

I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star, 25
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero boune¹ for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life, 30
One glance at their array!

"Their light-armed archers far and near
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned, 35
Their barded horsemen in the rear
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armour's clang, 40
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road. 45
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves like a deep-sea wave, 50
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws; 55
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

¹ boune—Ready.