

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,
 Renounced, 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
 To the high altar's hallow'd side, 505

And there they knelt them down:
 Above the suppliant chieftains wave
 The banners of departed brave;
 Beneath the letter'd stones¹ were laid 510

¹ Letter'd stones—Tombstones covered with inscriptions.