

Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed;
 For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
 Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's
 matchless eye.

O, wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
 That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray; 20
 O, wake once more! though scarce my skill command
 Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
 Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
 And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
 Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway, 25
 The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
 Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

I

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,¹
 And deep his midnight lair had made 30
 In lone Glenartney's² hazel shade;
 But when the sun his beacon red
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's³ head,
 The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
 Resounded up the rocky way, 35
 And faint, from farther distance borne,
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
 "To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"

¹ **Monan's rill**—Monan was a Scottish martyr, but the rill is purely imaginary.

² **Glenartney**—A valley in Perthshire through which runs the River Artney.

³ **Benvoirlich**—A mountain to the north of the Artney, rising to the height of about 2,000 feet.