

Meet welcome to her guest she made,
 And every courteous rite was paid
 That hospitality could claim,
 Though all unasked his birth and name.
 Such then the reverence to a guest,
 That fellest foe might join the feast,
 And from his deadliest foeman's door
 Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
 At length his rank the stranger names,
 'The Knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-James ;
 Lord of a barren heritage,
 Which his brave sires, from age to age,
 By their good swords had held with toil ;
 His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
 And he, God wot, was forced to stand
 Oft for his right with blade in hand.
 This morning with Lord Moray's train
 He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
 Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer,
 Lost his good steed and wandered here.'

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Fain would the Knight in turn require
 The name and state of Ellen's sire.
 Well showed the elder lady's mien
 That courts and cities she had seen ;
 Ellen, though more her looks displayed
 The simple grace of sylvan maid,
 In speech and gesture, form and face,
 Showed she was come of gentle race.
 'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
 Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
 Each hint the Knight of Snowdown gave,
 Dame Margaret heard with silence grave ;

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