

But when he turned him to the glade,
One courteous parting sign she made ;
And after, oft the knight would say,
That not when prize of festal day
Was dealt him by the brightest fair
Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
So highly did his bosom swell
As at that simple mute farewell.
Now with a trusty mountain-guide,
And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
He parts,—the maid, unconscious still,
Watched him wind slowly round the hill ;
But when his stately form was hid,
The guardian in her bosom chid,—
'Thy Malcolm ! vain and selfish maid !'
'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,—
'Not so had Malcolm idly hung
On the smooth phrase of Southern tongue :
Not so had Malcolm strained his eye
Another step than thine to spy.'—
'Wake, Allan-bane,' aloud she cried
To the old minstrel by her side,—
'Arouse thee from thy moody dream !
I'll give thy harp heroic theme,
And warm thee with a noble name ;
Pour forth the glory of the Græme !'
Scarce from her lip the word had rushed,
When deep the conscious maiden blushed ;
For of his clan, in hall and bower,
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

VII.

The minstrel waked his harp,—three times
Arose the well-known martial chimes.