

But that my sire the wine will chide,  
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle.'—

373

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,  
A wondrous blaze<sup>1</sup> was seen to gleam;  
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,  
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves<sup>2</sup> of oak,  
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.<sup>3</sup>

380

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,  
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

385

Seem'd all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy<sup>4</sup> and altar's pale;<sup>5</sup>  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

390

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair —  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

395

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;

<sup>1</sup> **Wondrous blaze**—The chapel of Roslin Castle was said to blaze with light immediately before the death of a member of the family.

<sup>2</sup> **Dryden's groves**—Groves of oak at Dryden, south of Roslin.

<sup>3</sup> **Hawthornden**—A castle about twelve miles from Edinburgh. Under the castle are a series of huge caverns connected by long passages.

<sup>4</sup> **Sacristy**—Vestry.

<sup>5</sup> **Pale**—Enclosure.