

Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,
 Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
 To share their monarch's sylvan game,
 Themselves in bloody toils were snared,
 And when the banquet they prepared 620
 And wide their loyal portals flung,
 O'er their own gateway struggling hung.
 Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,
 From Yarrow braes and banks of Tweed,
 Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,
 And from the silver Teviot's side ;
 The dales, where martial clans did ride,
 Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.
 This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
 So faithless and so ruthless known, 630
 Now hither comes ; his end the same,
 The same pretext of sylvan game.
 What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye
 By fate of Border chivalry.
 Yet more ; amid Glenfinlas' green,
 Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
 This by espial sure I know :
 Your counsel in the streight I show.'

XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
 Sought comfort in each other's eye,
 Then turned their ghastly look, each one, 640
 This to her sire, that to her son.
 The hasty colour went and came
 In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme,
 But from his glance it well appeared
 'Twas but for Ellen that he feared ;
 While, sorrowful, but undismayed,