricks his ears, 405
As if a distant noise he hears.
The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
And signs to the lovers to part and fly:
No time was then to vow or sigh.
Fair Margaret through the hazel grove 410
Flew like the startled cushat-dove:
The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein;
Vaulted the Knight on his steed amain,
And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green. 415

WHILE thus he pour'd the lengthen'd tale,
The Minstrel's voice began to fail:
Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the wither'd hand of age
A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine, 420
The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
He raised the silver cup on high,
And, while the big drop fill'd his eye,
Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheer'd a son of song. 425

The attending maidens smiled to see
How long, how deep, how zealously,
The p̄cious juice the Minstrel quaff'd;
And he, embolden'd by the draught,
Look'd gaily back to them, and laugh'd. 430
The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd his soul;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

AND said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled, '
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love?—
How could I to the dearest theme,
That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

II.

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

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While, pondering deep the tender scene,
He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green. 20
 But the page shouted wild and shrill,
 And scarce his helmet could he don,
 When downward from the shady hill
 A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior's steed, so dapple-gray, 25
Was dark with sweat, and splash'd with clay;
 His armour red with many a stain:
He seem'd in such a weary plight,
As if he had ridden the live-long night;
 For it was William of Deloraine. 30

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
When, dancing in the sunny beam,
He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest;
For his ready spear was in his rest.
 Few were the words, and stern and high, 35
 That mark'd the foemen's feudal hate;
 For question fierce, and proud reply,
 Gave signal soon of dire debate.
Their very coursers seem'd to know
That each was other's mortal foe, 40
And snorted fire, when wheel'd around,
To give each knight his vantage-ground.

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent;
He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer;
The prayer was to his patron saint, 45
The sigh was to his ladye fair.
Stout Deloraine nor sigh'd nor pray'd,
Nor saint, nor ladye, call'd to aid;
But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd his spear,
And spurr'd his steed to full career. 50
The meeting of these champions proud
Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
The stately Baron backwards bent;
Bent backwards to his horse's tail, 55
And his plumes went scattering on the gale;
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail; 60
Through shield, and jack, and acton, past,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.—
Still sate the warrior, saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke, 65
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward pass'd his course;
Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—
His foe lay stretch'd upon the plain.

VII.

But when he rein'd his courser round, 70
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound,
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state, 75
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate:
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
'This shalt thou do without delay:
No longer here myself may stay; 80
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day.'

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
The Goblin Page behind abode;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood, 85
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corslet off he took,
The dwarf espied the mighty Book!
Much he marvell'd a knight of pride,
Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride: 90
He thought not to search or stanch the wound,
Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp:
For when the first he had undone, 95
It closed as he the next begun.

Those iron clasps, that iron band,
Would not yield to unchristen'd hand,
Till he smear'd the cover o'er
With the Borderer's curdled gore; 100
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read,
It had much of glamour might,
Could make a ladye seem a knight;
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall 105
Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
All was delusion, nought was truth. 110

X.

He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell,
So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain,
Beside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismay'd, 115
And shook his huge and matted head;
One word he mutter'd, and no more,
'Man of age, thou smitest sore!'—
No more the Elfin Page durst try
Into the wondrous Book to pry; 120
The clasps, though smear'd with Christian gore,
Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak.—
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive; 125
It was not given by man alive.

XI.

Unwillingly himself he address'd,
To do his master's high behest:
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse; 130
He led him into Branksome Hall,
Before the beards of the warders all;
And each did after swear and say,
There only pass'd a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower, 135
Even to the Ladye's secret bower;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be openéd,
He had laid him on her very bed.
Whate'er he did of gramarye, 140
Was always done maliciously;
He flung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood well'd freshly from the wound.

XII.

As he repass'd the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport: 145
He thought to train him to the wood;
For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.
Seem'd to the boy, some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play; 150
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook ;
The running stream dissolved the spell, 155
And his own elvish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child ;
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen : 160
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited ;
So he but scowl'd on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild ;
The woodland brook he bounding cross'd, 165
And laugh'd, and shouted, 'Lost ! lost ! lost !'—

XIV.

Full sore amaz'd at the wondrous change,
And frighten'd as a child might be,
At the wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark words of gramarye, 170
The child, amidst the forest bower,
Stood rooted like a lily flower ;
And when at length, with trembling pace,
He sought to find where Branksome lay,
He fear'd to see that grisly face 175
Glare from some thicket on his way.
Thus, starting oft, he journey'd on,
And deeper in the wood is gone,—
For aye the more he sought his way,
The farther still he went astray,— 180
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV.

And hark! and hark! the deep-mouth'd bark-
Comes nigher still, and nigher :
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound, 185
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wilder'd child saw he,
He flew at him right furiously.
I ween you would have seen with joy 190
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire!
He faced the blood-hound manfully,
And held his little bat on high ; 195
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
At cautious distance hoarsely bay'd,
But still in act to spring ;
When dash'd an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stay'd, 200
He drew his tough bow-string ;
But a rough voice cried, 'Shoot not, hoy!
Ho! shoot not, Edward—'Tis a boy!'

XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,
And check'd his fellow's surly mood, 205
And quell'd the ban-dog's ire :
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow-deer
Five hundred feet him fro ; 210
With hand more true, and eye more clear,
No archer bended bow.

His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burn'd face :
Old England's sign, St George's cross, 215
His barret-cap did grace ;
His bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied :
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer. 220

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reach'd scantily to his knee ;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbish'd sheaf bore he ;
His buckler scarce in breadth a span, 225
No larger fence had he ;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee :
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
And the leash, that was his blood-hound's band. 230

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm,
That he might neither fight nor flee ;
For when the Red-Cross spied he,
The boy strove long and violently. 235
'Now, by St George,' the archer cries,
'Edward, methinks we have a prize !
This boy's fair face, and courage free,
Show he is come of high degree.'—

XIX.

'Yes! I'am come of high degree, 240
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;
And, if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue!
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need, 245
And every Scott, from Esk to Tweed;
And, if thou dost not let me go,
Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,
I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow!'—

XX.

'Gramercy, for thy good-will, fair boy! 250
My mind was never set so high;
But if thou art chief of such a clan,
And art the son of such a man,
And ever comest to thy command,
Our wardens had need to keep good order; 255
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.
Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see;
I think our work is well begun, 260
When we have taken thy father's son.'

XXI.

Although the child was led away,
In Branksome still he seem'd to stay,
For so the Dwarf his part did play;
And, in the shape of that young boy, 265
He wrought the castle much annoy.

The comrades of the young Buccleuch
He pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew ;
Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew.
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire, 270
And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
He lighted the match of his bandelier,
And wofully scorch'd the hackbuteer.
It may be hardly thought or said,
The mischief that the urchin made, 275
Till many of the castle guess'd,
'That the young Baron was possess'd !

XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held
The noble Lady had soon dispell'd ;
But she was deeply busied then 280
To tend the wounded Deloraine.
Much she wonder'd to find him lie,
On the stone threshold stretch'd along ;
She thought some spirit of the sky
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong, 285
Because, despite her precept dread,
Perchance he in the Book had read ;
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound, 290
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood ;
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound :
No longer by his couch she stood ;

CANTO III.

51

But she has ta'en the broken lance,
 And wash'd it from the clotted gore, 295
 And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.
 William of Deloraine, in trance,
 Whene'er she turn'd it round and round,
 Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.
 Then to her maidens she did say, 300
 That he should be whole man and sound,
 Within the course of a night and day.
 Full long she toil'd ; for she did rue
 Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV.

So pass'd the day—the evening fell, 305
 'Twas near the time of curfew bell ;
 The air was mild, the wind was calm,
 The stream was smooth, the dew was balm ;
 E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,
 Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour. 310
 Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd
 The hour of silence and of rest.
 On the high turret sitting lone,
 She waked at times the lute's soft tone ;
 Touch'd a wild note, and all between 315
 Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
 Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
 Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
 Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
 For lovers love the western star. 320

XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
 That rises slowly to her ken,

And, spreading broad its wavering light,
 Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
 Is yon red glare the western star?— 325
 Oh! 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!
 Scarce could she draw her tighten'd breath,
 For well she knew the fire of death!

XXVI.

The Warder view'd it blazing strong,
 And blew his war-note loud and long, 330
 Till, at the high and haughty sound,
 Rock, wood, and river, rung around.
 The blast alarm'd the festal hall,
 And startled forth the warriors all;
 Far downward, in the castle-yard, 335
 Full many a torch and cresset glared;
 And helms and plumes, confusedly toss'd,
 Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;
 And spears in wild disorder shook,
 Like reeds beside a frozen brook. 340

XXVII.

The Scneschal, whose silver hair
 Was redden'd by the torches' glare,
 Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
 And issued forth his mandates loud:—
 'On Penchryst glows a bale of fire, 345
 And three are kindling on Priestthaughswire;
 Ride out, ride out,
 The foe to scout!
 Mount, mount for Branksome, every man!
 Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan, 350
 That ever are true and stout—

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

The ready page, with hurried hand,
 Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,
 And ruddy blush'd the heaven :
 For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
 Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
 All flaring and uneven.
 And soon a score of fires, I ween,
 From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen ;

Each with warlike tidings fraught ;
 Each from each the signal caught ;
 Each after each they glanced to sight,
 As stars arise upon the night.
 They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn, 385
 Haunted by the lonely earn ;
 On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
 Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid ;
 Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
 From Soltra and Dumpender Law ; 390
 And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
 That all should bowne them for the Border.

XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang
 The ceaseless sound of steel ;
 The castle-bell, with backward clang, 395
 Sent forth the larum peal ;
 Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
 Where massy stone and iron har
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower ; 400
 Was frequent heard the changing guard,
 And watch-word from the sleepless ward ;
 While, wearied by the endless din,
 Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within.

XXXI.

The noble Dame, amid the broil, 405
 Shared the grey Seneschal's high toil,
 And spoke of danger with a smile ;
 Cheer'd the young knights, and council sage
 Held with the chiefs of riper age.

No tidings of the foe were brought, 410
 Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
 Nor what in time of truce he sought.

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

But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men, 415
 Who came to gather in black-mail ;
 And Liddesdale with small avail,

Might drive them lightly back agen.
 So pass'd the anxious night away,
 And welcome was the peep of day. 420

CEASED the high sound—the listèning throng'
 Applaud the Master of the Song ;
 And marvel much, in helpless age,
 So hard should be his pilgrimage.
 Had he no friend—no daughter dear, 425
 His wandering toil to share and cheer ;
 No son to be his father's stay,
 And guide him on the rugged way ?
 ' Ay, once he had—but he was dead !'
 Upon the harp he stoop'd his head, 430
 And busied himself the strings withal,
 To hide the tear that fain would fall.
 In solemn measure, soft and slow,
 Arose a father's notes of woe.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

SWEET Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill, 5
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn. 10

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime
Its earliest course was doom'd to know;
And, darker as it downward bears, 15
Is stain'd with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to Memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee. 20

Why, when the volleying musket play'd
 Against the bloody Highland blade,
 Why was not I beside him laid!—
 Enough—he died the death of fame;
 Enough—he died with conquering Græme. 25

III.

Now over Border dale and fell,
 Full wide and far was terror spread;
 For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
 The peasant left his lowly shed.
 The frighten'd flocks and herds were pent 30
 Beneath the peel's rude battlement;
 And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,
 While ready warriors seized the spear.
 From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
 Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy, 35
 Which, curling in the rising sun,
 Show'd southern ravage was begun.

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
 'Prepare ye all for blows and blood!
 Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side, 40
 Comes wading through the flood.
 Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
 At his lone gate, and prove the lock;
 It was but last St Barnabright
 They sieged him a whole summer night, 45
 But fled at morning; well they knew,
 In vain he never twang'd the yew.

Right sharp has been the evening shower,
That drove him from his Liddel tower ;
And, by my faith,' the gate-ward said, 50
'I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid.'

V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
Enter'd the echoing barbican.
He led a small and shaggy nag,
That through a bog, from hag to hag, 55
Could bound like any Billhope stag.
It bore his wife and children twain ;
A half-clothed serf was all their train ;
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud, 60
Laugh'd to her friends among the crowd.
He was of stature passing tall,
But sparely form'd, and lean withal ;
A batter'd morion on his brow ;
A leather jack, as fence enow, 65
On his broad shoulders loosely hung ;
A Border axe behind was slung ;
His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
Seem'd newly dyed with gore ;
His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength, 70
His hardy partner bore.

VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
The tidings of the English foe :—
'Belted Will Howard is marching here,
And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear, 75
And all the German hackbut-men,
Who have long lain at Askerten :

They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,
 And burn'd my little lonely tower :
 The fiend receive their souls therefor ! 80
 It had not been burnt this year and more.
 Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
 Served to guide me on my flight ;
 But I was chased the livelong night.
 Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme, 85
 Fast upon my traces came,
 Until I turn'd at Priestthaugh Scrogg,
 And shot their horses in the bog,
 Slew Fergus with my lance outright—
 I had him long at high despite : 90
 He drove my cows last Fastern's night.'

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
 Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale ;
 As far as they could judge by ken,
 Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand 95
 Three thousand armed Englishmen—
 Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
 From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
 Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.
 There was saddling and mounting in haste, 100
 There was pricking o'er moor and lea ;
 He that was last at the trysting-place
 Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

VIII.

From fair St Mary's silver wave,
 From dreary Gamescleugh's dusky height, 105
 His ready lances Thirlestane brave
 Array'd beneath a banner bright.

The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims,
 To wreathe his shield, since Royal James,
 Encamp'd by Fala's mossy wave, 110
 The proud distinction grateful gave,
 For faith 'mid feudal jars;
 What time, save Thirlestane alone,
 Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
 Would march to southern wars; 115
 And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
 Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne;
 Hence his high motto shines reveal'd—
 'Ready, aye ready,' for the field.

IX.

An aged Knight, to danger steel'd, 120
 With many a moss-trooper came on:
 And azure in a golden field,
 The stars and crescent graced his shield,
 Without the bend of Murdieston.
 Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower, 125
 And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
 High over Borthwick's mountain flood,
 His wood-embosom'd mansion stood;
 In the dark glen, so deep below,
 The herds of plunder'd England low; 130
 His bold retainers' daily food,
 And bought with danger, blows, and blood.
 Marauding chief! his sole delight
 The moonlight raid, the morning fight;
 Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms, 135
 In youth, might tame his rage for arms;
 And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,
 And still his brows the helmet press'd,

Albeit the blanched locks below
 Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow; 140
 Five stately warriors drew the sword
 Before their father's band;
 A braver knight than Harden's lord
 Ne'er belted on a brand.

X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band, 145
 Came trooping down the Todshawhill;
 By the sword they won their land,
 And by the sword they hold it still.
 Harken, Ladye, to the tale,
 How thy sires won fair Eskdale.— 150
 Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
 The Beattisons were his vassals there.
 The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
 The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude;
 High of heart, and haughty of word, 155
 Little they reck'd of a tame liege Lord.
 The Earl into fair Eskdale came
 Homage and seignory to claim:
 Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,
 Saying, 'Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought.' 160
 —'Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
 Oft has he help'd me at pinch of need;
 Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow
 I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou.'—
 Word on word gave fuel to fire, 165
 Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire,
 But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,
 The vassals there their lord had slain.

Sore he plied both whip and spur,
As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir; 170
And it fell down a weary weight,
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,
Full fain avenged would he be.
In haste to Branksome's Lord he spoke, 175
Saying, 'Take these traitors to thy yoke;
For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold:
Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan
If thou leavest on Eske a landed man; 180
But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
For he lent me his horse to escape upon.'
A glad man then was Branksome bold,
Down he flung him the purse of gold;
To Eskdale soon he spurr'd amain, 185
And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.
He left his merry men in the mist of the hill,
And bade them hold them close and still;
And alone he wended to the plain,
To meet with the Galliard and all his train. 190
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said:—
'Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head;
Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
Give me in peace my heriot due, 195
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
If my horn I three times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind.'—

XII.

Loudly the Beattison laugh'd in scorn ;
'Little care we for thy winded horn. 200
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot,
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
With rusty spur and miry boot.'—
He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse, 205
That the dun deer started at fair Craikcross ;
He blew again so loud and clear, -
Through the grey mountain-mist there did lances appear ;
And the third blast rang with such a din,
'That the echoes answer'd from Pentoun-linn, 210
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then had you seen a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied, and lances broke !
For each scornful word the Galliard had said,
A Beattison on the field was laid. 215
His own good sword the chieftain drew,
And he bore the Galliard through and through ;
Where the Beattisons' blood mix'd with the rill,
The Galliard's Haugh men call it still.
The Scotts have scatter'd the Beattison clan, 220
In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name ; 225

From Yarrow-cleugh to Hindhaugh-swaiv,
 From Woodhouslie to Chester-glen,
 Troop'd man and horse, and bow and spear;
 Their gathering word was Bellenden.
 And better hearts o'er Border sod 230
 To siege or rescue never rode.
 The Ladye mark'd the aids come in,
 And high her heart of pride arose :
 She bade her youthful son attend,
 That he might know his father's friend, 235
 And learn to face his foes.
 'The boy is ripe to look on war ;
 I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
 And his true arrow struck afar
 The raven's nest upon the cliff ; 240
 The red cross, on a southern breast,
 Is broader than the raven's nest :
 Thou, Whitslade, shalt teach him his weapon to wield,
 And o'er him hold his father's shield.'

XIV.

Well may you think, the wily page 245
 Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
 He counterfeited childish fear,
 And shriek'd, and shed full many a tear,
 And moan'd and plain'd in manner wild.
 The attendants to the Ladye told, 250
 Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
 That wont to be so free and bold.
 Then wrathful was the noble dame ;
 She blush'd blood-red for very shame :—
 'Hence ! ere the clan his faintness view ; 255
 Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch !—

Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
 To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
 Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
 That coward should e'er be son of mine!— 260

XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
 To guide the counterfeited lad.
 Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
 Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,
 He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain, 265
 Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.
 It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
 To drive him but a Scottish mile;
 But as a shallow brook they cross'd,
 The elf, amid the running stream, 270
 His figure chang'd, like form in dream,
 And fled, and shouted, 'Lost! lost! lost!'
 Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd,
 But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
 Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew, 275
 And pierced his shoulder through and through.
 Although the imp might not be slain,
 And though the wound soon heal'd again,
 Yet, as he ran, he yell'd for pain;
 And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast, 280
 Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
 That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;
 And martial murmurs, from below,
 Proclaim'd the approaching southern foe. 285

Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
 Were Border pipes and bugles blown;
 The coursers' neighing he could ken,
 A measured tread of marching men;
 While broke at times the solemn hum, 290
 The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;
 And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
 Above the copse appear;
 And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
 Shine helm, and shield, and spear. 295

XVII.

Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
 Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round;
 Behind, in close array, and fast,
 The Kendal archers, all in green,
 Obedient to the bugle blast, 300
 Advancing from the wood were seen.
 To back and guard the archer band,
 Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand:
 A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
 With kirtles white, and crosses red, 305
 Array'd beneath the banner tall,
 That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall;
 And minstrels, as they march'd in order,
 Play'd, 'Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border.'

XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow, 310
 The mercenaries, firm and slow,
 Moved on to fight, in dark array,
 By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
 Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
 And sold their blood for foreign pay. 315

The camp their home, their law the sword,
 They knew no country, own'd no lord :
 They were not arm'd like England's sons,
 But bore the levin-darting guns ;
 Buff coats, all frounced and 'broider'd o'er, 320
 And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore ;
 Each better knee was bared, to aid
 The warriors in the escalade ;
 All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue,
 Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung. 325

XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,
 And louder still the minstrels blew,
 When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
 Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry ;
 His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear, 330
 Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
 There many a youthful knight, full keen
 To gain his spurs, in arms was seen ;
 With favour in his crest, or glove,
 Memorial of his ladye-love. 335
 So rode they forth in fair array,
 Till full their lengthen'd lines display ;
 Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,
 And cried, 'St George, for merry England !'

XX.

Now every English eye, intent 340
 On Branksome's armed towers was bent ;
 So near they were, that they might know
 The straining harsh of each cross-bow ;

On battlement and bartizan
Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partisan ; 345
Falcon and culver, on each tower,
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower ;
And flashing armour frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where upon tower and turret-head, 350
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reek'd, like a witch's caldron red.
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opes, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal. 355

XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread ;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He rul'd his eager courser's gait ;
Forced him, with chasten'd fire, to prance, 360
And, high curvetting, slow advance :
In sign of truce, his better hand
Display'd a peeled willow wand ;
His squire, attending in the rear,
Bore high a gauntlet on a spear. 365
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
Sped to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII.

'Ye English warden lords, of you 370
Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,

Why, 'gainst the truce of Border tide,
 In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
 With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,
 And all yon mercenary band, 375
 Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
 My Lady reads you swith return;
 And, if but one poor straw you burn,
 Or do our towers so much molest
 As scare one swallow from her nest, 380
 St Mary! but we'll light a brand
 Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland.' —

XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
 But calmer Howard took the word:
 'May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal, 385
 To seek the castle's outward wall,
 Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show
 Both why we came, and when we go.'
 The message sped, the noble Dame
 To the wall's outward circle came; 390
 Each chief around lean'd on his spear,
 To see the pursuivant appear.
 All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,
 The lion argent deck'd his breast;
 He led a boy of blooming hue— 395
 O sight to meet a mother's view!
 It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
 Obeisance meet the herald made,
 And thus his master's will he said:—

XXIV.

'It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,	400
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords ;	o
But yet they may not tamely see,	
All through the Western Wardenry,	
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,	
And burn and spoil the Border-side ;	405
And ill beseems your rank and birth	
To make your towers a flemens-firth.	
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,	
That he may suffer march-treason pain.	
It was but last St Cuthbert's even	o 410
He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven,	
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,	
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.	
Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame	
These restless riders may not tame,	415
Either receive within thy towers	
Two hundred of my master's powers,	
Or straight they sound their warrison,	
And storm and spoil thy garrison :	
And this fair boy, to London led,	420
Shall good King Edward's page be bred.'	

XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,	
And stretch'd his little arms on high ;	
Implored for aid each well-known face,	
And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.	425
A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,	
Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear ;	

She gazed upon the leaders round,
 And dark and sad each warrior frown'd;
 Then, deep within her sobbing breast 430
 She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest;
 Unalter'd and collected stood,
 And thus replied, in dauntless mood:—

XXVI.

'Say to your Lords of high emprise,
 Who war on women and on boys, 435
 That either William of Deloraine
 Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,
 Or else he will the combat take
 'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
 No knight in Cumberland so good, 440
 But William may count with him kin and blood.
 Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,
 When English blood swell'd Ancram's ford;
 And, but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
 And bare him ably in the flight, 445
 Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight.
 For the young heir of Branksome's line,
 God be his aid, and God be mine;
 Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
 Here, while I live, no foe finds room. 450
 Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,
 Take our defiance loud and high;
 Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,
 Our moat, the grave where they shall lie.'

XXVII.

Proud she look'd round, applause to claim— 455
 Then lighten'd Thirlestane's eye of flame;

His bugle Wat of Harden blew ;
 Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
 To heaven the Border slogan rung,
 'St Mary for the young Buccleuch !' 460
 The English war-cry answer'd wide,
 And forward bent each southern spear ;
 Each Kendal archer made a stride,
 And drew the bowstring to his ear ;
 Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown ;— 465
 But, ere a gray-goose shaft had flown,
 A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

XXVIII.

'Ah ! noble Lords !' he breathless said,
 'What treason has your march betray'd ?
 What make you here, from aid so far, 470
 Before you walls, around you war ?
 Your foemen triumph in the thought,
 That in the toils the lion's caught.
 Already on dark Ruberslaw
 The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw ; 475
 The lances, waving in his train,
 Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain ;
 And on the Liddel's northern strand,
 To bar retreat to Cumberland,
 Lord Maxwell ranks his merry men good, 480
 Beneath the eagle and the rood ;
 And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
 Have to proud Angus come ;
 And all the Merse and Lauderdale
 Have risen with haughty Home. 485

An exile from Northumberland,
 In Liddesdale I've wander'd long;
 But still my heart was with merry England,
 And cannot brook my country's wrong;
 And hard I've spurr'd all night, to show 490
 The mustering of coming foe.'

XXIX.

'And let them come!' fierce Dacre cried,
 'For soon yon crest, my father's pride,
 That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
 And waved in gales of Galilee, 495
 From Branksome's highest towers display'd,
 Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!—
 Level each harquebuss on row;
 Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
 Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry, 500
 Dacre for England, win or die!'

XXX.

'Yet hear,' quoth Howard, 'calmly hear,
 Nor deem my words the words of fear:
 For who, in field or foray slack,
 Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back? 505
 But thus to risk our Border flower
 In strife against a kingdom's power,
 Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
 Certes, were desperate policy.
 Nay, take the terms the Ladye made, 510
 Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
 Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
 In single fight; and, if he gain,

He gains for us ; but if he's cross'd,
'Tis but a single warrior lost : 515
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat, and death, and shame.'

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother Warden's sage rebuke ;
And yet his forward step he staid, 520
And slow and sullenly obeyed.
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride ;
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day. 525

XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand ;
His trumpet call'd, with parleying strain,
The leaders of the Scottish band ;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right, 530
Stout Deloraine to single fight ;
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
And thus the terms of fight he said :—
' If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
Vanquish the Knight of Deloraine, 535
Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's Lord,
Shall hostage for his clan remain :
If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
The boy his liberty shall have.
Howe'er it falls, the English band, 540
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharm'd,
In peaceful march, like men unarm'd,
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland.'

XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,
 The proffer pleased each Scottish chief, 545
 Though much the Ladye sage gainsay'd;
 For though their hearts were brave and true,
 From Jedwood's recent sack they knew,
 How tardy was the Regent's aid:
 And you may guess the noble Dame 550
 Durst not the secret prescience own,
 Sprung from the art she might not name,
 By which the coming help was known.
 Closed was the compact, and agreed
 That lists should be enclosed with speed, 555
 Beneath the castle, on a lawn:
 They fix'd the morrow for the strife,
 On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
 At the fourth hour from peep of dawn;
 When Deloraine, from sickness freed, 560
 Or else a champion in his stead,
 Should for himself and chieftain stand,
 Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV.

I know right well, that, in their lay,
 Full many minstrels sing and say, 565
 Such combat should be made on horse,
 On foaming steed, in full career,
 With brand to aid, when as the spear
 Should shiver in the course:
 But he, the jovial Harper, taught 570
 Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,

In guise which now I say;
 He knew each ordinance and clause
 Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,
 In the old Douglas' day. 575
 He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue
 Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
 Or call his song untrue:
 For this, when they the goblet plied,
 And such rude taunt had chafed his pride, 580
 The Bard of Reull he slew.
 On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,
 And tuneful hands were stain'd with blood;
 Where still the thorn's white branches wave,
 Memorial o'er his rival's grave. 585

XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
 That dragg'd my master to his tomb;
 How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,
 Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
 And wrung their hands for love of him, 590
 Who died at Jedwood Air?
 He died!—his scholars, one by one,
 To the cold silent grave are gone;
 And I, alas! survive alone,
 To muse o'er rivalries of yore, 595
 And grieve that I shall hear no more
 The strains, with envý heard before;
 For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
 My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused : the listening dames again 600
 Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
 With many a word of kindly cheer,—
 In pity half, and half sincere,—
 Marvell'd the Duchess how so well
 His legendary song could tell— 605
 Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ;
 Of feuds, whose memory was not ;
 Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;
 Of towers, which harbour now the hare ;
 Of manners, long since changed and gone ; 610
 Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
 So long had slept, that fickle Fame
 Had blotted from her rolls their name,
 And twined round some new minion's head
 The fading wreath for which they bled ; 615
 In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse
 Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well pleased ; for ne'er
 Was flattery lost on poet's ear :
 A simple race ! they waste their toil 620
 For the vain tribute of a smile ;
 E'en when in age their flame expires,
 Her dulcet breath can fan its fires :
 Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
 And strives to trim the short-lived blaze. 625

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

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

CALL it not vain:—they do not err,
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies:
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone, 5
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; 10
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn
But that the stream, the wood, the gale, 15
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death. 20

The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier :
The phantom Knight, his glory fled, 25
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead ;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain :
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song, 30
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die :
His groans the lonely caverns fill, 35
His tears of rage impel the rill :
All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
The terms of truce were scarcely made, 40
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march of martial powers.
Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard ;
Bright spears above the columns dun 45
Glanced momentary to the sun ;
And feudal banners fair display'd
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
 Were England's noble Lords forgot.
 Himself, the hoary Seneschal
 Rode forth, in seemly terms to call 80
 Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
 Accepted Howard, than whom knight
 Was never dubb'd, more bold in fight;
 Nor, when from war and armour free,
 More famed for stately courtesy: 85
 But angry Dacre rather chose
 In his pavilion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,
 How these two hostile armies met?
 Deeming it were no easy task 90
 To keep the truce which here was set;
 Where martial spirits, all on fire,
 Breathed only blood and mortal ire.—
 By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
 By habit, and by nation, foes, 95
 They met on Teviot's strand;
 They met and sate them mingled down,
 Without a threat, without a frown,
 As brothers meet in foreign land:
 The hands, the spear that lately grasp'd, 100
 Still in the mailed gauntlet clasp'd,
 Were interchanged in greeting dear;
 Visors were raised, and faces shown,
 And many a friend, to friend made known,
 Partook of social cheer. 105

Some drove the jolly bowl about ;
 With dice and draughts some chased the day ;
 And some, with many a merry shout,
 In riot, revelry, and rout,
 Pursued the foot-ball play. 110

VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown,
 Or sign of war been seen,
 Those bands, so fair together ranged,
 Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
 Had dyed with gore the green : 115
 The merry shout by Teviot-side
 Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,
 And in the groan of death ;
 And whingers, now in friendship bare,
 The social meal to part and share, 120
 Had found a bloody sheath.
 "Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
 Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
 In the old Border-day :
 But yet on Branksome's towers and town, 125
 In peaceful merriment, sunk down
 The sun's declining ray.

VIII.

The blithsome signs of wassel gay
 Decay'd not with the dying day ;
 Soon through the latticed windows tall 130
 Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
 Divided square by shafts of stone,
 Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;

CANTO V.

83

Nor less the gilded rafters rang
 With merry harp and beakers' clang : 135
 And frequent, on the darkening plain,
 Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
 As bands, their stragglers to regain,
 Give the shrill watchword of their clan ;
 And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim 140
 Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
 At length the various clamours died :
 And you might hear, from Branksome hill,
 No sound but Teviot's rushing tide ; 145
 Save when the changing sentinel
 The challenge of his watch could tell ;
 And save where, through the dark profound,
 The clanging axe and hammer's sound
 Rung from the nether lawn ; 150
 For many a busy hand toil'd there,
 Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,
 The lists' dread barriers to prepare
 Against the morrow's dawn.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat, 155
 Despite the Dame's reproving eye ;
 Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,
 Full many a stifled sigh ;
 For many a noble warrior strove
 To win the Flower of Teviot's love, 160
 And many a bold ally.—

With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,

 In broken sleep she lay :

By times, from silken couch she rose ; 165

While yet the banner'd hosts repose,

 She view'd the dawning day :

Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,

First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court, 170

 Which in the tower's tall shadow lay ;

Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and snort,

 Had rung the livelong yesterday ;

Now still as death ; till stalking slow,—

 The jingling spurs announced his tread,— 175

A stately warrior pass'd below ;

 But when he raised his plumed head—

 Blessed Mary ! can it be ?—

Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,

He walks through Branksome's hostile towers, 180

 With fearless step and free.

She dared not sign, she dared not speak—

Oh ! if one page's slumbers break,

 His blood the price must pay !

Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears, 185

Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,

 Shall buy his life a day.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small ; for well

You may bethink you of the spell

Of that sly urchin page ; 190
 This to his lord he did impart,
 And made him seem, by glamour art,
 A knight from Hermitage.
 Unchallenged thus the warder's post,
 The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd, 195
 For all the vassalage :
 But O ! what magic's quaint disguise
 Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes !
 She started from her seat ;
 While with surprise and fear she strove, 200
 And both could scarcely master love—
 „Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose bad
 That foul malicious urchin had
 To bring this meeting round ; 205
 For happy love's a heavenly sight,
 And by a vile malignant sprite
 In such no joy is found ;
 And oft I've deem'd, perchance he thought
 Their erring passion might have wrought 210
 Sorrow, and sin, and shame ;
 And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight,
 And to the gentle ladye bright,
 Disgrace, and loss of fame.
 But earthly spirit could not tell 215
 The heart of them that loved so well.
 True love's the gift which God has given
 To man alone beneath the heaven :

It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly; 220
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind, 225
In body and in soul can bind.—
Now leave we Margaret and her Knight,
To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan: 230
In haste, the deadly strife to view,
The trooping warriors eager ran:
Thick round the lists their lances stood,
Like blasted pines in Ettrick wood;
To Branksome many a look they threw, 235
The combatants' approach to view,
And bandied many a word of boast,
About the knight each favour'd most.

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the Dame;
For now arose disputed claim, 240
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestaine:
They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent;
' But yet not long the strife—for, lo! 245
Himself, the knight of Deloraine,
Strong, as it seem'd, and free from pain,

In armour sheath'd from top to toe,
 Appear'd, and craved the combat due.
 The Dame her charm successful knew, 250
 And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,
 The stately Lady's silken rein
 Did noble Howard hold ;
 Unarmed by her side he walk'd, 255
 And much, in courteous phrase, they talk'd
 Of feats of arms of old.
 Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
 Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
 With satin slash'd and lined ; 260
 Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
 His cloak was all of Poland fur,
 His hose with silver twined ;
 His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
 Hung in a broad and studded belt ; 265
 Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
 Call'd noble Howard, Belted Will.

XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,
 Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
 Whose foot-cloth swept the ground : 270
 White was her wimple, and her veil,
 And her loose locks a chaplet pale
 Of whitest roses bound ;
 The lordly Angus, by her side,
 In courtesies to cheer her tried ; 275

Without his aid, her hand in vain
 Had strove to guide her broider'd rein.
 He deem'd, she shudder'd at the sight
 Of warriors met for mortal fight ;
 But cause of terror, all unguess'd, 280
 Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
 When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
 The Dame and she the barriers graced.

XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,
 An English knight led forth to view ; 285
 Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
 So much he long'd to see the fight.
 Within the lists, in knightly pride,
 High Home and haughty Dacre ride ;
 Their leading staffs of steel they wield, 290
 As marshals of the mortal field ;
 While to each knight their care assign'd
 Like vantage of the sun and wind.
 Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
 In King and Queen, and Warden's name, 295
 That none, while lasts the strife,
 Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
 Aid to a champion to afford,
 On peril of his life ;
 And not a breath the silence broke, 300
 Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke :—

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

'Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
 Good knight and true, and freely born,
 Amends from Deloraine to crave,
 For foul despiteous scathe and scorn. 305
 He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
 Is traitor false by Border laws;
 This with his sword he will maintain,
 So help him God, and his good cause!'

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

'Here standeth William of Deloraine, 310
 Good knight and true, of noble strain,
 Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,
 Since he bore arms, ne'er soil'd his coat;
 And that, so help him God above!
 He will on Musgrave's body prove, 315
 He lies most foully in his throat.'

LORD DACRE.

'Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
 Sound trumpets!'—

LORD HOME.

—'God defend the right!'—

Then Teviot! how thine echoes rang,
 When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang 320
 Let loose the martial foes,
 And in mid list, with shield poised high,
 And measured step and wary eye,
 The combatants did close.

XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear, 325
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood pour'd down from many a wound;
For desperate was the strife and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong. 330
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight!
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing, 335
And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.—

XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow
Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain;
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no! 340
'Thence never shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp! 345
O, bootless aid!—haste, holy Friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped;— 350
His naked foot was dyed with red,

As through the lists he ran ;
 Unmindful of the shouts on high,
 That hail'd the conqueror's victory,
 He raised the dying man ; 355
 Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
 As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer ;
 And still the crucifix on high
 He holds before his darkening eye ;
 And still he bends an anxious ear, 360
 His faltering penitence to hear ;
 Still props him from the bloody sod,
 Still, even when soul and body part,
 Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
 And bids him trust in God ! 365
 Unheard he prays ;—the death-pang's o'er !
 Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
 Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
 The silent victor stands ; 370
 His beaver did he not unclasp,
 Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp
 Of gratulating hands.
 When lo ! strange cries of wild surprise,
 Mingled with seeming terror, rise 375
 Among the Scottish bands ;
 And all, amid the throng'd array,
 In panic haste gave open way
 To a half-naked ghastly man,
 Who downward from the castle ran : 380

Their influence kindly stars may shower
 On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
 For pride is quell'd, and love is free.'—
 She took fair Margaret by the hand,
 Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand; 415
 That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she:—
 'As I am true to thee and thine,
 Do thou be true to me and mine!
 This clasp of love our bond shall be;
 For this is your betrothing day, 420
 And all these noble lords shall stay,
 To grace it with their company.'—

XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,
 Much of the story she did gain;
 How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine, 425
 And of his page, and of the Book
~~Which from the wounded knight he took;~~
 And how he sought her castle high,
 That morn, by help of gramarye;
 How, in Sir William's armour dight, 430
 Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,
 He took on him the single fight.
 But half his tale he left unsaid,
 And linger'd till he join'd the maid.—
 Cared not the Ladye to betray 435
 Her mystic arts in view of day;
 But well she thought, ere midnight came,
 Of that strange page the pride to tame,
 From his foul hands the Book to save,
 And send it back to Michael's grave.— 440

Needs not to tell each tender word
 'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;
 Nor how she told the former woes,
 And how her bosom fell and rose,
 While he and Musgrave bandied blows.— 445
 Needs not these lovers' joys to tell:
 One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance
 Had waken'd from his deathlike trance;
 And taught that, in the listed plain, 450
 Another, in his arms and shield,
 Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
 Under the name of Deloraine.
 Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran,
 And hence his presence scared the clan, 455
 Who held him for some fleeting wraith,
 And not a man of blood and breath.
 Not much this new ally he loved,
 Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
 He greeted him right heartilie: 460
 He would not waken old debate,
 For he was void of rancorous hate,
 Though rude, and scant of courtesy;
 In raids he spilt but seldom blood
 Unless when men-at-arms withstood, 465
 Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
 He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
 Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe:
 And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now

When on dead Musgrave he look'd down; 470
 Grief darkened on his rugged brow,
 Though half disguised with a frown;
 And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
 His foeman's epitaph he made:—

XXIX.

'Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here! 475
 I ween, my deadly enemy;
 For, if I slew thy brother dear,
 'Thou slew'st a sister's son to me;
 And when I lay in dungeon dark
 Of Naworth Castle, long months three, 480
 Till ransom'd for a thousand mark,
 Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
 And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
 And thou wert now alive, as I,
 No mortal man should us divide, 485
 Till one, or both of us, did die:
 Yet rest thee God! for well I know
 I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
 In all the northern counties here,
 Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear, 490
 Thou wert the best to follow gear!
 'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,
 To see how thou the chase could'st wind,
 Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
 And with the bugle rouse the fray! 495
 I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
 Dark Musgrave were alive again.'—

XXX.

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's band
Were bowning back to Cumberland.
They raised brave Musgrave from the field, 500
And laid him on his bloody shield;
On levell'd lances, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail; 505
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul:
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
And thus the gallant knight they bore, 510
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore;
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

THE harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
The mimic march of death prolong; 515
Now seems it far, and now a-near,
Now meets, and now eludes the ear;
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep;
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail, 520
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,
Why he, who touch'd the harp so well, 525

Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er 530
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it rank'd so high
Above his flowing poesy :
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprised the land he loved so dear ; 535
High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd, 5
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 ; 10
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, 15
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood.

Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand !
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,
 Think what is now, and what hath been, 25
 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, 30
 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, 35
 The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

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 ; 40
 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, 45
 Rose the portcullis' iron grate ;
 They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
 They dance, they revel, and they sing,
 Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare 50
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, 55
And kirtles furr'd with miniver;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs and ringing chainlets sound;
And hard it were for bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek; 60
That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise!

V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh;
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace, 65
So much she fear'd each holy place.
False slanders these :—I trust right well
She wrought not by forbidden spell;
For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour : 70
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, 75
And on her head a crimson hood,

With pearls embroider'd and entwined,
 Guarded with gold, with ermine lined ;
 A merlin sat upon her wrist,
 Held by a leash of silken twist. 80

VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon :
 'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
 And in the lofty arched hall
 Was spread the gorgeous festival.
 Steward and squire, with heedful haste, 85
 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, 90
 And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,
 And cygnet from St Mary's wave ;
 O'er ptarmigan and venison,
 The priest had spoke his benison.
 Then rose the riot and the din, 95
 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 ; 100
 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, 105
 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. 110

VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still
 No opportunity of ill,
 Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
 To rouse debate and jealousy;
 Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein, 115
 By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
 And now in humour highly cross'd,
 About some steeds his band had lost,
 High words to words succeeding still,
 Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill; 120
 A hot and hardy Rutherford,
 Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-sword.
 He took it on the page's saye,
 Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
 Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose, 125
 The kindling discord to compose:
 Stern Rutherford right little said,
 But bit his glove, and shook his head.—
 A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
 Stout Conrad, cold, and drench'd in blood, 130
 His bosom gored with many a wound,
 Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found;
 Unknown the manner of his death,
 Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
 But ever from that time, 'twas said, 135
 That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.

The dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espie,
Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free, 140
Revell'd as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tinlinn, there, did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes;
And he, as by his breeding bound, 145
To Howard's merry-men sent it round.
'To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
'A deep carouse to yon fair bride!'—
At every pledge, from vat and pail, 150
Foam'd forth in floods the nut-brown ale;
While shout the riders every one:
Such day of mirth ne'er cheer'd their clan,
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en. 155

IX.

The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remember'd him of Tinlinn's yew,
And swore, it should be dearly bought
That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest, 160
With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
Told, how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his wife;

- 'And then he took the cross divine, 215
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And died for her sake in Palestine;
So Love was still the lord of all.
- 'Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove, 220
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!'

XIII.

- As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arose a bard of loftier port;
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay, 225
Renown'd in haughty Henry's court:
There rung thy harp, unrivall'd long,
Fitztraver of the silver song!
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame? 230
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

- They sought, together, climes afar, 235
And oft, within some olive grove,
When even came with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant stay'd,
And deem'd, that spirits from on high, 240
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody;

So sweet did harp and voice combine,
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver! O what tongue may say 245
 The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
 When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
 Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew?
 Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
 His harp call'd wrath and vengeance down. 250
 He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
 Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
 And, faithful to his patron's name,
 With Howard still Fitztraver came;
 Lord William's foremost favourite he, 255
 And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-Souls' eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;
 He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
 Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
 When wise Cornelius promised, by his art, 260
 To show to him the lady of his heart,
 Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim;
 Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
 That he should see her form in life and limb,
 And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of
 him. 265

XVII.

'Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might; 270
On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright:
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watchlight by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII.

'But soon, within that mirror huge and high, 275
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room, 280
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX.

'Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind! 285
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet 'eburnine,
Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to find:— 290
That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

XX.

'Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,
 And swept the goodly vision all away—
 So royal envy roll'd the murky storm 295
 O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
 Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
 On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
 The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
 The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine, 300
 The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!'

XXI.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong
 Applauses of Fitztraver's song;
 These hated Henry's name as death,
 And those still held the ancient faith. 305
 Then, from his seat, with lofty air,
 Rose Harold, hard of brave St Clair;
 St Clair, who, teasing high at Home,
 Had with that lord to battle come.
 Harold was born where restless seas 310
 Howl round the storm-swept Orcades;
 Where erst St Clairs held princely sway
 O'er isle and islet, strait and bay;—
 Still nods their palace to its fall,
 Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall!— 315
 Thence oft he mark'd fierce Pentland rave,
 As if grim Odin rode her wave;
 And watch'd, the whilst, with visage pale,
 And throbbing heart, the struggling sail;
 For all of wonderful and wild 320
 Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful
In these rude isles might fancy cull;
For thither came, in times afar,
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war, 325
The Norsemen, train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food;
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave.
And there, in many a stormy vale, 330
The Scald had told his wondrous tale;
And many a Runic column high
Had witness'd grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold, in his youth,
Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,— 335
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world;
Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell;
Of chiefs, who, guided through the gloom 340
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,
Their falchions wrench'd from corpses' hold,
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
And bade the dead arise to arms! 345
With war and wonder all on flame,
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learn'd a milder minstrelsy;
Yet something of the Northern spell 350
Mix'd with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

HAROLD.

- 'O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle. 355
- "Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.
- "The blackening wave is edged with white:—
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly; 361
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.
- "Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay; 365
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"—
- "'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there 370
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.
- "'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."— 375
- 'O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

- 'It glared on Roslin's castled rock, 380
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
 And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.
- 'Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie, 385
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.
- 'Seem'd all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound, 390
 And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.
- 'Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high St Clair 395
- 'There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !
- 'And each St Clair was buried there, 400
 With candle, with book, and with knell ;
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.'

XXIV.

- So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
 Scarce mark'd the guests the darken'd hall, 405
 Though, long before the sinking day,
 A wondrous shade involved them all :

It was not eddying mist or fog,
 Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog;
 Of no eclipse had sages told; 410
 And yet, as it came on apace,
 Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
 Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.
 A secret horror check'd the feast,
 And chill'd the soul of every guest; 415
 Even the high Dame stood half aghast,
 She knew some evil on the blast;
 The elvish page fell to the ground,
 And, shuddering, mutter'd, 'Found! found! found!'

XXV.

Then sudden, through the darken'd air 420
 A flash of lightning came;
 So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
 The castle seem'd on flame.
 Glanced every rafter of the hall,
 Glanced every shield upon the wall; 425
 Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
 Were instant seen, and instant gone;
 Full through the guests' bedazzled band
 Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,
 And fill'd the hall with smouldering smoke, 430
 As on the elvish page it broke.
 It broke, with thunder long and loud,
 Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the proud,—
 From sea to sea the larum rung;
 On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal, 435
 To arms the startled warders sprung.

When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elvish dwarf was seen no more!

XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
Some saw a sight not seen by all; 440
That dreadful voice was heard by some,
Cry, with loud summons, 'GYLBIN, COME!'
And on the spot where burst the brand,
Just where the page had flung him down,
Some saw an arm, and some a hand, ° 445
And some the waving of a gown.
The guests in silence prayed and shook,
And terror dimm'd each lofty look.
But none of all the astonished train
Was so dismay'd as Deloraine; 450
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man. 455
At length, by fits, he darkly told,
With broken hint, and shuddering cold—
That he had seen, right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapp'd around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound, 460
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;
And knew—but how it matter'd not—
It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
 All trembling heard the wondrous tale; 465
 No sound was made, no word was spoke,
 Till noble Angus silence broke;
 And he a solemn sacred plight
 Did to St Bride of Douglas make,
 That he a pilgrimage would take 470
 To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
 Of Michael's restless sprite.
 Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
 To some bless'd saint his prayers address'd:
 Some to St Modan made their vows, 475
 Some to St Mary of the Lowes,
 Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
 Some to our Ladye of the Isle;
 Each did his patron witness make,
That he such pilgrimage would take, 480
 And monks should sing, and bells should toll,
 All for the weal of Michael's soul.
 While vows were ta'en, and prayers were pray'd,
 'Tis said the noble dame, dismay'd,
 Renounc'd, for aye, dark magic's aid. 485

XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
 Which after in short space befell;
 Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
 Bless'd Teviot's Flower, and Cranstoun's heir:

After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain 490
 To wake the note of mirth again.
 More meet it were to mark the day
 Of penitence and prayer divine,
 When pilgrim chiefs, in sad array,
 Sought Melrose' holy shrine. 495

XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
 And arms enfolded on his breast,
 Did every pilgrim go ;
 The standers-by might hear uneath,
 Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath, 500
 Through all the lengthen'd row :
 No lordly look, nor martial stride ;
 Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
 Forgotten their renown ;
 Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide 505
 To the high altar's hallow'd side,
 And there they knelt them down :
 Above the suppliant chieftains wave
 The banners of departed brave ;
 Beneath the letter'd stones were laid 510
 The ashes of their fathers dead ;
 From many a garnish'd niche around,
 Stern saints and tortured martyrs frown'd.

XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
 With sable cowl and scapular, 515
 And snow-white stoles, in order due,
 The holy Fathers, two and two,
 In long procession came,
 Taper, and host, and book they bare,
 And holy banner, flourish'd fair 520
 With the Redeemer's name.
 Above the prostrate pilgrim band
 The mitred Abbot stretch'd his hand,
 And bless'd them as they kneel'd,
 With holy cross he signed them all, 525
 And pray'd they might be sage in hall,
 And fortunate in field
 Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
 And solemn requiem for the dead;
 And bells toll'd out their mighty peal, 530
 For the departed spirit's weal;
 And ever in the office close
 The hymn of intercession rose;
 And far the echoing aisles prolong
 The awful burthen of the song,— 535
 DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
 SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA;
 While the pealing organ rung.
 Were it meet with sacred strain
 To close my lay, so light and vain, 540
 Thus the holy Fathers sung:—

XXXI.

Hymn for the Dead.

- 'That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day? 545
- 'When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead! .
- 'Oh! on that day, that wrathful day, 550
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!'

-
- HUSH'D is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone? 555
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No!—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen 560
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door, 565
And give the aid he begg'd before.

So pass'd the winter's day ; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath ; 570
When throstles sung in Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke !
Then would he sing achievements high, 575
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day ;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer ; 580
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

NOTES.

An asterisk () signifies that an explanation of the word after which it is placed will be found in the Glossary, which may also be consulted for the meaning of unusual words not mentioned in the Notes*

Title page The Latin couplet is from Ovid's *Letters from Pontus* (I. v 15—6), written about A D 12 'As I read over my poems, I am ashamed of having written them for I can see many a line that even in its author's judgment deserves only to be erased' Ovid wrote these lines towards the close of his career when he was in exile and felt that his powers were failing, and that he could no longer command the finished style for which he was famous In all these points he presents a striking contrast to the author of the *Lay*

Dedication The title of Earl of Dalkeith is borne by the eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch Charles Scott, Earl of Dalkeith was the great grandson of a grandson of the Duchess before whom the Minstrel is supposed to recite the *Lay*, and husband of the Lady Dalkeith, whose suggestion led Scott to write it (see p xv) Scott found in him a warm friend and regarded him when he became Duke of Buccleuch and head of the Scott clan, as the model of a Border chief

Preface Formerly poems were often introduced by prefaces, especially if they were not in accordance with the taste which had hitherto prevailed and therefore stood in need of some justification We see from the Preface that Scott feared that critics might be displeased with the *Lay* for two reasons (1) because the rude Border life was not a sufficiently dignified subject for a long and important poem, (2) because in its plan, metre and 'machinery' the poem did not conform to the models which had long been accepted by critics (See p xvii, and for the Metrical Romances p xxi)

A state pastoral, a shepherd's life, *a rude spirit of chivalry*, a spirit of knightly honour, yet wanting in refinement, *scenes susceptible*

of *poetical ornament*, scenes which may fitly be described and embellished by a poet, a *combined narrative*, a narrative with a carefully constructed plot,—whereas Scott is here regarding the cantos of the *Lay* as a succession of pictures; *regular*, composed in accordance with the rules of criticism, *measure*, metre, *machinery*, the means by which the plot is developed, and the desired conclusion brought about, thus the subject of the *Lay* is the reconciliation of the Scotts and Carrs by the marriage of the lovers, the machinery by which this is accomplished is the action of the Goblin Page.

Introduction.

For the metre see pp. xxv—vi

The date of the Minstrel's visit to Newark Castle is fixed by l. 20 as the reign of William III. This agrees with the date of the latest Border minstrel of whom we have any account,—Nicol Burne, who in his ballad of *Leader Haughs and Yarrow* sings (as does our Minstrel) of the former glories of the Scotts:

'For many a place stands in hard case,
Where blythe folk kened nae sorow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leader side
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.'

1—59. The first couplet brings before us the Minstrel and his desolate condition, then our sympathy is engaged by a rapid description of his former prosperity (7—26), and he is ushered into the presence of the compassionate Duchess (27—60),—all seems designed to awake our interest in the Minstrel.

3 *tresses*, his hair is in long locks after the old fashion followed especially by the cavaliers.

6 His own son has been killed at Killiecrankie (iv. 25)

9 *date*, time when they flourished.

13—25. A discussion had arisen some forty years before Scott wrote as to the position which Minstrels had held in ancient times, Bp. Percy maintaining that they had been honoured guests in the castles of the nobles, Ritson that they had been merely wandering harpers. In these lines Scott takes the view that they had anciently been held in honour, and he attributes their disgrace at the end of the xviiith century to the bigotry of the stricter Presbyterians. It is true that by an Ordinance of 1656 'fiddlers or minstrels' are to be treated as 'rogues,

vagabonds and sturdy beggars,' and legislation against minstrels* and bards* was common even in the xvth century

14—16 Note the alliteration or repetition of the same sound in *prancing palfrey, light lark, courted caress'd*

16 Meals were served in the hall of a nobleman's castle at long tables, at which retainers and guests were arranged strictly according to rank Scott assigns a high place to the minstrels *In hall*, the article is omitted as in other familiar phrases such as *in bed, in town*

20 *A stranger*, William III, the Minstrel, we may see, is a Jacobite

26 See l 80

27 Newark Castle on the Yarrow, three miles west of Selkirk, built as a royal castle by James II of Scotland, afterwards held by the Buccleuchs first as keepers for the king, then as owners Its ruins still exist Scott probably made it the scene of the Minstrel's recitation of the *Lay* because it is said that the Duchess was brought up there and also because it was close to Bowhill, the favourite residence of Lady Dalkeith (see p 21)

32—3 *portal arch*, arch of the gateway, *embattled*, crowned by battlements *ponderous grate*, the portcullis, a heavy iron grating hanging over the archway, which could be instantly dropped on the approach of an enemy, when thus blocked by portcullis and massive bars the arch could withstand the foe as a cliff rolls back the tide, in times of peace it could be closed by a door *iron door* the adjective is used both because the door was studded with iron, and because it suggests the pitilessness of one who shuts the door on the desolate

37 *The Duchess*, Anne Scott, second daughter of Earl Francis, was born 1651 At the age of 10 she became on her elder sister's death her father's heiress The king had the right of selecting a husband for the heiress to a feudal estate who had lost her father, and Charles II married her when 12 years old, to his natural son the Duke of Monmouth, whom he created Duke of Buccleuch in the peerage of Scotland Monmouth was beheaded after his insurrection in 1685 (l 44), and the Duchess married Lord Cornwallis in 1688, died 1732, and was succeeded by a grandson of her second marriage

42 *degree*, rank

49 Francis Scott, second Earl of Buccleuch (father of the Duchess), born 1626, was present at Marston Moor (1644) with the Scotch army which came to assist the Parliament against Charles I. After Charles I's execution he joined the Royalists, and died 1651

50 Walter Scott, father of Earl Francis and great grandson of the 'Lord Walter' of the *Lay* (l. 58), born about 1587, created Earl of Buccleuch (1619), was the first for 140 years who was of full age when he succeeded to the Buccleuch estates, he raised a detachment of Scotchmen (1627) and fought in the service of the Dutch. He died 1633, having largely added to the family estates. *Rest him God*, may God grant repose to his soul. This prayer for the dead is another sign that the Minstrel is no Puritan.

53 *Buccleuch*, the ancient seat of the Scotts; see notes on l. 23 and VI 154.

54. The clause is conditional, = if she would deign &c.

1—59 It appears at first sight that Scott has so far been entirely occupied with telling us the story of the Minstrel; but he has really told us much more by the way, we have learned what view he takes of the position of minstrels in ancient days (9—26); we have learned something about the Minstrel's times (19—22), about the Duchess and her sorrows (37—44), and about her ancestors (49—54). In each case the sketch is rapidly drawn and clear, and it disposes us to listen to further details.

73 *according**, harmonising, *glee** expresses the combined ideas of joyfulness and music. *According* is here used in a *prole 'ic* sense, that is, it expresses the result of the action of the verb. the strings' *glee* does not accord until it is blended into harmony.

75. *would full fain**, wished very earnestly.

78 *churls**, common folk

80 Charles I. was at Holyrood in 1633, when he was crowned King of Scotland, and in 1641, when he came to terms with the Scotch Parliament in the hope of gaining strength for his struggle with the Long Parliament. *Holyrood* is the royal palace on the east of the city of Edinburgh, and was so called because the abbey adjoining it was named by its founder David I after the Rood or Cross brought to Scotland by his mother St Margaret

82—100 Scott was proud to hear that this description of the Minstrel's emotion won the praise of the Prime Minister, William Pitt, who said, 'This is a sort of thing which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry'

87—92. *measure*, musical air; the subject of *lighten'd* is *eye*; *cadence**, modulation of the air; *chords**, the strings of the harp.

94. *forgot*, past participle; see p. 184 (e).

97. Each portion of the poem, forgotten by his treacherous memory.
The rhyme of *void** and *supplied* is faulty.

99—100. *rung* and *sung* are here the past tense indicative; see p. 183 (d).

Canto I.

For the metre see pp. xxvii—xxviii.

Scott tells us that the story is supposed to open shortly after Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch's death in 1552 (l. 58); but if we choose, we can fix the date more precisely; the day is Michaelmas, Sept. 29 (l. 241), and the year must be 1552, for Edward VI., who died in July 1553, is still on the throne (l. 230, iv. 421).

1—VI. *The custom of Branksome Hall.*

1. Scott with his usual directness draws the scene in outline in the first line; the details are rapidly added in stanzas 1—VI.

Branxholm Tower (spelt *Branksome* by Scott 'as suitable to the pronunciation and more proper for poetry'), 3 miles S.W. of Hawick, is almost surrounded by the Teviot. In the reign of James I. the owner of the estate, a man of mild and forbearing nature, complained to Sir Wm. Scott of the losses he suffered from the English Borderers; Sir William instantly offered to give him in exchange for it the estate of Murdiestone (see iv. 124), saying, when the bargain was completed, that 'the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale.' Thenceforth Branxholm was the chief seat of the family, and the farmers of Cumberland suffered constantly from the raids of the Scotts. In 1570—1 Elizabeth, provoked by Sir Walter Scott's inroads and his attachment to the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots, had the castle almost destroyed. The present castle is mostly modern, but parts of the original buildings and of those of 1571—4 still exist.

2. *Ladye*: the old spelling is adopted to give an air of antiquity.

3. *word* is here almost identical in meaning with *spell**.

4—5. Note the effect produced by beginning these lines (in which the Minstrel breaks off his narrative to express his awe) with accented syllables.

5. The Minstrel invokes the protection of our Lord and the Virgin as though the bower were a real source of danger close at hand. The line is borrowed from *Christabel* (see pp. xv and xxi). When *Christabel* has just heard the moan of the mysterious lady, we read:

'Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!'

7. *Had dared*, would have dared.

8. *drawn*, drawn aside after the feast to leave the space clear for the loiterers.

9. These were the stages of a gentleman's training; in boyhood he waited on a knight or lady as a page; then he became the squire*, that is, the shield-bearer and attendant in warfare, of a knight; then when he had proved himself a good warrior he 'won his spurs' and was made a knight*. The *household squires*, that is, squires attending on the knights who guarded Branksome and so forming part of the household.

13. The floor was covered with rushes, which served instead of a carpet; when soiled, they were swept away and fresh ones laid down.

14. *urged the forest-race*, vied with each other in pursuing game through the forest.

16. Satchells (see p. xxii) tells us that 24 gentlemen of the name of Scott were maintained at Branksome, and there were also 24 pensioners residing on lands of great value which they held on condition of being ready to serve the lord whenever called upon to do so. It is interesting to compare his rambling lines with the spirited description in the *Lay*, which they no doubt suggested to Scott:

'No baron was better served in Britain;
The Barons of Buckleugh they kept at their call,
Four and twenty gentlemen in their hall,
All being of his name and kin;
Each two had a servant to wait upon them;
Before supper and dinner, most renowned,
The bells rung and the trumpets soundd;
And more than that I do confess,
They kept four and twenty pensioners.
Think not I lie, nor do me blame,
For the pensioners I can all name:
There's men alive, elder than I,
They know if I speak truth or lie.
Every pensioner a room¹ did gain,
For service done and to be done;
This let the reader understand,
The name both of the men and land,
Which they possessed, it is of truth,
Both from the Lairds² and Lords of Buckleugh.'

¹ portion of land.

² owners or landlords.

Branksome in the xvth century was no doubt less magnificent than the Minstrel represents ; his description would rather apply to one of the great English castles : but he is influenced by the love of the marvellous shown in the ancient romances and ballads, which demands that if a lord's household is described, it must be a magnificent one.

17—20. *Hung their shields*, that is, dwelt at Branksome ; *of name*, of good repute ; *to bower**, to the ladies' apartments, from which they started on their expeditions under the ladies' eyes ; *yeomen** here means fighting men who were not, like the squires, of gentle blood.

23. *Buccleuch*, the owner is here called after the Scotch custom by the name of the estate (see VI. 154 and *note*).

24—6. *sheathed in steel*, encased in iron armour ; *belted*, hung by a belt ; *harness**, armour.

26—39. This is one of the passages which have caused the charge of 'false antiquarianism' to be brought against Scott (see pp. xxii—iii). The armour was too heavy for either man or horse to wear day and night, and the helmet was usually not donned until the actual time for fighting came (III. 22). But in the marvellous poetry of romance it is not enough to say that the warriors are always on the alert to repel an English raid ; they must be always in full armour, and may not even raise their visors to drink, and their drink must always be 'the red wine.'

39. *Jedwood*, an old name of Jedburgh. *Jedwood* or *Jedburgh axe*, a battle-axe mounted on a long pole for use by a horseman. 'Of a truth the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which in time of need they give heavy strokes' (*Froissart*).

42—43. These questions bring horses and men more clearly before our eyes, as though they were real, and by making us pause, give weight to the answer (44—51) ; the effect is heightened by the repeated *They watch* and *To see*, and by the similarity of the rhythm of lines 44—5, and 46—7.

44. Blood-hounds were much used on the Borders, especially to track the moss-troopers when retreating from the enemy's country with spoil.

46. The English banner bearing a red cross with vertical and horizontal arms ; it was named after the patron saint of England.

49. Scroop and Percy at different times held the office of Warden of the English Marches*. *Powers*, forces.

51. Warkworth on the Coquet, not far from the sea, a castle of Percy, Earl of Northumberland; Naworth, 11 miles N.E. of Carlisle, the castle of Lord William Howard (see IV. 74); Carlisle, the castle of Lord Scroop; the city, being the most stirring place on the Border, was often called *merry*. Note the accent: *Carlisle*, such being the general pronunciation; in VI. 192 Albert Graeme gives it the accent common in the city and its neighbourhood: *Carlisle*.

VII—IX. *The feud of the Scotts and Carrs.*

54. *he, the Chieftain*, the Minstrel calls our attention by thus mentioning him twice, but his feeling will not let him finish the sentence, and we are left to gather that he is dead from the rusting sword and broken spear.

58. In 1552 Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch was killed in the High Street of Edinburgh in a fray between the Carrs and the Scotts, between whom there had been a feud since the Battle of Melrose (see lines 104—107, 322—30 and p. xxiv).

59. *afar* modifies *fled=fled far from (the furies)*.

61. *Dun-edin*=Hill of Edwin, the Celtic name (now used only in poetry) of the city whose English name is Edinburgh (=the burg or castle of Edwin). It was founded by Edwin, King of Northumbria (A.D. 617—33), who extended the kingdom of Northumbria to the Forth. *high*, because it is built on hills.

66. *death-feud*, a feud* which can be pacified only by the slaughter of those who have caused it; to *stanch** a wound is to check the flow of blood (III. 291); in like manner must the enmity be checked, which is draining the life of the foemen.

67. *lore*, for the aid of Christianity the rude Borderers felt they must turn to the *learned* priests.

68. The desire to promote the blessed spirit of brotherly love.

69—72. The remedy offered by 'Christian lore' was that the families who were at feud should go to the shrines* of certain saints and pray for the repose of the souls of the slain. Such a pilgrimage is described in VI. 496—553. Three years after the battle of Melrose, Sir Walter Scott and Carr of Cessford at the King's command signed a document promising to submit their quarrels to arbitration and to visit the four chief shrines of Scotland (Scone, Dundee, Paisley, Melrose) for the repose of the souls of those whom they had slain; but it was in vain; the feud troubled the Border till 1596, in spite of the marriages between the two families.

70. *mutual*, for each other's benefit, or rather, for the benefit of the

slain members of each other's family. After *chiefs* the relative *whom* is omitted.

73—4. *Cessford* Castle, 8 miles E. of Jedburgh, now in ruins, was the seat of a branch of the Carr, Kerr, or Ker, family, from whom the Duke of Roxburgh is descended. *Ettrick* Forest, a district in Selkirkshire, where Scott of Buccleuch had estates and many followers.

75. *mortal jar**, deadly quarrel; a *feudal** war is properly a war between the feudal vassals of the same lord or king, as opposed to a war between different nations; but here *feudal* has probably much the same sense as in 111. 36 = 'arising from a feud*.'

79. *foresters*, dwellers in Ettrick Forest.

83. In the first edition 'nor *sigh* nor tear'—altered no doubt to avoid the inappropriate use of *dropp'd* with *sigh*.

85. *the source*, loving grief for the dead, whence tears, the expression of *softer woe*, might spring.

90—1. Borrowed from the Border ballad *Johnnie Armstrong's Last Good Night*:

'O then bespoke his little son,
As he sat on his nurse's knee:
"If ever I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be."'

Tennyson makes a different use of the same situation in *Home they brought her warrior dead*:

'Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee,"'

and in *Home they brought him slain with spears*:

'The boy began to leap and prance,
Rode upon his father's lance,
Beat upon his father's shield—
"O hush, my joy, my sorrow."'

As to the real heir of Buccleuch, see p. xxiii. *And** is conditional.

93. *kindling*, flushing with emotion.

x. *Margaret of Branksome's love*.

94—5. These lines form absolute phrases; in 96 *Margaret* is the subject to *hung*, and in 99 *grief* to *had supplied*.

105. *in arms had stood*, at the battle of Melrose (see p. xxiv) more than 26 years before. It has been objected that this makes him an elderly lover, but it is no doubt one of the points in which the

Minstrel does not observe chronology strictly. 'The Cranstouns are an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was at Crailing in Teviotdale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott; for it appears that the Lady of Buccleuch in 1557 beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady' (*Scott*). See II. 390—402.

It is said that Scott drew the character of Margaret from his first love, Margaret Stuart Belches, and of Cranstoun from his friend, George Cranstoun (See p. xi).

XI—XVII. *The Ladye hears the Mountain Spirit read the decree of the stars.*

112. *clerk**, scholar. The family took its name from Bèthune in Picardie, about 18 miles N. of Arras; it produced many distinguished members in France and also in Scotland (where the name was corrupted into Beaton); for instance, Cardinal Beaton, head of the French and Papal party in Scotland (assassinated 1546), and Mary Beaton, one of the 'Queen's Maries.' *The Ladye*, Dame Janet Beaton, a woman of courage and ability, showed her spirit by riding at the head of the Scott clan after her husband's murder. She was said to practise witchcraft, and it was rumoured that she employed it to influence Mary, Queen of Scots, to agree to the murder of her husband Darnley.

114. *art that none may name*, magic.

115. *Padua*, supposed by the Scotch peasants to be the principal school of magic, was a famous university: 'fair Padua, nursery of arts' (Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, I. i. 2).

119. The hall of the monastery at St Andrew's. *A cloister'd hall* should be a hall surrounded by a cloister*, but here 'cloister'd' may mean simply 'monastic.'

In the first edition the line ran *St Kentigerne's Hall*, which we cannot scan until we know that Scott's pronunciation was Kéntigerrun's (see 207 *note*); this difficulty probably led to the alteration of the line. St Kentigern was the patron saint of Glasgow, which, like St Andrew's, has been the seat of a University from the xvth century.

120. The popular belief was that when a class of students of magic has made some progress, they run through a subterranean hall, and the Devil catches the hindmost, unless he crosses the hall so speedily that the Devil can catch his shadow only; in which case the magician never after throws any shadow; those who have lost their shadows always prove the best magicians.

122. *of* is either partitive, that is, 'he taught her some of his skill,' or it = *by*; 'he taught her out of, by, his skill.'

125. = 'the invisible spirits which haunt the air,' just as they are called in *Macbeth*, I. vii. 23, 'the sightless couriers of the air.'

127. *Lord David*, Sir David Scott, grandfather of the recently slain Sir Walter.

128. *heavy*, deep; 129 the nature of the sound is well suggested by the alliteration; *round*, preposition, governing *turrets*.

130. *tide**, stream. The questions in 130—5, with their echo in 144—8, and the uneasiness of man and beast described in Stanza XIII. all heighten the feeling of suspense with which we await the explanation in 150—1. So in *Christabel*:

'Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
, To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek.'

150. The spirits met with in the Border ballads are (1) evil spirits, such as the Goblin Page (see III. viii—xiii), which might be controlled by magicians, (2) elves or fairies, such as are described in lines 155—61,—spirits delighting in joyous dances and not often malignant, except when they are crossed. The River and the Mountain Spirits are distinct from both of these; but Scott shews in a note that they are not out of keeping with Border superstition, which recognised a class of spirits dwelling in the air or water; they produced storms and floods, and sometimes interfered in human affairs with evil or with good purpose; and he quotes two stories of river spirits. What is peculiar in these spirits of the *Lay* is their interest in the house of Buccleuch and their sympathy with the course of true love, which however they appear to observe without assisting it. The only way in which they further the action of the poem is that the prediction of the Mountain Spirit (176—8) leads the Ladye, in order to falsify it, to seek the aid of Michael Scott's book.

154. *Craik-cross*, *Skelfhill-Pen** hills above Branksome between which the Teviot flows.

156—9. Rings of vivid green on heaths were supposed to be produced by the elves dancing *morris** by night. *Aërial minstrelsy*, music in the air; the elves' music was as shrill as the winds—

'Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
And hemlock small blew clear;...

But solemn sounds or sober thoughts
 The Fairies cannot bear;
 They sing inspired with love and joy
 Like sky-larks in the air.'

Ballad of Young Tamlane.

159—61. *deft*=defly; the shorter form of the word suggests the sprightliness of the dance. *list*=listen to.

163. The stream is *polluted* by the tears; the adjective therefore represents the result of the action of the verb *mix*. See note on Introd. 73.

170. *Arthur's wain**, the seven chief stars in the constellation of the Great Bear; *Arthur* is a corruption of the Greek name Arcturos (= Bear's guard) the chief star in Boötes.

171. *utter*=either outer or complete.

173. In the constellation called by the name of the hunter, Orion three stars are supposed to represent his belt.

175—7. *Planet** *star*=planet; *read**, interpret; *influence**, the proper astrological term for the power exerted over us by the stars; *shower* is the infin. depending on *deign*.

180. *ceast*=ceased; it is spelt thus to help out the rhyme with *breast*, which is faulty, for the words, though spelt alike, have a different sound.

186. *rung*, see p. 183 (d).

190—1. The mountains shall bend their crests, and the streams flow backwards up to their sources.

XVIII—XXIV. *Here the action of the poem begins; the Ladye rebels against the influence of the stars and sends Deloraine to Melrose to bring Michael Scott's book.*

207. We cannot scan this line unless we trill the *r* strongly (as Scott always did) so as to make unicorn count as a quadrisyllable: unicorr-un. Compare IV. 258 and note on l. 119.

The crest of Carr of Cessford was a unicorn's head, and there were three unicorns' heads in their arms. In the arms of Scott of Buccleuch a blue *bend* or stripe ran up the shield (which was golden) from right to left, and on the bend was a star of six points between two crescents, all three being of gold.

214. In Satchell's *True Historie*, William of Deloraine, commonly called *Cut at the Black* is one of the 24 pensioners of Buccleuch (see note on l. 16). In the *Lay* he is the typical moss-trooper with all the faults and virtues characteristic of the class.

217. In the Solway Firth the tide rises rapidly, sometimes with a bore or tidal wave several feet high, and there are many quicksands (see *Redgauntlet*, Letter IV.); *Tarras moss*, a bog on the Tarras Water, a tributary of the Esk. Camden says of the moss-troopers many years later: 'The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices in the thickest mists and darkness, his reputation is the greater.'

218. He knew how to cross the paths.

222. *but*; there were no fords that he would not &c.; *ride*=ride through (compare 263, 279 and p. 183 (c)); *one by one*, one after another.

223—7. *time**, *tide**. *July's pride*, glorious July weather; *July*: the word is commonly thus accented in Scotland. *Matin** *prime**, early morning.

230. The sovereigns now reigning were Edward VI. and Mary, Queen of Scots. Sometimes the English and Scotch Wardens met and outlawed troublers of the peace on the Border in the name of the sovereigns of both countries.

231. *good at need*, brave in time of need: 'Cranstane, Gladstane, good at need,' (*Ballad of Raid of the Reidswire*). The epithet is repeated after the Homeric fashion in II. 178.

232. *Mount thee*, compare *turned him* (277) and see p. 183 (b).

234. *Tweedside*, banks of the Tweed, as in *Tewiotside* (262), *seaside*.

236. Scott supposes that an aisle of the abbey church especially bore the name of the Virgin (to whom the whole abbey was dedicated) and was put in charge of a certain monk.

240. *the treasure* is first mentioned in this mysterious way, then explained partly in 247, and fully in II. 160—5. So the *Cross* (243) is explained in II. 124—8.

241. Michaelmas (29th September), the feast of St Michael and All Angels.

Stanza XXIII. All the words are monosyllables except three, and every alternate syllable bears a strong accent; the result is a certain weightiness in the verse in keeping with the Lady's solemn command. In XXIV. the proportion of unaccented syllables is much greater, and the lines have a lighter movement, suggestive of a horse's gallop.

249. *lorn*, lost; see p. 184 (e).

255—8. *safer*, more safely; *neck-verse*, the 1st verse of Psalm LI, so called because it saved a man's neck; criminals who could read it in

Latin were accounted clerks* and obtained 'benefit of clergy,' that is, were handed over for punishment to the ecclesiastical courts, whose sentences were milder than those of the civil courts. *Hairibee*, the place of execution at Carlisle, where many a moss-trooper was hung. 6

Stanzas xxv—xxxI. Deloraine's Night-ride to Melrose. In the darkness our eyes cannot wander over wide landscapes; we are confined to the objects which Deloraine passes, and especially to the associations which they have for him. The ride thus serves to make us feel how the romance of Border history spreads over the valleys of the Teviot and the Tweed.

260. *There is a slope from the castle yard to the gate; the gate passed, he rides through the barbican**, which, being a confined passage, rings with the clatter of his horse's hoofs.

263. *rode*=rode along; see 222, 279.

265—72. He rides along the west bank of the Teviot, crosses the Northwick Water, which flows into the Teviot, passes Goldiland, the Moat-hill near Hawick, and Hawick itself; all these on the opposite or east bank; but Hazeldean is on the west bank, and Deloraine cannot pass it without being challenged. The *Peel** of Goldiland is still standing. The *Moat-hill*, so called because it was the meeting-place of some ancient *moot* or parliament; l. 268 suggests that Druids had performed their rites there and that it was still haunted by their shades or ghosts. *Hazeldean*, a fortress belonging to a family of Scotts ('the ancientest house among them all' according to Satchells); one of them is the subject of Scott's song *Fock o' Hazeldean*.

275. His answer is a variation of the Scott slogan* '*Mount for Branksome!*'

279. *ride*=rode up, see 222, 263.

282. *Roman way*, the remains of a road constructed by the ancient Romans.

284—5. He now prepares to meet the robber Barnhill, giving his horse time to regain its wind, and tightening the saddlegirth and the band which laced his corslet.

287. On Minto-crag 'a small platform on a projecting crag commanding a most beautiful prospect is termed *Barnhill's Bed*. This Barnhill is said to have been a robber or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt' (*Scott*).

290. *giddy* is here a *transferred epithet*, i.e. we should be giddy if we scaled the falcon's nest; therefore the nest itself is said to be giddy.

293—4. The terrors of the horn are borne on the echoes and thereby doubled or increased.

294—8. The Minstrel refers prophetically to a pastoral song by Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto (born 1722), of which the first stanza is:

'My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
All, all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
But what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!'

Pastoral poetry is here called *warblings* of a (shepherd's) *reed* or pipe, because its subject is the life of shepherds; and the reed is called a *Doric reed*, because Theocritus, the most famous of early pastoral poets, wrote in the Doric dialect of Greek. In pastoral poetry lovers are represented as shepherds; they are therefore often called *swains* = peasants.

299. *unchallenged* by Barnhill; 300, *ancient* because it had been held by the Riddells from the XIIIth century certainly, and possibly from the VIIIth.

301. The *Aill* flows from several lakes in the hills into the Teviot.

307. *sunk*, see p. 183 (*d*).

312. *complete*, fully equipped. Here again Scott is charged with 'false antiquarianism'; no man and horse would wear such heavy armour on such an errand, or could have forded so strong a stream in it. See note on 26—39 and p. xxii.

319. *March*-man*, Borderer.

321—30. *Halidon*, a seat of the Carrs of Cessford, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. of the battlefield of Melrose. For the incidents mentioned in 323—30 see p. xxiv.

334. *Melros'*: to avoid the unpleasing repetition of the syllable *rose* Scott here used the old form Melros or Melross (Gaelic *maol-ross*, = bald or bare promontory).

335. *gray* qualifies *rock*. *Abbaye*, the French spelling warns us that we must accent the second syllable.

337—40. *curfew** must here be taken as rung at the time fixed by the Conqueror—8 o'clock. *lauds**, the midnight service in a monastery; *fail*, die away.

341. *harp*, the Aeolian harp (so called from Aeolus, the Greek god of the winds), which produces its sounds when exposed to the wind.

346—7. As the harp's swelling sound died, so did the Minstrel's courage.

358. *in due degree*, in order of her rank.

Canto II.

Stanzas 1.—XXIII. Deloraine takes Michael Scott's Book from his tomb at Melrose.

1. The Abbey of St Mary of Melrose, founded by David I. in 1136 for monks of the Cistercian Order, was especially favoured by Scotch kings, and perhaps for that reason it suffered repeatedly from the ravages of English invaders. It was destroyed by Edward II. on his retreat from Bannockburn, rebuilt by Robert the Bruce, partly burnt by Richard II., again rebuilt, and sacked in 1545; no opportunity for its restoration was found in the troublous times which followed. The existing remains (the ruins of the Abbey church and the cloisters) form the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland. 'The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought' (*Scott*). In the xvth century there were 100 monks at Melrose, concerning whom a popular song ran:

'O the monks of Melrose made gude kail¹
On Fridays when they fasted;
They wanted neither beef nor ale
As long as their neighbours' lasted.'

Scott's description of Melrose is one of the most famous passages in his poems, and had no slight influence in reviving the taste for Gothic art. Yet it is said that when he wrote it, he had never seen Melrose by moonlight.

3—4. *lightsome* here combines the notions of 'joyous' and 'full of light'; *to flout*, to mock.

6—7. *shafted oriel**, a large church window divided by shafts of stone; *uncertain* because it gives us only an uncertain vision of objects.

9—10. *alternately modifies framed*; the meaning is not that one buttress is in shade, and the next in light, but that one side of each buttress is in light and the rest of it in shade. *ebon* is here a noun = ebony; it is usually an adjective: *ebon shades* (Milton, *L'Allegro*, 8).

¹ broth.

11—12. *imagery*=images or statues; now generally used only of literary images or similes. *scrolls**; 'the buttresses are richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls bearing appropriate texts of Scripture' (*Scott*).

15. *the while*='at the time,' 'when thou goest.'

16. David I. founded many monasteries (which in the XIIth century, devoting themselves to learning and agriculture as well as religion, were the best civilisers of a wild country), and therefore he was in after times accounted a saint, although he was never canonised by the Pope. His lavish gifts of crown lands to his monasteries led James VI. to remark that he had been *a sore saint for the crown*.

28—30. *fence**=to defend; *gifted*=presented (the word is often used in this sense in Scotch). The construction is 'they had gifted lands and livings to the shrine*,' and *rood* is in apposition with *lands and livings*. These gifts had been made on the condition that the monks should say masses for the *repose* of the donors' *souls*.

32—3. His humble bearing and unshod feet—both characteristic of a monk—are contrasted with the haughtiness and clanking armour of the warrior.

40. *hail*=to greet.

49. *strangely*, with wonder; 52, heaven would hide the book because it was sinful to use it; hell would hide it because its spells could control evil spirits.

53—7. The meaning is 'the iron belt round my breast, my hair-shirt, the scourge of thorns with which I have chastised myself, the wearing out of my knees on those flinty stones during sixty years of penance—all these have been too little to atone &c.' The sentence beginning with *my breast* lacks its verb, the construction being interrupted by the insertion of the verb *have worn*, which turns 55—6 into a separate sentence; *with* (54)=*together with*.

59—60. *would'st thou drie**=if thou would'st drie.

Stanzas V.—VI. The regularity of the metre and the elaborate arrangement of the rhymes in V. throw the old man's solemn warning into contrast with the rough Borderer's reply in VI., which contains only two rhymes irregularly arranged; the scarcity of unaccented syllables gives lines 63, 64, 68 a blunt emphasis, and the remaining lines with their anapaests seem still to ring with the clatter of his horse's hoofs. In 64 and 68 *pray-er* has two syllables, in 65 only one.

63. *will I*=desire I; 66, the *Ave Maria* consists of Gabriel's and Elizabeth's salutations to the Virgin (St Luke i. 28 and 42),

often used in devotion. 'We learn from Lesley that the Borderers regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition' (*Scott*).

68—9. *can** = know; *speed** me, quickly accomplish for me.

73. In the Monk's youth Ferdinand and Isabella had overturned the last Moorish kingdom in Spain, capturing Granada in 1492. In 1504 Ferdinand defeated the French in Italy and secured for himself the kingdom of Naples from the French. These may have been the wars in which the Monk had fought. *by*, passed.

77—9. The cloister* was a covered walk running round a court in the monastery and open to a garden which it surrounded and which was used as a burial-ground. The *arches* (78) of its roof were supported on the garden side by pillars.

80—4. 'There are representations of flowers, vegetables, &c. carved in stone with accuracy and precision so delicate that we almost distrust our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation' (*Scott*).

86. Note the rhyme of *bright* and *light*, which gives 86 the same effect as two lines with only two accented syllables each. *streamers*, the Aurora borealis or Northern Lights.

90. (He had seen) the youth (=body of youths) suddenly wheel their flying jennets (small Spanish horses). This exercise the Castilians had borrowed from the Moors, who had great skill in hurling javelins.

94. The *postern** door was clenched or strengthened with steel.

96. The roof is so high above the windows that it is *darkened* or cast into shade. *Aloof** seems here to be used in the sense of *aloft*; it rhymes with *roof*, and *door* (94) is left without a rhyme.

98—9. *key-stone*, the topmost stone in an arch, which 'locks' it,—that is, makes all the stones fit tightly; *ribbed*; ribs are projecting bands of stone on a vaulted roof. The expressions are not exact, for a *key-stone* does not *lock* an *aisle**, but a single arch in an aisle; the carved ornaments at the intersection of the ribs in a vaulted roof are not termed key-stones, but bosses. *Fleur-de-lys* (an ornament in the shape of a lily), and *quatre-feuille* (an ornament in the shape of a four-leaved flower), are both French terms. The rhyme of the latter with *aisle* is faulty.

100. *corbell**, a stone projecting from a wall to support a column or other weight. Those at Melrose are often carved in the shape of *grotesque** heads.

101. *cluster'd*; in Gothic architecture a pillar is often formed not of a single plain shaft, but of a cluster of small shafts.

102. *base*; Scott originally wrote *plinth* (=a square pedestal forming the lowest part of the base). *capital*, the projecting stone at the head of a column. *flourish'd** around, ornamented all round with carvings of flowers.

104. Flags which had been *riven* (torn) in battle were hung up in the church.

106. *pale**, the east end of the church, where the chief altar stood, was shut off by a screen.

108. *urn* (Lat. *urna*) is properly a vase in which the ancient Romans kept the ashes of the dead when cremated; here it is used for a tomb in which the dead is buried.

109. *Chief of Otterburne*, James, Earl of Douglas, killed in the famous battle of Otterburne, fought 15th August, 1388, between him and Henry Percy ('Hotspur'). 'Of all the battles and encounterings that I have made mention of here before in all this history, great or small, this battle that I treat of now was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowards or faint hearts: for there was neither knight nor squire but that did his devoir and fought hand to hand' (*Froissart*). Percy was made prisoner, the Scots won the day, but Douglas was killed. He was buried beneath the high altar at Melrose, 'his banner hanging over him.' The battle was commemorated by both nations in ballads; the English is given in Percy's *Reliques*, the Scotch in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*.

110. *Knight of Liddesdale*. William Douglas, who lived in the reign of David II. (1329—70) and for his valour was called the Flower of Chivalry; yet he tarnished his renown by the murder of his friend and brother in arms Sir Alexander Ramsay. The king granted to Ramsay the office of Sheriff of Teviotdale; Douglas thought he had a claim to the office, and to revenge himself seized Ramsay while administering justice at Hawick, carried him to his inaccessible castle of Hermitage, and flung him, horse and man, into a dungeon to starve, though Ramsay managed to subsist for a few days on some corn falling from a granary above the dungeon. The king was obliged (so weak was his authority) to give the sheriffdom to Douglas, who however was shortly afterwards killed while hunting in Ettrick Forest by his godson and chief William Earl of Douglas, either to revenge Ramsay's murder or out of jealousy. He was buried at Melrose with great pomp.

113—5. *oriel**; see note on II. 6. The straight shafts of the lower part of the window are interwoven in the upper part by the *foliated*

tracery, that is, the open stone-work which is interlaced in forms resembling the outlines of foliage.

116—20. These lines were suggested to Scott by a theory (now quite abandoned) of Sir James Hall's that the Gothic order of architecture had arisen from an imitation in stone of the wicker work of which, according to some legends, the earliest churches in Britain had been constructed; he supposed that the tracery of the windows represents the interlacing of willow rods and hoops. 'It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey' (Scott).

124—6. *Cross of Red*. St Michael's wavy sword of flame in the shape of a cross; he tramples on the *Apostate** Satan.

129. 'A large marble stone in the chancel of Melrose is pointed out as the monument of Alexander II.' (Scott).

132. *men of woe*, living a life of penance; 134=fought as a Crusader. The Crusades undertaken to regain the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens had ceased. but the wars in which the Moors were driven out of Spain (see II. 73 note) were regarded as Crusades.

138. The period here assigned to Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie is about a century too late. He was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland (1290). He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired abroad; he wrote a commentary on Aristotle and several treatises on natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the study of astrology, alchemy, chiromancy, &c. Moreover he had been physician and astrologer to the Emperor Frederic II. who was accounted a great magician. Dante in the *Inferno* (xx. 115) represents that he saw him in hell and says that 'of a truth of magical sleights he knew the game.' No wonder then that to Scotch peasants he was the greatest of magicians: 'in the south of Scotland any work of great labour and antiquity is ascribed to the agency of *Auld Michael*, of Sir William Wallace or of the devil.' And no wonder that Scott ventured on an anachronism in order to connect with the *Lay* the famous wizard of his clan.

There was a tradition in the xvth century that his books of magic 'were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger,' on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial; some contend for Home Coltrane in Cumberland, others for Melrose Abbey. But all

agree that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died' (*Scott*).

140. 'Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city they were held in a deep cavern, the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella' (*Scott*). Scott narrates a story of a colossal statue of brass which *excited a tempest in a cavern by furiously brandishing a mace*; Roderic, the last Gothic king of Spain, penetrated into the cavern and received from the statue a prophecy of the conquest of his kingdom by the Saracens. He also tells a story of Michael Scott, that being sent by the Scotch king to demand redress for piracies from the French king, he rode through the air on a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, without any attendant. The French king despising him on account of his want of pomp was about to refuse his demand, when Michael asked him to wait until the horse had stamped thrice. The first stamp *shook every steeple in Paris and caused all the bells to ring*; the second threw down three towers of the palace, and the steed had lifted his hoof for the third time, when the king dismissed Michael with the most ample concessions, rather than stand the probable consequences. It will be seen that Scott combines details from these two stories.

141—2. *Him listed** = it pleased him; *Notre Dame*, the cathedral of Paris dedicated to the Virgin.

145—6. *Eildon hills*, in which, according to Border tradition, King Arthur and his Knights are sleeping, are a picturesque feature in the landscape near Melrose. 'Michael Scott was once upon a time much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a dam-head across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.' *Bridle with a curb*, as though the river were a horse.

155. *evening close*, the close or end of evening.

169—70. See 124—8. *Patron*, St Michael, the saint for whose special protection he looked, and whose name he bore.

184. Old writers on natural magic 'talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres. One of these is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero' (*Scott*).

191. In the first edition ran: '*A bar from thence the warrior took.*' We understand whence the bar was taken without the words 'from thence,' and the line as altered gains from its abruptness.

193. The stone is called the *portal* (properly=gateway). *Expand* (=to spread out) here=to open.

195—6. The subject to *bent* and *heaved* is *he* (194); 198 *passing*=surpassing.

203. *galleries*, see 256 note; *aloof*, see 96 note.

200—9. The effects of the light are traced in the order in which they would impress an onlooker: first the roof, previously in darkness (96), is revealed; then the two figures, visible before in the moonlight, are lighted up so as to form a vivid picture.

212. *in silver roll'd*, rolled or rippled like a silvery stream.

214—6. He was wrapped in a *palmer's* amice** or fur-lined cape, which was girt by a *wrought baldric** (=embroidered belt) of Spanish leather; the belt gave him the air of one who had made a pilgrimage *beyond the sea*, perhaps to the great Spanish shrine of St James of Compostella.

221. *shook**, 223 *gotten**, 225 *rode**, unusual forms of past participles; see p. 184 (e).

234—5. *might*=could (cp. 285); *brotherly* (=in a brotherly way) usually an adjective, is here used as an adverb.

236. *death-prayer*, prayer for the soul of the dead.

238. *speed* thee*, see I. 232 note. 239, *dearly rue**, rue to our cost.

245. 'He might be strengthened in this belief by the well known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled: and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became a Christian' (*Scott*).

256. *cloister-galleries*, passages running round the chancel wall at the height of the upper (clear-story) windows or of the arcade below

called the triforium. Scott calls them *cloister-galleries* perhaps because they run round the church as cloisters run round a court.

264. *hie thee*, 268 *return'd him*, see p. 183 (b).

266. A tablet at Melrose, commemorating a master of masons in the XIVth century, runs:

‘Pray to God and Mari baith (*both*)
And sweet sancte John to keep
This holy Kirk fra skaith’ (*from harm*).

269. *sped**, accomplished, offered. 270 *convent* is used in its proper sense (Lat. *conventus*, assembly) of the body or society of monks.

XXIV. *Deloraine returns with the Book*.

278. *mystic* because it contains the *mysteries* of magic; 280 *nerves*, used in its Latin sense, ‘muscles, sinews.’ 285 *might*, could.

XXV—XXVIII. *Margaret and Cranstoun meet in the Greenwood*.

286—7. Cheviot is 30 miles N.E., and Carter Fell 15 miles S.E. of Branksome; both are in the Cheviot range on the Border.

291—3. Note the inverted order of the words; the subjects are *flower, violet, rose*.

299—301. The rhyme of *hastilie* and *tie* is faulty in sound; the antique spelling of *hastilie* is adopted that the words may at any rate appear to the eye to form a rhyme.

300. *hurry* is preceded by two, and *make* by three unaccented syllables; the rhythm represents her hurried endeavours.

305. *lair**, properly used with reference to a wild beast. *him*, see p. 183 (a).

311. *the castle round*, the sleepers in the castle around her.

317. *set*, seated.

321. Banquets and festivities were held in the *hall* of a castle.

322. The sentence to which *she* is the subject is never completed; instead of saying ‘she was beyond compare,’ the Minstrel asks (328—9) ‘whom would you compare with her?’

328—9. *fair* is here used as a substantive, and after it *who* is omitted; the omission of the relative in the nominative case is rare except in poetry.

XXIX—XXX. *The Minstrel cannot sing of Love*. The well-known passages III. 1—17 and V. 217—26 show that the Minstrel’s real objection is not to singing of love but to lengthy descriptions of the lovers’ interviews, from which he excuses himself with an adroit playfulness here and at V. 441—6.

334. *melting*, affecting.

XXXI.—III. *The Goblin-Page, and how he rescued Lord Cranstoun from the Ladye of Branksome.*

353. 'The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farm-house among the Border-mountains. A gentleman of that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance:—

"The only certain, at least most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man, of the name of Anderson, who was born, and lived all his life, at Todshaw-hill, in Eskdale-muir, the place where Gilpin appeared and staid for some time. He said there were two men employed late in the evening, when it was growing dark, in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of their ground, (that is, tying their fore feet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night,) when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying, '*Tint! tint! tint!*'¹ One of the men, named Moffat, called out, 'What deil² has tint you? Come here.' Immediately a creature, of something like a human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and misshapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, thay ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its first appearance; and he in a passion struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground; but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, 'Ah hah, Will o' Moffat, you strike sair!' (*viz. sore*). After it had staid there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loan³, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry, three times, '*Gilpin Horner!*' It started, and said, '*That is me, I must away,*' and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said, he had often heard his father, and other old men in the place, who

¹ *Tint* signifies *lost*.

² devil.

³ milking-place.

were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it."—To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-te-ram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram: who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited, and that many persons of very good rank and considerable information are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition' (*Scott*). With regard to the objection raised against this character see p. xix.

358—9. *a-hunting. Reedsdale*; the Reed, a tributary of the North Tyne, rises in Carter Fell (287).

360. *Last!* The question is often asked 'What did the Dwarf mean by this exclamation? What was lost?' The answer must be the same as in Gilpin Horner's case: the Dwarf himself had been lost by his master. Who that master was we shall learn from Canto vi.

361—4. The construction is 'like a tennis-ball tossed by a racket, this elfin shape (who was distorted like some dwarfish ape) made a leap of thirty feet and three out of the gorse.'

366—7. *some whit**, somewhat; *rade*, see p. 183 (*d*); *him*, see p. 183 (*h*).

371. *Use*=custom; cp. 'familiarity breeds contempt.'

377—81. *arch**, sly; *litherlie**, lazy; *ta'en*, taken; *an**=if; *ministry*, service.

382. Home Castle is in Berwickshire, Hermitage Castle in Liddesdale; the phrase therefore stands for 'all who dwell on the Border.'

386. The site of St Mary's Chapel of the Lowes may still be traced on the western side of St Mary's Loch (*our Lady's lake*), not far from the Loch of the Lowes.

390. It appears from the records of the Scotch courts of justice that in 1557 'Dame Janet Beatoune Lady Buccleuch and a great number of the name of Scott' were accused 'for coming to the Kirk of St Mary of the Lowes to the number of 200 persons' arrayed in armour

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² devil.

³ milking-place.

were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it."—To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-te-ram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram: who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited, and that many persons of very good rank and considerable information are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition' (*Scott*). With regard to the objection raised against this character see p. xix.

358—9. *a-hunting. Reedsdale*; the Reed, a tributary of the North Tyne, rises in Carter Fell (187).

360. *Lost!* The question is often asked 'What did the Dwarf mean by this exclamation? What was lost?' The answer must be the same as in Gilpin Horner's case: the Dwarf himself had been lost by his master. Who that master was we shall learn from Canto vi.

361—4. The construction is 'like a tennis-ball tossed by a racket, this elfin shape (who was distorted like some dwarfish ape) made a leap of thirty feet and three out of the gorse.'

366—7. *some whit**, somewhat; *rade*, see p. 183 (*d*); *him*, see p. 183 (*b*).

371. *Use*=custom; cp. 'familiarity breeds contempt.'

377—81. *arch**, sly; *litherlie**, lazy; *ta'en*, taken; *an**=if; *ministry*, service.

382. Home Castle is in Berwickshire, Hermitage Castle in Liddesdale; the phrase therefore stands for 'all who dwell on the Border.'

386. The site of St Mary's Chapel of the Lowes may still be traced on the western side of St Mary's Loch (*our Lady's lake*), not far from the Loch of the Lowes.

390. It appears from the records of the Scotch courts of justice that in 1557 'Dame Janet Beatonne Lady Buccleuch and a great number of the name of Scott' were accused 'for coming to the Kirk of St Mary of the Lowes to the number of 200 persons' arrayed in armour

'and breaking open the door of the said Kirk in order to apprehend the Laird of Cranstoun for his destruction'; this they did 'out of ancient feud and malice prepense.' But the proceedings apparently were dropped.

391—2. *to ride* in the speech of the Borderers meant to join in a foray; *trysting-place**, meeting-place; *Newark Lee*, a meadow at Newark.

393—4. *Harden*, see IV. 120—44; *Thirlestane*, IV. 104—19; here the word is a trisyllable: *Thir-le-stane*.

XXXIV. *The lovers are interrupted.*

414. *pondering*, weighing, reflecting on. Lat. *ponderare*, to weigh.

420. *crown'd*, filled to the brim; the phrase 'to crown a bowl with wine' is borrowed from Homer: *Velez*, on the south coast of Spain, in the province of Malaga; *scorch'd*, ripened by the burning sun.

431. *cordial*, cheering the heart (Lat. *cor*); *nectar*, in Greek mythology, the drink of the gods.

Canto III.

I—II. *The power of Love.*

1. *And* expresses the Minstrel's surprise at his previous statement (II. 351).

3. *kindly**, natural; 8 *recrant**, traitor.

11—14. Here love is personified, that is, is represented as a person who himself does what men are prompted to do by his influence. *The shepherd's reed*; lovers in their verses often represented themselves as shepherds (see I. 296); so *the grove* (15) stands for poets and others living in retirement,—not in the gay court or the bustling camp.

17. 'For all we know

Of what the Blessed do above

Is that they sing and that they love.'

Edmund Waller (A.D. 1605—1687).

III—VI. *Combat of Cranstoun and Deloraine.*

19. *pondering*, see II. 414.

22—24. Deloraine has been hidden by the trees of the *shady hill*, and Cranstoun, deep in thought, is taken by surprise. The heavy *helmet* was usually not worn till the time for fighting came; *pricking*=spurring his horse, riding.

27. *red* with rust-stains; 31 *no whit**, not at all.

33. 'The crest of the Cranstouns in allusion to their name is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, "*Thou shalt want ere I want*"' (Scott).

34. The *rest* was a support for the spear into which it was fitted when *couched** for the charge; see I. 216.

36—42. *feudal** here means 'arising out of a feud*'; see I. 76 and note; *debate**, strife; *other's*=the other's; *vantage**-ground, the space which would enable each knight to spur *his steed to full career** (I. 50) before he encountered his foe. The two do not instantly close with each other, but (like hostile knights in the ancient Romances when they chance to meet) they tilt as they would in regular lists (IV. 566—9), giving each other equal chances.

53. *dint*, blow; *lent*=gave: probably used for the sake of the rhyme, as *gale* is used for *breeze* in 56.

58—59. *flinders*, splinters; *avail*, serviceableness, force.

61. Probably *jack** is here used for a coat of *mail**; *acton**, a quilted garment worn underneath the jack, but above the shirt.

63. *saddle-fast*, firm in his saddle; *mortal*, terrible enough to cause death; 66 the usual phrase is 'in a heap'; 67 *pass'd*=passed on; see p. 183 (c).

VII—XI. *The Dwarf seizes the Book and conveys the wounded Deloraine to Branksome.*

77—80. *inly*, deeply, so Spenser, *May*, 38 'their fondnesse inly I pitie'; *myself*=I myself.

81. *the swifter*: such phrases usually occur in pairs (e.g. *the swifter* I speed away, *the better*); but Scott often uses them singly in conditional sentences: 'If we ride not *the faster*, the worthy Abbot Walthoeff's preparations for a re-re-supper will be altogether spoiled' (*Ivanhoe*, Ch. XVIII.).

89. *pride*; Deloraine has shown his scorn of learning (I. 255—8); 90 *book-bosomed*; Scott quotes an old tradition that in the parish of Ewes monks 'were wont to come from Melrose or Jedburgh to baptise and marry in this parish; and from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called by the inhabitants *Book-a-bosomes*.'

91. He gave no thought to searching for...the wound.

94. *elfin* is an adjective=*elf's*; 95 *begun*, see p. 183 (d).

97 is almost exactly the same as 93, except that the order is varied; the poet desires to repeat the words, and this device enables him to do so without monotony; compare I. 223 and 225.

98. The clasps and band were closed by a spell, which however

could not resist the hands of a baptised person, or his blood, which was equally efficacious.

103. *glamour**, 'the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality' (*Scott*). Among other instances he refers to the story that Michael Scott visited the witch of Falschope in order to test her skill. She denied any knowledge of magic, but when Michael chanced to lay his wand on the table, she struck him with it. He rushed out of the house, but as the wand had changed his shape to that of a hare, his servant, who waited without, halloo'd on him his own greyhounds; after a fatiguing course Michael had to take refuge in the sewer of his own house, in order to obtain a moment's breathing in which to reverse the charm.

glamour is here used as an adjective; *glamour might*=the might of glamour.

108. *sheeling*, a shepherd's hut.

118. See the story of Gilpin Horner and Will o' Moffat (*note on* II. 353).

125. *so mot** *I thrive*, so can I prosper—I can prosper only if it is true that I cannot tell.

129. *corse**, body; 132 the *beard* is the sign of dignity; to brave a man before his beard is the height of impudence; 140 *gramarye*, magic; see *glamour**; 143 *well'd*, gushed.

XII—XIII. *By means of a spell from the Book the Dwarf entices the Heir of Brauksome into the forest.*

Thus far, the Ladye's expedient of sending Deloraine for the Book has brought disaster on all; the Monk is dead; Deloraine has been unhorsed and wounded; his encounter with Cranstoun has made the lovers' prospects more hopeless than ever; the Ladye has lost her son, who is soon to fall a hostage into her enemies' hands; Michael Scott's Book is lost, and the Dwarf has gained from it a spell with which he does mischief to all he meets.

144. *repass'd*, passed again through, see p. 183 (c); 146 *train**, entice; 147 *at a word*, in a word, briefly; 149=it seemed to the boy that...; *seem'd* is here impersonal.

155. 'It is a firm article of popular faith that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns' inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance' (*Scott*).

157. *vilde*, a form of the word *vile* (probably arising from confusion with *wild*), occurs in Spenser and other Elizabethan writers; it is used here for the sake of the rhyme with *child*; 160 *had*=would have; *spleen*, spite; the ancient Greek physicians held that the spleen was the seat of spite and laughter.

xiv—xx. *The Heir falls into the hands of the English.*

175. *grisly**, hideous.

183—9. For the metre compare II. 86, III. 347—8 and *notes*. *wilder'd**, strayed or bewildered; *furiously*, note the antique spelling.

193—8. *wet* with tears; *bat*, staff; 'a handsome bat he held, on which he leaned' (Spenser, *Mother Hubbard*, 217); *in act to spring*, in readiness to spring.

206. *ban-dog** is here used as equivalent to blood-hound.

207—30. Many of the details in this description of the archer are taken, as Scott tells us, from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his followers:

'A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that *bowmen were right good*:
All clad in *Lincoln green*, with *caps of red and blue*,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew.
When setting to their lips *their bugles shrill*,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;
Their *bauldries* set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,
To which *under their arms their sheafs* were buckled fast,
A *short sword* at their belt, a *buckler scarce a span*,
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
They not an arrow drew but was a clothyard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft.'

Polyolbion, xxvi.

210. *fro*=from; 216 *barret-cap*, a small flat cap; 219 *clear*, bright.

221. *kirtle**, tunic; *forest green*; hunters in the forest generally wore green; 224 *furbish'd**, polished; 226 *fence**, defence.

228. *who* is omitted; see II. 329 and *note*. Scott quotes two passages from Froissart, showing that at tournaments for a knight to wound his opponent in the thigh or leg was accounted 'a foul stroke.'

243. *Southron*, a name applied by the Scotch to the English, generally expressing dislike or contempt.

250. *Gramercy**, thanks; 251 *so high* as the gallows; 254 *command*, chieftainship.

255. *wardens** of the English Marches; 256 I will wager my bow against a hazel wand; 257 *make them work*, give them trouble. o

XXI. *The Dwarf personates the Heir at Branksome.*

270—7. *Maudlin* represents the old pronunciation of the name Magdalen, as in the phrase 'maudlin tears'; *tire**, head-dress; *Sym*, an abbreviation of Simon; the *match* by which a musket was fired was a slow-burning cord saturated with nitre; *bandelier*, a belt across the breast containing ammunition; *hackbuter**, musketeer; *possess'd*, by an evil spirit.

XXII—XXIII. *The Lady applies magical remedies to Deloraine.*

279—84. *had*=would have; *to tend*=in tending; *sky*, used in poetry for *air*, the element in which spirits moved.

291. The following is a specimen of a charm for stanching blood:

In the bloud of Adam death was taken,
In the bloud of Christ it was all-to shaken,
And by the same bloud I doo thee charge
That thou doo runne no longer at large.

292. *be cleansed*..., by her maidens.

294—6. This method of applying remedies not to the wound but to the weapon which had inflicted it was called the 'cure by sympathy.' Scott quotes from Dryden's *Enchanted Island* (an altered version of Shakespeare's *Tempest*):

Hippolito. O my wound pains me!

Miranda. I am come to ease you. [She unwraps the Sword.

Hippolito. Alas, I feel the cold air come to me;

My wound shoots worse than ever.

Miranda. Does it still grieve you?

[She wipes and anoints the Sword.

Hippolito. Now, methinks, there's something laid just upon it.

Miranda. Do you find no ease?

Hippolito. Yes, yes; upon the sudden all this pain
Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased!

Sir Kenelm Digby relates how in James I. of England's reign he relieved Howell, the author of the *Familiar Letters*, from the pain and inflammation of severe wounds in the hand by putting the blood-stained garter which had bound the wounds into a basin of water in which powder of vitriol had been dissolved; when he placed the garter to dry before a fire, the pain returned; the instant he put the garter into water

again, the pain vanished, and within five or six days the wounds were entirely healed.

301. *whole**, hale, cp. 'I shall be whole,' St Mark v. 28; 303 *rué**, regret.

XXIV—XXXI. *The calm of evening disturbed by the beacon-fire; preparations against the foe.*

It is interesting to compare with these stanzas the description in *Lady of the Lake*, III. viii—xxiv of the Highland custom of calling the clans to arms by the Fiery Cross.

308. The dew soothed the senses as balm* soothes a wound; 315 *between*, in the intervals; *all* is an adverb which simply adds emphasis to *between*, as in the line 'All in the Downs the fleet was moored'; 316 see II. 317.

320. *The western star*, the evening star.

321—5. First the light resembles a star, then it puts forth flickering flames which are beautifully compared to tresses of hair (so the Latin poet Catullus (LXI. 99) says 'the torches shake their golden tresses'); then it becomes an unmistakeable red glare; *ken**, knowledge, sight.

332. *rung*, see p. 183 (d); 335 *downward*, which properly expresses motion, is used because the poet is thinking of the warder's downward glance into the courtyard; 339 the spear-shafts show up against the torch-light like reeds, stiff with frost, blown to and fro in a storm.

345. *bale**, beacon-faggot. An Act of the Scotch Parliament (1455) directs that one bale shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales that they are *coming indeed*; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force. A chain of beacons is appointed, by which the warning is to be conveyed to Edinburgh, and thence to Fife, Stirling, East Lothian, Dunbar.

347—8. These two short lines suggest vigour and haste. Exactly the same peculiarity is to be observed in 366—7 and in 183, which however is printed as a single line. *scout**, reconnoitre; 349 *Mount for Branksome!* was the slogan* of the Scotts:

'The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran

Sae starkly and sae steadilie!

And aye the ower-word o' the thrang

Was "Rise for Branksome readilie!"

Ballad of Jamie Telfer.

356. *Warder* here cannot be, as in 349, the man who watches over the safety of the castle; it must be the Warden of the Scotch Marches.

357. The bale did its work so quickly that when it was lighted at

evening 'at the Fireburn near Coldstream, by early morning ten thousand armed men have been known to meet together at a single place of rendezvous.' (*Veitch* II. II.)

361. *rung, sprung*, see p. 183 (*d*); 367, *route**, crowd; in this sense the word is usually spelt *rout*.

374—6. *need-fire**, beacon; *brand**, faggot; *turret*, on some towers there was built a special stone beacon-turret, on the top of which the fire-pan was placed.

377—86. *blood-flag*; instead of saying 'a blood-red flag,' the poet boldly calls it a blood-flag, as though the flag were actually a waving sheet of blood; *fraught*, freighted; *glanced to sight*, flashed into sight; *tarn*, a small lake amid the mountains; *earn*, eagle.

387—8. 'The *cairns*, or piles of loose stones which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, seem usually to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity, in which an urn is often placed.' Scott himself possessed one of these urns, roughly made of clay; the contents were bones and ashes and a quantity of beads made of coal.

389—90. *Dunedin*; see note on I. 61; *Soltra, Dumfender Law*, hills in Berwickshire, mentioned as beacons in the Act of 1455.

391—2. Mary Queen of Scots lived in France from 1548 to 1561, when she returned to Scotland after the death of her husband Francis II. The Regent during her absence was the Earl of Arran until 1554, and after that date her mother, Mary of Guise. *bowne* them*, make themselves ready.

395—6. On towers there was sometimes a bell 'on the head of the fire-pan' in which the bale was kindled, and it was rung as long as the beacon burned. In cities an alarm was given by ringing the church-bells 'backward,' that is, in a peal beginning with the tenor bell and ending with that of the highest note; such a peal however could not be rung with the single bell of a castle. *larum**, alarm.

397. *jar**, crash; 398, the defenders of a besieged castle discharged from machines or hurled on the assailants stones, beams and iron bars.

401. *changing guard*, the detachments of sentinels succeeding each other; *guard* and *ward** are forms of the same word, and are here used in the same sense.

415. The *Leven* is a small river in Cumberland. *Leven Clans* means freebooters from the western, and *Tynedale men* freebooters from the central part of the English Border.

417. *avail*, properly means 'advantage, use' (see 59); here it is

pressed to mean 'force, exertion'; the word is no doubt selected to rhyme with *black-mail**; *agen*, an old form of *again*, used here because it rhymes with *men*.

- 431. *the strings withal** = with the strings.

Canto IV.

1—11. *The Minstrel's lament for his son.*

The connexion between Stanzas 1. and 11. may be expressed as follows:—The Teviot shows on its 'silver tide' no trace of its troubled past; very different is the life of Man, which may be described as a stream that always bears on its surface the griefs and crimes of its past, and, as it flows, is always being stained by fresh sorrows. Thus, when with the eye of memory I review my own life, I ever see the scene of my son's death mirrored in its tide, now near the lowest ebb.

8. In the first edition this line ran: 'Since first they rolled *their way* to Tweed.'

15. *bears* = flows.

20. *Dundee*, Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, who fell at Killiecrankie in 1689 at the head of the Highland clans which had risen in favour of James II.: William III.'s troops discharged volleys from their muskets (*l.* 21), but were swept down the pass when the Highlanders charged with their claymores (*l.* 22): Dundee was killed at the moment of victory. He is the subject of Scott's song, *Bonnie Dundee*, and is a character in the novel *Old Mortality*. His memory was detested in Scotland on account of the part which he took in the persecution of the Covenanters, but Scott held that he was 'every inch a soldier and a gentleman.' *Græme* is another form of the name Graham.

III—VI. *Signs of the coming foe. Tinninn brings tidings.*

28. 'The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen on the approach of an English army' (*Scott*). *Mountain cell* = cave: 'Caves hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places also afforded an occasional retreat,' from which the enemy tried to smoke the fugitives out, and sometimes suffocated them in the attempt.

31. The cattle were penned in the enclosed yard surrounding the *peel**, which had projecting battlements.

38. *gate-ward*, the guard or sentinel at the gate.

40. *Watt Tinklenn*; 'this person was in my younger days the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was by profession a *sutor* (shoemaker), but by inclination and practice an archer and warrior' (*Scott*). *Watt* is a Scotch abbreviation of *Walter*.

42. *snatchers*, plunderers; *St Barnabright*, a corruption of *St Barnaby bright*. Barnaby (French *Barnabé*) = Barnabas; St Barnabas' Day is June 11, which before the reform of the Calendar in 1752 was the Longest Day, and was therefore styled *bright*.

47. The bow (made of yew wood) gives a twang as it vibrates when the archer shoots. Tinninn was once pursuing the captain of Bewcastle through a dangerous morass; the captain gained the firm ground, and seeing Tinninn dismounted and floundering in the bog, shouted 'Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots: the heels *risp* (creak) and the seams *rive* (tear).' 'If I cannot sew,' retorted Tinninn, discharging a shaft which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle, 'I can *yerk*' (twitch the stitches tight).

51. A *Warden-Raid*, that is, one commanded by the English Warden* in person.

52—3. *yeomán**; the accent must fall on the second syllable; the *barbican** echoes to the sound of the horse's hoofs; so in l. 261 it is the *sounding barbican*.

56. *Billhope* in Liddesdale: Scott quotes an old verse—'Billhope braes for bucks and raes' (roes).

58. The serf stood in place of a train of attendants.

60. The Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their houses, so often burned and plundered, but were anxious to display their splendour in the ornaments worn by their wives.

64. *morion**, helmet; *enow*, enough.

68. A *Scottish ell* is about 37 inches.

74. *Belled*; see v. 265. Lord William Howard, third son of the Duke of Norfolk, was not born until 1563. He is therefore introduced in the *Lay* by an anachronism. As a Roman Catholic he was suspected by Elizabeth, and he did not obtain possession of Naworth Castle or become an important person on the Border until 1603. He was never Warden, but in 1618 he was made a Commissioner for the Borders; from the severity with which he put down lawlessness 'the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions.' At Naworth

his apartments with secret winding passages, enabling him to overhear what was being said in the guard-room and the dungeon, are still to be seen. He was a scholar and an antiquarian as well as an able governor.

75. *Lord Dacre* was Warden of the Western Marches under Edward VI. Lord Surrey in a letter to Henry VIII. about the storming of Jedburgh gives an account of the trouble he caused by obstinately refusing 'to lie within the camp'; 'there is no hardier nor better knight, but oftentime he doth not use the most sure order' (=the safest tactics). The name of Dacre (D'Acre) is derived from the exploits of an ancestor at the siege of Acre under Richard Cœur de Lion (see Stanza XXIX). *spear*=spearman, that is, horseman, the spear being the chief weapon of the mounted warrior.

76. A *hackbut-man* is the same as a hackbuteer*. 'In the wars with Scotland Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops' (*Scott*). Thus in 1549 the Protector Somerset in a letter to Lord Dacre promised to send him 2000 Almaines (Germans).

77. *lain*=been quartered; *Askerten*, a castle in Bewcastle Waste 17 miles N.E. of Carlisle.

80. *therefor*='for that,' as *thereat*='at that.'

81. We may gather from Tinlinn's words that freebooting was briskly carried on in Liddesdale; he thinks it remarkable that his house has not been burnt for more than a year; from Shrove Tuesday to Michaelmas is a long time to have a wrong unrevenged (90—1), and besides the English he has to fear the raids of the Graemes (85) or Grahams of the Land Debateable (VI. 181—8).

90—1. *high despite**, strong hatred; *Fastern's night*, the eve before the Fast of Lent, *i.e.* Shrove Tuesday.

VII—XIII. *The gathering of the Scott clan to protect Branksome.*

94—8. *ken**, compare III. 322. *Ettrick shade*=Ettrick Forest.

100—3. These lines were not in the 1st edition of the poem. *held of*=esteemed by.

104. The estates of Thirlestane and Gamescleuch are near St Mary's Loch.

108. When James V. assembled his nobility at Fala in 1532 with the purpose of invading England, John Scott of Thirlestane alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he might lead. In memory of his fidelity James granted 'to the said John Scott a border of fleur-de-luce about his coat of arms, such as is on our royal banner, and also a bundle of lances above his helmet with the words *Ready, aye Ready.*' The arms of Scotland may be seen in the top right-hand

compartment of the present Royal arms; the border (properly called a *treasure*) is a double line ornamented with fleurs de lis. Hence *treasured fleur de luce* means 'fleur de lis displayed in a treasure.'

110. *mossy wave*. Fala is a marshy district about 20 miles S. E. of Edinburgh.

113. *what time*=when; 116—7=his crest has borne yon sheaf of spears, which is worn in honourable remembrance; 118, *high*=proud.

120. *An aged Knight*, Walter Scott, commonly called Watt of Harden, an ancestor of the poet. He flourished in the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots, 'was a renowned freebooter, and used to ride with a numerous band of followers. The spoil, which they carried off from England or from their neighbours was concealed in a deep glen on the brink of which the old tower of Harden was situated. From thence the cattle were brought out, one by one, as they were wanted, to supply the rude and plentiful table of the laird. When the last bullock was killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom to place on the table a dish, which on being uncovered was found to contain a pair of clean spurs;—a hint to the riders that they must shift for their next meal.' *Border Minstrelsy*, ii. p. 10.

122—4. Originally the Scotts had borne the coat of arms described in these lines: an *azure** (blue) crescent and stars arranged on the *field* or surface of the shield, which was golden in colour; but at the end of the XIIIth century a Scott of Buccleuch obtained the estate of Murdistone by marrying the heiress, and then the crescent and stars were placed on a *bend* in the way described in the note on l. 208; the family of Scotts of Harden however had been founded before this date by a younger son of a Scott of Buccleuch, and therefore their arms were not affected by this alteration;—they remained as they had been, *without the bend of Murdistone*.

128. His abode was a peel*, and not what we should usually call a *mansion*.

134. *The moonlight raid* was doubtless often succeeded by the *morning fight*, when the freebooters were pursued and overtaken. The enthusiasm which Scott had shown in the *Border Minstrelsy* for his marauding forefather was satirised in a poem called the *Town Eclogue*:

'A modern author spends a hundred leaves
To prove his ancestors notorious thieves.'

135. His wife, Mary Scott of Dryhope, is called the *Flower of Yarrow* in Border songs.

136—40. These lines were no doubt suggested by the ballad of

Jamie Telfer, which describes Harden's grief when his son Willie was slain:—

“And Harden grat¹ for very rage
When Willie on the ground lay slain.

But he's ta'en off his gude steel cap,
And thrice he's waved it in the air—
The Dinlay snaw was ne'er more white
Nor² the lyart³ locks of Harden's hair.

‘Revenge! revenge!’ auld Watt gan cry;
‘Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!
We'll ne'er see Teviotside again
Or⁴ Willie's death revenged shall be.’”

¹ wept. ² than. ³ gray. ⁴ before.

*spurned** *at*, despised; *Dinlay*, a mountain in Liddesdale.

x—xii. *Episode: how the Scotts won the lordship of Eskdale.*

This episode or digression was not in the 1st edition of the poem. Its insertion at this point in the narrative distracts the reader's attention from the spirited account of the gathering at Branksome and the coming danger. In his later poems Scott sometimes threw such stories into the form of a song or a ballad, in which he excelled. *Young Lochinvar* in Canto V. of *Marmion* may be quoted as an instance.

The events are said to have taken place in the latter part of the 16th century.

150. *Eskdille* is here accented on the second syllable for the sake of the metre; in 145 it has its natural accent—on the first syllable.

156—9. *liege, homage, signory, Galliard, heriot* are explained in the Glossary.

167—70. *but that*=except that; *had slain*=would have slain; *muir* is the Scotch form of *moor* and is used here as being somewhat nearer to the rhyme with *spur*.

176. *to thy yoke*=under thy yoke.

177. *a cast of hawks*, as many hawks as would be *cast* or let loose upon the game at the same time.

179. *beskrew**, curse.

181. ‘The descendants of Beattison of Woodkerrick continued to hold these lands within the memory of man, and were the only Beattisons who had property in the dale’ (*Scott*).

hold them, see p. 183 (a). *close**, concealed, secret.

197. *wind**, blow.

208. Through the gréy mountain-mist there did lances appéar.

210—3. The *Pentoun linns** are rapids on the Liddel; for *broke* see p. 184 (e).

217—9. *bore*, thrust; *Haugh*, hill.

224. *Whitslade* and *Headshaw* are Scotts called by the names of their estates; *Whitslade* is further distinguished by the by-name of the *Hawk*; such by-names were common among the Borderers; for instances see VI. 122, 144.

226—9. These lines were not in the first edition. For *cleugh*, *swair* (=swire*) see Glossary. *Bellenden* 'being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word' (*Scott*).

232. *aids*, reinforcements.

XIV—XV. *Tinlinn starts for Buccleuch with the counterfeit Heir*.

252—5. *wont* = was accustomed; *faintness*, cowardice.

256. *Buccleuch* (see VI. 154) is on the Rangleburn (pronounce *Rángle búrrun*; see note on I. 207).

267—8. *mickle**, great; a *Scottish mile* was 640 feet longer than an English mile.

273—7. *urchin**, goblin; *cloth-yard shaft*, an arrow as long as a yard or rod for measuring cloth; *yew*, see I. 47; *imp**, a dwarfish evil spirit.

280. We perceive from this line that *Tinlinn* is properly the name not of the man but of the tower in which he lived.

XVI—XIX. *The English forces reach Branksome*. Scott's power in narrative is seen at its best in the vivid scene which occupies the remainder of the Canto.

288—92. *ken**, recognise; *kettle-drum* is the subject of *broke*; *crimson sheen**, bright crimson.

296—9. *forayers* properly means men who take part in a foray*; here it means skirmishers; *loosely*, in loose or open order—exactly the opposite of *in close array*; *fast*, firm; *Kendal* was celebrated for its green cloth, 'Kendal green,' as well as for its archers.

302—4. *back*, support; *bill-men* were foot-soldiers armed with bills (axes with long handles); the *Irthing* is a tributary of the Eden.

310. *bill and bow* are used for 'bodies of billmen and bowmen'; so 'horse' for 'a body of horsemen.'

316—7. The mercenary adventurers, whom, in 1380, the Earl of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, mutinied for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their

leaders, Sir John Soltier, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them: 'I counsaile, let us be alle of one alliance, and of one accorde, and let us among ourselves reyse up the baner of St George, and let us be frendes to God, and enemyes to alle the worlde; for without we make ourselfe to be feared, we gette nothyng' (*Froissart*). The advice was taken and Soltier chosen their captain.

319. *levin*-darting*, flashing forth lightning; *morsing-horns*, powder-flasks. *frounced**, flounced; *escalade**, the scaling of a wall. 'From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters we learn that the German soldiers marched to an assault with their right knees bared, and we may also observe the extravagance to which they carried the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribbon' (*Scott*).

*Teutonic**, German.

328. We often find in old ballads the phrase 'under the greenwood tree'=in the forest; compare II. 403 and note on IV. 480.

329—31. *men-at-arms* were horsemen heavily armed as, for instance, Deloraine and Cranstoun are in III. III—VI. Of them the *chivalry** was composed; *battle*, an army drawn up in battle array.

333—7. Golden spurs were a mark of knighthood: 'to gain one's spurs' was to gain knighthood by some brave deed; here it means the winning of glory by one who is already a knight; *favour*, a ribbon with which his lady had favoured him as a love-token; *display**, extend themselves.

339. *Englund*: the word must be accented thus for the sake of the rhyme.

XX—XXXII. *Parley between the English Wardens and the Ladye.*

342—3. So near were the towers, that they (the English) could hear the creaking of each cross-bow, as it was being gradually wound up.

344—6. For *bartizan*, *partisan*, *falcon*, *culver* see Glossary.

348—53. *broke*, flashed into sight; *reek'd**, smoked; *a witch's caldron*, in which she prepares her charms, such as is described in Shakespeare, *Macbeth* IV. i. 4—38. *bridges*, drawbridges.

358. *Unbroke* qualifies *he* in l. 359; *erect his seat* is an absolute phrase.

360—2. *chasten'd*, subdued; *better hand*, right hand; compare l. 322.

365. 'A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont when anyone broke his word to expose this emblem and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. 'This ceremony was much dreaded' (*Scott*).

372. 'And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?'

Ballad of Kinmont Willie.

Border tide, a time at which a truce was proclaimed by the English and Scotch Wardens, generally in order that they might meet and settle disputes.

374. *Gilsland* was one of the estates of Lord Dacre; *Scotland*, compare l. 339; *reads**, advises; *swift**, quickly.

383—7. *Dacre's lord*; the phrase is not correctly used, for it suggests that Dacre is the name of a place from which Lord Dacre took his title; but this is not the case, as may be seen from the note on l. 75. *pursuivant*-at-arms*, an officer who acted as a herald.

394. *lion argent**; a white lion, the crest of the Howards, embroidered on his breast.

403. *Wardewry*, the district over which a Warden had authority; *contemning*, despising; *beseems* is impersonal, 'it ill becomes'; *flemens-firth**, an asylum for outlaws.

409. *march*-treason pain**, punishment for march-treason, which included several offences peculiar to the Border, amongst others that of 'riding' or causing others to ride against the opposite country in time of truce.

410. *St Cuthbert's even*, the day before St Cuthbert's Day, which is March 20. St Cuthbert was a famous saint on both sides the Border; he had been monk and afterwards prior of the monastery of Old Melrose and had devoted himself to evangelising the district; he was afterwards bishop of Lindisfarne and died in 687.

411. *Stapleton* is in Cumberland, about 30 miles south of Brank-some.

412. *Musgráve*; the name is accented thus for the sake of the rhyme, when it comes at the end of a line; elsewhere in the poem it has its natural accent on the first syllable.

417—8. *powers*, troops; *warrison**, wrongly used by Scott in the sense of a trumpet-blast giving the order to attack the enemy.

426. *cheer*, countenance, expression. This suppressed struggle between affection and duty awakes our sympathy for the Ladye's stern character. Compare l. 209—10.

434. *emprise*, enterprise. She speaks ironically, as we may see from the next line; so in 444—6 she implies, but does not bluntly say, that if Lord Dacre had not fled from the battle of Ancram, he would have been taken a prisoner.

437. In doubtful cases the innocence of accused persons was sometimes tested by requiring them to take the Border oath: 'You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself that you are sackless (innocent), etc.' *cleanse him*, see p. 183 (a).

441. William can show that he has as noble a kindred and ancestry.

442. 'The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry' (*Scott*). Latterly this power was confined to generals, who sometimes created or *dubbed** knights after or before a battle.

443. At the battle of Ancram Moor (1545) the English were routed and both their leaders slain. The Scotch army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesley.

453. *lyke-wake** *dirge**, the signal for their death; properly, a dirge sung at the wake or watching of a corpse.

470—3. *What make you*? = what are you doing? *toils**, net.

474. *Ruberslaw*, a hill about 6 miles east of Hawick; *weapon-schaw*, the assembly or review (*schaw*) of the military forces of a county.

480. The second adjective *good* would scarcely have been used, had not *merry** *men* been regarded as a single word = 'followers'; indeed it is spelt as one word in 188. Compare *greenwood*, 328 and II. 403. In both phrases the adjective and the noun had been so constantly used together in ballads that they were taken as forming one word.

481. Under Lord Maxwell's banner on which his arms (an eagle and a cross) are embroidered.

482. *Fedwood*, see note on I. 39; *Eske and Teviotdale* must mean the districts on the lower parts of the courses of the Esk and the Teviot; the dwellers on the upper parts were mainly Scotts, and their gathering at Branksome has been described in Stanzas IX., X. and XIII.

484. *The Merse* is the plain stretching along the south of Berwickshire and forming the eastern portion of the Scotch Border. *Lauderdale* is on the west boundary of Berwickshire.

488. *England* as in 339.

493. The *crest* displayed on his banner.

494. *Judah's sea*, the sea of Galilee; see note on I. 75.

498. *harquebuss* has the same derivation and meaning as *hackbut**; *on row*=in row.

502—5. *quoth**, said; *blanche lion*, compare l. 394. 'The crest of a warrior was often used as a *nom de guerre*. Thus Richard III. acquired his well-known epithet, *The Boar of York*' (Scott). *Slack* qualifies *lion*.

506. *flower*, choicest warriors; so in an ancient fragment of verse the Scotch slain at Flodden are called the 'flower of the forest.'

509. *Certes*, (an old French word)=certainly.

512. Scott quotes two instances of trial by combat, one on the Scotch side of the Border in 1558, another on the English side so late as 1602. In the latter case Thomas Musgrave, captain of Bewcastle, was charged with treachery and negligence in defending his castle and district against the Scotch, and he and his accuser signed an indenture binding them to have their controversies 'openly tried by way of combat before God and the face of the world.' The precise terms made in both instances to secure equality of weapons and all other conditions no doubt served Scott in writing this and the next Canto.

514. *cross'd*, defeated.

528. *parleying strain*, notes by which a parley or conference was demanded.

530. *defied**, challenged; *in Musgrave's right*, on behalf of Musgrave.

532. The custom was to give a challenge by throwing a gauntlet at the opponent's feet; he accepted the challenge by picking the gauntlet up.

534—8. *lists*, the ground railed off for the opponents in a combat or tournament; *foil**, disgrace.

XXXIII. *Terms of the combat between Musgrave and Deloraine.*

Let us consider how the plot has advanced since we examined it in the note on III. xii—xiii. We have lost sight for the time of the lovers and of the Ladye's opposition to their wishes, which has caused so many of the present difficulties. The trial by combat seems to promise nothing to the lovers; yet it is destined to lead to their union, and therefore it is necessary to the story that it should take place. It is not easy however to understand the conduct of the various parties in the parley. Why does the Ladye propose a combat in l. 438 and gainsay it in l. 546? Surely the answer must be that she gained 'the secret prescience' (l. 551) in the interval; for (1) the description of her emotion

in Stanza xxv. loses its interest if she knew of the coming help at the time, and the calm dignity and faith of her noble speech (xxvi.) is turned into a hypocritical attempt to gain time; (2) we shall see in the next Canto that the knowledge which she gains from magic is limited, for she is deceived with regard to the Scotch champion. Again does Howard show his 'sageness' in so suddenly abating his claims? In xxiv. the demand is 'Admit an English garrison into Branksome, or we will storm it, and the Heir shall be carried off to London'; in xxxii. the proposal is 'If Musgrave wins, we will keep what we have already got; if he falls, we will surrender the Heir, and bargain only for our personal safety.' Would not this sudden change have aroused the suspicions of the shrewd Scottish chiefs?

548. *Falwood* or Jedburgh had been sacked by Earl of Hertford (afterwards the Protector Somerset) in 1545.

549. *Regent*, see note on III. 391.

552. Compare I. 114.

554—6. The compact (that lists should be enclosed etc.) was closed (accepted) and agreed (settled).

558. *Scottish axe*, see the quotation from Froissart in the note on I. 39.

XXXIV—V. *The Minstrel's Master*.

Note the purpose for which Roaring Willie is mentioned: the Minstrel quotes him as his authority, then is led to speak of his death, and next of his own loneliness; thereupon the Duchess and her ladies interpose to console him; and so once more at the end of a Canto our thoughts are called from Branksome to the Minstrel, a relief especially important at this point, because in Canto v. we shall find less change of topic than in preceding Cantos.

568—9. *When as* = when, in case that; *shiver**, be broken; *course*, charge.

570. *the jovial Harper*, an ancient Border minstrel, called from his bullying disposition *Rattling Roaring Willie*. While drinking at Newmill upon Teviot (*when they the goblet plied* l. 579) he chanced to quarrel with another minstrel usually called *Sweet Milk*, from a place of that name on Rule Water. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn, still called Sweet Milk Thorn, marks the place (see l. 584). Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh (l. 591). Rule or *Reull* Water (l. 581) is a tributary of the Teviot.

574. Archibald, Earl of Douglas, called the Grim or the Black, was warden of the Western Marches in the latter part of the xivth Century. His collection of *battle-laws* or regulations to be enforced in time of warfare on the Border was long in use. He made his family the most powerful in Scotland; hence his times are spoken of as *the old Douglas' day*.

588. *Ousenam*, now called Oxnam, is about 4 miles east of Jedburgh.

'The lasses of Ousenam water
Are rugging and riving their hair
And a' for the sake of Willie.'

Song of Rattling Roaring Willie.

591. *Jedwood Air** = Jedburgh Assizes.

596—9. Once I felt the pangs of envy on hearing the strains of other minstrels; now it is a grief to me not to hear them; for my jealousy of others' song is dead, having vanished at the death of my brother minstrels.

605. *legendary song*, poetry of which the subject is ancient legends.

607. *was not*, had died out.

611. Their tomb-stone is grey with age, so long have they been dead.

612—7. Fame is personified; she inscribes the names of chieftains on her rolls, and after a time blots them out; her favourites give their blood to win her laurel-wreath, which soon will fade, and then she binds it round the head of some new *minion**. *hearse**, tomb.

623. *Her dulcet** *breath*, the sweet breath of flattery, which can fan even the dying flame of a poet's fancy, so that it strives to trim (renew) its light, though it can live for but a short time.

Canto V.

I—II. *Nature laments a Poet's death.*

His Master's death is still in the Minstrel's mind, but the kind words of his audience uplift his thoughts, and he now dwells on the lamentation of Nature over a Poet's grave, which is, he tells us, no idle fancy; not that the inanimate stream or breeze or wood can feel any emotion, but that their moans and dews are really the voices and tears of the dead whose memory the Poet has kept alive, and who bewail the oblivion which must overtake them at his death.

1. *it*=the belief that Nature mourns her worshipper.

4—8. *obsequies**, funeral rites; *crystal**, clear; *in tears of balm* distil**, shed fragrant tears.

13—6. *mortal urn*=tomb of a mortal, of a human being (see note on II. 108); *is vocal*, resounds.

20. The antecedent to *whose* is *those* (l. 17).

21—4. The dew falling from the flowers is really the tear of some departed maiden, who weeps that her constancy, hitherto sung by the Poet, must now be forgotten.

25—8. The shrieking of the wind over the battle-field is the voice of some departed warrior mourning that his glory has gone with the Poet's death.

29—34. The chief, whose jewelled coronet has been kept in remembrance by the minstrel of his house, sees from the cairn on the mountain top in which he is buried that he is forgotten in his former *thanedom**.

III—IV. *Levies from the Middle and Eastern Marches reach Branksome*.

45. For *bright spears* Scott wrote originally *spear-heads*. The reading *bright spears* makes the contrast with *columns dun* more vivid.

46. Flashed back for an instant the sun's rays.

47. *display'd**, disclosed, made known.

49—50. *vails** is impersonal;=it is worth while; *which*, the subject of *came*, is omitted.

50. The frontier of each country was divided into the East, the Middle, and the West Marches, each of these divisions having its own warden. Compare IV. 403.

52. 'The chief of this potent race of heroes about the date of the poem was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The Bloody Heart was the well-known cognizance of the house of Douglas, assumed from the time of the Good Lord James Douglas, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart to be carried to the Holy Land.' Lord James was killed in a battle with the Moors in Spain; his companions brought back the heart and buried it at Melrose.

54—8. These lines were added in the second edition. The *seven spears* are the seven sons of Sir David Home of Wedderburn. Sir John Swinton, an ancestor of Scott's on the mother's side, was in the Scotch contingent which fought for the French against the English at Beaugé in 1421; he is one of the warriors for whom the distinction was

claimed of having unhorsed Henry V's brother, the Duke of Clarence, who was slain in the battle and whose coronet Scott tells us he wore round his helmet. *Plantagenet* was the Duke's surname, *Clarence* the name of the place from which he took his title. (1)

59. *list** I say, it is my pleasure to say.

60. The *Merse* is called *rich* because it is a fertile plain. *Lammermore*, the Lammermuir range; the spelling is varied for the sake of the rhyme.

62. The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbars, ancient Earls of March, bore as their arms a lion rampant. Their slogan* was 'A Home! a Home!'

63. *mingled banners*; the Hepburns, a powerful family in East Lothian (the last of whom was Lord Bothwell, husband of Queen Mary), were usually in close alliance with the Homes.

v—x. *The English and the Scotch meet as friends at the feast. The third night falls.*

It is interesting to compare the different ways in which Scott tries to make us realise the mingled feelings with which the English and the Scotch Borderers looked on each other; (1) by a statement in stanzas vi—vii. which in language and metre belongs to poetry, but in substance seems better suited to a historical essay; (2) the method employed in xxix is more appropriate to a narrative poem: Deloraine is presented to us as a type of the old Border spirit; he mourns Musgrave's death, yet in the midst of his lament he cannot forget the old feud.

71—7. *to'en*, fixed; *dear*, earnestly; *bade to feast*: note the omission of the article *the* before *feast*, as in the more familiar phrase 'invited to dinner.'

91. *set*, declared.

97—101. *sate them*, see p. 183 (b); *mailed*, covered with mail*.

106. 'Some passed the jolly bowl (of ale) about (=round their circle).' So in a song in *Lady of the Lake* vi. v. we have 'the bonny brown bowl' and 'the jolly black-jack.' As the following lines refer to games, it has been suggested that this line means 'some played at bowls.' If so, why is *bowl* used in the singular, and what is the precise meaning of *drove about*? Compare the Ballad of *The Reidswire*:

'Some *gaed to drink*, and some stood still,

And some to cards and dice them sped.'

110. 'The foot-ball was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches, was killed in 1600 by a

band of the Armstrongs, returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scotch riders to be held at Kelso for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present, the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle' (*Scott*).

119. The *whinger* was a knife which might be used as a carving-knife or a dagger.

121. Would have been plunged into the bodies of the foe.

122. Froissart says in his account of the battle of Otterburne that the English and the Scotch 'are good men of war, for when they meet there is a hard fight without sparing, there is no truce between them as long as spears, swords, axes or daggers will endure, but they lay upon each other, and when they have well fought and the one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorify so in their deeds of arms and are so joyful, that such as be taken, they shall be ransomed before they go out of the field; so that shortly each of them is so content with the other that, at their departing, courteously they will say, "God thank you." Scott observes that it is evident from various ordinances against trade and inter-marriages between the English and Scottish Borderers that the governments of both countries were jealous of their forming too close a connexion. In the Ballad of *The Reidswire* both parties come armed in time of truce to a meeting of the Wardens, and mingle in sports and pastimes, until a dispute arises:

'Then was there nought but bow and spear,
And every man pulled out a brand.'

128. *wassel**, revel.

130—3. The windows were divided into squares by stone shafts or mullions, which divided the light also, as it streamed out, into *huge flakes*.

139. Patten, who accompanied the Protector Somerset in his expedition against Scotland, was greatly scandalised by this practice of the Borderers in the English camp; he compares them 'unto a masterless hound howling in a highway, some whooping, some whistling, and most crying "A Berwick! a Berwick!" "A Fenwick! a Fenwick," or otherwise as their captains' names were'; they never ceased 'these troublous and dangerous noises all the night long.'

147. Could answer the challenge.

148. *dark profound*, either 'the profound darkness,' or, more probably, the 'dark sky' or 'aft,' profound being used in poetry as a noun meaning the depth of the sky or the sea.

152. This line is not in the first edition. Similarly at 292 and 319 Scott added lines completing the details of the scene.

X—XII. *Cranstoun disguised by glamour visits Margaret.*

165. *By times* = by the proper time, early (usually spelt *betimes*).

179. *Secure*, 'free from care or alarm' (the sense of the Latin *securus*), not 'free from danger' (the modern sense of the word). *Ousenam* (see IV. 588) was a seat of the Cranstouns.

185. Mary, Queen of Scots, was at this time living in France, and was only ten years old; probably therefore her mother, Mary of Guise, widow of James V, is referred to.

192. *glamour* is an adjective as in III. 103.

194. *warder's post*, the place where the warder was posted; *Hermitage* in Liddesdale was a castle of the Douglasses.

196. In spite of all the vassals.

XIII. *The nature of Love.*

The page never withstood his lord's command (III. 85), but in this case he might have kept his newly acquired *glamour art* a secret from his master. It seems at first surprising that Cranstoun sought this interview, but he no doubt wished to see Margaret once more—it might be for the last time—before the combat, concerning which he doubtless disclosed his plans to her.

205. *bring...round*, the usual phrase is 'bring about.'

215. *tell*, understand.

217—26. Lockhart compares the following lines from the *Giucur* in which he doubtless thought that Byron imitated this well-known passage:

'Yes, love indeed is light from heaven;

A spark of that immortal fire

With angels shared, by Alla given,

To lift from earth our low desire.'

224. A bond pure as silver and soft as silk.

XIV—XXIII. *The combat.—Musgrave falls.*

230. *port**, 'a martial piece of music adapted to the bagpipes' (*Scott*). The word is borrowed from the Gaelic.

234. *blasted* by lightning.

241. *of who*, i.e. concerning the question, Who should fight, etc.

242. The repetition of '*twixt*' is incorrect.

243. They gan* to compare the rank of their kindred and the value

of their lands; so in the *Ballad of The Reidswire* when the Wardens quarrelled they 'began to reckon kin and blood.'

249—50. *due*, which was his due or right; *charm*, see III. xxiii.

252. *for the lists*, in order to reach the lists.

258. *Flemish ruff*, a stiff-frilled collar; the fashion of wearing them came from Flanders; for *doublet*, *buff*, *tawny*, *hose*, see Glossary.

260. *slash'd*; openings were cut in the doublet, to show the satin lining beneath.

264. *Bilboa* or *Bilbao*, the centre of the iron-fields on the N. coast of Spain, was famous for its swords; hence a rapier was called a *bilbo* (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. i. 165); *by Marchmen felt*; with his sword he executed justice on the Borderers.

265. *studded*, ornamented with studs or bosses of gold or silver and with jewels.

266. *still*, constantly, always.

270—1. *foot-cloth*, the cloth or housings, covering the horse's body; *wimple*, a cloth covering the head and the sides of the face and neck, such as is often worn by nuns; it was formerly an ordinary outdoor head-dress for women.

277. *had stroue* = would have striven.

290. *leading staffs*, batons carried as signs of their authority as marshals*.

292—3. These lines were added in the 2nd edition.

301. *alternate*, alternating, speaking in turn.

303. The proper sense of *freely* is 'with freedom'; but here it means 'in a free condition.' The usual phrase is 'free-born.'

305. *despiteous scathe*, wrong done in despite*.

311. *strain**, birth.

313. *coat*, coat of arms.

319—24. In place of these lines in the 1st edition Scott wrote:

'At the last words with deadly blows
The ready warriors fiercely close.'

327. *to the axe*, to the blows of the axes.

334. Perhaps the Minstrel refers to Killiecrankie (IV. 21—2).

336—7. *reeling strife*, the contest in which the warriors reel to and fro. *for death or life*, to avoid death or gain life.

344. *gorget*, the piece of armour protecting the throat (French *gorge*).

346. *bootless**, useless. For 'O, bootless aid' in the 1st edition we read 'In vain—In vain!' This line and 366 were no doubt altered because Jeffrey (see p. xvii) condemned the repetitions in them.

362. *props him from the sod*, supports him from falling on the ground.

364. *ghostly**, spiritual.

366. The line originally ran 'Unheard he prays;—'tis o'er, 'tis o'er.'

XXIV. *The Scottish champion is discovered to be Cranstoun.*

371—3. *beaver**, the lower part of the helmet; *gratulating* has the same sense as the compound form *congratulating*, which is more commonly used.

378. *panic haste*, the haste caused by sudden fright.

384. *armed ground*, the lists surrounded by armed warriors.

XXV—VII. *The Lady bestows Margaret's hand on Cranstoun.*

400. *words were made*, prayers or entreaties were made.

407. She is thinking of the words of the River Spirit and the Mountain Spirit (I. xv—xvii.).

410—3. *Not you*: the Lady probably addresses not the entreating lords and clansmen, nor Cranstoun, but the Spirits of the Flood and the Fell. She defied them at the outset, and now proudly declares that her defeat is not due to them. (See I. 177—9, 190—2.)

423. *All as they left*, even while they were leaving. *listed*, surrounded by lists*.

444. *how her bosom fell* depends on *how she told* (443).

XXVIII—XXIX. *Deloraine's lament over Musgrave.*

456. *wraith*, the apparition in the likeness of a person, supposed to be seen shortly before or after his death.

459. *what hap had proved*, what chance had brought to pass.

461—2. *debate**, compare III. 38; *rancorous**, spiteful.

465. *men-at-arms*, horsemen fully equipped as Deloraine himself was; these alone he counted worthy of his steel.

466. To shed the blood of one with whom a man was at feud was a simple duty on the Border.

481. *mark*, a coin of the value of 13s. 4d. See *march* in Glossary. Note that after the numeral adjective the sign of the plural is not used—an idiom common in old English, as it is in modern German.

482. *long of*, on account of.

490. 'The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear¹
Have for their blazon² had the snaffle, spur and spear.'

Drayton's *Polyolbion*, XIII.

¹ stretch.

² coat of arms.

On account of the troubled state of the Border every man in the Northern Counties had to be always ready to mount and fight.

491. *gear**, goods of which he had been plundered. 'The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with blood-hounds and bugle-horn, and was called the *hot-trod*. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite Kingdom; a privilege which often occasioned bloodshed.' (Scott).

499—507. For *bowning*, *stole*, *requiem*, see Glossary.

511—2. *Leven*, a small river in Cumberland; *Holme Coltrame*, a village on the Solway Firth; the *lofty nave* was doubtless that of the Cistercian Abbey situated there.

514. The Minstrel pauses in his Lay; and represents on his harp the varying sounds of the chant of the minstrels and the priests as they attend Musgrave's corpse, till finally the listeners seemed to hear the choir singing over his grave in Holme Coltrame Abbey.

527. *Wander a soil*; for the omission of the preposition compare I. 263.

535. *misprised**, despised.

Canto VI.

The plot of the *Lay* concludes with Canto v, so far as the feud between the clans and the fortunes of the lovers are concerned; only the Goblin Page and the Magical Book remain to be disposed of, and those who do not find the Page an interesting character are inclined to say that Scott ought not to have added a sixth Canto. If however the Page is not unworthy of being regarded as an important element in the story, then a sixth Canto is necessary; and it gives Scott an opportunity, which could not well have occurred earlier in the story, of adding to his pictures of Border life the betrothal feast and the ceremony of reconciliation at Melrose. It may be remarked that the passages in Canto vi most generally admired (Stanzas i—ii and the Songs, especially *Rosabelle*) are not necessary parts of the story.

1—II. *The praise of Scotland*.

In the last lines of the passage the Minstrel's affection is centred in the valleys belonging to his own clan. The last days of Scott's life gave an affecting proof of the intensity with which he felt the emotion expressed in these lines. See p. xiv.

1—2. The construction of this sentence is not quite regular. We

should have expected either 'Breathes there the man, who never &c.' or 'Breathes there the man with soul so dead that he hath never &c.'

8. He is incapable of feeling the joyous enthusiasm which rises in a minstrel's breast. *Minstrel* may be taken as an adjective qualifying *raptures* or, more probably, *Minstrel-raptures* may be regarded as a compound substantive.

12—5. *concentred in self*, concentrated on 'self'; *vile*, mean, common (Lat. *vilis*, cheap).

17. *Caledonia*, an ancient name of Scotland.

22. *filial band*, a tie like that which binds a son to his father or mother.

25. 'I think of the present and the past state of my country'—a contrast on which the Minstrel dwelt in the Introduction.

26—7. It seems as if thy woods and streams were the only friends left to me who am bereft of everything.

32. 'Anyone who knows Scott's country knows how, cloud and stream and gale all sweep at once down the valley of the Ettrick' (*A. Lang*).

34. *Teviot Stone* appears to have been a rough boulder on the Rashie-grain height at the watershed between the counties of Roxburgh and Dumfries; it may have marked a parish boundary or a bridle-path. It has long since disappeared. The line was not in the 1st edition.

III—V. *The betrothal*.

38. *festive call*, summons to the feast.

40. *priests*, because with their songs they lead the solemnities of feast and battle.

51. Formerly not only the marriage but also the betrothal or *spousal*, at which the parties engaged themselves to marry, was celebrated by a religious ceremony.

54. *ouches**, ornaments set with jewels.

55. *green mantles* and the *hair braided* with a snood or ribbon were the especial characteristic of maidens, as may be seen in the Border ballads.

70. *planetary hour*; according to astrology each of the planets had a special influence which it exercised at certain times when it was said to be in the ascendant; at such a time a person might control spirits by uttering certain words or making certain signs, and this the Minstrel hints the Ladye did, but without entering into such relations with evil spirits that she dared not enter holy places. Scott says that 'popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favourable

distinction betwixt magicians, and necromancers or wizards, the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with those enemies of mankind.'

78—80. *guarded*, edged; *merlin*; 'a merlin or sparrow-hawk was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was in time of peace the constant attendant of a knight or baron. Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches' (*Scott*).

VI—XXVII. *The feast.*

90. 'The peacock was considered during the times of chivalry not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge dipped in lighted spirits of wine was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festival it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows 'before the peacock and the ladies, to do some deed of chivalry' (*Scott*).

91. 'The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served' (*Scott*).

92. 'There are often flights of wild swans upon St Mary's Lake' (*Scott*).

'The swan on still St Mary's Lake
Floats double, swan and shadow.'

Wordsworth, *Yarrow Visited*.

97. *balcony*, the gallery running across the end of the hall, occupied at festivals by musicians.

103—5. Hawks wore on their heads a hood, which was removed when they were let loose to fly at their game, and small bells were attached to their wings. They had perched on the beams which ran across the hall to strengthen the roof.

109. *The sewers** brought and arranged the dishes.

117. *in humour highly cross'd*, deeply provoked in temper.

119. This line forms an absolute phrase; the subject of *smote* (120) is *Conrad*.

120—2. 'The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, remarkable for leading

into battle nine sons, all gallant warriors' (*Scott*). *Dickon* was a corruption of *Richard*.

123. *He*, *Conrad*; *saye*, word.

128. 'To bite the thumb or the glove seems not to have been considered upon the Border as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge' (*Scott*).

132. *lyme-dog**, a hunting dog.

136. *Conrad* came from the Rhineland (iv. 314) and naturally wore a sword of Cologne workmanship. Notice the accent: *Cologne*. The old English name was *Cólen*, which is nearer the German *Köln* than the form which we have borrowed from the French.

139—155. For *buttery*, *selle*, *carouse*, *cleuch*, see Glossary.

143—4. *did frankly raise the pledge*, heartily raised his cup as a pledge of friendliness, i.e. drank *Arthur's* health. *Fire-the-Braes*; this name is found in an old list of Border riders; the man was an *Elliot*, residing in *Liddesdale*, and the *Elliot's* were friends of the *Carrs* and therefore enemies of *Watt Tinlinn*, who was a *Scott*, (although their help against the English was to be counted on; iii. 354). He must have gained the name by setting on fire the heather on the hillsides.

147. To acquit themselves (the English) of their obligation. See p. 183 (a).

153. *their clan*, the clan of the *Scotts*; *the riders* therefore in 152 must be the riders of the *Scott* clan.

154—5. *Scott* gives the following explanation of these lines from *Satchell's True History*: 'Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankleburn, in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. *Kenneth MacAlpin*, then King of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrick-heuch to the glen now called Buckcleuch. Here the stag stood at bay; and the King and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. *John*, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to the place where *Kenneth* had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet.' The king made him ranger of the forest and said that in commemoration of the feat he should be always called *John Scott of Buccleuch*.

157. *Remembered him*, bethought himself of. See p. 183 (b).

162. The battle of Solway Moss (1542), at which an army of 10,000 Scotchmen were put to flight by a few hundreds of English Borderers, whom they mistook for the English army, which was really 30 miles distant. James V. died broken-hearted a few days after this disaster.

169—72. *bodkin*, a small dagger; *venom'd*, poisoned; *spurn'd**, kicked.

181. John Graham or Graeme being in disgrace at the Scotch court retired with many of his clan into the English Borders in the reign of Henry IV. They are said to have been all stark moss-troopers and arrant thieves, outlawed from both England and Scotland, yet sometimes connived at by the English, because they gave news of what was going on in Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. They resided chiefly in the Debateable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms. This district, lying between the Sark and the Esk, was 10 miles long and about 4 miles broad. In 1552 a commission was appointed to divide it between the two countries, but the division was not really carried out for some years, and at the union of the Crowns under James VI the district was still in such a lawless state that it was found necessary to transport the clan of the Graemes to Ireland and forbid their return under pain of death.

186. They joined in raids on both countries, and escaped punishment, because both the English and the Scotch Warden claimed dwellers in the Debateable Land as the subjects of his sovereign and would not acknowledge that the opposite Warden had any right over the offenders, by asking him to punish them.

190. *said* stands in place of *sang*, for the sake of the rhyme.

XI—XII. *Albert Graeme's song*.

For the metre see p. xxvi (B).

The three minstrels give us songs of three different types. Graeme's song represents the Border ballad; it tells a tragic story simply, directly and with pathos. The quaint burdens* in the second and fourth lines of each verse are introduced with skill. They are borrowed from an old Scotch song, in which however the fourth line runs 'And the lyon shall be lord of a'.'

203. The words *meadow* and *lea* are often used in the same sense, but *meadow* is properly land on which the grass is mown (Anglo-Saxon *máwian*, to mow), while *lea* originally meant fallow land.

224—5. *port**, bearing; a specimen of a *sonnet** is given on p. xiv;

rhyme here means rhymed verse or poetry generally; *roundelay**, a kind of ballad.

228. *silver*, applied to sounds, means 'clear, tuneful'; silver bells were supposed to have the sweetest sound.

229. *Surrey*, Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, grandfather of Lord William Howard, was 'unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time.' He is famous as a poet both on account of the beauty of his love poems and because he was one of the first to introduce Italian models which were employed with admirable results by Elizabethan poets. His *Sonnets* are among the earliest in the language and his translations from Virgil's *Aeneid* are our earliest specimen of blank verse. At the close of Henry VIII's reign he was one of the leaders of the party which did not wish for further changes in religion. He had made an alteration in his coat of arms which implied a close connexion with royalty, and on this ground the leader of the reforming party, Hertford (better known as the Protector Somerset) secured his condemnation on a charge of treason: he was beheaded in 1547 a few days before the King's death. He was then about 30 years of age.

241. Round the grave of some saint who had lived the solitary life of a hermit.

243. In the 1st edition 'So sweet their harp and voices join.' By the alteration the rhyme is improved.

244. *Geraldine*. A book written by Nashe nearly 50 years after Surrey's death gives an imaginary account of his love for Geraldine and says that he travelled in Italy, and at Venice consulted the famous alchemist and magician Cornelius Agrippa, who showed him Geraldine's image in a magical mirror in the manner described in Fitztraver's song. But the fact is that he never visited Italy, and although one of his poems is 'A description and praise of his love Geraldine,' it is doubtful whether any other of his songs or sonnets were inspired by affection for her. She was a daughter of the Earl of Kildare, and her real name was Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald.

251. *iron* signifies that the towers were both strong and grim; compare *Introd.* 35.

252. *Windsor*; Surrey had spent much time in attendance on the court at Windsor, and had written some of his poems when a prisoner there in 1537.

xvi—xx. *Fitztraver's song*.

For the metre see p. xxvi (D).

Fitztraver does not tell us a story, as do the other two minstrels; he

gives an elaborately finished picture of a single scene. In language as well as metre this song imitates the school of English poets who were influenced by Petrarch and other Italian models, and of whom Surrey was one of the earliest, and Spenser is the most famous. As compared with the other two songs, it cannot be said to bring out Scott's characteristic excellence as a song writer.

257. It has been suggested that in place of *All Souls' eve*, Scott intended to write *All Saints' eve*, as the evening before *All Saints' Day* was regarded as the season in the whole year when the ghosts of the dead and the disembodied spirits of the living were most likely to appear. *All Saints' Day* is Nov. 1, *All Souls' Day* Nov. 2.

263. *light**, promised.

271. *character*, symbol or letter of magical significance; for *talisman*, *almagest*, see Glossary; *nothing* is here used as an adverb = not at all; so 'nothing envious Nature' (Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, II. vi. 175) = bounteous Nature.

276. *selfemitted light*; a light seen in a mirror is usually the mere reflection of another light; but this light shone with a radiance of its own.

282. A couch covered with a silken fabric woven at Agra; hence in l. 285 it is called a '*couch of Ind*' (India).

283. *part* is used in this line first as an adverb modifying *lighted* (understood), and secondly as a noun.

289. *eburnine*, made of ivory (Lat. *ebur*); *to find*, to reach, to entrance.

300. This line refers to Henry's marriage to Jane Seymour the day after Anne Boleyn's execution, and to the dissolution of the monasteries.

303. *applauses* is rarely used in the plural; here however it probably bears its strict Latin sense of 'clappings of the hands.'

304—5. *These*, the Southern chiefs; many English nobles had suffered no less than the Howards from his tyranny. *Those*, the Scots; the First Covenant was not signed until 1557 and Protestantism did not become the established religion of Scotland until 1560. Except in this passage the Minstrel does not introduce into his *Lay* any reference to the Reformation in either country, the object of the poem being to present to us only what is characteristic of the Middle Ages in religion as in everything else.

308—9. *Home*, Home Castle; *that lord*, the Earl of Home. These lines show how in Scotland the name of the estate and its owner are identified.

311—5. *Orkades*, the ancient Greek name of the Orkneys. William St Clair, a nobleman of Norman extraction married the daughter of the Earl of Orkney, and their son was confirmed in the title by Haco, King of Norway (to whose realm the Orkneys, belonged), in 1379. The Sinclairs 'held princely sway' over the islands until 1471, when the earldom was transferred to the King of Scotland. The castle of the St Clairs at Kirkwall, the capital, is the 'pride' of the place, because it is a sign that the Orkneys once had an earl of their own with princely powers. Scott avails himself of the ancient connexion of the Orkneys with Norway to introduce a minstrel who has something of the wildness and fire of the Scandinavian poetry.

316. *Pentland*, Pentland Firth; *Odin* (the same as the Teutonic Woden) was the chief god of the Norsemen and the giver of victory. *The whilst*, meanwhile; cp. II. 15.

325. *Lochlin* is the Gaelic name for Scandinavia; *of roving war* = 'who were roving warriors'; *of* is similarly used in lines 228, 247.

327. Skilful in slaying their foes to be food for the raven.

328—31. The *Scalds* or minstrels of the Norsemen called their chiefs Sea-kings, and their ships Serpents of the ocean.

332—3. *Runic*, bearing inscriptions in the ancient Norse characters called runes; *grim* suggests cruel rites, such as human sacrifices.

335. The *Sagas* are poems, written in the language and containing the mythology and traditions of the ancient Scandinavians. The word *Saga* means a tale and is connected with the English *say*.

336. The Snake of the Ocean, whose folds, according to the Sagas, surround the earth.

338. 'The *Valcyriur* or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die and to distribute the contest. They are well known to the English reader as Gray's *Fatal Sisters*' (*Scott*).

340. The Norse warriors were usually buried with their arms and other treasures, and it was believed that fires burned within their tombs. Living warriors often rifled the tombs in order to seize the arms, but 'the ghosts of the northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered; and hence the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures, for they held nothing more worthy of their valour than to encounter supernatural beings' (*Scott*).

XXIII. *Harold's song*.

For the metre, see p. xxvi. (B).

Harold like Graeme gives us a tragic story, but he is a poet of a richer fancy, full of the wild legends of the Sagas, and at Roslin he has been trained in a gentler school than Graeme. He does not tell his story so directly, and yet not a line is wasted in leading up to the end. We hear a voice entreating Rosabelle to stay. Her reply puts us in possession of her heart,—though she will not admit it to herself, her real motive is love of Lindesay. Observe how much of the story we learn from this conversation, though nothing seems to be said for our information. Whether she crossed the firth or was persuaded to stay we are not directly told, but a picture of Roslin follows which prepares us to hear tidings of death and fixes our thoughts on the chapel, its beauty, its stillness, and the strange burial vault,—only to heighten the contrast when we turn to the grave of Rosabelle in the sea-caves amid the raging tempest.

355. *Rosabelle* 'was a family name in the house of St Clair.'

358. *Rest thee; so stay thee* (l. 366); see p. 183 (b). *Ravensheuch Castle*, now in ruins, is situated in Fife on a steep crag, washed by the Firth of Forth; it belonged to the St Clairs.

361. *inch*, island (a Gaelic word).

364. *gifted Seer*; a person gifted with the 'second sight,' by which, according to a superstition of the Highlanders, he saw visions foretelling death or danger.

369. *Roslin*, a castle about 5 miles S. of Edinburgh, also belonged to the St Clairs, who held among other titles that of *Baron of Roslin*.

369—71. *leads the ball*, opens the ball by leading the dance; *lonely*, her mother will be lonely amid the gaiety, if Rosabelle is not there.

372. *the ring they ride*, the usual phrase is *to ride at the ring* (l. 373); see p. 183 (c). In this exercise a ring was hung from a beam, and the knight rode at full speed at it, and tried to carry it off on the point of his lance.

374—5. *childe*, complain of. *fill'd*, poured into his cup.

381. For *rudded* in the 1st edition stood its more familiar equivalent *reddened*; similarly in 365 for *swathed* the 1st edition has *rolled*.

382—3. Near to Roslin are Dryden House, and Hawthornden, once the residence of the poet Drummond, who was visited here by Ben Jonson. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Esk. Beneath the house are caverns, hewn out of the rock.

384. The superstition that Roslin Chapel seemed to be in flames whenever a St Clair was about to die reminds us of the Scandinavian

tomb-fires (l. 341); 'it is probably derived from Norway and may have been brought to Roslin by the Earls of Orkney.'

385—7. In a vault beneath the chapel, which was built in 1446, the Barons of Roslin were buried in their armour. It is said that this custom was not departed from until the reign of James II of England. *panoply**, a complete equipment of armour.

389. *sacristy*, a chamber in which the sacred vessels and vestments were kept. For *deep sacristy* the 1st edition has 'both vaulted crypt.' *altar's pale*; see II. 106.

390—4. 'The chapel is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name,'—*i.e.* as though Roslin were Rose-lin; the derivation however is Ross-linn, the promontory of the waterfall, the word Ross (promontory) being the same as occurs in *Melrose* (see note on I. 334). *foliage-bound*, surrounded by sculptured leaves; *pinnct*, pinnacle.

397. *chapelle*, the French spelling is adopted to show that the accent falls on the second syllable after the French usage.

401. *knell*, tolling of bells. At funerals candles were lighted, bells tolled, and prayers read from the service-books.

402. In the 1st edition: 'But the Kelpie rung and the Mermaids sung.' The Kelpie is the Water-sprite (l. 362).

404. It may be asked why the three songs are so entirely out of keeping with the natural joyfulness of a betrothal feast: two of them deal with the supernatural, and all three with stories of unhappy love. The answer must be that they are introduced in order gradually to prepare our minds for the coming storm.

417. She knew that some evil was being borne on the storm-wind.

419. The Dwarf, who has so often announced that he is lost, has now been found by one who is his master.

xxv—xxvi. *The removal of the Dwarf and the Book.*

424. *glanced**, flashed; *trophied*, ornamented with trophies, such as banners or weapons captured in battle.

427. Were seen for an instant, and then instantly vanished from sight.

435. This line names the castles at each extremity of the Border.

442. *Gylbin* is the Dwarf's name; it is slightly altered from Gilpin, the name borne by the Goblin of the story given in the note on II. 353. Scott probably thought that a less usual name would be more impressive.

455. *who spoke*—that he spoke; see *note* on lines 1—2.

It is said that the castle of Peel in the Isle of Man was formerly haunted by an evil spirit in the shape of a large black spaniel with curled shaggy hair. As soon as candles were lighted in the guard-chamber, it came and lay down before the fire. At length a drunken soldier swore that he would try whether it was dog or devil. What passed was never known; the soldier never spoke again, but died in agonies at the end of three days.

459—62. See II. 214—6.

XXVII—XXXI. *The pilgrimage to Melrose.*

469. *St Bride of Douglas*, 'a favourite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular' (*Scott*).

475. *St Modan*: there were two Scotch saints of this name; the saint mentioned here was according to one tradition abbot of a monastery at Dryburgh near Melrose in the VIth century.

476. See III. 386. 477. *Holy Rood*; see *Introd.* 81 and *note*. *Lisle* is for *Isleburgh*, an old name of Edinburgh.

478. *The Isle* is *St Mary's Isle* near Kirkcudbright, where was a monastery dedicated to the Virgin.

479. *patron*, patron saint; compare II. 170.

499. *uneath**, scarcely.

500. *high-drawn breath*, breath drawn so as to be audible.

509. *brave* is used as a noun; so *Fair*, I. 366.

510—3. *letter'd*, bearing inscriptions; *tortured*, their faces express the tortures which they suffered at their martyrdom.

515—6. Black cowls (or hoods) and scapulars*, with white stoles* or robes—such being the dress of the Cistercian order, to which the monks of Melrose belonged.

519—29. For *host*, *requiem*, see Glossary.

520. *flourish'd* fair*, beautifully embroidered.

523. *mitred*, the right of wearing the mitre, which was properly worn by bishops, was granted to many abbots.

526—7. Sage in the council-chamber and fortunate in battle.

532. *office close*—close of the office; compare *evening close* (II. 155). *Office* here means the 'Office (or Service) for the Dead,' in which prayers were made for the repose of the souls of the dead. This service was probably repeated several times, and each time at its close came the *Dies Irae* or *hymn of intercession*.

535. *burthen*, refrain. The spelling in l. 582 (*burden**) is more correct.

536. This hymn is said to have been written in the 13th century

by Thomas of Celano, a Franciscan friar. It was an especial favourite with Scott, and in his last illness he was often heard to murmur to himself lines from it. The version, which he gives of three out of the seventeen verses, is rather a paraphrase than an exact translation. Lines 536—7 may be literally translated: 'The day of wrath, that (great) day, shall dissolve the world in ashes.'

542—53. For the metre see p. xxvi. (C).

555—82. Lockhart tells us that in these charming lines Scott embodied what was, at the time when he penned them, his chief day-dream, namely, to purchase a small estate which was situated on the north bank of the Yarrow just opposite Newark; there he hoped to settle like the Minstrel and to entertain with his poems among others his neighbour Lord Dalkeith, to whom he dedicated the *Lay*.

568. *Bowhill*, Newark; see note on *Introd.* 27.

569. *Jilly*; see note on i. 224.

571—2. For *shaw*, *haugh*, see Glossary..

575. *achievements*, brave deeds, feats of arms; *circumstance*, the splendour attending chivalry.

GRAMMATICAL NOTE.

In the preceding pages the student is referred to the present note for the treatment of several grammatical peculiarities which occur in the *Lay* :—

(a) The personal pronouns are sometimes used as *reflexives*; as in II. 305, *where he rouses him*=*he rouses himself*; in IV. 188 *bade them hold them*=*bade them hold themselves*; so *cleanse him* (IV. 437), *quit them* (VI. 147).

(b) This reflexive use of personal pronouns is most common after certain verbs which are usually intransitive. In Old English such verbs were often impersonal and were followed by a noun or pronoun in the dative case; this object was sometimes retained after the impersonal use of the verb *had died out*. Thus we have *Mount thee!* (I. 232), where the usual expression would be simply *Mount!*; see also I. 277, II. 238, 264, 268, V. 97, VI. 157, 358, 366. It may be noticed that most of these verbs express motion.

(c) Some verbs are followed by a direct object, where in Modern English they would be used as intransitives, and followed by a preposition; thus in *ride* in I. 222=*ride through*, in I. 263=*ride along*, in I. 279=*ride up*; with I. 222 we may compare 'I wadna have ridden that wan water' (*Ballad of Kinmont Willie*). In VI. 372—3 we have instances of both constructions. See also II. 414 and III. 19 (*pondering*), III. 67, 144 (*pass'd, repass'd*), V. 527 (*wander*).

(d) *Past Tenses*. The following forms are contrary to modern usage :

rade from *ride* (A.S. *rád*), II. 367.

sung from *sing* (*Introd.* 100). Some think that this form comes from the plural of the A.S. past tense (which was *sungen*, while the

singular was *sang*), but it is more probably due to the influence of the past participle *sung*.

. *begun, rung, sprung, sunk* (III. 96, 361, 363, I. 307) are similar instances.

(e) *Past Participles*. In the following cases the past participle has (contrary to modern usage) the same form as the past tense: *broke* (IV. 213, cp. *unbroke*, IV. 358), *forgot* (*Introd.* 94), *rode* (II. 225) *shook* (II. 221), *strove* (V. 277).

In the following cases the past participle (contrary to modern usage) ends in *-n*: *gotten* (II. 223), *lorn*, past part. of *lose*; cp. *forlorn* (I. 249).

GLOSSARY.

(If a word is used more than once in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* reference is usually made to the first line only in which it occurs.)

Abbreviations:—

A. S.=Anglo-Saxon, i.e. English down to about 1200 A.D.

M. E.=Middle English, i.e. English from about 1200 to 1500 A.D.

D.=Dutch.

Germ.=German.

Scand.=Scandinavian (the group of languages spoken by the Norsemen and including Icelandic, Norwegian, Swedish and Danish).

(*All the above languages belong to the Teutonic family.*)

Lat.=Latin, from which the following three languages are descended:—

Fr.=French. O. F.=Old French, i.e. till about 1600 A.D.

It.=Italian.

Sp.=Spanish.

Ga.=Gaelic, a language of the Celtic family spoken by the Scotch Highlanders.

cp.=compare.

accord, verb, to agree. Through O. F. from Lat. *accordare*, which is derived from *ad*, to, in agreement with, and *cor*, the heart. Pres. part. *according*, *Intr.* 73, harmonising.

acton, subst., III. 61, a stuffed and quilted jacket, worn under the mail. Through O. F. *auqueton*, Sp. *alcoton*, from Arabic *al qūtn*=the cotton.

aghaast, past part., IV. 280, struck with terror. A. S. *gaestan*, to terrify, with intensive prefix *á-*.

air, subst., IV. 591, assizes, or the administration of justice by judges going on circuit, from Lat. *iter*, a journey. The word also appears in the phrase 'justices in eyre.' Distinct in derivation from *air*=the atmosphere, Lat. *aër*, Gk. *ἀήρ*.

aisle, subst., I. 236, the wing of a church. Through Fr. from Lat. *ala*, a wing.

aloof, adv., II. 96, 203, away, at a distance, appears to be used in the sense of *aloft*. *Aloof* was originally a sailors' term meaning 'to windward,' from *on* and D. *loef*, wind; while *aloft* is a Scand. word meaning 'on the air,' Scand. *loft*, air.

almagest, subst., VI. 272, a work on astronomy by Claudius Ptolemy, so called in Arabic from *al*, the, and *magest*, a corruption of the Gk. *μεγίστη*, greatest, the Gk. name of the book being *ἡ μεγάλη σύνταξις*, the great treatise.

amain, adv., II. 196, with full strength, from A. S. *on*, in or with, and *maegen*, strength.

amice, subst., II. 214, a hood or cape lined with fur, often worn by pilgrims; 'morning fair came forth with *pilgrim* steps in *amice gray*' (Milton, *Par. Reg.* IV. 427). To be distinguished from the white amice, a vestment worn by priests. Through O. F. from Lat. *amictus*, a cloak.

and, I. 90, *an* (weakened form of the same), II. 381, conj., used in Scandinavian both as a copulative conjunction and in the sense of 'if.' When the latter sense grew obscure in English, 'if' was sometimes added for the sake of clearness, as in I. 90.

annoy, subst., III. 266, vexation, harm. From O. F. *anoi* (Mod. Fr. *ennui*), which is from Lat. *in odio* (*habere*), (to hold) in hatred, be tired of.

anon, adv., *Intr.* 48, immediately. From A. S. *on ān*=on one, i.e. in one moment.

apostate, subst., II. 126, a traitor, especially one who renounces his belief. Through Fr. from Gk. *ἀποστάτης*, a deserter.

arch, adj., II. 377, roguish, sly. From A. S. *earg*, timid, slothful; cp. Germ. *arg*, mischievous. Distinct in derivation from *arch*, a vaulted form (Lat. *arcus*, a bow) and *arch*- in *archangel* &c. (Gk. *ἀρχή*, beginning).

argent, adj., IV. 394, silvery (especially used in heraldry). Through Fr. from Lat. *argentum*, silver.

aventayle, subst., II. 39, the front part of a helmet, O. F. *esventail* (from Lat. *ex*, out, and *ventus*, wind), so called because it could be raised to give the wearer fresh air. The Mod. Fr. *eventail* means a fan.

azure, adj., IV. 122, (in heraldry) blue. Through O. F. *azur* from Arabic *lāzward*, the blue stone called lapis lazuli; the *l* was dropped in French because it was taken for the article (*l'azur*).

baldric, subst., a belt (II. 215, III. 218), derived through French from Old Germ. *balderich*, girdle, *balz*, belt; *balz* and *belt* are from the same root.

bale, subst., III. 345, a blazing faggot; *bale-fire*, IV. 2, a beacon-fire. A. S. *bael*, Scand. *bål*, a blazing fire. Distinct in derivation from *bale*, a package (Fr. *bale*), *bale*, evil (A. S. *bealu*) and *bale*, to empty water out of a ship (D. *balien*).

balm, subst., a fragrant ointment prepared from the resin of the balm or balsam-tree (Gk. *βάλσαμος*); hence the word denotes anything which is fragrant (V. 8) or soothing (III. 308). Cp. Jeremiah viii. 22.

ban-dog, subst., originally *band-dog*, that is, a large dog which was usually held by a leash (III. 206) or tied up to guard a house (I. 137).

barbed properly used of arrows, meaning 'furnished with a barb' (the hook on the point of an arrow, from Lat. *barba*, beard); sometimes, as in I. 38, it is used of horses, meaning 'protected with armour,' a sense which properly belongs to *barded*.

barbican, subst. (I. 261, IV. 53), the defence of the outer gate of a feudal castle; it was a long narrow passage designed to prevent assailants from attacking the gate in numbers. From O. F. *barbacane*.

bard, subst., *Introd.* 7. (1) Among the ancient Celts a *bard* was one who composed and sang verses especially in honour of princes or heroes, generally to the accompaniment of the harp; (2) in the Lowland Scotch of the 16th century the word was used contemptuously to denote a vagabond minstrel; (3) in English poetry the word is used in its original honourable sense, as in Milton *l'ar. Lost*, VII. 34.

barded, I. 311, protected with armour (used of horses); from O. F. *barde* (armour to protect horses).

bartizan, IV. 344, a small turret projecting from a battlement; a corruption of *bratticing*, a wooden breastwork; first found in Scott's poems.

basnet, I. 264, a light helmet, fitting close to the head; different from the high-plumed helmet used in tilting. From O. F. *bacinnet*, diminutive of *bacin*, a basin.

beaver, subst., V. 371, the lower part of the helmet, Fr. *bravèire*, which originally meant a child's bib, which the beaver of a helmet was thought to resemble. Distinct in derivation from *beaver*, an animal, A. S. *befer*.

beeves, vi. 187, subst. plural, oxen; the sing. *beef* is used only of the flesh of the dead animal. Through Fr. *bauf* from Lat. *bos*, an ox.

beshrew, verb, to curse; the grammatical subject of the verb is often omitted, as in iv. 179, where the complete expression would be, 'God beshrew thy heart.' From M. E. *schrewe*, wicked, scolding, shrewish, is formed the verb *be-shrewen*, to curse.

benison, subst., vi. 94, blessing. Through O. F. *beneison* from Lat. *benedictio*, a blessing.

black-mail, iii. 416, payment made to freebooters for protection. Here *black* is used in the sense of 'evil' (cp. blackguard), and *mail* means 'rent,' O. F. *maille*, a coin, from Lat. *medalia* (whence comes *medal*). Distinct from the *mail* which is explained below.

bonny, adj., iv. 161, handsome, fair; through Fr. *bon* from Lat. *bonus*, good.

boon, subst., *Introd.* 60, a petition, a favour, Scand. *bon*.

bootless, adj., v. 346, useless, unavailing, from A. S. *bōt*, advantage, profit.

bower, subst., (1) a chamber, especially the apartment of the lady of the house (i. 2, 19); (2) an arbour or retreat formed by overarching trees (*Introd.* 28). From A. S. *būr*, a chamber.

bowne, verb, iii. 392, v. 499, to make ready to go, from a M. E. adj. *boun*, ready to go, which in the form *bound* appears in such phrases as 'homeward bound.'

brand, subst., a burning piece of wood, iii. 374; hence a sword blade (so called from its brightness), i. 286. A. S. *brand* from *brinnan*, to burn.

broil, subst., iii. 405, disturbance, confusion, from Fr. *brouiller*, to mingle, confuse.

buckler, subst., i. 30, a shield, from O. F. *bocler*, a shield, which is derived from *boele*, a boss (whence comes *buckle*); *boele* is from Lat. *buccula*, a little cheek, used in the sense of a boss.

buff, subst., iv. 320, v. 259, the skin of a buffalo, from Fr. *buffle*, a buffalo, which is derived through Sp. and Lat. from Greek *βοῦς*, an ox, which is akin to Lat. *bos* (see *beeves* and *bugle* above). *Buff* now denotes a pale yellow colour, like that of buffalo leather.

bugle-horn, subst., iii. 217, the horn of a bugle, O. F. *bugle*, from Lat. *buculus*, a diminutive of *bos* (see *beeves* above). We now use *bugle* in the sense of a bugle's horn.

burden, subst., vi. 582, the refrain of a song; in vi. 535 spelt *burthen*. Fr. *bourdon* (from Lat. *burdo*, a drone-bee), means the bass part of a song. In the musical senses of *burden* we may trace the

influence of both Fr. *bourdon* and Eng. *burden* (=load), derived from the verb *bear*.

burgher, subst., I. 59, a dweller in a *burgh* or *borough*, that is, a strong place or town, from A. S. *beorgan*, to protect.

buttery, subst., VI. 139, a place for provisions, especially beer; a corruption of M. E. *botelerie*, a place for *bottles*.

cadence, subst., *Intr.* 91, a falling or modulation of the voice or of a musical air. Through Fr. from Lat. *cadere*, to fall.

can, verb, from the A. S. *cunnan*, which means (1) to know, (2) to know how to do, (3) to be able. The first of these senses is seen in the use of *can* in II. 68. *Cunnan* is from the same root as *know* and *ken*.

canto, subst., a division of a poem, an Italian word; from Lat. *cantare*, to sing.

career, subst., III. 50, the course of a horse in a race or charge, Fr. *carrière* from O. F. *carriere*, a road, which is derived from the Celtic *car*, a car.

carol, verb, *Intr.* 14, to sing. The subst. *carol*, a song (originally, a dance) is derived through the O. F. *carole*, a dance, a song, which may be derived from Lat. *corolla*, a little crown or ring.

carouse, subst., VI. 149, a health, a drinking-bout, O. F. *carous*, from Germ. *garans*, right out; the word was originally an adverb, as in 'to quaffe carouse' (Drant's Horace), that is, 'to drink the cup right out,' 'to empty the bumper.'

champion, subst., IV. 561, a combatant in a duel, O. F. *champion* from Lat. *campus*, a field, (in late Lat.) a field of battle.

chancel, subst., II. 95, the east end of a church, O. F. *chancel* from Lat. *cancellus*, a screen, the *chancel* being shut off by a screen.

chime, subst., *Intr.* 71, a harmonious sound, M. E. *chimbe*, derived through the Fr. and Lat. from Gk. *κύμβαλον*, a cymbal.

chivalry, subst., a company of mounted knights (IV. 329); hence, the spirit of honour which arose among the knights of the middle ages (*Preface*). O. F. *chevalerie* from Lat. *caballus*, a horse; *cavalry* is another form of the same word.

chord, subst., *Intr.* 92, the string of a musical instrument, derived through Fr. and Lat. from Greek *χορδή*, gut. *Cord* is the same word, different spellings being used for the different senses of the word.

churl, subst., *Intr.* 78, a countryman, a clown, A. S. *ceorl*.

clan, subst., I. 88, a tribe composed of kindred families, Ga. *clann*, offspring, descendants, which is derived from Lat. *planta*, a scion, a plant.

claymore, subst., v. 334, a broadsword, such as was used by the Highlanders; Ga. *claidheamh* (sword) *mor* (great).

clerk, subst., I. 112, a scholar or learned person; originally, a clergyman; Lat. *clericus* from Greek *κληρος*, a lot or portion.

cleuch, cleugh, subst., IV. 226, VI. 155, a glen or hollow in a hill-side; a Scotch word; cp. Eng. *clough*.

cloister, subst., II. 35; see note on II. 77. O. F. *cloistre* from Lat. *claustrum*, an enclosure, which comes from *claudere*, to shut.

close, adj., is used in IV. 188 in the sense of 'secret': O. F. *clos* from Lat. *claudere*, to shut.

corbell, usually spelt *corbel*, subst., see note on II. 100. O. F. *corbel* (mod. F. *corbeau*) from Lat. *corbis*, a basket, which a corbel was thought to resemble in shape.

corse, subst., III. 129, a body. *Corse*, *corps*, *corpse* (O. F. *corps*, *cors*) are all derived from Lat. *corpus*, a body.

coralet, subst., I. 29, a piece of armour protecting the *body*, Fr. *corselet*, a diminutive of *cors* (see *corse*).

couch, verb, I. 216, III. 49; a horseman is said to *couch* his spear, that is, to fix it horizontally so that it may pierce his enemy when he sets spurs to his horse. Fr. *coucher*, to lay down, fix, from Lat. *collocare*, to place; hence a *couch* (II. 45) is that on which one lays oneself down.

counter, subst., I. 311, that part of a horse's breast which lies between the shoulders and under the neck.

courier, subst., I. 274, a swift messenger, from Fr. *courir*, Lat. *currere*, to run.

courser, subst., I. 271, a swift horse, properly a race-horse; of the same derivation as *courier*.

cresset, subst., III. 336, an open pot, used as a lamp, and placed on a beacon or carried on a pole; O. F. *creuset* from D. *kruiyse*, a pot or *cruse*.

crystal, adj., v. 7, clear, transparent; the subst. *crystal* is derived through Fr. and Lat. from Greek *κρύσταλλος* (ice, rock-crystal).

culver, subst., IV. 346, a small cannon. The word is another form of *culverin*, Fr. *couleuvre*, an adder, from Lat. *colubra*, a serpent; the cannon was so called from its long, thin shape.

curfew, subst., I. 337, IV. 78, a bell rung at night as a warning that fires must be put out or covered up with a fire-cover, Fr. *couvre-feu*.

curvet, verb, IV. 361, to prance; through It. from Lat. *curvare*, to bend.

cushat-dove, subst., II. 411, the ring-dove or wood-pigeon. *Cushat* is the A. S. *cushcote*, a wild pigeon.

daggle, verb, I. 316, to moisten, to bedew, from Scand. *dag*=English *dew*. *Daggle* is a frequentative verb formed from *dag*, as is *draggle* from *drag*.

debate, subst., III. 38, v. 461, strife, Fr. *débat* from Lat. *de-batuere*, to beat down.

defy, verb, IV. 530, to challenge, Fr. *défier* from Lat. *dis-fidare*, to renounce allegiance (*dis*- apart, *fides*, faith, trust).

despite, subst., IV. 90, spite, malice, O. F. *despit* from Lat. *de-spicere*, to look down on. The adj. is *despiteous*, v. 305.

dight, I. 42, v. 430, prepared, arrayed; past participle of A. S. *dihtan*, to set in order, from Lat. *dictare*, to dictate.

dirge, subst., IV. 453, a funeral hymn or lament, from Lat. *dirige*, the first word of Psalm v. 8, with which the funeral office commenced.

display, verb, IV. 337, to extend, *deploy*, which like *display* is derived from O. F. *deploier*, Lat. *displicare*, to unfold. In v. 47 *display* is nearer its ordinary meaning.

distil, verb, v. 8, to fall in drops, to trickle; through Fr. from Lat. *de-stillare*, from *stilla*, a drop.

doom, subst., II. 187, judgment, A. S. *dóm*.

doublet, subst., v. 259, an inner garment, a kind of waistcoat, worn under the cloak; from *double* (Lat. *duplex*), perhaps because it may have been originally worn double.

drie, verb, II. 60, to suffer, endure, A. S. *dreogan*, to endure.

dub, verb, IV. 446, to confer knighthood by a stroke on the shoulder. Derivation doubtful; perhaps another form of *to dab*.

dulcet, adj., IV. 623, sweet, O. F. *dolcet*, a diminutive formed from Lat. *dulcis*, sweet.

eld, subst., II. 352, old age, antiquity, M.E. *elite* from A.S. *eald*, old.

elfin, adj., II. 363, = elvish, from *elf*, a little sprite.

escalade, subst., IV. 323, a scaling of the walls of a fortress by the enemy; derived through Fr. and Sp. from Lat. *scala*, a ladder.

fain, adj., *Intr.* 75, glad, eager, A. S. *fægen*.

falchion, subst., I. 62, III. 219, a curved sword; through It. from Lat. *falcio*, a curved sword, which comes from *falx*, a sickle.

falcon, subst., IV. 346, a cannon, called by the name of the bird (Lat. *falco*) on account of its destructiveness.

fallow-(decr), adj., III. 209, of a reddish colour; as applied to land

it originally denoted the reddish colour of ploughed land. A. S. *fealu*; yellowish, from the same root as Lat. *pallidus*, whence *pallid*, *pale*.

fantasy, subst., imagination, Fr. *fantaisie*, Greek *φαντασία*; *fancy* is a shortened form of *fantasy*. In v. 219 it = capricious love; cp. Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, I. i. 14.

fell, (1) adj., II. 221, fierce, terrible, A. S. *fel*; (2) subst., I. 151, III. 153, IV. 26, a hill, Scand. *fell*.

fence, (1) subst., III. 226, a defence; an abbreviation of *defence*, which is derived through Fr. from Lat. *defendere*; hence (2) *fence*, verb, II. 28, to defend.

feud, (1) subst., I. 66, v. 466, a bitter quarrel, from A. S. *fah*, hostile (whence comes *foe*); (2) *feud*, a vassal's holding or fief, is a distinct word.

feudal, adj., properly means 'belonging to a fief' *feud* (2), but in I. 76, III. 36 it appears to mean 'arising out of a quarrel,' *feud* (1).

flemens-firth, subst., IV. 407, an asylum for outlaws, from A. S. *flemingr*, outlaw, and *firth*, a sheltered place, refuge.

flourished, II. 102, VI. 520, sculptured or embroidered with flowers. Through Fr. from Lat. *florescere*, to blossom.

foil, verb, IV. 538, to disgrace, defeat, Fr. *fouler*, to trample on, from Lat. *fullare*, to *full* cloth.

foray, subst., I. 200, II. 67, a raid, properly, a raid for the purpose of gaining *forage*, O. F. *fourage*, which is derived from the same root as Eng. *fodder*.

frontlet, subst., I. 38, a metal plate to protect a war-horse's forehead, a diminutive of O. F. *frontal*, from Lat. *frons*, forehead.

frounce, verb, IV. 320, to ornament with *flounces*, O. F. *frouncer*, to gather, plait, fold, whence *flounce* also is derived.

furbish, verb, III. 224, to polish, Fr. *fourbir*, to polish.

galliard, subst., IV. 159, a bold, light-hearted man, O. F. *gaillard*, valiant, bold.

gan, verb, I. 253, is often spelt *'gan*, as though it were an abbreviation of *began*; *gim* however is the original verb from which *begin* is formed by the prefix *be-*.

gear, subst., dress, harness, tackle; in v. 491, goods; A. S. *gearwe* (pl.), preparation, dress; *garb*, derived from Germ. through O. F. *garbe*, is from the same root.

ghostly, adj., v. 364, spiritual, from A. S. *gæst*, a spirit.

glaiue, subst., IV. 330, a sword; O. F. *glaiue*, from Lat. *gladius*.

glamour (see note on III. 103), and *gramarye*, (III. 140, v. 429,

VI. 266), are probably both corruptions of *grammar*, used jestingly to denote *magic* in days when all learning seemed uncanny to the multitude.

glance, verb, III. 383, VI. 424, to flash, the original meaning, from which that of 'looking quickly' is derived; Scand. *glans*, Germ. *glanz*, splendour.

glee, subst., joy, mirth, music, A. S. *glēb*; in *Intr.* 73 used in the sense of 'musical sound.'

glint, verb, I. 287, to shine, to gleam; from the same root as *glance*; *glimmer* (II. 6), to shine faintly, a frequentative of *gleam* (cp. *daggle*) is also connected.

goblin, subst., II. 383, a mischievous sprite, a fairy, O. F. *gobelin* derived through Lat. from Greek *κόβηλος*, a rogue, a goblin.

gramercy, III. 250, Fr. *grand merci* = great thanks.

grisly, adj., III. 175, hideous, from an A. S. root *gru* (terrible), whence *gruesome* and Germ. *graus*.

grotesque, adj., II. 100, strange, ludicrous; originally used of strange figures such as were found painted on the walls of ancient *grottoes*.

hackbutteer, subst., III. 273, *hackbut-man*, IV. 76, a soldier armed with a *hackbut*, or musket, O. F. *haquebute*, from D. *haak*, hook, and *bus*, gun-barrel, the name signifying the bent shape of the gun, which was an improvement on the older straight guns. *harquebuss*, IV. 498, is another form of the same word.

hag, subst., IV. 55, a piece of firm ground in a bog; probably connected with *hedg*, A. S. *haga*.

harness, subst., I. 26, a soldier's body-armour, O. F. *harnas* from Breton *harnex*, iron.

havoc, subst., I. 76, destruction, from A. S. *hafoc*, a hawk; thus *havoc* and *hawk* are both forms of the same word, each reserved for a special sense.

hearse, subst., IV. 617, originally meant a harrow (Fr. *herse*, Lat. *hirpex*), then a frame resembling a harrow for holding lights at a funeral, then a funeral pageant, then a monument over the dead, as in IV. 617, or a carriage on which the dead are conveyed to the grave (its modern sense).

helm, subst., III. 337, a helmet, A. S. *helm*. *Helmet* is a diminutive of *helm*, formed with the Fr. suffix *-et*.

heriot, subst., properly, a tenant's arms delivered up on his death to his lord, A. S. *here-geatu*, military equipment, from *here*, army, and

geatwe, preparation; sometimes the heriot consisted of other things than arms; for instance, in IV. 159, the offering demanded is a horse.

heron-shew, subst., often spelt *heronshaw* or *hernshaw*, (1) a young heron, as in VI. 89, or (2) a heronry. The derivation of *-shew* is uncertain.

hight, VI. 263, promised, past participle of A. S. *hātan*, to be called, to promise.

homage, subst., IV. 158, the submission of a vassal to a lord, O. F. *homage* from Lat. *homo*, man, a vassal being called his lord's 'man.'

hose, subst., V. 263, coverings for the legs reaching from the thighs to the feet, A. S. *hosa*.

host, subst., VI. 519, the consecrated bread of the Eucharist, Lat. *hostia*, a victim; distinct in derivation from *host*, one who entertains guests, Lat. *hospes*, and *host*, an army, Lat. *hostis* (an enemy).

idlesse, subst., I. 8, idleness, formed by adding the Fr. suffix *-esse* to the A. S. *idel*, idle.

imp, subst., (1) a graft, scion, offspring, youth; (2) a little mischievous spirit; in IV. 277 it probably bears the latter sense. Through Lat. from Greek *ἐμψυτος*, engrafted.

influence, subst., an in-flowing, through Fr. from Lat. *influer*, to flow in; used in I. 177 in its original sense of the power that was supposed by astrologers to *flow into* human beings from the stars and to direct their actions.

jack, subst., III. 61, a coat of mail, O. F. *jaque*; *jack-et* is a diminutive.

jar, subst., (1) a discordant noise, crash, III. 397; hence (2) a quarrel, I. 75. *Garrulous* (from the Lat.) is derived from the same root.

keep, subst., III. 399, the strong tower of a castle, designed to stand a severe siege; from the verb *keep* in the sense of to hold or guard.

ken, verb, IV. 288, to know, to discern, a Scand. word connected with Eng. *can* (which see) and *know*; hence *ken*, subst., III. 322, IV. 94, knowledge, sight.

kindly, adj., is used in III. 3 in its original sense of 'natural,' from A. S. *cýnd*, kind, nature.

kirle, subst., a sort of gown, worn both by women, II. 299, and by men, III. 221, IV. 305; probably for *skirtle*, diminutive of *skirt*.

knight, subst., I. 9, A. S. *cniht*, a boy, a servant, Germ. *knecht*, a

man-servant; for the later meaning of the word in English see note on IV. 442.

lair, subst., II. 305, the den of a wild beast, A. S. *leger*, from *liggan*, to lie down.

larum, subst., III. 396, abbreviated from *alarum*, which is simply *alarm* pronounced with the *r* strongly trilled, after the fashion common in the northern part of Great Britain; see note on I. 207. *Alarm* is derived through Fr. from It. *all' arme!* to arms!

lauds, subst. pl., I. 338, a service in a monastery recited at midnight or at daybreak; it was so called because it contained the last three Psalms, in which 'Praise ye the Lord' repeatedly occurs; from Lat. *laus*, praise.

lay, subst., *Intr.* 18, a song, O. F. *lai*, a song, especially the song of a Celtic bard, the word being of Celtic origin.

levin, subst., IV. 319, VI. 429, lightning; cp. A. S. *legen*, flaming.

liege-lord originally meant 'a free or independent lord'; O. F. *lige* from Germ. *ledig*, free; but from a notion that it was derived from Lat. *ligatus*, bound, its meaning was changed to 'faithful, loyal'; thus the king's *lieges* from meaning 'his free men' came to mean 'his faithful men.' In IV. 156, 192 *liege-lord* means 'feudal lord.'

linn, subst., IV. 210, a waterfall or rapid, Ga. *linn*.

list, verb, to choose, to desire, to please, V. 59; in II. 141, VI. 50 it is used impersonally; *him listed*=it pleased him; from A. S. *lust*, pleasure.

lists, subst. pl., V. 153, the barriers enclosing the ground for a tournament, O. F. *lisse*, Lat. *liciae*, barriers.

litherlie, II. 377, lazy, A. S. *lither*, idle; *litherlie* is properly the adverbial form.

lurcher, subst., III. 152, a kind of hunting dog, a dog that *lurches* or *lurks*.

lyke-wake, subst., IV. 453, a watching over a corpse, from A. S. *lic*, a body, and *wacian*, to watch.

lyme-dog, subst., VI. 132, a dog held by a *lime* or leash, that is, a hunting dog; cp. *ban-dog*.

mail, subst., I. 312, III. 60, steel network forming body-armour, Fr. *maille* from Lat. *macula*, a spot, mesh. *Mailed*, V. 101=protected by mail.

maraud, verb, IV. 133, to wander in quest of plunder; Fr. *maraud*, a rogue, vagabond.

march, subst., I. 319, IV. 409, a border, frontier, see note on V. 50. From A. S. *mearc*, a mark, boundary; *mark* is another form of the same word; one of its meanings was a fixed weight, and hence, a coin of a certain value, see V. 481 and note.

marshal, subst., V. 291, one who presides at tournaments and ceremonies, O. F. *mareschal*, from Germ. *marah*, war-horse (connected with Eng. *mare*), and *shalc*, a servant; the word therefore originally meant a groom.

matin, subst., I. 226, morning, Fr. *matin* from Lat. *Matuta*, goddess of dawn.

menial, adj., II. 374, subst., *Intr.* 39, belonging to a household, a servant, from O. F. *maisnée*, a household, which is derived from Lat. *mansio*, a dwelling.

merry men, IV. 187, 480, a name by which a captain of freebooters or soldiers addressed his men; see note on IV. 480. Some hold that *merry* (Ga. *near*) in this phrase means 'bold,' but it is better to take it in its usual sense; a freebooter's life was supposed to be a merry one.

mettle, subst., I. 22, courage, temper; the same word as *metal*, derived through Fr. and Lat. from Greek *μέταλλον*, a mine. A well tempered sword would be said to be of 'mettle true'; hence the word is applied to the temper or spirit of a man.

mickle, adj., IV. 267, great, A. S. *micel*; from the same root as *much*.

mien, subst., *Intr.* 38, look, demeanour, Fr. *mine*, from Lat. *minare*, to drive a flock.

minion, subst., IV. 614, a favourite, Fr. *mignon*, from Germ. *minna*, love.

miniver, subst., VI. 56, the fur of the miniver; the word is derived from O. F. *menu* (small), *vair* (the name of the animal or of its fur); *vair* is derived from Lat. *varius*, variegated, spotted; *miniver* is therefore 'the little spotted' animal or fur.

minstrel, subst., *Intr.* 2, one who recites verses to the accompaniment of music, O. F. *menestrel* from Lat. *minister*, a servant.

misprise, verb, V. 535, to despise, O. F. *mispriiser* (modern *mépriiser*) from Lat. *minus*, less, and *pretium*, a price.

morion, subst., IV. 64, an open helmet, without visor; derived through Fr. from Sp. *morra*, the crown of the head.

morris, subst., I. 156, a festive dance, from Sp. *morisco*, Moorish, the dance being adopted from the Moors.

moss-trooper, subst., I. 197, a trooper or freebooter who rode over the *mosses* or bogs on the Borders.

mot, III. 125, the present tense (no longer in use) of the verb of which *must* is the past tense; unlike *must* it seldom expressed obligation; *I mot* = 'I am able,' 'I am free.'

need-fire, subst., III. 374, a beacon, a fire kindled in time of *need* to summon help.

obsequies, subst. pl., V. 4, funeral rites, through Fr. from Lat. *obsequiae*, literally, 'followings' (of the corpse to the grave).

oriel, subst., a recess or small chamber, especially the recess at the end of a hall, where the lord and his family dined; it was lighted by a large window such as we call an oriel window, or simply an oriel; hence comes the unusual sense in II. 6, 113 of a church window; O. F. *oriel* from Lat. *aurum*, gold, because the recess often had a gilded roof.

owch, subst., VI. 54, an ornament set with jewels; properly, the socket in which the jewel is set; O. F. *nouche* from Germ. *nusca*, a buckle; the *n* was lost by being erroneously attached to the article (an *owch* instead of a *nowch*) as in *umpire* for *numpire*.

pageant, subst., VI. 284, a spectacle, a show; originally, a moveable scaffold on which the old plays called mysteries were exhibited; late Lat. *pagina* from *pangere*, to fix.

pain, subst., is used in IV. 409, in the same sense as the Lat. *poena*, from which it is derived: penalty, punishment.

pale, subst., a stake, and hence in II. 106, an enclosure, Fr. *pal*, Lat. *palus*, a stake. Distinct from the adj. *pale*; see under *fallow*.

palfrey, subst., *Intr.* 13, IV. 263, a saddle-horse, Fr. *palefroi*, Lat. *paraveredus*, from Greek *παρά* (beside) and Lat. *veredus*, a post-horse; originally therefore 'an extra post-horse.'

palmer, subst., II. 214, one who carries a palm-branch in token of having been on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

panoply, subst., VI. 387, a complete suit of armour, from Greek *πάς*, all, and *ὅπλα*, arms, armour.

partisan, subst., IV. 345, a kind of battle-axe with a long handle.

patter, verb, II. 66, to repeat prayers; either a special use of *to patter*, to strike frequently (as in '*pattering* hail'), which is a frequentative of *to pat*; or derived from *pater*, the first word in Lat. of the Lord's Prayer.

pavilion, subst., V. 87, a tent; through Fr. from Lat. *papilio*, (1) a butterfly, (2) a tent, which spreads out like a butterfly's wings.

paynim, pagan, is used as an adj. in II. 133; it was originally

a subst., =pagan lands, heathendom, O. F. *paienisme* from Lat. *paganus*, a countryman, and hence (because paganism lingered in the country) a pagan.

peel, subst., I. 265, a Border tower. The ground floor, usually a store-room, was protected by a strong door and an iron gate (IV. 43); the family dwelt in the two upper stories; on the roof was an iron pan to hold the *bale*; the battlements in some peels projected so as to enable the inmates to defend the yard, which was surrounded by a strong wall, and into which the cattle could be driven at night for protection from moss-troopers (IV. 30—1).

pelf, subst., is used contemptuously in VI. 11 for 'wealth'; properly, spoil, booty, O. F. *pelfre*, connected with *pilfer*.

pen, subst., I. 154, III. 321, a hill, Celtic *pen*.

pennon, subst., IV. 458, a small flag with a forked end; it was attached to a knight's spear; Fr. *pennon* from Lat. *penna*, a feather.

pensil, subst., IV. 458, a smaller flag than a *pennon*, ending in a point; it was attached to a squire's spear; O. F. *pennoncel*, diminutive of *pennon*.

phantom, subst., V. 25, a spectre, an apparition; through Fr. and Lat. from Greek *φάντασμα*, a vision, spectre.

plain, verb, IV. 249, to wail, lament, Fr. *plaindre* from Lat. *plangere*; hence come *plaint*, *plaintiff*, *plaintive*. *Plain* (level), Lat. *planus*, is distinct.

planet is used in I. 175 as an adj.; *planet star*=wandering star, as opposed to the fixed stars; Greek *πλανήτης*, a wanderer.

plight, subst., III. 28, condition; VI. 468, promise, vow; A. S. *pliht*, risk, danger.

port, (1) bearing, demeanour, VI. 224, from Fr. *porter*, Lat. *portare*, to carry; (2) a gate, Lat. *porta*, whence *portal*, a gateway, entrance, *Intr.* 32, II. 193; (3) a martial strain for the bagpipes (a Gaelic word), V. 230.

postern, subst., II. 94, a back door or private entrance; through Fr. from Lat. *post*, behind.

prescience, subst., IV. 551, foreknowledge; through Fr. from Lat. *prae*, before, *scire*, to know.

prime, adj., first, early; through Fr. from Lat. *primus*, first. Like *malin*, which it qualifies in I. 226, it has a special ecclesiastical sense; *prime*, subst., is a service for the first hour of the day.

psaltery, subst., VI. 98, a stringed instrument, a kind of harp; through Fr. and Lat. from Greek *ψάλλειν*, to harp, whence comes *psalm*.

ptarmigan, subst., VI. 93, a kind of grouse, Ga. *tarmachan*.

pursuivant, subst., an attendant on a herald; sometimes, as in IV. 392, the pursuivant himself acts as a herald. From Fr. *poursuivre*, to follow.

● **quoth**, verb, IV. 502, spoke; past tense of A. S. *cwethan*, to speak, whence comes *be-queath*.

rancorous, adj., V. 462, spiteful; through Fr. from Lat. *rancor*, rancidity.

read, verb, is used in its original meanings of 'to interpret,' I. 176; 'to advise,' IV. 377; A. S. *rædan*.

recreant, subst., III. 8, a traitor, a coward; through Fr. from Lat. *re-credere* 'to believe again,' used in the senses of 'to change one's faith' and 'to own oneself beaten.'

reek, verb, to smoke, IV. 352; to pour forth like smoke or vapour, I. 330; from A. S. *réc*, vapour.

requiem, subst., V. 507, VI. 529, a mass for the repose of the soul of a dead person; *requiem* (rest) is the first word of an anthem in the mass: 'Give them eternal rest, O Lord.'

rider, subst., IV. 186, 211, VI. 152, a mounted warrior, especially a moss-trooper; *to ride*, IV. 404, means to join a freebooting expedition.

roundelay, subst., VI. 225, a kind of poem, in which the first line is repeated, Fr. *rondelet*, diminutive of O. F. *rondel* (mod. *rondeau*), so called because the first line comes *round* again. The spelling of the last syllable *-lay* is probably due to a notion that it was derived from *lay*.

route, subst., in III. 367, probably means 'crowd,' in which sense it is usually spelt *roul*; Fr. *route*, a defeat, a broken multitude of men, a crowd, from Lat. *rumpere*, to break, from which also comes *route*, a way broken through a forest, a road.

rue, verb, II. 239, III. 243, 303, to repent, regret, A. S. *hrechwan*.

sable, adj., V. 506, VI. 75, 515, black, O. F. *sable*; properly the name of a black-furred animal of the weasel kind.

salve, verb, III. 296, to anoint with *salve*, A. S. *sealf*, ointment.

scapular, subst., VI. 515, a scarf worn across the shoulders by monks, from Lat. *scapulae*, the shoulder-blades.

scaur, subst., I. 131, a rock or cliff, Scand. *sker*.

scout, verb, III. 348, 369, to reconnoitre, from *scout*, a spy, O. F. *escoute*, a spy (cp. Mod. Fr. *écouter*, to listen), Lat. *auscultare*.

scroll, subst., a roll of paper or parchment; in II. 12 an imitation of such a roll in stone, O. F. *escroue*.

scutcheon, subst., II. 104, a painted shield; shortened from *escutcheon*, O. F. *escusson* from Lat. *scutum*, a shield.

seignory, subst., IV. 158. lordship, Fr. *seigneur*, lord, from Lat. *senior*, elder.

selle, subst., VI. 142, a scat, Fr. *selle* from Lat. *sella*, a seat. ④

seneschal, subst., III. 341, IV. 355, a steward, the chief servant of a household, O. F. *seneschal* from Gothic *sinr*, old, and *skalks*, servant.

sewer, subst., VI. 109, a servant who brought in and removed dishes, probably from A. S. *seaw*, pottage.

shalm, subst., VI. 98, a musical instrument resembling a clarinet, O. F. *chalemie*, a pipe, from Lat. *calamus*, a reed.

shaw, subst., a thicket or small wood. A. S. *scaga*, occurs in proper names in IV. 224, VI. 571.

sheen, adj., IV. 292, bright, A. S. *scēne*, fair.

shrine, subst., I. 69, VI. 495, a casket in which the relics of a saint are preserved; this was often deposited in the altar of a church, and pilgrimages were made to visit it; A. S. *scrin* from Lat. *scrinium*, a box. ⑤

slogan, subst., I. 63, the war-cry of a clan, Ga. *sluagh*, a host, and *gairm*, a cry. Specimens of Border slogans are given in III. 349 (see note), IV. 229, V. 65.

sonnet, subst., VI. 225, a rhymed poem of 14 lines; for a specimen see p. xiv. Derived through Fr. from It. *sonetto*, which is from Lat. *sonus*, a sound.

sooth, subst., *Intr.* 57, V. 13, truth, A. S. *sōth*; *soothly*, adv., II. 17, truly.

spectre, subst., VI. 455, a ghost, Fr. *spectre* from Lat. *spectrum*, a vision.

speed, verb, to accomplish, II. 169; to hasten, I. 251, II. 238; from A. S. *spēd*, haste, success.

spell, subst., I. 3, a form of magical words, an incantation, A. S. *spel*, a saying, story.

spurn, verb, to kick, VI. 172, to *spurn at*, to scorn, IV. 137; A. S. *speornan*, to kick against.

squire, subst., I. 9, 34, a shield-bearer, a gentleman attending on a knight; shortened from *esquire*, O. F. *escuyer* from Lat. *scutum*, shield.

stanch, verb, I. 66, III. 73, to stop the flowing of blood, O. F. *estancher* from Lat. *stancare*, to stanch.

stark, adj., I. 215, stiff, strong, A. S. *stearc*.

steed, subst., I. 19, a horse, especially a spirited horse; A. S. *stēda*, a stallion, a war-horse.

stole, subst., a long scarf, or (as in v. 506, VI. 516) a long robe worn by an ecclesiastic, Lat. *stola* from Greek *στολή*, a robe.

strain, subst., v. 311, birth, descent, A. S. *stryman*, to produce.

swire, subst., III. 346, *swair*, IV. 226, the slope or steep part of a hill (a Scotch word).

swith, adv., IV. 377, instantly, A. S. *swith*, strong.

talisman, subst., VI. 271, a magical spell or image; an Arabic corruption of the Greek *τέλεσμα*, an initiation or mystery.

tawny, adj., I. 303, v. 261, a yellowish brown, of the colour of tanned leather, derived from *tan*, Fr. *tan*.

Teutonic, adj., IV. 325, belonging to the Teutons or German peoples; Lat. *Teutones*, from the same root as *Dutch* and Germ. *Deutsch*.

thanedom, subst., v. 32, the dominions of a *thane*, A. S. *thegen*.

tide (A. S. *tīd*) and **time** (A. S. *tīma*), I. 223, 225, come from the same root, but are formed by different suffixes. *Tide* sometimes has the same meaning as *time* (VI. 50), but it generally means a *special season*, and particularly the seasons of the sea's ebb and flow—the *tides*; hence Scott repeatedly calls the stream or current of a river a *tide*, I. 130, 144, 178, 309, IV. 1, 11, 17.

tire, subst., III. 270, head-dress, abbreviated for *attire*.

toils, subst. pl., IV. 473, a net, Fr. *toiles*, from Lat. *tela*, a web.

train, verb, III. 146, to entice, Fr. *trainer*, to draw, entice, from Lat. *trahere*, to draw.

trencher, subst., VI. 166, a wooden plate, properly, a plate for cutting things on, Fr. *trancher*, to cut.

truncheon, subst., I. 198, a staff, Fr. *tronson*, diminutive of *tronc*, the trunk of a tree, Lat. *truncus*.

trysting-place, subst., II. 392, IV. 102, a meeting-place, from *tryst*, an appointment to meet, originally, a pledge,—the same word as *trust*.

uneath, adv., VI. 499, scarcely, A. S. *unedæthe*, difficult, from *un* (not) *edæthe* (easy).

urchin, subst., IV. 273, v. 204, a goblin or mischievous spirit; originally, a hedgehog, derived through Fr. from Lat. *ericius*.

vall, verb, v. 49, a shortened form of *avail*, or perhaps derived directly from Fr. *valoir* (to be of value), from which *avail* is formed by the prefix *a-*.

vantage, subst., III. 42, a shortened form of *advantage*, Fr. *avantage* from *avant*, before.

venison, subst., VI. 93, the flesh of animals taken in hunting, especially of deer, through Fr. from Lat. *venari*, to hunt.

vold, adj., *Intr.* 97, II. 400, empty, unoccupied, O. F. *voide*, probably from Lat. *vacare*, to be empty.

wain, subst., I. 170, a contracted form of *waggon*, A. S. *wæn*, *wægn*.

ward, subst., III. 402, a watch, a sentinel or body of sentinels; cp. V. 38; *guard* (III. 401) is derived through Fr. *garde* from Germ. *warten*, which comes from the same root as *ward*.

warden, subst., III. 255, IV. 51, an official appointed by the English or the Scotch sovereign to do justice and keep peace on the Border. See notes on I. 230, V. 50. The Warden was usually a nobleman whose lands lay in the district which he was appointed to govern. In III. 356 *warder*=*warden*.

warrison, subst., IV. 418, used by Scott in the sense of 'a note of assault,' properly means 'protection, reward,' O. F. *garison*, safety, healing (cp. Mod. Fr. *guérir*, to heal).

wassel, subst., V. 128, revelry, from A. S. *wæs hæl*!=be hale! may you be in good health!—a customary salutation at feasts.

ween, verb, I. 309, II. 334, III. 18, to suppose, imagine, think, A. S. *wēnan*.

welladay, *Intr.* 9, alas! a corruption of *wellaway*, A. S. *wā lā wā*=woe! lo! woe!

whit; see under *wight* (1).

whole, adj., III. 301, sound, in good health, A. S. *hāl*; in this sense we generally use the form *hale*, reserving the form *whole* for the derived sense of entire, complete.

wight, (1) subst., a human being, A. S. *wiht*, a creature, whether a person, an animal, or a thing; in the sense of a *thing* we commonly use it in the form *whit* (II. 366, III. 31, *some whit*, *no whit* are adverbial phrases=somewhat, not at all). (2) adj., nimble, active, strong, I. 36, 232, Scand. *wig*.

wilder, verb, *Intr.* 69, to perplex, originally 'to lead into a wilderness' (M. E. *wildern*, a wilderness); *bewilder* (formed with prefix *be-*) is the form in common use. In III. 188 *wilder'd* may have either of the above senses; lost in a wilderness or bewildered.

wind, verb, IV. 197, to fill with *wind*, to blow (a horn); distinct in derivation from *wind*, to coil or encircle.

withal, adv., IV. 63, VI. 435, also; *with-al*=in addition to all, besides. In III. 431 it is used as a preposition = with.

wizard, subst., II. 139, a magician, O. F. *guischard*, sagacious, cunning (a word of Scand. origin).

yeoman, subst., (1) a man, not of gentle birth, who lives on a small estate, III. 207, IV. 52; (2) a knight's servant, I. 20, 34.

yore, subst., IV. 596, old times, A. S. *geira* (genitive plural of *gear*, a year), meaning 'in past years.'

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