

The Douglas thus his counsel said :
‘ Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
It may but thunder and pass o’er ; 650
Nor will I here remain an hour,
To draw the lightning on thy bower ;
For well thou know’st, at this gray head
The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
For thee, who, at thy King’s command,
Canst aid him with a gallant band,
Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the Monarch’s wrath aside.
Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
Ellen and I will seek apart 660
The refuge of some forest cell,
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till on the mountain and the moor
The stern pursuit be passed and o’er,’—

XXX.

‘ No, by mine honour,’ Roderick said,
So help me Heaven, and my good blade !
No, never ! Blasted be yon Pine,
My father’s ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart ! 670
Hear my blunt speech : grant me this maid
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid ;
To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies flock enow ;
Like cause of doubt, distrust and grief,
Will bind to us each Western Chief.
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,
The guards shall start in Stirling’s porch ;