

High on the south, huge Benvenue
 Down to the lake in masses threw
 Cragg, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
 The fragments of an earlier world ;
 A wildering forest feathered o'er
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,
 While on the north, through middle air,
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

270

xv.

From the steep promontory gazed
 The stranger, raptured and amazed,
 And, 'What a scene were here,' he cried,
 'For princely pomp or churchman's pride !
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower ;
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;
 On yonder meadow far away,
 The turrets of a cloister gray ;
 How blithely might the bugle-horn
 Chide on the lake the lingering morn !
 How sweet at eve the lover's lute
 Chime when the groves were still and mute !
 And when the midnight moon should lave
 Her forehead in the silver wave,
 How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matins' distant hum,
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
 A sainted hermit from his cell,
 To drop a bead with every knell !
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
 Should each bewildered stranger call
 To friendly feast and lighted hall.

280

290

300