

Alone can stay life's parting wings. 815  
I know his heart, I know his hand,  
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand;—  
My fairest earldom would I give  
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!—  
Hast thou no other boon to crave? 820  
No other captive friend to save?"  
Blushing, she turned her from the King,  
And to the Douglas gave the ring,  
As if she wished her sire to speak  
The suit that stained her glowing cheek. 825  
"Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,  
And stubborn justice holds her course.  
Malcolm, come forth!"—and, at the word,  
Down kneeled the Græme to Scotland's Lord.  
"For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues, 830  
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,  
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,  
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,  
And sought amid thy faithful clan  
A refuge for an outlawed man, 835  
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—  
Fetters and warder for the Græme!"  
His chain of gold the King unstrung,  
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,  
Then gently drew the glittering band, 840  
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

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HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,  
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;  
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,  
The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending. 845  
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,  
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;