

To bend before my conquering eye,—
Thou, flattering bard ! thyself wilt say,
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A Lennox foray—for a day.'—

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XII.

The ancient bard her glee repressed :
'Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest !
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled ?
In Holy-Rood a knight he slew ;
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide ;
And since, though outlawed, hath his hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land.
Who else dared give—ah ! woe the day,
That I such hated truth should say !—
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disowned by every noble peer,
Even the rude refuge we have here ?
Alas, this wild marauding Chief
Alone might hazard our relief,
And now thy maiden charms expand,
Looks for his guerdon in thy hand ;
Full soon may dispensation sought,
To back his suit, from Rome be brought.
Then, though an exile on the hill,
Thy father, as the Douglas, still
Be held in reverence and fear ;
And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear

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