

The antlered monarch of the waste  
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.  
But ere his fleet career he took,  
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;  
Like crested leader proud and high  
Tossed his beamed <sup>1</sup> frontlet to the sky;  
A moment gazed adown the dale,  
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,  
A moment listened to the cry,  
That thickened as the cha e drew nigh;  
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,  
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,  
And, stretching forward free and far,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.<sup>2</sup>

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## III

Yelled on the view <sup>3</sup> the opening pack;  
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;  
To many a mingled sound at once  
The awakened mountain gave response.  
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,  
Clattered a hundred steeds along,  
Their peal the merry horns rung out,  
A hundred voices joined the shout;  
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,  
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.  
Far from the tumult fled the roe,  
Close in her covert cowered the doe,  
The falcon, from her cairn on high,  
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,  
Till far beyond her piercing ken  
The hurricane had swept the glen.

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<sup>1</sup> **Beamed**—Antlered.

<sup>2</sup> **Uam-Var**—A mountain lying to the south of the Artney.  
The name means "great cavern."

<sup>3</sup> **On the view**—At the first sight of the stag.