

Passed from the dingy town and giant flues,
Passed from the low flat country, and again
Looked on the shoreless trouble of the sea,
And sailed between his native cliffs, and soon
Beheld the ancient haven and the roofs
Which cluster round its memory-haunted steep.

Waked from its death-cold trance by early airs
From sun-warmed everglades and golden groves,
Between its granite portals seaward swept
The river of the north. The citadel
Couched lion-like above the quaint grey town :
And, where a width of terrace meets the brink
Midway between the fortress and the flood,
Walked Malcolm, as the April night came down.
In the dusk stream a few long merchantmen,
The welcome heralds of the summer fleet,
Slept at their anchors : on the farther crags
Glanced the bright roofs and spires : and far away
On one dark peak lingered the day's farewell.