

A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast,
Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still!—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment — thou bright apparition — delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

His voyage is o'er — as if struck by a spell, 25
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell;
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race,
A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place, 30
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven,
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee;
Magnificent prison enclosing the free;
With rock wall-encircled — with precipice crown'd —³⁵
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
And close to that covert, as clear to the skies,
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,⁴⁰
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold.

Yes: fierce looks thy nature, e'en hush'd in repose —
In the depths of thy desert, regardless of foes,
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war,
No outrage is war to a creature like thee;
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,