

THE

BUCHANSHIRE

TRAGEDY.

OR,

Sir James the Rofs.

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SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

O' all the Scottish northern chiefs,
 of high and warlike fame,
 The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
 a knight of meikle fame;
 His growth was like the tufted fir,
 that crowns the mountain's brow,
 And waving o'er his shoulders broad,
 his locks of yellow flew.
 The chieftain of the brave Clan Ross,
 a firm undaunted band,
 Five hundred warriors drew the sword,
 beneath his high command.
 In bloody fight thrice had he stood,
 against the English keen,
 Ere two and twenty opening springs,
 this blooming youth had seen,
 The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
 a Maid of beauty rare;
 Even Margaret on the Scottish throne,
 was never half so fair.
 Lang had he woo'd, lang she refus'd,
 with seeming scorn and pride;
 Yet aft' her eyes confess'd the love,
 her bashful tongue deny'd,
 At last, pleas'd with his well tried faith,
 allow'd his tender claim;

She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
 and own'd an and equal flame.
 Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
 her passion disapprov'd
 And bid her wed sir John the Grame,
 and leave the youth she lov'd.
 At night they met as they were wont,
 within a shadey wood
 Where on a bank beside a burn,
 a blooming saugh tree stood.
 Conceald among the under wood,
 the crafty Donald lay.
 (The brother of sir John the Grame),
 to hear what they might say.
 When thus the maid began, My Sire,
 our passion disapproves,
 And bids me wed sir John the Grame,
 so here must end our loves.
 My father's will must be obey'd,
 nought boots me to withstand,
 Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom,
 must blis thee with her hand.
 Matilda soon shall be forget,
 and from thy mind defac'd,
 But may that happiness be thine,
 which I can never taste.
 What do I hear! Is this thy vow?
 sir James the Ross replied,
 And will Matilda wed the Grame,
 though sworn to be my bride?
 His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,
 than reave me of thy charms;

Then clasp'd her to his beating breast,
 fast lock'd into his arms
 I spake to try thy love she said,
 I'll ne'er wed man but thee,
 My grave shall be my bridal bed.
 Here Graeme my husband be,
 Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,
 in witness of my troth,
 And every plague become my lot,
 that day I break my oath.
 They parted thus, the sun was set,
 up hasty Donald flies,
 And turn thee, turn thee beardless youth,
 he loud insulting cries.
 Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
 and soon his sword he drew,
 For Donald's blade before his breast,
 had pierc'd his tartans through.
 This for my brother's slighted love,
 his wrongs sit on my arm;
 Three paces back the youth retir'd,
 to save himself from harm.
 Returning swift his hand he reer'd,
 from Donald's head above
 And thro' the brains and crashing bones,
 his sharp edged weapon drove
 He stagger'd, reel'd, then tumble down,
 a lump of breathless clay;
 So fall my foes, quoth valiant Ross
 and stately strode away.
 Through the green wood he quickly hy'd,
 unto Lord Buchan's hall,

And at Matilda's window stood,
 and thus began to call;
 Art thou asleep Matilda dear?
 awake my love awake,
 Thy luckless lover calls on thee.
 a long farewell to take.
 For I have slain fierce Donald Grame,
 his blood is on my sword,
 And distant are my faithful men,
 nor can assist their lord,
 To Sky I'll now direct my way,
 where my two brother's bide,
 And raise the valiant of the isles,
 to combat on my side.
 O do not so, the maid replied,
 with me till morning stay,
 For dark and dreary is the night,
 and dangerous is the way,
 All night I'll watch you in the park,
 my faithful page I'll send,
 To run and raise the Ross's clan,
 their master to defend.
 Beneath a bush he laid him down,
 and wrapt him in his plaid,
 While trembling for her lover's fate,
 at distance stood the maid.
 Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
 till in a lowly glen,
 He met the furious sir John Grame,
 with twenty of his men.
 Where goest thou little page, he said,
 so late, who did the send?

I go to raise the Ross's clan,
 their master to defend,
 For he hath slain fierce Donald Græme,
 his blood is on his sword,
 And far, far distant are his men,
 for to assist their lord.
 And has he slain my brother dear,
 the furious Græme replies,
 Dishonour blast my name, but he
 by me 'ere morning dies.
 Tell me where is sir James the Ross,
 I will the well reward.
 He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park,
 Matilda is his guard.
 They spurr'd their steeds in furious mood,
 and scour'd along the lee,
 They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty towers,
 by dawning of the day.
 Matilda stood without the gate,
 to whom thus Græme did say,
 Saw ye sir James the Ross last night,
 or did he pass this way?
 Last day, at noon, Matilda said,
 sir James the Ross pass'd by,
 He furiously prick'd his swift steed,
 and onward fast did he:
 By this time he's at Edirburgh,
 if horse and man hold good.
 Your page then lied, who said he was
 now sleeping in the wood.
 She wrung her hands and, tore her hair,
 brave Ross thou art betray'd,

And ruin'd by those means she said,
 from whence I hop'd thine aid.
 By this the valiant knight awoke,
 the virgin's shrieks he heard,
 And up he rose and drew his sword,
 when the fierce band appear'd.
 Your sword last night my brother slew,
 his blood yet dims its shine;
 But ere the rising of the sun
 your blood shall reek on mine.
 You word it well, the chief reply'd,
 but deeds approve the man;
 Set by your men, and hand to hand,
 well try what valour can.
 Oft boasting hides a coward's heart,
 ray weighty sword you fear,
 Which shone in front in Flossen-field,
 when yours kept in the rear,
 With dauntless steps he forwards strode,
 and dar'd him to the fight,
 But Græme gave back he fear'd his arm,
 for well he knew its might.
 Four of his men, the bravest four,
 sunk down beneath his sword,
 But still he scorn'd this bale revenge,
 and fought their haughty lord.
 Behind him basely came the Græme,
 and wond him in the side.
 Out spouting came the purple gore,
 and all his tartans dyed.
 But of his sword ne'er quite the grip,
 nor dropt he to the ground,

Till through his en'my's heart his flee',
 had forc'd a mortal wound.
 Graeme like a tree by wind o'erthrown,
 Fell breathless on the clay,
 And down beside him sunk the Ross,
 and faint and dying lay.
 The sad Matilda saw him fall;
 O spare his life, she cried;
 Lord Buchan's daughter craves his life,
 let her not be deny'd.
 Her well known voice the hero heard,
 and rais'd his death-clos'd eyes,
 And fix'd them on the weeping maid,
 and weakly thus replies;
 In vain Matilda begs a life,
 by death's arrest deny'd.
 My race is run. Adieu, my love,
 then clos'd his eyes and died.
 The sword yet warm from his left side,
 with frantic rage she drew,
 I come fir, James the Ross, she cries,
 I come to follow you.
 She lean'd the hilt against the ground,
 and bar'd her snowy breast,
 Then fell upon her lover's face,
 and sunk to endless rest,
 Then by this fatal tragedy,
 let parents warning take,
 And ne'er entice their children dear,
 their sacred vows to break,
 F I N I S.