

"Now westward rolls the battle's din,  
 That deep and doubling pass within.—  
 Minstrel, away! the work of fate  
 Is bearing on; its issue wait, 130  
 Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile  
 Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.  
 Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,  
 Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.  
     The sun is set;—the clouds are met, 135  
     The lowering scowl of heaven  
     An inky hue of livid blue  
     To the deep lake has given;  
 Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen  
 Swept o'er the lake, then sunk again. 140  
 I heeded not the eddying surge,  
 Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge,  
 Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,  
 Which like an earthquake shook the ground,  
 And spoke the stern and desperate strife 145  
 That parts not but with parting life,  
 Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll  
 The dirge of many a passing soul.  
     Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen  
     The martial flood disgorged again, 150  
     But not in mingled tide;  
     The plaided warriors o' the North  
     High on the mountain thunder forth  
     And overhang its side,  
     While by the lake below appears 155  
     The darkening cloud of Saxon spears.  
     At weary bay each shattered band,  
     Eying their foemen, sternly stand;  
     Their banners stream like tattered sail,  
     That flings its fragments to the gale, 160  
     And broken arms and disarray  
     Marked the fell havoc of the day.