

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie ?
 Why weep ye by the tide ?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye sall¹ be his bride :

And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
 Sae comely to be seen"—

5

But aye she loot² the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale ;

Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And lord of Langley-dale ;

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His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen"—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

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"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair ;

Nor mettled hound, nor managed³ hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;

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And you, the foremost o' them a'
 Shall ride our forest-queen"—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmer'd fair ;

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The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there.

They sought her baith by bower and ha'.
 The ladie was not seen !

30

She's o'er the border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean !

—Scott.

¹sall. shall.²loot. let.³managed. trained.