

Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turned all inquiry light away :—
‘Weird women we! by dale and down
We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast ;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
’Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing.’
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Filled up the symphony between.

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XXXI.

SONG.

‘Soldier, rest! thy warfare o’er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle’s enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o’er,
Dream of fighting fields no more ;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

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‘No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour’s clang or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark’s shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

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