

## EVE OF ST. JOHN.

*By Walter Scott.*

His arms shone full bright :—in the beacon's red light  
 His plume, it was scarlet and blue ;  
 On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,  
 And his crest was a branch of the yew.  
 Yet hear but my word, my noble Lord !  
 For I heard her name his name :  
 And that lady bright, she called the Knight  
 Sir. Richard of Coldinghame.

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The varying light deceived thy sight ;  
 And the wild winds drowned the name .  
 For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,  
 For Sir. Richard of Coldinghame.  
 There is a Nun in Dryburgh bower,  
 Ne'er looks upon the Sun,  
 There is a Monk in Melrose Tower,  
 He speaketh word to none.  
 That Nun, who ne'er beholds the day,  
 That Monk who speaks to none,  
 That Nun, was Smaylhome's Lady gay,  
 That Monk, the bold Baron.

This Ballad is without date of its epoch ; but from his Arms, Color, and Crest, this Sir Richard, Baron of Coldingham, was of the ancient nobility of Scotland : by the fortune of war his Barony was seized by the English King and granted out to his military Liege, PIERRE DODGE. Perhaps he then turned a white Monk of Melrose Abbey. Coldingham lies on the coast of Scotland, eleven miles distant from Berwick, in its Shire, near Tweeddale ; on the Border and in the charmed vicinity of Dryburgh and "fair Melrose" Abbies. The ruined walls of the Choir and Clerestory of Coldingham Priory have been preserved by being built into a church of the last Century. Those fine Gothic arches and capitals, in the style of Melrose, are mellow with history. This Priory, very anciently a cell of the Monks of St Cuthbert of Durham, was in A. D. 1098, by Edgar King of Scotland, founded as a Benedictine Priory. In 1216 it was