

Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—  
 A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent  
 Was on the visioned future bent.  
 He saw your steed, a dappled gray,  
 Lie dead beneath the birchen way;  
 Painted exact your form and mien,  
 Your hunting-suit of Lincoln green,  
 That tasselled horn so gayly gilt,  
 That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,  
 That cap with heron plumage trim,  
 And yon two hounds so dark and grim.  
 He bade that all should ready be  
 To grace a guest of fair degree;  
 But light I held his prophecy,  
 And deemed it was my father's horn  
 Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne.'

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## XXIV.

The stranger smiled:—'Since to your home  
 A destined errant-knight I come,  
 Announced by prophet sooth and old,  
 Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,  
 I'll lightly front each high emprise  
 For one kind glance of those bright eyes.  
 Permit me first the task to guide  
 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide.'  
 The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,  
 The toil unwonted saw him try;  
 For seldom, sure, if e'er before,  
 His noble hand had grasped an oar:  
 Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,  
 And o'er the lake the shallop flew;  
 With heads erect and whimpering cry,  
 The hounds behind their passage ply.

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