

“Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxons stood in sullen trance,
Till Moray pointed with his lance, 165
And cried: ‘Behold yon isle!—
See! none are left to guard its strand
But women weak, that wring the hand:
’Tis there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile;— 170
My purse, with bonnet-pieces¹ store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o’er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we’ll tame the war-wol then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.’ 175
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corselet rung,
He plunged him in the wave:—
All saw the deed,—the purpose knew,
And to their clamours Benvenue 180
A mingled echo gave;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
’Twas then, as by the outcry riven, 185
Poured down at once the lowering heaven.
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine’s breast,
Her billows reared their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
To mar the Highland marksman’s eye; 190
For round him showered, mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael.
In vain.—He nears the isle—and lo!
His hand is on a shallop’s bow.
Just then a flash of lightning came, 195
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;

¹ *bonnet-pieces*—A gold coin of James V of Scotland.