

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

The echoes could not catch the swell.
 'A stranger I,' the Huntsman said,
 Advancing from the hazel shade.
 The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar
 Pushed her light shallop from the shore,
 And when a space was gained between,
 Closer she drew her bosom's screen;—
 So forth the startled swan would swing,
 So turn to prune his ruffled wing.
 Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,
 She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
 Not his the form, nor his the eye,
 That youthful maidens wont to fly.

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XXI.
 FITS-JAMES

On his bold visage middle age
 Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
 Yet had not quenched the open truth
 And fiery vehemence of youth;
 Forward and frolic glee was there,
 The will to do, the soul to dare,
 The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
 Of hasty love or headlong ire.
 His limbs were cast in manly mould
 For hardy sports or contest bold;
 And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
 And weaponless except his blade,
 His stately mien as well implied
 A high-born heart, a martial pride,
 As if a baron's crest he wore,
 And sheathed in armour trode the shore.
 Slighting the petty need he showed,
 He told of his benighted road;
 His ready speech flowed fair and free,

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