

“Oh, ride ye on, Lord King!” he said,
“And leave the dead to me,
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!

180

“There lies, above his master’s heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And wo is me I should be here,
Not side by side with him!

185

“The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart¹ hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretched before me there.

200

“O Bothwell banks! that bloom so bright
Beneath the sun of May,
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
Is bound for you this day.

“And Scotland! thou may’st veil thy head 205
In sorrow and in pain:
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
Hath fallen this day in Spain!

“We’ll bear them back unto our ship,
We’ll bear them o’er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth,
Within our own countrie.

210

¹ lyart—Streaked with gray.