

Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
 Expressed their merry marching on, 370
 Ere peal of closing battle rose,
 With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows ;
 And mimic din of stroke and ward,
 As broadsword upon target jarred ;
 And groaning pause, ere yet again,
 Condensed, the battle yelled amain :
 The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
 Retreat borne headlong into rout,
 And bursts of triumph, to declare
 Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there. 380
 Nor ended thus the strain, but slow
 Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,
 And changed the conquering clarion swell,
 For wild lament o'er those that fell.

XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased, but lake and hill
 Were busy with their echoes still ;
 And, when they slept, a vocal strain
 Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
 While loud a hundred clansmen raise
 Their voices in their Chieftain's praise. 390
 Each boatman, bending to his oar,
 With measured sweep the burden bore,
 In such wild cadence as the breeze
 Makes through December's leafless trees.
 The chorus first could Allan know,
 'Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! iro!'
 And near, and nearer as they rode,
 Distinct the martial ditty flowed.