

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried—
"Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of Saint Clair is down;
We may not leave him here!"

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm, 165
And sharper shot the rain,
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

"Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true St. Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!" 170

Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lionlike and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft 175
All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him, far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—"Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore!" 180

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor.

"Now praised be God, the day is won! 185
They fly o'er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight 'hat fought so well?"