## Sir James the Rose;

## AN OLD SCOTTISH,

Ills growth was like a vouthful col.

his locks of yellow flew.

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs

## TRAGIC SONG



GLASGOW

PRINTED FOR THE ROOKSELLERS.

## Sir James the Rose.

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs of high and warlike name,

The bravest was Sir James the Rese.

a knight of meikle fame.

His growth was like a youthful oak, that crowns the mountain's brow.

And waving o'er his shoulders broad, his locks of yellow flew.

Wide were his fields his herds were large, and large his flocks of sheep, And numerous were his goats trook the mountain steep.

The chieftain of the good clan Rose.

Five hundred warriors drew the sword able to beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice he stood, a second against the English keen.

Ere two and twenty opining springs the blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear ne lov'd

Even Margaret on the Scottish threat value was never half so fair:

Long had he woo'd long she refused to had with seeming scorn and pride;
Yet off her eyes confess d the love her featful words denied.

At length she blessed his well-tried love.
allow'd his tender claim; dot not wall guode
She vow'd to him her tender heart, de brows at A
and own'd an equal flame to some every new
Her father Buchan's cruel lord, 10d big sie las
their passion disapprovid guling ail b'sol and
He bade her wed Sir John the Greene as a least
and leave the youth she low di bow ro'an !!)
One night they met as they were wont vary sall
deep in a shady wood; the call of the start of the
Where on the bank beside the burnal and sall
a blooming saugh tree istooding to esentive or
Conceal'd among the underwood 148 9 13072 bas
the crafty Donald lay, vm level lay that
The brother of Sir John the Grame, horsey you I
to watch what they might say moll wrach qu
When thus the maid began My sire and naut hat he
our passion disapproves; D will bear hand an
He bids me wed Sir John the Græne and good
so here must end our loves to ne sid moce bas
My father's will must be obey'd. My birne I re I
nought boots nie to withstand; Designation
Some fairer maid in heauty's bloom, I you not ain I
shall bless thee with her hand, in all work sal
Soon will Matilda be forgot, and share of the state of th
and from thy mind enac d
But may that happiness be thine, first grantule II
which I can never taste, and all about
What do I hear? is this thy vow? Probables
Sir James the Rose replied
And will Matilda wed the three net to bot the still
कीयमार्ग भी गिर्टेटिंडे होगू ह
to be 12 to 12

At length she blessed his well-tried love though sworn to be my bride? 191 ain b wolls His sword shall sooner pierce my liteart woverde than 'reave me of thy charms as h'nwo bas And clasp'd her to his throbbing breast diet and fast lock'd in within his arms. ib agissed hinds He bade her wed, biss, si's eyel with the bade H Ill ne'er wed man but thee ; , ads aveal base The grave shall be my bridal bed radi sale if Graeme my husband, be, whate a ni queb Take then dear youth this faithful kiss no ened !! in witness of my troth ; : dausz ggimoold s And every plague become my lot, notes biseono that day I break my oath. It seed yffaro oth They parted thus the sun was sett and odT up hasty Donald flies : a would sadw dotow of And turn thee turn thee beardless youth, and st he loud insulting cries. To aquest acresq 1110 Soon turned about the fearless Chief, an abid all so here must endwerdheldrews sid noos has For Donald's blade before his breast, and the vil had pierced his tartans through a good all suen This for my brother's slighted love, retial and? his wrongs sit on my arin and seld waie Three paces back the youth retiridial His goo! and sav'd himself from harm. was quel dionidens Returning swift his sword be rear'd safe your ord fierce Donald's head above seen and donles and through the brain and crashing hone, and the the furious weapon drove. The off worth of the Life issued at the wound-he fell wold slive hat A a lump of life!ess clay ;

de constitue namenter le la sud de constitue
So fall my foes quoth valiant Rose of marsh.
and stately strode away and action a trial
unto Lord Ruchan's hall
Beneath Marillas window stoudd 1 1:902 319d 1
unto Lord Buchan's hall— Beneath Matildas window stood, the source of the and this on her did call the odw South of the source o
Art thou asleep Matilda dear, is bot usteen right
Art thou asteep Matilda dear, isb of istans visit
awake my love! awake:
Behold thy lover waits without
a long farewell to fake.
awake my love! awake; Behold thy lover waits without it uisle and and to I a long farewell to take.  For I have slain fierce Donald Grame, not his blood is on my sword;
his blood is on my sword;
And far far distant are my men.
nor can defend their lord and their sale
To Sky I will direct my flight.
And far far distant are my men nisk ed sed but a nor can defend their lord.  To Sky I will direct my flight, nor are en yd where my brave brothers bide:  And raise the mighty of the istes, would live I to combat on my side.  O do not so, the maid replied, grant at abilitact with me till morning stay.
And raise the mighty of the sales.
to combat on my side
He sueps into lord believe lieve adv as lord of
with mo til manning stay
For dell and desired in the state of bernings want
For dark and dreary is the night
with me til morning stay,  For dark and dreary is the night and dangrous is the way  All right I'll watch you in the park  my faithful page I'll send
All right I'll watch you in the park, would not
my faithful page I'll send,
In haste to raise the brave Clan Rose,
my faithful page I'll send, In haste to raise the brave Clan Rose about their master to defend.  He laid him down beneath a bush
The tart that down believed to the stage of the
and wrapp'd him in his plaid—
while trembling for her lover's falcade and was at distance stood the maid.
at distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and date, till in a lonely glen that the page of the land date, He met the furious Sir John the Grane, la bas with twenty offis men ow goong eds degood i Where goest thou little page he said of and so so late? who did thee send? I go to raise the brave clan Rose, no aids bus their master to defend. Ability For he has slain fierce Donald Grame. 948 78, his blood is on his sword; And far far distant are his men nor can assist their lord And has be slain my brother dear the furious chief replies.

Dishonour blast my nime but he make the by me ere more i we diesa top il Say page where is Sir James the Rose. Janes I will thee well reward the day and sain bar He siceps into lord Buchan's park, 180,000 01 matilda is his guard. 921 Lamart parion eb O They spurred their steeds and furious flew. like lightning o'er the lee ; 18910 bin 1165 101 They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofey tow'rs bas by dawning of the day at the lift in Matilda stood without the gate and lamined gua And watch'd each object in the dawn and all ear to every sound, and awob mid bial off Where sleeps the Rose? begin the Greene and or has the felon fled? This hand shall lay the wretch on earth 10 18

hy whom my brother bled. She in the

And now the valiant knight awoke, the the virgin shricking hearth; but was sword, straight up he rose and drew his sword,

Straight up he rose and drew los sword, when the fierce band appeared a standard had I

Your sword last night my brother slew, his blood yet dins its shine

And e'er the sun shall gild the morn, your blood sha I reek on mine.

Your words are brave the chief returne , but deeds approve the man;

Set by your men and hand to hand, we'll try what valour can.

With dauntless step he forward strode, and dared him to the fight;

The Græme gave back : he feared his arm, for we I he knew his might.

Four of his men the bravest four sunk down beneath his sword

But still he scorned the poor revenge and sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Grame and pierced him in the side;

Out spouting came the purple stream, and all his tartans dyed,

But yet his hand dropped not the sword nor sunk he to the ground

Till through his enemy's heart the steel had forced a mortal wound.

Græme like a tree by wind o'erthrown, fell breathless on the clay!

And down beside him sank the Rose, a continued and faint and dying lay, who have the word but

Matilda saw and fast she ran-indentified of an additional of space his life she cried on an auditorial

Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life, and well let her not be denied

Her well known voice the hero heard, he rais d his death-clos d eyes;

He fix d them on the weeping maid, and weakly thus replies.

In vain Matilda begs a life by death's arrest denied;

My race is run—adieu my love then closed his eyes and died.

The sword yet warm from his left side, with frantic hand she drew;

I come Sir James the Rose she cried, I come to follow you.

The hit she lean'd against the ground he most and bar'd her snowy breast.

Then fell upon her lover face, and sunk to end'ess rest.

