

## XVI.

'Blithe were it then to wander here !  
But now—beshrew yon nimble deer—  
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,  
The copse must give my evening fare ;  
Some mossy bank my couch must be,  
Some rustling oak my canopy.  
Yet pass we that ; the war and chase  
Give little choice of resting-place ;—  
A summer night in greenwood spent  
Were but to-morrow's merriment :  
But hosts may in these wilds abound,  
Such as are better missed than found ;  
To meet with Highland plunderers here  
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—  
I am alone ;—my bugle-strain  
May call some straggler of the train ;  
Or, fall the worst that may betide,  
Ere now this falchion has been tried.'

310

## XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,  
When lo ! forth starting at the sound,  
From underneath an aged oak  
That slanted from the islet rock,  
A damsel guider of its way,  
A little skiff shot to the bay,  
That round the promontory steep  
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,  
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,  
The weeping willow twig to lave,  
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,  
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.  
The boat had touched this silver strand  
Just as the Hunter left his stand

320

330