

Due westward, fronting to the green,
 A rural portico was seen,
 Aloft on native pillars borne,
 Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
 Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
 The ivy and Idæan vine,
 The clematis, the favoured flower
 Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
 And every hardy plant could bear
 Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
 An instant in this porch she stayed,
 And gayly to the stranger said :
 'On heaven and on thy lady call,
 And enter the enchanted hall !'

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XXVII.

'My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
 My gentle guide, in following thee !'—
 He crossed the threshold,—and a clang
 Of angry steel that instant rang.
 To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
 But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
 When on the floor he saw displayed,
 Cause of the din, a naked blade
 Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
 Upon a stag's huge antlers swung ;
 For all around the walls to grace,
 Hung trophies of the fight or chase :
 A target there, a bugle here,
 A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
 And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
 With the tusked trophies of the boar.
 Here grins the wolf as when he died,
 And there the wild-cat's brindled hide

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