

God! cast it down upon my head,
 And let me cease to feel!
 Cold—cold! The brands are burning out,
 The dying embers wane;
 The drops fall plashing from the roof
 Like slow a—llen rain.
 Cold—Cold! And yet the villain kerns
 Who keep me fettered here,
 Are feasting in the hall above,
 And holding Christmas cheer.
 When the wind pauses for its breath,
 I hear their idiot bray,
 The laugh, the shout, the stamping feet,
 The song and roundelay.
 They pass the jest, they quaff the cup,
 The Yule-log sparkles brave,
 They riot o'er my dungeon vault,
 As though it were my grave.
 Ay, howl again, thou bitter wind,
 Roar louder yet, thou sea!
 And drown the gusts of brutal mirth
 That mock and madden me!
 Ho, ho, the Eagle of the North
 Has stooped upon the main!
 Scream on, O eagle, in thy flight,
 Through blast and hurricane—
 And when thou meetest on thy way
 The black and plunging bark,
 Where those who pilot by the stars
 Stand quaking in the dark,
 Down with thy pinion on the mast,
 Scream louder in the air,
 And stifle in the wallowing sea
 The shrieks of their despair!
 Be my avenger on this night,
 When all, save I, am free;
 Why should I care for mortal man,
 When men care nought for me?
 Care not? They loathe me, one and all,
 Else why should I be here—
 I, starving in a foreign cell,
 A Scottish prince and peer?"

The captive, thus dungeoned on a foreign strand, recalls to memory the wild incidents of love and crime, and unavailing remorse; but it may be questioned whether the poet has not lost, by this artifice, the vigor and life of action, as well as the richer variety which would have been begot by his own direct recital of the tale. The most charitable fancy challenges the truthfulness of such an autobiographic