

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Above its banks, or thinks this glen
Can hold the foe at bay?
In which the Sassenach or Dane,
Could never troops enough maintain,
A single victory to obtain,
Nor ever yet held sway.

Lord Wilton cordially invites
His favorites to him now;
Upon a lofty precipice,
That overlooks the brow
Of a deep glen, where ready stand
His horse and foot, under command
Of captains true and tried.
His guests with eagerness comply,
To watch where soon the clans must fly;
Clans slaughtered there to satisfy
A queen's offended pride.

The Battle

His ardent troops by companies
Enter the rough defile;
And often find themselves opposed
By some vexatious pile
Of fallen trees, or rocks, or stones,
Through which some tiny brooklet moans,
Through which their steps they wend;
If slow their progress, their desire
To meet the foe is set on fire,
By Lord De Wiltons message dire,
To which quick ear they lend.

"Come Englishmen to England true,
A prize for every one of you!
But be this understood;