11 Roland and Rosabelle

A tomb by skilful hands is raised,	
Close to a sainted shrine,	
And there is laid a stalwart Knight,	
The last of all his line.	
Beside that noble monument,	5
A Squire doth silent stand,	
Leaning in pensive wise upon	
The cross-hilt of his brand.	
Around him peals the harmony	
Of friars at even-song,	10
He notes them not, as passing by	
The hymning brothers throng:	
And he hath watched the monument	
Three weary nights and days,	
And ever on the marble cold	15
Is fixed his steadfast gaze.	
"I pray thee, wakeful Squire, unfold" —	
Proud Rosabella said —	
"The story of the warrior bold,	
Who in this tomb is laid?"	20
"A champion of the Cross was he" —	
The Squire made low reply —	
"And on the shore of Galilee,	
In battle did he die,	
"He bound me by a solemn vow,	25
His body to convey	
Where lived his love — there rests it now,	
Until the judgment-day:	
And by his stone of record here,	
In loyalty I stand,	30
Until I greet his leman dear —	
The Lady of the Land!"	

"Fair stranger, I would learn of thee	
The gentle warrior's name,	
Who fighting fell at Galilee	35
And won a deathless name?"	
The Squire hath fixed an eye of light	
Full on the Lady tall —	
"Men called," he said, "that hapless Knight	
Sir Roland of the Hall!	40
"His foot was foremost in the fray,	
And last to leave the field —	
A braver arm in danger's day	
Ne'er shivered lance on shield!"	
"In death, what said he of his love —	45
Thou faithful soldier tell?"	
"Meekly he prayed to Him above	
For perjured Rosabelle."	
"Thy task is done — my course is run —	
(O fast her tears did fall!)	50
I am indeed a perjured one —	
Dear Roland of the Hall!"	
Even as the marble cold and pale,	
Waxed Rosabella's cheek;	
The faithful Squire resumed travail —	55
The Lady's heart did break!	

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