



Aft times he sigh'd, and sometimes smil'd,  
Then shook his head as white as snaw; 30  
And aft a thought his peace beguil'd,  
Whan down a tear wad trickling fa'!

“Blissfu' the lot!” at length he cries,  
“When kindred virtues mingle round;  
Unbind the cords that misery ties, 35  
And pour their balm in sorrow's wound! —

Twae sae alas! when plenty shed  
Her heart'ning joys within my ha';  
Ilk strave to mak' the mourner glad,  
And dry the tears that grief let fa'! 40

The cauldest night snell winter blaws  
Could warm the freezing heart o' care;  
Skreen'd safe within my sheltering wa's,  
Smiles bright'ning brak' through mirk despair;

The feast, the sang, the tale gae'd round 45  
To cheat the pang that sorrow gae,  
And aye wi' cheering, softening sound  
I waked to mirth the minstrel lay!”

What brak the joys that plenty shed? —  
What banish'd safety frae your ha'? 50  
Was't *poortith*, aye in sorrow clad,  
That sent ye mourning thro' the snaw?

“It was na poortith wrought the change;  
It was na want owrtorn'd my ha';  
'Twas deadly feud, and black revenge 55  
Sent frail fourscore thro' blast and snaw!

Ae fearfu' night — (oh! night of fate!)  
Loud beat the storm wi' thund'ring thud,  
The waters raise, and in a spate  
Updash'd in foam the neighb'ring flood; 60

A cry o' horror through the blast  
Reach'd where my family quak'd wi' fear;  
Starting I raise in wilder'd haste,  
And frae the wa' upsnatch'd my spear;

“Oh gang na forth! my MARIAN cried, 65  
As fast she held me to her breast,  
The rain has swell'd the raging tide —  
Oh gang na forth!” she sigh'd and prest.

“A horseman rides the roaring flood 70  
Loud cried our warden frae the tower,  
He's miss'd the ford at Dornock wood,  
Nor horse, nor man, will reach the shore!”

Fearless I flew whar danger led,  
The horse was gane; the rider seen 75  
Struggling for life in death's deep bed,  
Dash'd round in Kirtle's whirling linn! —

Oh ! had the life that then remain'd  
Sunk in the flood I desp'rate braved,  
What ills and waes that since hae pain'd 80  
This bleeding heart had then been saved!

Senseless and pale we bare him hame;  
My HELEN fair, prepared his bed!  
We waked ere lang life's smother'd flame;  
My Marian kind, band up his head!

Three weeks we cherish'd in our ha' 85  
This fause Earl's son o' high degree,  
The fourth, the traitor stal awa'  
A treasure rich, and dear to me!

The lily pure that decks the vale 90  
Fresh gilt wi' morning' beams and dew,  
The rose that blushing scents the gale,  
Wi' Helen match'd would tyne their hue! —

Ah me! e'en now, cheer'd in this nook,

Wi' thae sweet young things round my chair,  
Methinks I see her artless look; — 95  
Sae *ance* she smiled wha — smiles nae mair!

'O waefu' mourner! — yet disclose  
What cam o' Helen stown awa'?'  
"Our Warder brought the tale o' woes  
Loud echoing thro' my sorrowing ha' — 100

Bowne! — bowne! — to horse! I raging cried,  
To horse! my gallant friends and true,  
Ere night I guess, if swift we ride,  
The traitor thief the deed shall rue!

Lang, lang I sought my darling child, 105  
(The gem was hid in secret bowers.)  
At length 'mang glens, and forests wild,  
We spied the raver's castled towers:"

'I come to warn ye o' your fate,  
Outspak a herald loud and bauld, 110  
'Nae careless watchmen guard yon gate,  
Nae worn-out warriors frail and auld;

Full fifty spearmen, stoops o' weir,  
Guard round; — their leader bad me say,  
Come to your Helen kind and fair, 115  
The bridal feast shall crown the day.'

"Gae, tell your fause and taunting lord  
To keep his feasts for them wha crave! —  
I cam na here to grace his board,  
His life, or her he's stown I'll have! 120

His fifty warriors let him guide,  
Wi' thirty leil I'll meet him here;  
Justice and heaven are on our side,  
The *base* alane hae cause to fear!

The buglers rang thro' glen and wood; 125  
Our spearmen fought wi' might and main;

I sought fause GUY — he fell in blood; —  
My faithfu', valiant friends war slain!

My Grizzie's colour fled, and came,  
Her heaving sighs fast rise, and fa'; 130  
'Speak! is na GREGORY your name,  
The Baron ance o' DORNOCK HA?

"What boots it what I ance possest!  
My name, my lineage wherefore tell! —  
They've lang laid buried in this breast, 135  
In flames o' fire my family fell! —

Oh barb'rous deed! to smother life  
Guiltless o' harm — to virtue true! —  
Inhuman fiends! I brunt nae *wife*,  
Nor *blooming babes* that round ye grew; 140

I cam na at the dead o' night  
Wi' fire to flame your ancient ha',  
Drive frailty's eild to winter's blight,  
And send it mourning thro' the snaw! —

What boots it what I *ance* possest! 145  
My birth I've lang conceal'd in shame,  
A wand'rer houseless, and distress'd,  
Could ill bruik *Dornock's* baron'd name!"

His streaming griefs my Grizzie sees,  
She sprang like light'ning frae her seat, 150  
Cried, while she claspt the mourner's knees,  
'Your Helen's daughter's at your feet?'

My *Helen's daughter!*" skreech'd he wild,  
"As sair wi' warring thoughts he strave; —  
"Rise — rise! nor mock my helpless eild; — 155  
My Helen's lang syne in her grave!"

'Lang, lang I ken! — and weel I might!  
Her death has lang been mourn'd by me;  
But maist o' what ye've tauld this night

I've heard upon my mither's knee; 160

Aft, aft in sorrow's waefu' mood  
When winter's nights blew drifts o' snaw,  
She'd tell of *Guy's* red field o' blood,  
And a' the waes o' Dornock Ha'!

And aft (when driven frae house and hame 165  
By *Guy's* rough sire, wha nought could move.)  
She'd talk o' GREGORY's ancient fame,  
And weep his death in tears o' love!

Till worn wi' grief and mirk despair  
She died! and left her child forlorn, 170  
Till Kenneth's love, and tender care  
Dried up the tears that now return: —

But blest the night that blew the blast  
And sent ye wandering thro' the snaw  
To find a kindred hame at last 175  
To cheat the waes o' DORNOCK HA'!

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