

That thou might'st guide with silken thread,
 Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread,
 Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain !
 Thy hand is on a lion's mane.'—

XIII.

'Minstrel,' the maid replied, and high
 Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
 'My debts to Roderick's house I know :
 All that a mother could bestow
 To Lady Margaret's care I owe,
 Since first an orphan in the wild
 She sorrowed o'er her sister's child ;
 To her brave chieftain son, from ire
 Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,
 A deeper, holier debt is owed ;
 And, could I pay it with my blood,
 Allan ! Sir Roderick should command
 My blood, my life,—but not my hand.
 Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
 A votaress in Maronnan's cell ;
 Rather through realms beyond the sea,
 Seeking the world's cold charity,
 Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
 And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
 An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
 Than wed the man she cannot love.

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XIV.

'Thou shak'st, good friend, thy tresses gay,—
 That pleading look, what can it say
 But what I own ?—I grant him brave,
 But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave ;
 And generous,—save vindictive mood
 Or jealous transport chafe his blood :

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