

IV.

And he waved it aloft, exulting
In the promise of coming years,
And feats of arms and glory
Got from the shock of spears ;
Ah ! the glint of that jewell'd claymore
That his father's father had—
'Twill be handled with honor surely
By that gay lad !

V.

But O, my Bonnie, my Bonnie !
What sound is this in thine ears,
That no man nor maid in the castle
Nor drousing warder hears ?
What music around thee is rising ?
What orient notes unknown ?
O out on the sea what is singing
By the lone—by the lone ?

VI.

In a maze he listen'd unmoving
Thro' the long sweet summer-night
To the song of the water-kelpie,
Till the moon sank out of sight ;
And the kitchen maids of the castle
Found him, at break of day,
As they thought, on the ramparts, drunken :
He was fey—he was fey !