

Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,

Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.

I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if a hundred anvils rang!

But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,—

'My banner-man, advance!
I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.

Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,

Upon them with the lance!'

The horsemen dashed among the rout,

As deer break through the broom;

Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,

They soon make lightsome¹ room.

Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—

Where, where was Roderick then!

One blast upon his bugle-horn

Were worth a thousand men.

And reflux through the pass of fear

The battle's tide was poured;

Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,

Vanished the mountain-sword.

As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,

Receives her roaring linn,

As the dark caverns of the deep

Suck the wild whirlpool in,

So did the deep and darksome pass

Devour the battle's mingled mass;

None linger now upon the plain,

Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

¹ *lightsome*—In a light-hearted, easy manner.