

CHAPTER LIX

SLEEP

IN the old Kirk, at the trysting place of winds amid the hills, sleeps the last of the Lairds of Hepburn by the side of Missie and his grim forbears.

Not far from the two he loved rests Danny. On high Lammer-more he sleeps, where often of old he slept at the feet of his first love, and looks out everlastingly over his wide demesne. Far away shines Burn-Water like a jewel set at the feet of the established hills, and beyond the sea flashing like sheaves of shaken spears. There on his sentinel-height beneath the heather he sleeps, and sleeps well. The curlews haunt the sky above him; the feet of the fox, the old grey brock, and all the enemies he loved, pass and repass above his grave, nor wake him ever now; nor now shall cold of snow nor heat of sun, nor drumming wind, nor rain upon him ever rouse him more.

Warden of the Marches, he holds his post, and keeps his watch beneath the stars faithfully for evermore.