

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CHASE.

Harp of the North ! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—

O, Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep ?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep ?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon, 10
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful or subdued the proud.
At each according pause was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high !
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed ;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's match-
less eye.

O, wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ; 20
O, wake once more ! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay :