

Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.'

XXXII.

She paused,—then, blushing, led the lay,
 To grace the stranger of the day.
 Her mellow notes awhile prolong
 The cadence of the flowing song,
 Till to her lips in measured frame
 The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

650

SONG CONTINUED.

'Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at dawning to assail ye
 Here no bugles sound reveillé.'

660

XXXIII.

The hall was cleared,—the stranger's bed,
 Was there of mountain heather spread,
 Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
 And dreamed their forest sports again.
 But vainly did the heath-flower shed
 Its moorland fragrance round his head;

670