

1. Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
 Hung their shields in Branksome Hall
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
 Brought them their steeds to bowers
 from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
 Waited dubious on them all;

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto I.

2. They watch to hear the blood-hound baying
They watch to hear the war-horn braying
 2. To see the midnight beacon gleaming,
 1. I see St. George's red cross streaming; ibid

3. My hairs are grey, my limbs are doed
 My heart is dead, my veins are cold ibid

4. They hadna been a week, a week
 In Norway but twae,

5. He hadna gane a step, a step
 A step but barely ane

Sir Patrick Spens

6. A moment gazed adown the dale
 A moment snuffed the tainted gale
 A moment listened to the cry,
 The Lady of the Lake Canto I.
 With anxious eye he wandered o'er
 Mountain and meadow, moss + moor, ibid.

7. Beneath the arch with ivy bound

x x x x x

Comes gliding in with lovely gleam
Comes gliding in serene and slow
 Soft and silent as a dream

A solitary dol. The white dol of Ryelstone
 Wordsworth.

8. Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
 Fu' loud I hear ye lie! Sir Patrick Spens,
 Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
 Sae loud I hear ye lie. Otterbourne

9. They lighted high on Otterbourne
 Upon the bent sae brown;
 They lighted high on Otterbourne
 And threw down their pallions down, ibid.

10. That day, that day, that dead ful day; the first
 by the here I find, Chevy Chase

11. Gytzt gyft us minen andron Isaidus may
Om reid om Isaid fyft us mit Wlod gid om um;
 Missalun Tull.

12. He sinks into thy depth with bubbling groan
 Without a grave, unknelled, un coffined & un known.
 Byron

13. What this grim, ungainly, ghostly, gaunt &
ominous

bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Never more." Pol.

14. More than that tongue that more hath
 more express'd. Sonnet XXIII Shakespeare.

15. O'er stocK and roCk their race they take.
 The Lady of the Lake

16. Round and around the sounds were cast
 ibid

17. To work my mind when body's works expired.

Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind
 For thee and for myself no quiet find.
 Shakespeare's Sonnet XXVII.

18. When day's oppression is not loosed by night
But day by night, and night by day oppress'd?
S's S. XXVIII

19. And then reigns love and all love's loving parts,
.....

And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.
ibid XXXI

20. Death will come when thou art dead
Soon, too soon —

Sleep will come when thou art fled
Of neither word I ask the boon

I ask of thee, beloved night —

Swift be thine approaching flight

Come soon, soon!

Invocation to Night Shelley