

No future bard, sad Harp ! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string ;
One short, one final strain shall flow,
Fraught with unutterable woe,
Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die !'

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IX.

Soothing she answered him : ' Assuage,
Mine honoured friend, the fears of age ;
All melodies to thee are known
That harp has rung or pipe has blown,
In Lowland vale or Highland glen,
From Tweed to Spey — what marvel, then,
At times unbidden notes should rise,
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
Entangling, as they rush along,
The war-march with the funeral song ?—
Small ground is now for boding fear ;
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.
My sire, in native virtue great,
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
Not then to fortune more resigned
Than yonder oak might give the wind ;
The graceful foliage storms may reave,
The noble stem they cannot grieve.
For me'—she stooped, and, looking round,
Plucked a blue harebell from the ground,—
' For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower that loves the lea
May well my simple emblem be ;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the King's own garden grows ;

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