

THE  
**TRAGEDY**

OF  
**R JAMES THE ROSE.**



STIRLING:

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## SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

Of all the Scottish northren chiefs,  
Of high and mighty name,  
The bravest was SIR JAMES THE ROSE,  
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was like a youthful oak,  
That crowns the mountains brow ;  
And waving o'er his shoulders broad,  
His locks of yellow flow.

Wide were his fields : his herds were large,  
And large his flock of sheep.  
And numerous were his goats and deer,  
Upo'a the mountains steep.

The chieftain of the good Clan Rose,  
A firm and warlike 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 op'ning springs,  
The 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 :

Long had he woo'd long she refused,  
With seeming scorn and pride,  
Yet o'er her eyes confess'd the love,  
Her fearful words deny'd.

At length she bleas'd her well-try'd love,  
 Allowed his tender claim :  
 She vow'd to him her virgin heart,  
 And own'd an equal flame.

Her Father Buchan's cruel lord,  
 Their passion disaprov'd :  
 He bade her wed Sir John the Graeme,  
 And leave the youth she lov'd—

Oae night they met as they were wont,  
 Deep in a shady wood ;  
 Where on the bank, beside the burn,  
 A blooming saugh tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood,  
 The crafty Donald lay,  
 The brother of Sir John the Graeme,  
 To watch what they might say.

When thus the maid began : My Sire,  
 Our passion disapproves  
 He bids me wed Sir John the Graeme,  
 So here mu-t end our loves.

My father's will must be obeyed,  
 Nought boots me to withstand,  
 Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom,  
 Shall bless thee with her hand.

Soon will Matilda be forgot,  
 And from thy mind effac'd ;  
 But may that happiness be thine,  
 Which I can never taste !

What do I hear ? is this the vow ?  
 Sir James the Rose reply'd,

And will Matilda wed the Graeme,  
 Tho' sworn to be my bride!

His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,  
 Then reave me of thy charms—  
 And clasp'd her to his throbbing breast,  
 Fast lock'd within her arms.

I spoke to try thy love she said,  
 I'll ne'er wed man but thee,  
 The grave shall be my bridal bed,  
 If 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 haisty 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 sword before his breast,  
 Had pierc'd his tartans thro'.

This for my brother's slightest love;  
 His wrongs sit on my arm—  
 Three spaces back the youth retir'd,  
 And sav'd himself from harm.

Returning swift his sword he rear'd,  
 Fierce Donald's head above;  
 And thro' the brain and crashing bone,  
 The furious weapon drove.

Life issued at the wound ; oe fell,  
 A lump of lifeless clay :  
 So fall my foes, quoth valiant Rose,  
 And stately strode away.

Thro' the green wood in haste he pass'd,  
 Unto Lord Buchan's hall ;  
 Beneath Matilda's window's stood,  
 And thus on her did call.

Art thou asleep Matilda dear ?  
 Awake my love ! awake !  
 Behold thy lover waits without,  
 A long farewell to take.

For I have slain fierce Donald Graeme,  
 His blood is on my sword,  
 And far, far distant are my men,  
 Nor can defend their lord.

To Skye I will direct my flight,  
 Where my brave brothers bide ;  
 And raise the mighty of the isles,  
 To combat on my side——

O do not so, the maid reply'd,  
 With me till morning stay ;  
 For dark and dreary is the night,  
 And dang'rous is the way.

All night I'll watch thee in the park,  
 My faithful page I'll send,  
 In haste to raise the brave Clan Rose,  
 Their master to defend.

He laid him down beneath a bush,  
 And wrapp'd 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 Graeme,  
With twenty of his men.

Where goest thou little page he said,  
So late who did thee send?  
I go to raise the brave Clan Rose,  
Their master to defend.

For he has slain fierce Donald Graeme,  
His blood is on his sword,  
And far, far distant are his men;  
Ner can assist their lord.—

And has he slain my brother dear?  
The furious chief replies;  
Dishonour blast my name, but he,  
By me ere morning dies.

Say page! where is Sir James the Rose?  
I will thee well reward—

He sleeps into lord Buchan's park;  
Matilda is his guard..

They spur'd their steeds and furious flew,  
Like lightning o'er the sea:  
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs,  
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,  
Upon a rising ground,  
And watch'd each object in the down,  
All ear to every sound.

Where sleeps the Rose? began the Graeme,  
Or has the felon fled?

This hand shall lay the wretch on earth,  
By whom my brother bled.

And now the valiant Knight awake,  
The virgin shrieking heard,  
Straight up he rose and drew his sword,  
When the fierce band appear'd.

Your sword last night my brother s'ew,  
But deeds approve the man,  
Set by your men, and hand by hand,  
We'll try what valour can.

Your words are brave the chief return'd,  
But deeds approve the man,  
Set by your men, and hand by hand,  
We'll try what valour can.

With dauntless step he forward strode,  
And dar'd him to the fight,  
The Graeme gave back and fear'd his arm,  
For well 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 Graeme,  
And pierc'd him in the side;  
Out spouting came the purple stream,  
And all his tartans dyed.

But yet his hand dropp'd not the sword,  
Nor sunk he to the ground,

Till thro' his enemies' heart the steel,  
Had forced a mortal wound.

Graeme, like a tree by wind o'erthrown,  
Fell breathless on the clay;  
And down beside him sunk the Rose,  
And faint and dying lay.

Matilda saw and fast she ran,  
O spare his life, she cried,  
Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,  
Let her not be deny'd.

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 deny'd;  
My race is run.—adieu my love,  
Then clos'd his eyes and dy'd.

The sword yet warm, from his left side,  
With fraatic hand she drew,  
I come, Sir James the Rose she cry'd,  
I come to follow you.

The hilt she lean'd against the ground,  
And bar'd her snowy breast;  
Then fell upon her lover's face,  
And sunk to endless rest.

FINIS.