

And when I place it in my hair,
 Allan, a bard is bound to swear
 He ne'er saw coronet so fair.'
 Then playfully the chaplet wild
 She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

180

x.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
 Wiled the old Harper's mood away.
 With such a look as hermits throw,
 When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
 He gazed, till fond regret and pride
 Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied :
 ' Loveliest and best ! thou little know'st
 The rank, the honours, thou hast lost !
 O, might I live to see thee grace,
 In Scotland's court, thy birthright place,
 To see my favourite's step advance
 The lightest in the courtly dance,
 The cause of every gallant's sigh,
 And leading star of every eye,
 And theme of every minstrel's art,
 The Lady of the Bleeding Heart !

190

200

xi.

' Fair dreams are these,' the maiden cried,—
 Light was her accent, yet she sighed,—
 ' Yet is this mossy rock to me
 Worth splendid chair and canopy ;
 Nor would my footstep spring more gay
 In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,
 Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
 To royal minstrel's lay as thine.
 And then for suitors proud and high