

In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook
 His solitary refuge took.
 There, while close couched the thicket shed
 Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
 He heard the baffled dogs in vain
 Rave through the hollow pass amain,
 Chiding the rocks that yelled again. 150

IX.

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,
 To cheer them on the vanished game ;
 But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
 The gallant horse exhausted fell.
 The impatient rider strove in vain
 To rouse him with the spur and rein,
 For the good steed, his labours o'er,
 Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more ;
 Then, touched with pity and remorse, 160
 He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
 'I little thought, when first thy rein
 I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
 That Highland eagle e'er should feed
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed !
 Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
 That costs thy life, my gallant gray !'

X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
 From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
 Back limped, with slow and crippled pace, 170
 The sulky leaders of the chase ;
 Close to their master's side they pressed,
 With drooping tail and humbled crest ;
 But still the dingle's hollow throat