

As played the feather on his crest.
 Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
 His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
 And bards, who saw his features bold
 When kindled by the tales of old,
 Said, were that youth to manhood grown,
 Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
 Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
 But quail to that of Malcolm Grane.

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XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way,
 And 'O my sire!' did Ellen say,
 'Why urge thy chase so far astray?
 And why so late returned? And why'—
 The rest was in her speaking eye.
 'My child, the chase I follow far,
 'Tis mimicry of noble war;
 And with that gallant pastime reft
 Were all of Douglas I have left.
 I met young Malcolm as I strayed
 Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade;
 Nor strayed I safe, for all around
 Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground.
 This youth, though still a royal ward,
 Risked life and land to be my guard,
 And through the passes of the wood
 Guided my steps, not unpursued;
 And Roderick shall his welcome make,
 Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
 Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
 Nor peril aught for me again.'

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