

“ ‘But ’tis not there that Scotland’s heart
Shall rest by God’s decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea!

50

“ ‘Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede,
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

55

“ ‘And it shall pass beneath the Cross,
And save King Robert’s vow;
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou!’

60

“ ‘Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee—
For truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me—

“ ‘If ne’er upon the Holy Land
’Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland’s kindly earth
The relics of her dead.’”

65

The tear was in Sir Simon’s eye
As he wrung the warrior’s hand—
“ ‘Betide me weal, betide me wo,
I’ll hold by thy command.

70

“ ‘But if in battle-front, Lord James,
’Tis ours once more to ride,
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side!’”

75