

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine!
 O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
 O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deepmost glen,
 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

430

XXI.

With all her joyful female band
 Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.
 Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
 And high their snowy arms they threw
 As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
 And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name;
 While, prompt to please, with mother's art,
 The darling passion of his heart,
 The Dame called Ellen to the strand,
 To greet her kinsman ere he land:
 'Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,
 And shun to wreath a victor's brow?'
 Reluctantly and slow, the maid
 The unwelcome summoning obeyed,
 And when a distant bugle rung,
 In the mid-path aside she sprung:—
 'List, Allan-bane! From mainland cast
 I hear my father's signal blast.
 Be ours,' she cried, 'the skiff to guide,
 And waft him from the mountain-side.'
 Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
 She darted to her shallop light,

440

450

460