

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN

Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!—
O our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again!"—
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem,
Wives and mothers of Dunedin,
Ye may look in vain for them!

Then the Provost he uprose,
And his lip was ashen white,
But a flush was on his brow,
And his eye was full of light.
"Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
Like a soldier stout and true;
Thou hast done a deed of daring
Had been perilled but by few.
For thou hast not shamed to face us,
Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing—thou, a knight and captain—
Here, alive within thy mail!
Now, as my God shall judge me,
I hold it braver done,
Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
And died above my son!
Thou needst not tell it: he is dead.
God help us all this day!
But speak—how fought the citizens
Within the furious fray?
For, by the might of Mary,
'Twere something still to tell
That no Scottish foot went backward
When the Royal Lion¹ fell!"

"No one failed him! He is keeping
Royal state and semblance still;

¹ *Royal Lion*: the Scottish flag.