

Stanza 20

CANTO FOURTH

I

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
 Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
 All, all is peaceful, all is still,
 As if thy waves, since Time was born,
 Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
 Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
 Nor started at the bugle-horn.

II

Unlike the tide of human time,
 Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
 Retains each grief, retains each crime
 Its earliest course was doom'd to know;
 And, darker as it downward bears,
 Is stain'd with past and present tears.
 Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
 It still reflects to Memory's eye
 The hour my brave, my only boy,
 Fell by the side of great Dundee.
 Why, when the volleying musket play'd
 Against the bloody Highland blade,

Why was not I beside him laid?—
 Enough—he died the death of fame;
 15 Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

III

Now over Border dale and fell,
 Full wide and far was terror spread;
 For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
 The peasant left his lowly shed.
 5 The frighten'd flocks and herds were pent
 Beneath the peel's rude battlement;
 And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,
 While ready warriors seiz'd the spear.
 From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
 10 Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
 Which, curling in the rising sun,
 Show'd southern ravage was begun.

IV

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
 "Prepare ye all for blows and blood!
 Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side,
 Comes wading through the flood.
 5 Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
 At his lone gate, and prove the lock;
 It was but last St. Barnabright
 They sieged him a whole summer night,
 But fled at morning; well they knew,
 10 In vain he never twang'd the yew.
 Right sharp has been the evening shower,

Dunrobin
in the country
Gateward

That drove him from his Liddel-tower ;
 And, by my faith," the gate-ward said,
 "I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid."

V

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
 Enter'd the echoing barbican.
 He led a small and shaggy nag,
 That through a bog, from hag to hag,
 Could bound like any Billhope stag.
 It bore his wife and children twain ;
 A half-clothed serf was all their train ;
 His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,
 Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,
 Laugh'd to her friends among the crowd.
 He was of stature passing tall,
 But sparely form'd and lean withal ;
 A batter'd morion on his brow ;
 A leather jack, as fence enow,
 On his broad shoulders loosely hung ;
 A Border axe behind was slung ;
 His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
 Seem'd newly dyed with gore ;
 His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
 His hardy partner bore.

VI

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
 The tidings of the English foe :—
 "Belted Will Howard is marching here,
 And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,

5 And all the German hackbut-men,
 Who have long lain at Askerten :
 They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,
 And burned my little lonely tower :
 The fiend receive their souls therefor !
 10 It had not been burnt this year and more.
 Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
 Served to guide me on my flight ;
 But I was chased the livelong night.
 Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme,
 15 Fast upon my traces came,
 Until I turned at Priestthaugh Scrogg,
 And shot their horses in the bog,
 Slew Fergus with my lance outright—
 I had him long at high despite ;
 20 He drove my cows last Fastern's night."

VII

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
 Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale ;
 As far as they could judge by ken,
 Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
 Three thousand armed Englishmen—
 5 Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
 From Teviot, Aill, and Etrick shade,
 Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.
 There was saddling and mounting in haste,
 10 There was pricking o'er moor and lea ;
 He that was last at the trysting-place
 Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

*Description of the
 yeoman Watt Tinlinn*

Des. of coming

*Liddesdale
 Scouts*

Story

VIII

From fair St. Mary's silver wave,
 From dreary Gamescleugh's dusky height,
 His ready lances Thirlestane brave
 Array'd beneath a banner bright.
 The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims
 To wreath his shield, since royal James,
 Encamp'd by Fala's mossy wave,
 The proud distinction grateful gave,
 For faith 'mid feudal jars;
 What time, save Thirlestane alone,
 Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
 Would march to southern wars;
 And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
 Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne;
 Hence his high motto shines reveal'd—
 "Ready, aye ready," for the field.

IX

An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,
 With many a moss-trooper, came on;
 And, azure in a golden field,
 The stars and crescent graced his shield,
 Without the bend of Murdieston.
 Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
 And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
 High over Borthwick's mountain flood,
 His wood-embosom'd mansion stood;
 In the dark glen, so deep below,
 The herds of plunder'd England low;

His bold retainers' daily food,
 And bought with danger, blows, and blood.
 Marauding chief! his sole delight
 15 The moonlight raid, the morning fight;
 Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms,
 In youth, might tame his rage for arms;
 And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,
 And still his brows the helmet press'd,
 20 Albeit the blanched locks below
 Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow;
 Five stately warriors drew the sword
 Before their father's band;
 A braver knight than Harden's lord
 25 Ne'er belted on a brand.

X

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,
 Came trooping down the Todshawhill;
 By the sword they won their land,
 And by the sword they hold it still.
 5 Harken, Ladye, to the tale,
 How thy sires won fair Eskdale.—
 Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
 The Beattisons were his vassals there.
 The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
 10 The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude;
 High of heart, and haughty of word,
 Little they reck'd of a tame liege lord.
 The Earl into fair Eskdale came,
 15 Homage and seignory to claim:

Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought, 15
 Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought."
 —"Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
 Oft has he help'd me at pinch of need;
 Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,
 I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou."— 20
 Word on word gave fuel to fire,
 Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire,
 But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,
 The vassals there their lord had slain.
 Sore he plied both whip and spur, 25
 As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir;
 And it fell down a weary weight,
 Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,
 Full fain avengèd would he be.
 In haste to Branksome's Lord he spoke,
 Saying, "Take these traitors to thy yoke;
 For a cast of hawks and a purse of gold, 5
 All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold:
 Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattison's clan
 If thou leavest on Eske a landed man;
 But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
 For he lent me his horse to escape upon"'. 10
 A glad man then was Branksome bold,
 Down he flung him the purse of gold;
 To Eskdale soon he spurr'd amain,
 And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.

15 He left his merry men in the mist of the hill,
 And bade them hold them close and still;
 And alone he wended to the plain,
 To meet with the Galliard and all his train.
 To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said:
 20 "Know thou me for thy liege lord and head;
 Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
 For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
 Give me in peace my heriot due,
 Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
 25 If my horn I three times wind,
 Êskdale shall long have the sound in mind."—

XII

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn;
 "Little care we for thy winded horn.
 Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot,
 To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
 5 Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
 With rusty spur and miry boot".—
 He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,
 That the dun deer started at fair Craikercross;
 He blew again so loud and clear,
 10 Through the grey mountain mist there did
 lances appear;
 And the third blast rang with such a din,
 That the echoes answer'd from Pentoun-linn,
 And all his riders came lightly in.
 Then had you seen a gallant shock,
 15 When saddles were emptied, and lances broke!

For each scornful word the Galliard had said,
 A Beattison on the field was laid.
 His own good sword the chieftain drew,
 And he bore the Galliard through and through;
 Where the Beattisons' blood mix'd with the rill, 20
 The Galliard's Haugh men call it still.
 The Scotts have scatter'd the Beattison clan,
 In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
 The valley of Eske, from mouth to the source,
 Was lost and won for that bonny white horse. 25

XIII

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
 And warriors more than I may name;
 From Yarrow-cleugh to Hindhaugh-swaire,
 From Woodhouslie to Chester-glen,
 Troop'd man and horse, and bow and spear; 5
 Their gathering word was Bellenden.
 And better hearts o'er Border sod
 To siege or rescue never rode.
 The Ladye mark'd the aids come in,
 And high her heart of pride arose: 10
 She bade her youthful son attend,
 That he might know his father's friend,
 And learn to face his foes.
 "The boy is ripe to look on war;
 I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff, 15
 And his true arrow struck afar
 The raven's nest upon the cliff;
 The red cross, on a southern breast,

Is broader than the raven's nest:
 20 Thou, Whitslade, shall teach him his weapon to
 wield,
 And o'er him hold his father's shield."

XIV

Well may you think, the wily page
 Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
 He counterfeited childish fear,
 And shriek'd and shed full many a tear,
 And moan'd and plain'd in manner wild.
 The attendants to the Ladye told,
 Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
 That wont to be so free and bold.
 Then wrathful was the noble dame;
 10 She blush'd blood-red for very shame:—
 "Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
 Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!—
 Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
 To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
 15 Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
 That coward should e'er be son of mine!"—

XV

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
 To guide the counterfeited lad.
 Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
 Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,
 5 He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain,
 Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.
 It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil

*Thinks the child
 to be changed*

*Whitslade
 Headshaw
 Yarrow-cleugh
 Hindhaugh-swaire
 Woodhouslie
 Chester-glen
 Bellenden
 Border sod
 Rangleburn
 Buccleuch*

To drive him but a Scottish mile;
 But as a shallow brook they cross'd,
 The elf, amid the running stream, 10
 His figure changed, like form in dream,
 And fled, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"
 Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd,
 But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
 Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew, 15
 And pierced his shoulder through and through.
 Although the imp might not be slain,
 And though the wound soon heal'd again,
 Yet as he ran he yell'd for pain;
 And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast, 20
 Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
 That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;
 And martial murmurs, from below,
 Proclaim'd the approaching southern foe. 5
 Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
 Were Border pipes and bugles blown;
 The coursers' neighing he could ken,
 A measured tread of marching men;
 While broke at times the solemn hum,
 The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum; 10
 And banners, tall of crimson sheen,
 Above the copse appear;
 And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
 Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XVII

Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
 Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round;
 Behind, in close array and fast,
 The Kendal archers, all in green,
 5 Obedient to the bugle blast,
 Advancing from the wood were seen.
 To back and guard the archer band,
 Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand:
 A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
 10 With kirtles white, and crosses red,
 Array'd beneath the banner tall,
 That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall;
 And minstrels, as they march'd in order,
 Play'd, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the
 Border."

XVIII

Behind the English bill and bow,
 The mercenaries, firm and slow,
 Moved on to fight, in dark array,
 By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
 5 Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
 And sold their blood for foreign pay.
 The camp their home, their law the sword,
 They knew no country, own'd no lord:
 They were not arm'd like England's sons,
 10 But bore the levin-darting guns;
 Buff coats, all frounced and 'broider'd o'er,
 And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore;

*How long can you
 look a person
 in the eye*

*Watt of
 Tinlinn*

Each better knee was bared, to aid
 The warriors in the escalade;
 All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue, 15
 Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

XIX

But louder still the clamour grew,
 And louder still the minstrels blew,
 When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
 Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;
 His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear, 5
 Brought up the battle's glittering rear,
 There many a youthful knight, full keen
 To gain his spurs, in arms was seen;
 With favour in his crest, or glove, 10
 Memorial of his ladye-love.
 So rode they forth in fair array,
 Till full their lengthen'd lines display;
 Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,
 And cried, "St. George, for merry England!"

XX

Now every English eye, intent
 On Branksome's armèd towers was bent;
 So near they were, that they might know
 The straining harsh of each cross-bow;
 On battlement and bartisan 5
 Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partisan;
 Falcon and culver, on each tower,
 Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower;

And flashing armour frequent broke
 10 From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
 Where upon tower and turret head,
 The seething pitch and molten lead
 Reek'd like a witch's caldron red.
 While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
 15 The wicket opes, and from the wall
 Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

XXI

Armèd he rode, all save the head,
 His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread;
 Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
 He ruled his eager courser's gait;
 5 Forced him, with chasten'd fire, to prance,
 And high curvetting, slow advance:
 In sign of truce, his better hand,
 Display'd a peelèd willow wand;
 His squire, attending in the rear,
 10 Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.
 When they espied him riding out,
 Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
 Sped to the front of their array,
 To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII

"Ye English warden lords, of you
 Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
 Why, 'gainst the truce of Border tide,

In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
 With Kendal bow and Gilsland brand,
 And all yon mercenary band
 Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
 My Ladye reads you swith return;
 And, if but one poor straw you burn,
 Or do our towers so much molest,
 As scare one swallow from her nest,
 St. Mary! but we'll light a brand
 Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland."

XXIII

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
 But calmer Howard took the word:
 "May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,
 To seek the castle's outward wall,
 Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show
 Both why we came, and when we go."
 The message sped, the noble Dame
 To the wall's outward circle came;
 Each chief around lean'd on his spear,
 To see the pursuivant appear.
 All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,
 The lion argent deck'd his breast;
 He led a boy of blooming hue—
 O sight to meet a mother's view!
 It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
 Obeisance meet the herald made,
 And thus his master's will he said:—

Lord Howard was asked a?
 teaches the boy.

XXIV

"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords
 'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords;
 But yet they may not tamely see,
 All through the Western Wardenry,
 Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
 And burn and spoil the Border-side;
 And ill beseems your rank and birth
 To make your towers a flemens-firth.
 We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
 That he may suffer march-treason pain.
 It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
 He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven,
 Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
 And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
 Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame
 These restless riders may not tame,
 Either receive within thy towers
 Two hundred of my master's powers,
 Or straight they sound their warrison,
 And storm and spoil thy garrison:
 And this fair boy, to London led,
 Shall good King Edward's page be bred."

XXV

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,
 And stretch'd his little arms on high;
 Implored for aid each well-known face,
 And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.
 A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,

Lord Howard answers

Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear;
 She gazed upon the leaders round,
 And dark and sad each warrior frown'd;
 Then, deep within her sobbing breast
 She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest; 10
 Unalter'd and collected stood,
 And thus replied, in dauntless mood:—

XXVI

"Say to your Lords of high emprise,
 Who war on women and on boys,
 That either William of Deloraine
 Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,
 Or else he will the combat take 5
 'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
 No knight in Cumberland so good,
 But William may count with him kin and blood.
 Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,
 When English blood swell'd Ancram's ford; 10
 And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
 And bare him ably in the flight,
 Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight.
 For the young heir of Branksome's line,
 God be his aid, and God be mine; 15
 Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
 Here, while I live, no foe finds room.
 Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,
 Take our defiance loud and high;
 Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge, 20
 Our moat, the grave where they shall lie."

XXVII

Proud she look'd round, applause to claim—
 Then lighten'd Thirlestane's eye of flame;
 His bugle Wat of Harden blew;
 Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
 5 To heaven the Border-slogan rung,
 "St. Mary for the young Buccleuch!"
 The English war-cry answer'd wide,
 And forward bent each southern spear;
 Each Kendal archer made a stride,
 10 And drew the bowstring to his ear;
 Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown;—
 But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown,
 A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

XXVIII

"Ah! noble Lords!" he breathless said,
 "What treason has your march betray'd?
 What make you here, from aid so far,
 Before you walls, around you war?
 5 Your foemen triumph in the thought
 That in the toils the lion's caught.
 Already on dark Ruberslaw
 The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw;
 The lances, waving in his train,
 10 Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;
 And on the Liddel's northern strand,
 To bar retreat to Cumberland,
 Lord Maxwell ranks his merry men good,
 Beneath the eagle and the rood;

Boys' answer

Lady's answer

A horseman asks

And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale, 15
 Have to proud Angus come;
 And all the Merse and Lauderdale
 Have risen with haughty Home.
 An exile from Northumberland,
 In Liddesdale I've wander'd long; 20
 But still my heart was with merry England,
 And cannot brook my country's wrong;
 And hard I've spurr'd all night, to show
 The mustering of coming foe."

XXIX

"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried,
 "For soon yon crest, my father's pride,
 That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
 And waved in gales of Galilee,
 From Branksome's highest towers display'd, 5
 Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!—
 Level each harquebuss on row;
 Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
 Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
 Dacre for England, win or die!"— 10

XXX

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,
 Nor deem my words the words of fear:
 For who, in field or foray slack,
 Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?
 But thus to risk our Border flower 5
 In strife against a kingdom's power,

Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
 Certes, were desperate policy.
 Nay, take the terms the Ladye made,
 Ere conscious of the advancing aid: 10
 Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
 In single fight, and, if he gain,
 He gains for us; but if he's cross'd,
 'Tis but a single warrior lost:
 The rest, retreating as they came, 15
 Avoid defeat, and death, and shame."

XXXI

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
 His brother Warden's sage rebuke;
 And yet his forward step he staid,
 And slow and sullenly obey'd.
 But ne'er again the Border side 5
 Did these two lords in friendship ride;
 And this slight discontent, men say,
 Cost blood upon another day.

XXXII

The pursuivant-at-arms again
 Before the castle took his stand;
 His trumpet call'd, with parleying strain,
 The leaders of the Scottish band;
 And he defied, in Musgrave's right, 5
 Stout Deloraine to single fight;
 A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
 And thus the terms of fight he said:—

"If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
 Vanquish the Knight of Deloraine, 10
 Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's Lord,
 Shall hostage for his clan remain:
 If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
 The boy his liberty shall have.
 Howe'er it falls, the English band, 15
 Unharming Scots, by Scots unarm'd,
 In peaceful march, like men unarm'd,
 Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."

XXXIII

Unconscious of the near relief,
 The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,
 Though much the Ladye sage gainsay'd;
 For though their hearts were brave and true,
 From Jedwood's recent sack they knew, 5
 How tardy was the Regent's aid:
 And you may guess the noble Dame
 Durst not the secret prescience own,
 Sprung from the art she might not name,
 By which the coming help was known. 10
 Closed was the compact, and agreed
 That lists should be enclosed with speed,
 Beneath the castle, on a lawn:
 They fixed the morrow for the strife,
 On foot, with Scottish axe and knife, 15
 At the fourth hour from peep of dawn;
 When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
 Or else a champion in his stead,

*Place for duel - on a
 lawn near the castle.*

Should for himself and chieftain stand,
 20 Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV

I know right well, that, in their lay,
 Full many minstrels sing and say,
 Such combat should be made on horse,
 On foaming steed, in full career,
 With brand to aid, when as the spear 5
 Should shiver in the course:
 But he, the jovial Harper, taught
 Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
 In guise which now I say;
 10 He knew each ordinance and clause
 Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,
 In the old Douglas' day.
 He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue
 Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
 15 Or call his song untrue:
 For this, when they the goblet plied,
 And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
 The Bard of Reull he slew.
 On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,
 20 And tuneful hands were stain'd with blood;
 Where still the thorn's white branches wave
 Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

Minstrel talks.

XXXV

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
 That dragg'd my master to his tomb,
 How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,

Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
 And wrung their hands for love of him, 5
 Who died at Jedwood Air?
 He died!—his scholars, one by one,
 To the cold, silent grave are gone;
 And I, alas! survive alone, 10
 To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
 And grieve that I shall hear no more
 The strains, with envy heard before;
 For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
 My jealousy of song is dead.

(Interlude)

He paused: the listening dames again
 Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
 With many a word of kindly cheer,—
 In pity half, and half sincere,—
 Marvell'd the Duchess how so well 5
 His legendary song could tell—
 Of ancient deeds, so long forgot;
 Of feuds, whose memory was not;
 Of forests, now laid waste and bare;
 Of towers, which harbour now the hare; 10
 Of manners, long since changed and gone;
 Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
 So long had slept, that fickle Fame
 Had blotted from her rolls their name,
 And twined round some new minion's head 15
 The fading wreath for which they bled;
 In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse
 Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er
 Was flattery lost on Poet's ear: 20
 A simple race! they waste their toil
 For the vain tribute of a smile;
 E'en when in age their flame expires,
 Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:
 25 Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
 And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.
 Smiled then, well pleased, the Aged Man,
 And thus his tale continued ran.