

And thrice their high heroic pride
 In melancholy murmurs died.
 'Vainly thou bid'st, O noble maid,'
 Clasp his withered hands, he said,
 'Vainly thou bid'st me wake the strain,
 Though all unwont to bid in vain.
 Alas! than mine a mightier hand
 Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned!
 I touch the chords of joy, but low
 And mournful answer notes of woe;
 And the proud march which victors tread
 Sinks in the wailing for the dead
 O, well for me, if mine alone
 That dirge's deep prophetic tone!
 If, as my tuneful fathers said,
 This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,
 Can thus its master's fate foretell,
 Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

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VIII.

'But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed,
 The eve thy sainted mother died;
 And such the sounds which, while I strove
 To wake a lay of war or love,
 Came marring all the festal mirth,
 Appalling me who gave them birth,
 And, disobedient to my call,
 Wailed loud through Bothwell's bannered hall,
 Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,
 Were exiled from their native heaven.—
 O! if yet worse mishap and woe
 My master's house must undergo,
 Or aught but weal to Ellen fair
 Brood in these accents of despair,

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