

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE

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“Is it for bond or faith you come,
Or yet for golden fee?
Or bring ye France’s lilies here,
Or the flower of Burgundie?” 105

“God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
Thee and thy belted peers— 110
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
And these are Scottish spears.

“We do not fight for bond or plight,
Nor yet for golden fee;
But for the sake of our blessed Lord, 115
Who died upon the tree.

“We bring our great king Robert’s heart
Across the weltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour’s grave. 120

“True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day!”

The King has bent his stately head, 125
And the tears were in his eyne—
“God’s blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!

“I know thy name full well, Lord James;
And honoured may I be, 130
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!