

Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing ;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care, 370
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;
Not Katrine in her mirror blue
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than eve. y free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast ;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh, 380
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unrevealed
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—
O, need I tell that passion's name ?

XX.

Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne :— 390
'Father !' she cried ; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
Awhile she paused, no answer came ;—
'Malcolm, was thine the blast ?' the name
Less resolutely uttered fell