

“Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!” 135

Then Douglas turned towards us then,
Oh but his glance was high!—
“There is not one of all my men
But is as bold as I. 140

“There is not one of all my knights
But bears as true a spear—
Then onwards, Scottish gentlemen,
And think King Robert 's here!”

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew, 145
The arrows flashed like flame,
As spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man; 150
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

But in behind our path they closed,
Though fain to let us through,
For they were forty thousand men, 155
And we were wondrous few.

We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay. 160