

“Come hither, come hither, my trusty knight,  
 Sir Simon of the Lee;  
 There is a freit<sup>1</sup> lies near my soul  
 I fain would tell to thee.

“Thou know’st the words King Robert spoke<sup>25</sup>  
 Upon his dying day:  
 How he bade me take his noble heart  
 And carry it far away;

“And lay it in the holy soil  
 Where once the Saviour trod, 30  
 Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,  
 Nor strike one blow for God.

“Last night as in my bed I lay,  
 I dream’d a dreary dream:— 33  
 Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand  
 In the moonlight’s quivering beam.

“His robe was of the azure dye,  
 Snow-white his scatter’d hairs,  
 And even such a cross he bore 40  
 As good Saint Andrew bears.

“‘Why go ye forth, Lord James,’ he said,  
 ‘With spear and belted brand?  
 Why do you take its dearest pledge  
 From this our Scottish land?’

“‘The sultry breeze of Galilee 45  
 Creeps through its groves of palm,  
 The olives of the Holy Mount  
 Stand glittering in the calm.

<sup>1</sup> freit—A premonition, in this case of disaster.