

'Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy
 In my poor follower's glistening eye?
 I'll tell thee:—he recalls the day
 When in my praise he led the lay
 O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,
 While many a minstrel answered loud,
 When Percy's Norman pennon, won
 In bloody field, before me shone,
 And twice ten knights, the least a name
 As mighty as yon Chief may claim, 500
 Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
 Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
 Was I of all that marshalled crowd,
 Though the waned crescent owned my might,
 And in my train trooped lord and knight,
 Though Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
 And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
 As when this old man's silent tear,
 And this poor maid's affection dear,
 A welcome give more kind and true 510
 Than aught my better fortunes knew.
 Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,—
 O, it out-beggars all I lost!'

XIV.

Delightful praise!—like summer rose,
 That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
 The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,
 For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
 The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,
 The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
 The loved caresses of the maid
 The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;
 And, at her whistle, on her hand 520