

And stood concealed amid the brake,
 To view this Lady of the Lake.
 The maiden paused, as if again
 She thought to catch the distant strain.
 With head upraised, and look intent,
 And eye and ear attentive bent,
 And locks flung back, and heart art,
 Like monument of Grecian art,
 In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

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XVIII.
 Ellen

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form or lovelier face !
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
 Served too in hastier swell to show
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow :
 What though no rule of courtly grace
 To measured mood had trained her pace,—
 A foot more light, a step more true,
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ;
 E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
 Elastic from her airy tread :
 What though upon her speech there hung
 The accents of the mountain tongue,—
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
 The listener held his breath to hear !

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XIX.
 Ellen

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid ;
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,